



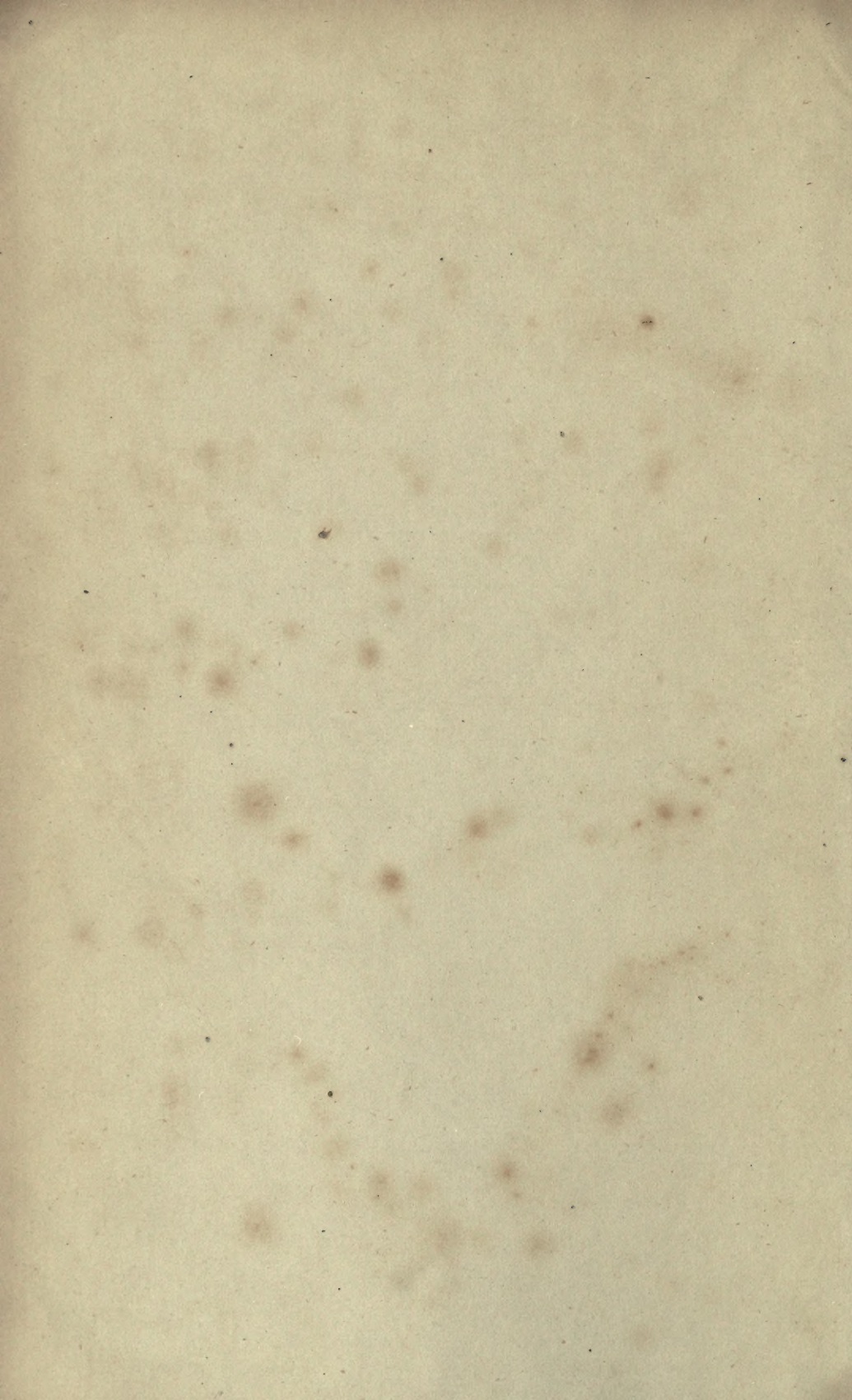


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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A Weekly Journal.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

VOLUME XV.

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CHARLES DICKENS.

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MURDEROUS EXTREMES.

OUR title may suggest a reference in the reader's mind, to those much maligned persons, the ticket-of-leave men, who at present favour the metropolis with more of their exemplary business-transactions than is appreciated with becoming gratitude by an ungrateful public. It is not intended, however, to have that significance. We have over and over again in these pages dwelt upon the consequences to which a preposterous encouraging and rewarding of prison hypocrisy, were inevitably leading. Whether they have ensued in sufficient abundance (being met by a corresponding decrease of efficiency in the Police), and whether the issuing of an Order in Council, any time within the last six months, for the incarceration and severe punishment of convicted offenders enlarged upon commuted sentences, unable to show that they were honestly employed, would have been as good a symptom as the Income Tax of our really living under a Government; all our readers can judge for themselves.

The Murderous Extremes to which we will, in very few words, entreat serious attention, appear to us to have a remarkable bearing on, and to be forcibly illustrated in, the Parliament Street Murder; than which an outrage more barbarous in itself, or more disgraceful to the country, has not been committed in England within a hundred years.

The only circumstances in this act of brutality which our present object requires us to revive, are, that it was committed in a public shop (made the more public by being extraordinarily small, and nearly all window), at an early hour of the evening, in a great main thoroughfare of London; that it was committed with by-standers looking on, and by-passers asking what was the matter; that the blows of the murderer, and the feeble groans of the murdered, were audible in the public street to several persons; and that not one of them interfered, saving a poor errand boy.

Is it worth any man's while to ask himself the question, how does it happen that a passiveness so shocking was displayed in such a case? Is it worth any man's while to ask himself the question, how does it happen that

a similar passiveness, in similar cases, is actually becoming a part of the national character, brave and generous though it is? For, we assume that few can stop short at the Parliament Street example, and comfortably tick it off as a Phenomenon, who read with the least attention the reports of the Police Courts and of the Criminal Trials: in which records, the same ugly feature is constantly observable.

We have made bold to question our own mind on this painful subject, and we find the answer plainly, in two murderous extremes—in two wrestings of things good in themselves, to unnatural and ridiculous proportions.

Extreme the first:

It has been, for many years, a misfortune of the English People to be, by those in authority, both over-disparaged and over-praised. The disparagement has grown out of mere arrogance and ignorance; the praise, out of a groundless fear of the people, and a timid desire to keep them well in hand.

A due respect for the Law is the basis of social existence. Without it, we come to the Honorable Preston S. Brooks, Kansas, and those two shining constellations among the bright Stars of Freedom, known by the names of Bowie-knife and Revolver. But, have none of us Englishmen heard this tuneful fiddle with one string played upon, until our souls have sickened of it? From the Bench, from the Bar, from the Pulpit, from the Platform, from the Floor of the House of Commons, from all the thousand fountain-heads of boredom, have none of us been badgered and baited with an Englishman's respect for the Law, until, in the singular phraseology of Mr. Morier's Persian hero, our faces have turned upside down, and our livers have resolved themselves into water? We take leave to say, Yes; most emphatically, Yes! We avow for our own part, that whensoever, at public meeting, dinner, testimonial-presentation, charity-election, or other spoutation ceremony, we find (which we always do), an orator approaching an Englishman's respect for the Law, our heart dries up within us, and terror paralyses our frame. As the dreadful old clap-trap begins to jingle, we become the prey of a deep-seated melancholy and a miserable despair. We know the thing to have passed into a fulsome form, out of

which the life has gone, and into which putrefaction has come. On common lips we perceive it to be a thing of no meaning, and on lips of authority we perceive it to have gradually passed into a thing of most pernicious meaning.

For, what does it mean? What is it? What has it come to? "My good man, John Bull, hold up your hand and hear me! You are on no account to do anything for yourself. You are by no means to stir a finger to help yourself, or to help another man. Law has undertaken to take care of you, and to take care of the other man, whoever he may be. You are the foremost man of all this world, in regard of respecting the Law. Call in the Law, John, on all occasions. If you can find the Law round the corner, run after it and bring it on the scene when you see anything wrong; but, don't you touch the wrong on any consideration. Don't *you* interfere, whatever you see. It's not *your* business. Call in the Law, John. You shall not take the Law into your own hands. You are a good boy, John, and your business is to be a bystander, and a looker on, and to be thought for, and to be acted for. That's the station of life unto which *you* are called. Law is an edge-tool, John, and a strong arm, and you have nothing to do with it. Therefore, John, leave this all-sufficient Law alone, to achieve everything for you, and for everybody else. So shall you be ever, ever, the pride and glory of the earth; so will we make patriotic speeches about you, and sing patriotic songs about you, out of number!" So, by degrees, it is our sincere conviction, John gets to be humbugged into believing that he is a first-rate citizen if he looks in at a shop-window while a man is being murdered, and if he quietly leaves the transaction entirely to Law, in the person of the policeman who is not there. So, when Law itself is down on the pavement in the person of the policeman, with Brute Force dancing jigs upon his body, John looks on with a faith in Law's coming uppermost somehow or other, and with a perfect conviction that it is Law's business, and not his.

Extreme the second:

Technicalities and forms of law, *in reason* are essential to the preservation of the liberties and rights of all classes of men. No man has a greater or lesser interest in them than another, since any man may be, at any time, in the position of needing impartial justice. But, in its unreason, Westminster Hall is a nuisance; and, supposing Westminster Hall in its unreason conspicuously to back up this grievous error of John's, and conspicuously to supply him with a new distrust of the terrible consequences of his not leaving murderers with blood upon their hands to be taken solely by the Law, Westminster Hall would be a very great nuisance and a well-nigh insupportable nuisance. Supposing Westminster Hall to make this mischievous idiot of itself at a

very critical time and under very famous circumstances, before the Parliament Street Murder was committed; why, then Westminster Hall might, in a pictorial representation of that terrible cruelty, be reasonably represented as holding John's hands while he looked in at the window, and as menacing John from interfering.

Will the reader who may not remember the facts, look back to what Westminster Hall said about the case of one Barthélemy, who, having had the misfortune to murder an old gentleman in Warren Street, Tottenham Court Road, was escaping over a garden fence, when, being collared by a meddlesome individual laboring under the absurd idea that he ought to stop a Murderer as Law was not there to stop him, he became virtuously indignant, and shot that meddlesome person dead? In that case, which attracted great attention, Westminster Hall solemnly argued and contended before LORD CAMPBELL that the meddlesome man shot dead, had no right to stop the Murderer, and that the Murderer had a right to shoot the meddlesome man shot dead, for stopping him! Before as upright and as sagacious a Judge as ever graced the Bench, this almost incredible absurdity could not prevail, and Westminster Hall was reduced to the last feeble resource of moaning at the clubs until the ill-used Murderer was hanged.

Turn from these two extremes to the window in Parliament Street; see the people looking in, coming up, listening, exchanging a word or two, and passing on; and say whether, at the close of the year eighteen hundred and fifty-six, we find for the first time Smoke without Fire.

A JOURNEY DUE NORTH.

HEYDE'S.

THE widow Heyde is dead, and Zacharai reigns in her stead; but Heyde's is still: even as Tom and Joe's coffee-houses in London are still so called, though Tom and Joe have been sleeping the sleep of the just these hundred years, and Jack and Jerry may be the tapsters now, in their place. So Heyde, being dead, is Heyde still. Le roi est mort! vive le roi!

That beefsteak and trimmings with which on board the little pyroscaph that brought me to this Vampire Venice—this Arabian Nightmare—this the reality of Coleridge's distempered, opium-begotten Xanadu; (for here of a surety lives, or lived, the Kubla Khan who decreed the "stately pleasure dome, and possessed the caverns measureless to man, through which ran that River down to the sunless sea:")—that beefsteak and trimmings, rouble-costing, with which, coming to Xanadu—I mean St. Petersburg—I was incautious enough to feed the wide-mouthed Petersen, did not turn out wholly unproductive to me. The quality of that beefsteak and eteeteras was not strained. It may, or it may not

have fallen like the gentle dew from Heaven on Petersen ; but it undeniably blessed him that gave and him that received it. Petersen's stomach was filled, his wide mouth satisfied : so he was blessed : the gratitude of repletion (I have seen a tiger in a menagerie wink like the most beneficent of charity-dinner stewards after a more than ordinarily succulent shin-bone), the beatitude of fullness led him to bestow on me a small, ragged, and dirty scrap of paper, on which was scrawled in German, and in—something I thought at first to be the mere calligraphic midsummer madness of Petersen, but which I afterwards discovered to be his best Russ—these words, “Heyde’s—Cadetten-linie, Wassily-Ostrow—young Mr. Trobbener’s recommendation at J. Petersen.” Who the mysterious young Mr. Trobbener was, I never was able to discover. Did Petersen recommend him, or he Petersen? Were Petersen and Trobbener the same personages? Was Petersen himself young Mr. Petersen, or old Mr. Petersen? Was he of any age, or for all time, or for none? Be it as it may, through the medium of this paper, I too was blessed ; for, though on the first impulse I was inclined to scorn Heyde’s and to put Petersen down as an unmitigated tout, it turned out that by an accident—by a mere fluke of shiftlessness of purpose—I did not go to the Hôtel Napoléon, or the Hôtel Coulon, or the Hôtel Klee, or to the Hôtel des Princes, or to Mrs. Spink’s, or to the Misses Benson’s, or to any of the ordinary hotels, or boarding-houses where ordinary and sensible travellers usually turn up on their first arrival in Petropolis. Carrying out the apparent decision in the superior courts that I am never to do anything like anybody else, I managed to lose all my fellow-travellers in the yard of the temporary custom-house on the English Quay (I hasten to observe for the benefit of the critics who are waiting round the corner for me with big sticks, that the custom-house is at the southern extremity of Wassily-Ostrow, and that the cellars where we were searched were but a species of luggage chapel-of-ease to the greater Douane). Then, going very vaguely down unto Droschky, I fell at last among Heyde, luggage and all. A very excellent find ; a nugget of treasure trove it was to me ; for I declare that with the exception of the fortress of Cronstadt (the congeries of forts, yards, work-shops, guard-ships, and gun-boats, I mean), which is one eye-blinding instance of apple-pie order and new-pin cleanliness, the Hôtel Heyde is the only perfectly clean place—bar none : nor palaces, nor churches, nor princess’s chalets in the Islands—with which, in the Russian Empire, this traveller is acquainted. The Hôtel Heyde smelt certainly of soap and soup ; but both were nice smells and not too powerful. It was reported that one bug had

been bold enough to cross the Neva from the Winter Palace to Heyde’s some years previously ; but, whether he was paddled across the river in a gondola, or driven across the Novi-Most, or New-Bridge in a droschky, was never known. He came to Heyde’s, but broke his heart the first night in a miserable attempt to make an impression on the skin of the traveller for a German toy-merchant, just arrived from the fair of Nishi-Novgorod (where there are bugs that bite like sharks, who have been under articles to crocodiles). A housemaid nosed him in the lobby next morning ; but he saved himself from the disgrace of public squashing by suicide, and they show his skin in the bar to this day.

To be a little serious, Heyde’s was from top to bottom scrupulously and delightfully clean. I have no interest in proclaiming its merits to the world. I have paid my bill. I am never going there again. I don’t know Heyde—I mean Zacharai—personally ; for it was with Barnabay Brothers, his representatives, that I always transacted business. Still I can conscientiously recommend to all future purposing Russian travellers, the Hôtel Heyde, as being clean and comfortable. It is dear, and noisy, and out of the way ; but that is neither here nor there. If I had a few of Heyde’s cards with me, I would distribute them as shamelessly as any hotel tout on Calais Pier ; and my opinion of Petersen now is, that he is not merely a wide-mouthed and carnivorous wolf-cub, in a beaver porringer—like the city sword-bearer, who goes about the world seeking eleemosynary beefsteaks and trimmings—but that he is a philanthropist, who, disgusted at the narrow-mindedness and heart-sterility of the company that used to go to Helsingfors, has proposed to himself as a mission the perpetual pyroscaphal parcurrence of the Neva from Petersburg to Cronstadt and back again, and the ceaseless distribution of unclean scraps of paper telling in Teuton and in Slavonic of Heyde’s, and young Mr. Trobbener, and himself, simply because he is a philanthropist, and that Heyde’s is clean, and he, Petersen, has stayed there, and knows it.

I came to Heyde’s—though but one man—in two droschkies, like that strange animal one of which came over in two ships. In this wise. I don’t mean to imply, literally, that I had one droschky for my body, and another for my legs, à l’Américaine ; though I was quite fatigued enough to have rendered that means of conveyance, had it been in accordance with the proprieties of Petersburg, or even with possibility, delightful. But this was not to be. My having two droschkies was necessitated by there being none but the little Moscow side-saddles on wheels disengaged, which hold indeed two passengers ; but, in the way of luggage, will not accommodate so much as a carpet-bag in addition to the human load. How ever my luggage was loaded, or managed to be kept on the little

rickety bench with the little wild beast with the long mane and tail in it, and the large wild man in the caftan, the beard, and the boots, bestriding where the splashboard ought to have been, but wasn't—I have not the slightest idea. However, with a bump, some jolts, and some screams, my luggage was heaped on one droschky, and I on another; then everybody had some copecks given them—including an official in Hessian boots, who suddenly appeared from a back-door in the yard (I really conjectured it to be the dust-hole) who demanded seventy-five, in French, haughtily, who received them very unthankfully, and who, saying something to another official, dressed in grey (he had five copecks), which I suppose was Open Sesame! disappeared majestically into the dust-hole again. Open Sesame! let us out into a dusty street; for I and the droschky-drivers and the travellers had all been prisoned within the custom-house's moated grange till this, and it had pleased the man in the dust-hole to let us out.

The phaeton droschkies, the double-bodied droschkies, the calèche droschkies had all driven away hotelwards through the dust—I did hope that Miss Wapps might be well bitten that same night; and I was alone with the droschkies, the dust, and the Petersen's bit of paper. There was dust on either side, and dust beneath, and dust behind us, and dust before, and nothing more, save the occasional vision of the luggage-droschky a-head, which was bumping up and down and in and out of the pulverous cloud in a most extraordinary manner. I now first became acquainted with the fact, that as soon as a Russian Ischvostchik gets on a tolerably long road-way, he gives his horse his head, and throwing up his own legs, yells with delight, and is—till he is compelled to heave-to by the menacing halberd of a Boutotsnik—supremely happy. We were in the Perspective of something or other—the Dusty-Bobboff Perspective I was inclined to call it at the time—and the driver, anticipating with joy a quiet mile or so of furious driving, suddenly gave the vicious little brute he was driving his head, following it with the usual performances of leg-elevating, arm-flourishing, and yelling. I decidedly thought that Ischvostchik had gone mad. The horse being given his head, took in addition his four shoes, his hocks, his tail, and everything that was his, and made good use of them, scrambling, tearing, pawing along, and I almost was led to think yelling as well as his manical driver. What was I to do? What could I do, but catch hold of the Ischvostchik, at last, quite frantically by the shoulders, and entreat him to stop. For a wonder, he understood me, as I thought intuitively; but, as I afterwards found, from my hurried Stop! stop! being very like to the short, sharp Russian Stoi! stoi!

I have heard gentlemen who ride to

hounds talk of the remarkably fine burst they have had after that carrion with the bushy tail some November morning. I have read the terribly grotesque epic of Miss Kielmansegge and her golden leg; Bürger has told me in Lenore how fast the dead ride; I have seen some Derbies, Oaks, and Doncasters; I have travelled by some express trains; I have seen Mr. Turner's picture of Hail, rain, steam, and speed; and now, if for hail you will substitute dust, and for rain hot wind, and for steam a wild horse, and increase the speed as many times tenfold as you like, you will have a picture of me in the droschky, and the droschky itself flying through the dusty Perspectives of Petersburg.

Over a bridge I know, where there was a shrine-chapel, open at the four sides, where people were worshipping. Then dust. Then along a quay. More dust. And then the seemingly interminable flight along Perspectives. And at last, Heyde's.

A building, apparently about a third of the size of the Bank of England, with the Corinthian pilasters beaten flat, with a hugeous blue signboard somewhat akin to that dear old Barclay and Perkins one in the England I may never see again; on this signboard Heyde's with some of the unknown tongue beneath. Beyond, over the way, and some miles one either side, houses considerably bigger than Heyde's, all painted either in white or more glaring yellow, and with some red but more green roofs.* And, save our party, not a living soul to be seen. A defection of one took place immediately from our band, small as it was, the luggage Ischvostchik feeling, no doubt, athirst—how thirsty was I!—incontinently diving down some stone steps into a semi-cellar that yawned beneath Heyde's parlour windows. Such half-cellars—not level with the pavement, and not at honest area depth beneath it—are common in the grandest streets of Petropolis. The meanest little shops crawl at the feet of gigantic buildings, like Lazarus lying in his rags before Dives' door. The cellar in which my Ischvostchik had disappeared was, I was not slow in concluding, a Vodki shop: first, from the strong spirituous odour which exuded therefrom; next, from the unmistakeable sign of a bunch of grapes rudely carved in wood, and profusely gilt, suspended over the doorway. And have I not a right to call this a remarkable people who keep grog-shops, and sell meat pies in the basement of their palaces. I was

* Comparison, even with the diminution of a third, to the vastness of the bank of England is of course a little extravagant; but I wished to give the reader a notion, there and then, of the astonishing size of even private houses in St. Petersburg. The great imperial rule is carried out even in architecture as in government. Aut Cesar, aut Ivan Ivanovitch, who is considerably less than a nullity. In Russian houses there are but two classes—hovels and palaces. I know one lodging-house in St. Petersburg, close to the Moscow Railway Terminus, which has more than two thousand inmates.

about to collar the second Ischvostchik to prevent his fleeing too; but he, good fellow, wished to see me comfortably into Heyde's, or was perhaps anxious about the fare, and he remained. He was so anxious about this fare that he demanded it at once with passionate entreaties and gesticulations, crying out, when I gave him to understand by signs that he would be paid when I was inside, "Nietts Geyde! Nietts Geyde! Sitchas!" Why should he have objected to be paid by Heyde, or at Heydes, or Geydes, as he called it? Wearied at last with manual language, I asked him how much he and his brother Jehu thought themselves entitled to; whereupon he held up such a hand—the hand in a baronet's scutcheon was nothing to it for bigness, boldness, and beefiness—and cried out "Roubly cerebram! Roubly cerebram!" counting one, two, three fingers; from which I gathered that he wanted three roubles—nine and sixpence—for a twenty minutes' drive. But I did not pay him; for, with the exception of one English sixpence, one Irish harp halfpenny, one Danish Rigsbank schilling, and some very small deer in the way of coppers and silbergroschen, I had no money.

I have been keeping the reader a most unconscionable time at Heyde's Hotel door; but I am certain that I was kept there a most unconscionable time myself. The Ischvostchik who didn't go to the Vodki shop, and who had so great an objection to being paid by Geyde, hung himself—that is about the word—not for suicidal but for tin-tinabulatory purposes, to a great bell that projected from the door-jamb like a gibbet, or a wholesale grocer's crane. He swung about, tugging at this bell till I could hear it booming through the house like a Chinese gong, but nobody answered it. There was a great balcony on the first floor, with a Marquise verandah above it, and in this balcony a very stout gentleman smoking a cigarette. I shouted out an inquiry to him in French and German, as to whether there was anybody in the house, but he merely smiled, wagged his fat head, and didn't answer me. He was either very deaf or very rude. Nobody came, while before me glared the great closed door of Heyde's, which was painted a rich maroon colour, and had a couple of great knob bell-handles, like the trunnions of brass cannon. Nobody came. It was now nearly six o'clock, but the sun was blazing away with noontide vigour, and seemingly caring no more than my friend Captain Smith for any curfews that might toll the knell of parting day. And the infernal dust, with no visible motive influence, came trooping down the street in rolling caravans of brown, hot, stifling clouds. And the Ischvostchik kept swinging at the demoniac bell, which kept booming, and nobody came; and I began to think of crying aloud, this is not Petropolis or Petersburg of Russia, but the city of Dis, and Francesca of Rimini passed by in that last cloud caravan,

and yonder bell-slinger is not an Ischvostchik, but P. Virgilius Maro, inducting me, Dante Alighieri, into the mysteries of the Inferno. Would that I had Dante's stool to sit upon—to say nothing of the genius of that Florentine!

A bearded party in a red shirt (his beard was red too) eventually put in an appearance through the tardy opening of the maroon-coloured door. He exchanged a few compliments or abusive epithets—they may have been one, they may have been the other—with the Ischvostchik; then, closing the door again, he disappeared and left me to desolation.

How long we might have continued dwellers at the threshold at Heyde's inhospitable door is exceedingly uncertain—perhaps till the cows came home, perhaps till I went mad—but, just as I began to speculate on one or other of those eventualities, it suddenly occurred to my Ischvostchik to call out in a tone of triumph, "Geyde na Dom," which I conjectured to be a sort of Muscovite pean for Heyde being to the fore. And, following out the discovery he had announced with such Eureka-like elocution, the droschky-driver did no more nor less than turn one of the brass-cannon-trunnion-like door-handles and walk me into Heyde's hall. It was the old story of Mahomet and the Mountain. Heyde would not come to us, so we were obliged to go to Heyde's—which, by the way, we might perhaps have done a quarter of an hour previously. But I never was the right man in the right place yet, nor did the right thing. The second or luggage Ischvostchik—he who had been so prompt in disappearing into the Vodki-shop, and who had now returned smelling very strongly of that abominable blacksheep of the not-at-any-time over-reputable Alcohol family—evidently thought very little of my strength of purpose in obtaining admittance into an hotel. He, with a contemptuous leer on his face (which, round and flat, and straightly touched for line and feature, was not unlike the mystic dial that crowns the more mystic columns in the inner sheet of the *Times* newspaper); seemed to taunt me with my inability to get into Heyde's; to imply, moreover, that he knew well enough how to effect an entrance, because he hated me as an Angliskiy, and hated the other Ischvostchik, his brother, for being his brother, simply.

The sun had been brightly glaring outside: the hall of Heyde's was painted above and on either side a cool green; and the transition from the brazen desert outside to these leafy shades was pleasant as unexpected. It would have been much pleasanter, though, had we found any one living soul to welcome us; but nobody came.

At the extremity of the hall there commenced a very dark stone staircase, beneath which there was a recess, most uncomfortably like a grave, with a bed in it. My eyes had been very much tried by the glare without

and the green within, and my knowledge of external objects was blurred, not to say rendered null and void, by sundry elaborate geometrical patterns of fantastical design and parti-coloured hue swimming about in the verdant darkness. So I was not able to aver with any degree of distinctness whether there were anybody or not on the bed in the recess that looked like a grave. Not so with the Ischvostchik; he with cat-like agility dived into the recess, and, after many struggles, brought into the greenness the man with the red shirt who had whilom opened the front door, and shut it again in our faces. Him he shook and objurgated in much violent Russ; at last he seemed to make the red-shirted door-shutter comprehend for what reason a very tired traveller should arrive in an hotel in St. Petersburg in two droschkijs—himself in one, his luggage in another. He cried out "Portier, portier!" and darting down a dark corridor, presently returned with a little old man, in faded European costume—very snuffy, stupid, semidiotie, as it seemed to me. I could not at all make out to what nation, if any, he had in the origin belonged; but I managed to hammer a few words of German into him, to the effect that I was very tired and dusty and hungry, and that I required a bed, food, a bath, and the payment of the droschky. I don't think he clearly understood a tithe of my discourse, but on the retina of his mind, there gradually, I imagine, became impressed the image of a traveller who wanted to spend his money at Heyde's, and ultimately fee him, the porter, with silver roubles. So he rang a HAND-BELL, which brought down one of the brothers Barnabay whomange Heyde's for Zacharai the Mythic; and this brother Barnabay (it was the stout brother) understood me, the droschkijs, the difficulty, everything. "Would I, dear lord as I was, show him my passport?" This was before Barnabay quite understood anything. I showed him my passport. He was so delighted with it as to keep it, buttoning it up in a stout coat-pocket, but assuring me that it was Ganz recht—ganz recht! and immediately became as fond of me as though he had known me from infancy, or as though I had been his other brother, and a Barnabay. He had my rugs, my courier's bag, my spare caps and writing-case off my arms and shoulders instantaneously. That famous hand-bell was tinkled again, and two more red-shirted slaves of the bell appearing, a room was ordered to be prepared and a bath to be heated for me. I had scarcely opened my mouth to tell him that I had no more Russian money, and that he must pay the droschky, when he had paid both. And now I, on my part, understood why the Ischvostchiks had wished me to pay them, and had cried, "Nietts Geyde! Nietts Geyde!" for, from their pitching my luggage viciously into the hall, from their pouring

out a strain of half-whining, half-threatening remonstrances, and from Barnabay being evidently on the point, at one stage of the proceedings, to apply the punishment, not of the stick, but of the square-toed boot upon them, it is anything but doubtful that Geyde (represented by Zacharay's representative Barnabay brother) was hard upon the Ischvostchiks, and gave them no more—perhaps a little less—than their fare. I am of opinion, too, that Geyde's or Heyde's was a little hard upon me, too, subsequently, in the bill relative to that same cab fare; but surely somebody must be cheated (as a Russian shopkeeper once naively remarked to me), and who so fit to be cheated as an Inostranez—a stranger—and, what is much worse, an Anglisky!

Leaving the Ischvostchiks to lament, or curse, or pray for us in the hall (I don't know which it was, but they made a terrible noise over it), the nimble Barnabay skips before me up the great stone staircase, which grows much lighter as we ascend, and which I begin to notice now (being somewhat recovered from the glare and the greenness), is of that new-pin like degree of cleanliness, I have before hinted at. Then we push aside a glass door, and enter a vast chamber, half-American bar, half-Parisian café in appearance; for, at a long counter customers are liquoring, or painting—or drinking drams, to tell the unslanged truth; and at little marble tables, customers are smoking and drinking demi-tasses: but wholly Russia, for all that; for I can see, towering through the tobacco-clouds, a giant stove, all carvings and sculpture, like Sir Cloudesly Shovell's monument in Westminster Abbey. Then another glass-door: then another corridor; then the door of apartment Number Eighteen: then another hand-bell is tinkled, and a real Russian chambermaid appears to open the bed-room door, and a real German waiter—for there is no promotion from the ranks at Heyde's; and the red-chemised slaves of the bell are kept in their proper places—asks me in first-rate North German what I will have for dinner?

The first sight of apartment Number Eighteen startles me, and I confess not very favourably. If that little recess beneath the staircase on the basement were like a grave; Number Eighteen is horribly like a family vault. It is of tremendous size—very dark—and the bed, which is covered with snowy white drapery, is very long, narrow, uncurtained, and a very short distance removed from the floor; and has the closest and most unpleasant family resemblance to the tomb of a Knight Templar. If, in addition to this, I write that this long white bed is all alone, by itself, in the middle of the vault—I mean the bed-chamber—that the inevitable stove seems even higher, bigger, and whiter than Sir Cloudesly Shovell's monument in the café; that the chest of drawers is dreadfully

like a brick sarcophagus; that there are some massive, gloomy shelves, on which there are no coffins as yet, but which I fancy must have been designed to receive those last of snuff-boxes, which are to titillate the nose of humanity; that the windows though very numerous, are very small; that the folding-doors of a great mahogany wardrobe yawn tombfully, as though they were the portals of the inner chamber of death; that there is one corner cupboard which I can almost make oath and swear, is the identical corner cupboard reserved by the especial NEMESIS for years—the corner cupboard where the skeleton is—when I have given this hurried inventory of the furniture of Number Eighteen, it is a work of supererogation to relate that, being a nervous man I shake my head when Barnabay Brother tells me the terms—two roubles a-day, exclusive of attendance—and that I ask mildly whether I cannot have a smaller, lighter, cheaper apartment. But I cannot have anything smaller, cheaper, lighter, Zimmer. All else is full, engaged up to the eyes, three deep, till to-morrow fortnight, till the Greek calends. I can go over to the Napoléon, to the Coulon, to the Deymouth, to the Klee, to the Princes, but I shall find everything (not that this poor house, dear lord, would wish to lose your distinguished, and, of consideration, patronage!) as full as the tomb of the Eleven Thousand Virgins at Cologne. This “funerals performed” allusion jars upon my nerves again, as having unpleasant reference to the family vault view of things in general. But, as I find I can’t well obtain any other accommodation; as I opine I can turn out and engage cheaper apartments in a private house to-morrow; as the vault, though a vault, looks a remarkably clean mausoleum, and does not by any means give me the impression that it is haunted even by the ghost of a flea,—such as poor dear William Blake, the supernaturalist painter saw what time he witnessed a fairy’s funeral in a garden by moonlight—I accede to the terms, and am swiftly at home at Heyde’s.

I say at home—and swiftly; because, no sooner have I accepted to sit at Heyde’s, at fourteen silver roubles a-week, than I become in Barnabay’s mind, no longer a wandering traveller, higgling and haggling for accommodation—but “Nummer achtzehn,”—Number Eighteen, duly housed and recognised; my passport in Heyde’s pocket (you will observe that I use the terms Heyde’s, Barnabay, Zacharaï, somewhat indifferently; but is it not all one with regard to nomenclature, when all is Heyde’s?) my name on Heyde’s house-slate, my name, in far more enduring characters already, in Heyde’s ledger: for, has he not paid the Ischvostchiks, and is not that the commencement of a goodly score?

At home at Heyde’s, I have to repeat; for perhaps, while the Brother Barnabay is chalking me up as Number Eighteen, one red-

shirted slave of the bell has devoided me of almost every particle of apparel, and has, by some astonishing feat of gymnastic ability, got on to some adjacent housetop, where I can see him, and hear him brushing them, and hissing meanwhile, in approved ostler fashion. Another vassal is preparing an adjacent bath-room, which (always remember that we are in a German hotel) is on the ordinary hot-water principle, and not the stewpan, combined with chemical distillery, finished off by Busbeian discipline and buckets-of-cold-water, Russian vapour bath. Serf number three, the twin brother of the two others, has uncorded my luggage, and is now tugging away at my boots, with so good-humoured a grin on his willing bearded countenance that I am far more inclined to slap him on the shoulder than to remember that my feet are swollen, and that he has nearly dislocated my ankle. You find among the poor slave Russians—I can scarcely say the poorest, lowest, most degraded, when all are degraded, and low, and poor: all figures of Zero, to swell the millions of roubles their masters possess, and make those Units wealthy and powerful—the kindest faces, the most willing, obliging, grateful dispositions in the world. To qualify that old Billingsgate locution, which, coarse as it is, is exactly applicable here, “Barring that a Russian moujik is a liar and a thief, no one can say that black is the white of his eye.” He is kind; he is grateful; he is affectionate; not quarrelsome when drunk; untringly industrious (when on his own account, he will idle the lord’s time away, and who can wonder?); ordinarily frugal; and as astonishingly self-denying as an Irish peasant when he has a purpose to serve. His vices are the vices of barbarism; and here comes the difficulty in his treatment to those who are even most disposed to treat him kindly. I declare of my own knowledge that it is impossible to live in Russia, among the Russians, without feeling that the serfs—from domestic servants to farm labourers, from ladies’ waiting-maids to village babas—laugh at what we should call kindness, and despise a master who does not act on the principle of a word and a blow. It is impossible to avoid becoming to a certain degree hardened and brutalised by the constant spectacle of unrestrained tyranny on the one hand, and by the impossibility of resistance on the other. Every one beats, and kicks, and cuffs, and calls his inferiors by opprobrious epithets: would it be surprising that, through mere habit, the most ardent lover of freedom fell into some of the despotic ways of those he lived among? I am glad to say that I lived too short a time in the Russian Rome for it to be seldom if ever necessary to me to do as the Romans do; yet I have often been conscious and ashamed of a temptation to administer the argument of Mr. Grantley Berkley—the punch on the head—for what

would in England have been considered, if an offence at all, one only to be visited by a word of reproof; I have often been conscious, and more ashamed, of speaking to droschky-drivers, and waiters, and Ivan generally, in a manner that, employed towards a cabby or a coally in England, would have infallibly brought on the punching of my head, if not the knocking down of my body altogether.

Of Heyde's more anon; whether the family vault bed-room did or did not contain ghosts, and who the fat man was who was smoking the cigarette in the balcony, and answered not when I spoke to him.

CREDIT MOBILIER.

CREDIT MOBILIER! What can those two words, so strangely coupled, mean? Literally translated, they signify nothing. Credit Furniture, or Credit Moveables, are sheer nonsense. Is Crédit Mobilier an American city, state, or person; or a recently discovered beast in a Bornean forest; or an antediluvian predacious monster; or a new species of gulf-weed drifting over the face of the ocean; or a region of the Great Saharan Desert; or a mountain composed of marvellously minute molecules; or an ogre-character in a fairy tale? Perhaps it partakes something of the character of all these different entities. Let us see.

Crédit Mobilier is a Company of a certain class; that is, it is a Société Anonyme, and not a Société en Commandite, which does not much help us in defining its individuality. In the present paper, you must make up your mind to swallow, without chewing them, sundry small morsels of slang of the Bourse; otherwise each unhappy page would be sunk up to the armpits in a small-type slough of notes. Crédit Mobilier may be a King Company, like that in Threadneedle Street, or a Jeremy Diddler Company, like several we have known to our cost in England. One thing is clear, that it is a Harlequin Company, with a dash of the Tyrant, or 'Ereles' vein, in it, and is not likely to fall into a dull, moping, hypochondriac way for want of natural quicksilver, arrogance, and vivacity.

Crédit Mobilier's dynasty was founded by decree of the eighteenth of November, eighteen hundred and fifty-two; and its official palace is situated at number twenty-two, Place Vendôme, Paris. The Jupiter from whose brain this Minerva leapt full-armed, shortly after the revolution of July, was Monsieur Émile Pereire (or Peyreire, as he is now called), one of the most distinguished members of the Saint-Simonian school. M. E. Pereire rose from nothing; he is gifted with the faculty that whatever he touches turns to profit. His name sweeps the crowd of the Bourse before it, as straws before a hurricane. It is enough for him to buy a few shares of anything, no matter what,

and the rest are instantly taken up without a question being asked about them.

Crédit Mobilier's first avatar, in eighteen thirty, which took place in the Journal du Commerce, was in the guise of a Compagnie d'Assurances mutuelles pour l'escompte des effets etc. In this form she urged her claim to be worshipped as a divinity, on the Government Commission, on all the principal bankers and merchants of Paris, and on all the members of the Chamber of Deputies. The statutes of the Société du Crédit Mobilier are essentially the same with the pretensions of the new financial goddess, whose Olympic parent presented her, at that epoch, as a sample of the organising power of the Saint-Simonian doctrine. Crédit Mobilier, the second avatar of the same celestial heroine, was at once acknowledged and idolised by the arch high-priests of French finance, whom it would be much too Homeric, and too tedious to name. Isaac Pereire, Émile's brother, was on the list, and is now a member of the divinity's council. Sufficient that they forthwith raised her up on an altar on high, and incensed her with thickest stock-jobbing smoke. While people were still asking—as they ask even yet—what is the creed of the new religion, what are its objects, its evidence, its guarantees, and its mode of existence?—while things were yet thus dim and crude, its promises d'actions were bought up at a premium. In one instant they rose from five hundred francs (on which two hundred only were paid at first) to one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five francs. They have risen as high as two thousand. On the day when this is written, the latest quotation is fourteen hundred. What became of the clever people who bought at two thousand and sold at fourteen hundred? is one of the countless episodes of the Romance of the Bourse. The annual dividend on each share (originally costing five hundred francs, or eight pounds) may be roundly stated now as two hundred francs, or twenty pounds sterling.

Crédit Mobilier is a financial lever of extraordinary power, since it has the right of circulating "obligations" to ten times the amount of its capital as represented by shares. In time of calm it will be sure to divide large profits with its shareholders; but let a crisis come, and there will be such a break-up of the ice as was never seen. Shares risen from five hundred to fourteen hundred are not things to be handled without a little hesitation; a certain degree of caution may be permitted in playing with toys so given to rise and fall. The hazard of the die is enormous. Their great attraction and their lucky sign have been the names of their original creators, who have hitherto pursued a career of unchecked prosperity. The aim of Crédit Mobilier is to deal in every species of property quoted at the Bourse; to undertake national and foreign railways, that is, to buy

up their shares and sell them again; to subscribe to loans, to build houses in Paris, such as the Hôtel du Louvre. It receives, as deposits, sums of any amount, paying two per cent. interest, whereas the Bank of France pays no interest. It refunds at sight all sums below a hundred thousand francs, four thousand pounds, and at three days' sight sums of a hundred thousand francs and upwards.

Parties interested in knowing more than this, in short, all they can, have endeavoured to obtain information respecting the company, and have been obliged to content themselves with generalities; such as, "It is an establishment of the highest importance;" "It merits respectful attention, on account of the respectability of its founders, good men all;" "It will make a sensation in the world" (so have the Tipperary and the Royal British concerns); "It will mark an epoch in history" (so did the South Sea edifice of Mr. Law). Other accounts are less prepossessing. "The assets won't be heavy when it comes to a settlement;" "It is a weapon of war for the use of the managers;" "The profits will belong to the body of directors, the losses will fall to the portion of the shareholders." Finally, common report affords you but little aid to get a clear idea of *Crédit Mobilier*. The giant apparition remains a mystery.

The haziness of outline in which the colossal form is thus able to shroud itself, is very much owing both to the faults and the misfortunes of the French press; to its want of liberty, in respect to the trammels twisted round it by the state; and to its want of independence, by lending itself to exterior influence, sometimes to selfish internal interest. In England, Sir John Paul and Co., or the Royal British, could not have coaxed or bribed into silence a single journal of the faintest influence, and as to any general hushing-up to be consented to by the British press as a body, you would as soon get the editors to agree to have their mouths sewn up and their fingers chopped off. In France it is otherwise, under whatever influence, French bankers are fond of investing money in journals. Very lately, the owner of some shares in a provincial company did not like them; and I should wonder, knowing them, if he did. As a means of getting rid of them, he wanted to advertise them in the provincial journal as on sale at twenty-five per cent. below prime cost. The editor refused to insert the advertisement, from motives which it is not for us to investigate or impugn; and the would-be advertiser brought his action for *dommages-intérêts* as one means of publicity, and of taking a rise out of the concern. To show the way in which provincial editors sometimes do business, the prosecutor's counsel told the following tale:—

A *marchande de papier*, or female paper-

merchant, took an advertisement of her wares to a country newspaper, whose *régisseur* was proprietor, printer, and all. The gentleman refused to insert the announcement.

"Why not?" asked the lady in astonishment. "Here's the money down, if you are afraid of that."

"Heu! heu!" said the editor. "I neither want your money nor your advertisement, madame. I too sell paper, madame—foolscap, quarto, letter-paper, fine, coarse, and demi-fine, besides envelopes, cards, and letters of *faire-part* of deaths and marriages, all in the newest style, a very large assortment, madame. I cannot publish the advertisement of any one who would undersell my paper. What would you have, madame?"

The lady, too proud to make vain remonstrance, went her way. In a few days she returned to the office, and humbly asked—

"Monsieur, have you an attic to let?"

"What do you mean, madame? I don't understand your question. Pray, what project can you have with respect to my attic?"

"Before I can explain my intentions," the fair merchant replied, "you must answer my question, whether you have an attic to let."

"No, madame; I have not."

"Very well, monsieur; I can now proceed to business without fear of interruption. Please insert this in your next number. I have an attic to let; but I thought I would ask whether you had one to let also, before I ventured to bring the advertisement."

For reliable information, therefore, as to *Crédit Mobilier*, we are obliged, like others, to refer to the statutes of the company. There we find:—

"The founders, considering the important services to be rendered by the establishment of a *Société* having for its object to encourage the development of industry and public works, and to effect, by consolidation into a common fund, the conversion of the special vouchers and title-deeds of diverse undertakings, have resolved to realise so useful a work, and to that intent have determined the bases and the statutes of a *Société anonyme*, under the denomination of *Société Générale de Crédit Mobilier*.

The duration of the *Société* is ninety-nine years. The social capital is fixed at sixty millions (of francs, which will be always understood when not expressed otherwise), divided into one hundred and twenty thousand actions or shares of five hundred francs each. [Divide by twenty-five, and you get pounds sterling]. A first series of forty thousand actions or shares only is issued at present. The remaining eighty thousand shall be successively issued on the decision of the Council of Administration from time to time, according to the wants of the *Société*. They shall not be delivered below par. The founders and the holders of the first issued shares, have the right of preference in sub-

scribing at par for the shares to be issued, in the proportion of one-third for the founders, and of two-thirds for the shareholders. The definitive vouchers (titres) of the shares belong to the bearer. The partial payments are stated by a certificate delivered to the subscriber, negotiable by way of transfer. The original subscriber and the persons to whom shares have been ceded are liable to a claim until the integral amount of such shares has been paid. [The whole number of shares has since been issued, and the whole amount of each share paid up.] The Assemblée is composed of the two hundred largest shareholders. Each of them has a vote for every forty shares which he holds; only, no individual person can have more than five votes. The nett profits are annually disposed of thus: first, five per cent. on the capital of the shares issued; secondly, five per cent. for the reserve fund, whose maximum is fixed at two millions. The surplus is distributed in the form of dividends in the proportion of one-tenth for the administrators, and nine-tenths for the shares.

Article five of the statutes defines the object of the Company. The operations of the Société shall consist—first, in subscribing to or acquiring public property (effets), the shares or the obligations of the different industrial or financial enterprises, constituted as Sociétés anonymes, and notably those of railways, canals, mines, and other public works, already founded, or to be founded. Secondly [which, please, mark well], in issuing its own obligations for a sum equal to that employed for these subscriptions and acquisitions. Thirdly, in selling or in giving as security for loans, all acquired property, shares, and obligations, and in changing them for other property (valeurs). Fourthly, in subscribing (soumissionner) for all loans, in granting them and realising them, as well as all undertakings of public works. Fifthly, in lending on public property, on deposits of shares and obligations, and in opening credits of current accounts on the deposit of these diverse properties. Sixthly, in receiving sums in current account. Seventhly, in effecting all receipts (recouvrements) in behalf of the aforesaid companies, in paying their coupons of interest or of dividends, and generally all other orders. Eighthly, in keeping a bank of deposit for the vouchers of these enterprises. It is expressly understood that the society shall never make “ventes à découvert,” that is, shall not sell property of which it is not possessed,—nor make “achats à primes,” that is, gambling purchases of a peculiar nature which would require a quarter of a page of foot-note to explain to the uninitiated.

By article six, all other operations are prohibited. It is expressly understood that the Société will never make ready money sales nor purchases, at a premium. Crédit Mobilier, therefore, regarded in the light of economic

science, is an industrial bank, a vast undertaking of sleeping partners; it is an enormous joint-stock bank whose customers are themselves capitalists and bankers. As far as the operations of the Bourse are concerned, it is a centralisation of stock-jobbing. The Crédit Foncier, without exposing itself to be laid quite bare, outsteps the Bank of France in boldness, by issuing a number of obligations equal to the amount of its loans on mortgage. But Crédit Mobilier approaches the verge of temerity. By article seven of the statutes, until the complete issue of the shares, the obligations created by the Société must not exceed five times the capital realised. After the complete issue of the social fund (that is, now), they may reach a sum equal to ten times the capital. That is to say, with sixty millions of capital, it can issue six hundred millions of obligations! And what is the guarantee of these obligations? Just this, the fundamental capital plus an equal sum employed in the subscription to, and the acquisition of, public property and the shares of companies! Whether such a guarantee is altogether illusory, it is not for us to say; because the grand smash has not yet come. After it has come, we may say what we like; locking the stable-door ever so fast will not bring back the stolen horse, any more than floods of bitterest milkmaid's tears will restore spilt milk to the milk-pail again. The slightest fall at the Bourse must depreciate the pledges in the shape of public property and shares of companies; and the capital of shares is also reduced. If the paper vouchers suffer a diminution of value of only one-tenth, the capital of shares is absorbed, and the Société becomes actually bankrupt.

An institution which should lend on securities and on mortgages, a sum equal to the reputed value of the pledge, would expose itself to danger; because there is no certainty that a sale would produce the price estimated. This is exactly the case with Crédit Mobilier. Crédit Mobilier, on its own account, acquires, at its own risk and peril, shares and vouchers; it becomes absolute proprietor of them. It has no further claim on the sellers from the instant of their delivery into its hands. Depreciation in value is its affair, and nobody else's, as rise in value will be its profit. If, then, after it has purchased its six hundred millions' worth of property—if there come a fall—that property is no longer any guarantee for its six hundred millions of obligations issued. And, as its capital only amounts to one-tenth of what it is liable for, and the shareholders are only answerable for the amount of their quota, the fall of a tenth annihilates Crédit Mobilier's substance, and reduces it to insolvency.

As an instrument of circulation and stock-jobbing, the organisation of the general society is the conception of a master-spirit. It betrays, at once, the nationality of its author, and the revolutionary spirit of its

early days. The kings of the Bourse, with their capitals of from ten to a hundred millions, can, now-a-days, produce a fall or a rise at their pleasure; but they shrink into dwarf and vulgar proportions in the presence of an institution which is able to dispose of six hundred millions, and is capable of purchasing, in a single day, all the railway or canal shares that are for sale on the market. *Crédit Mobilier* can make scarcity or plenty, vacuum or over-supply; it is a gigantic monopoly out of whose pale there is no salvation for the speculator. Everybody not comprised within it, will henceforth have nothing to do but to pay. Under such conditions, its obligations will doubtless be constantly guaranteed. Nevertheless, if, one day or other, the payers should become disgusted and discouraged—if the knowing ones should enlist under the *Société's* banner—if, in short, there should be no more antagonists, with whom, then, will the game be played? Who will pay the difference? Or, if the isolated speculators should form a coalition against the monopoly and organise an army to meet army,—if the grand mass of producers, capitalists, and merchants should rise in insurrection,—coercive measures being impossible, what chance of safety will the Company have left them?

After this peep at the general society, let us see what are guarantees for the shareholders. The *Société* is administered by a council of fifteen members, renewed from year to year by a fifth of their number, and constantly re-eligible. Article twenty-eight of the statutes gives to the council the most extended powers for the administration of the Company's affairs; notably, the council authorises, by its deliberations, all purchase or sales of shares or obligations, all credits, all subscriptions, cessations and realisations of loans, all advances on deposits of property, and, generally, all treaties, transactions, compromises, callings-in of funds, transfers, sums borrowed on deposits of the obligations, or other property of the Company, purchases of objects mobiliers, and finally, all judiciary acts, both in suing and defending. It decides on the employment of unemployed funds. It makes the regulations of the Company. It authorises the expenses of the administration. It names and revokes the principal agents of the *Société*. It determines their functions, and fixes their salaries, perquisites, and privileges. By article ten, the members of the council do not contract, in consequence of their proceedings as managers, the slightest personal obligation. This immunity is the common rule in all *Sociétés anonymes*. Consequently, we have here fifteen members, who have the disposal of the *Société's* substance as if it were their own, without being responsible for any stroke of bad luck. It is true, they are obliged to deposit two hundred shares as a guarantee for the

rectitude of their administration; that is, they give a joint security to the amount of what cost them a hundred thousand francs—a very pretty pledge to be given by a knot of gentlemen who may play *rouge-et-noir* with some five-and-twenty millions of English pounds sterling, if they like.

The members of the council are all shareholders, or even directors, of some scheme or other. The greater part of their fortune consists of negotiable paper. They authorise, as administrators of the general society, all purchases or sales of shares or obligations, all credit, et cetera. There is nothing, therefore, to prevent Monsieur Ernest André, the Duc de Galliera, Baron Seillière (the names are real), and the rest, administrators, from buying of Monsieur Ernest André, the Duc de Galliera, Baron Seillière, and the rest, private individuals, on account of *Crédit Mobilier*, the shares and obligations of which they are the owners. It is a lawful operation, by which all parties may be benefited. It is true, the purchases are made at the current price; but we must not forget that the general society can cause a rise or fall at pleasure.

Certainly, the share which the sleeping partners have in controlling matters and in taking the initiative, is but trifling. The general assembly is only composed of the two hundred largest shareholders, who will not all answer to their summons. The assembly is regularly constituted when the members present are forty in number, and when they jointly hold the tenth part of the shares issued. If these conditions be not fulfilled, a second summons is issued; and then the members present hold a valid and formal meeting, whatever may be their number, or the value of their shares. The possession of forty shares is necessary to confer a vote. It will scarcely be believed that this select body of shareholders has not the right of proposing any measure. According to article fifty-one, the order of the day is decreed by the council of administration. On it shall appear, only propositions emanating from this council and those which have been laid before it at least fifteen days previous to the convocation of the general assembly, with the signature of the members of that assembly. But the list of members is drawn up only a month before the convocation; and the propositions, signed by ten members, must be sent in to the council at least fifteen days before this very convocation. The precautions are excellent to prevent conspiracy and rebellion amongst discontented shareholders. It is some slight consolation to know that the general company, like all *Sociétés anonymes*, is placed under government control, and that its statutes are modifiable.

M. Isaac Pereire, tells us: The creation of the bank-note has been one of the greatest strides, one of the most beau-

tiful applications, of credit; but, by the side of the bank-note, there rests a vacant place, which our obligations are called upon to fill. The principal of these obligations being to be repayable, only at an epoch corresponding to that of the property which they represent in our portefeuille, and to bear interest to the profit of the holder, their issue is exempt from every inconvenience. In accordance with the economy which serves as the basis of our Society, these vouchers are not only pledged (gagés) by property of corresponding amount acquired under government control, and whose union offers, by the application of the principle of mutuality, the advantages of the compensation and the division of risks; but they will have moreover the guarantee of a capital which we have raised with this object, to a considerably high figure (sixty millions).

But interested parties may talk till they are tired. An institution of credit, like the *Crédit Mobilier*, useful, even necessary, in respect to its object, has outgrown the proportions and range of action allowed to private companies. An institution which can only exist by the support of the public faith, cannot be made use of for the furtherance of private interests. Such an application of its powers is nothing less than a fraudulent abuse; and the authorities who tolerate it, and the speculators who make it their tool, incur—the one the blame of the nation, the other the censure of honest men. As to buying in now, or at any other time, every one must judge for himself; just as every one must form his own decision whether he will dance a fandango on a cracked tight-rope, whether he will cross an Alpine ravine on a rotten plank, or whether he will plunge his hand into a smooth-surfaced caldron of oil with a brisk fire burning beneath it.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE FIRST. THE TWENTY-THIRD OF AUGUST, 1829.

"WILL she last out the night, I wonder?"

"Look at the clock, Joseph."

"Ten minutes past twelve! She *has* lasted the night out. She has lived, Robert, to see ten minutes of the new day."

These words were spoken in the kitchen of a large country-house situated on the west coast of Cornwall. The speakers were two of the men-servants composing the establishment of Captain Treverton, an officer in the navy, and the eldest male representative of an old Cornish family. Both the servants communicated with each other restrainedly, in whispers—sitting close together, and looking round expectantly towards the door whenever the talk flagged between them.

"It's an awful thing," said the elder of the men, "for us two to be alone here, at this

dead, dark time, counting out the minutes that our mistress has left to live!"

"Robert," said the other, lowering his voice to a whisper that was barely audible, "You have been in service here since you were a boy—did you ever hear that our mistress was a play-actress when our master married her?"

"How came you to know that?" inquired the elder servant, sharply.

"Hush!" cried the other, rising quickly from his chair.

A bell rang in the passage outside.

"Is that for one of us?" asked Joseph.

"Can't you tell, by the sound, which is which of those bells yet?" exclaimed Robert, contemptuously. "That bell is for Sarah Leeson. Go out into the passage and look."

The younger servant took a candle and obeyed. When he opened the kitchen-door, a long row of bells met his eye on the wall opposite. Above each of them was painted in neat black letters the distinguishing title of the servant whom it was specially intended to summon. The row of letters began with Housekeeper and Butler, and ended with Kitchenmaid and Footman's Boy.

Looking along the bells, Joseph easily discovered that one of them was still in motion. Above it were the words, *Lady's*! said. Observing this, he passed quickly along the passage, and knocked at a large, old-fashioned oak door at the end of it. No answer being given, he opened the door and looked into the room. It was dark and empty.

"Sarah is not in the housekeeper's room," said Joseph, returning to his fellow-servant in the kitchen.

"She is gone to her own room, then," rejoined the other. "Go up and tell her that she is wanted by her mistress."

The bell rang again as Joseph went out.

"Quick!—quick!" cried Robert. "Tell her she is wanted directly. Wanted," he continued to himself in lower tones, "perhaps for the last time!"

Joseph ascended three flights of stairs—passed half-way down a long arched gallery—and knocked at another old-fashioned oak door. This time the signal was answered. A low, clear, sweet voice inside the room, inquired who was waiting without? In a few hasty words Joseph told his errand. Before he had done speaking, the door was quietly and quickly opened, and Sarah Leeson confronted him on the threshold, with her candle in her hand.

Not tall, not handsome, not in her first youth—shy and irresolute in manner—simple in dress to the utmost limits of plainness, the lady's-maid, in spite of all these disadvantages, was a woman whom it was impossible to look at without a feeling of curiosity, if not of interest. Few men, at first sight of her, could have resisted the desire to find out who she was; few would

have been satisfied with receiving for answer: She is Mrs. Treverton's maid; few would have refrained from the attempt to extract some secret information for themselves from her face and manner: and none, not even the most patient and practised of observers, could have succeeded in discovering more than that she must have passed through the ordeal of some great suffering, at some former period of her life. Much in her manner, and more in her face, said plainly and sadly: I am the wreck of something that you might once have liked to see; a wreck that can never be repaired—that must drift on through life unnoticed, unguided, unpitied—drift till the fatal shore is touched, and the waves of Time have swallowed up these broken relics of me for ever. This was the story that was told in Sarah Leeson's face—this, and no more.

No two men interpreting that story for themselves, would probably have agreed on the nature of the suffering which this woman had undergone. It was hard to say, at the outset, whether the past pain that had set its ineffaceable mark on her, had been pain of the body or pain of the mind. But whatever the nature of the affliction she had undergone, the traces it had left were deeply and strikingly visible in every part of her face. Her cheeks had lost their roundness and their natural colour; her lips, singularly flexible in movement and delicate in form, had faded to an unhealthy paleness; her eyes, large and black and overshadowed by unusually thick lashes, had contracted a strangely anxious startled look, which never left them, and which piteously expressed the painful acuteness of her sensibility, the inherent timidity of her disposition. So far, the marks which sorrow or sickness had set on her, were the marks common to most victims of mental or physical suffering. The one extraordinary personal deterioration which she had undergone, consisted in the unnatural change that had passed over the colour of her hair. It was as thick and soft, it grew as gracefully, as the hair of a young girl; but it was as grey as the hair of an old woman. It seemed to contradict, in the most startling manner, every personal assertion of youth that still existed in her face. With all its haggardness and paleness, no one could have looked at it and supposed for a moment that it was the face of an elderly woman. Wan as they might be, there was not a wrinkle in her cheeks. Her eyes, viewed apart from their sad prevailing expression of uneasiness and timidity, still preserved that bright, clear moisture which is never seen in the eyes of the old. The skin about her temples was as delicately smooth as the skin of a child. These and other physical signs which never mislead, showed that she was still, as to years, in the very prime of her life. Sickly and sorrow-stricken as she was, she looked, from the eyes downwards,

a woman who had barely reached thirty years of age. From the eyes upwards, the effect of her abundant grey hair, seen in connection with her face, was not simply incongruous—it was absolutely startling; so startling as to make it no paradox to say that she would have looked most natural, most like herself, if her hair had been dyed. In her case, Art would have seemed to be the truth, because Nature looked like falsehood. What shock had stricken her hair, in the very maturity of its luxuriance, with the hue of an unnatural old age? Was it a serious illness, or a dreadful grief, that had turned her grey in the prime of her womanhood? That question had often been agitated among her fellow-servants, who were all struck by the peculiarities of her personal appearance, and rendered a little suspicious of her, as well, by an inveterate habit that she had of talking to herself. Enquire as they might, however, their curiosity was always baffled. Nothing more could be discovered than that Sarah Leeson was, in the common phrase, touchy on the subject of her grey hair and her habit of talking to herself, and that Sarah Leeson's mistress had long since forbidden every one, from her husband downwards, to ruffle her maid's tranquillity by inquisitive questions.

She stood for an instant speechless, on that momentous morning of the twenty-third of August, before the servant who summoned her to her mistress's death-bed; the light of the candle flaring brightly over her large, startled, black eyes, and the luxuriant, unnatural, grey hair above them. She stood a moment silent—her hand trembling while she held the candlestick, so that the extinguisher lying loose in it rattled incessantly—then thanked the servant for calling her. The trouble and fear in her voice, as she spoke, seemed to add to its accustomed sweetness; the agitation of her manner took nothing away from its habitual gentleness, its delicate, winning, feminine restraint. Joseph, who like the other servants, secretly distrusted and disliked her for differing from the ordinary pattern (within his experience) of professed ladies' maids, was, on this particular occasion, so subdued by her manner and her tone as she thanked him, that he offered to carry her candle for her to the door of her mistress's bed-chamber. She shook her head and thanked him again, then passed before him quickly on her way out of the gallery.

The room in which Mrs. Treverton lay dying, was on the floor beneath. Sarah hesitated twice, before she knocked at the door. It was opened by Captain Treverton.

The instant she saw her master, she started back from him. If she had dreaded a blow, she could hardly have drawn away more suddenly, or with an expression of greater alarm. There was nothing in Captain Treverton's face to warrant the suspicion of ill-treatment, or even of harsh words. His countenance was kind, hearty, and open; and the tears

were still trickling down it, which he had shed by his wife's bed-side.

"Go in," he said, turning away his face. "She does not wish the nurse to attend; she only wishes for you. Call me, if the doctor——" His voice faltered, and he hurried away without attempting to finish the sentence.

Sarah Leeson, instead of entering her mistress's room, stood looking after her master attentively, as long as he was in sight, with her pale cheeks turned to a deathly whiteness,—with an eager, doubting, questioning terror in her eyes. When he had disappeared round the corner of the gallery, she listened for a moment outside the door of the sick-room—whispered affrightedly to herself, "Can she have told him?"—then opened the door, with a visible effort to recover her self-control; and, after lingering suspiciously on the threshold for a moment, went in.

Mrs. Treverton's bed-chamber was a large, lofty room, situated in the western front of the house, and consequently overlooking the sea-view. The night-light burning by the bed-side, displayed rather than dispelled the darkness in the corners of the room. The bed was of the old-fashioned pattern, with heavy hangings and thick curtains drawn all round it. Of the other objects in the chamber, only those of the largest and most solid kind were prominent enough to be tolerably visible in the dim light. The cabinets, the wardrobe, the full-length looking-glass, the high-backed arm-chair, these, with the great shapeless bulk of the bed itself, towered up heavily and gloomily into view. Other objects were all merged together in the general obscurity. Through the open window—opened to admit the fresh air of the new morning after the sultriness of the August night—there poured monotonously into the room, the dull, still, distant roaring of the surf on the sandy coast. All outer noises were hushed at that first dark hour of the new day. Inside the room, the one audible sound was the slow, toilsome breathing of the dying woman, raising itself in its mortal frailness, awfully and distinctly, even through the far thunder-breathing from the bosom of the everlasting sea.

"Mistress," said Sarah Leeson, standing close to the curtains, but not undrawing them. "My master has left the room, and has sent me here in his place."

"Light!—give me more light." The feebleness of mortal sickness was in the voice; but the accent of the speaker sounded resolute even yet—doubly resolute by contrast with the hesitation of the tones in which Sarah had spoken. The strong nature of the mistress and the weak nature of the maid came out, even in that short interchange of words, spoken through the curtain of a death-bed.

Sarah lit two candles with a wavering hand—placed them hesitatingly on a table by the bedside—waited for a moment, looking all round her with a kind of suspicious timidity—then undrew the curtains.

The disease of which Mrs. Treverton was dying, was one of the most terrible of all the maladies that afflict humanity—one to which women are especially subject—and one which undermines life, without, in most cases, showing any remarkable traces of its corroding progress in the face. No uninstructed person, looking at Mrs. Treverton when her attendant undrew the bed-curtain, could possibly have imagined that she was past all rescue that mortal skill could offer to her. The slight marks of illness in her face, the inevitable changes in the grace and roundness of its outline, were rendered hardly noticeable by the marvellous preservation of her complexion in all the light, the delicacy, the brilliancy of its first girlish beauty. There lay her face on the pillow—tenderly framed in by the rich lace of her cap; softly crowned by her shining brown hair—to all outward appearance, the face of a beautiful woman recovering from a slight illness, or reposing after unusual fatigue. Even Sarah Leeson, who had watched her all through her malady, could hardly believe, as she looked at her mistress now, that the Gates of Life had closed behind her, and that the beckoning hand of Death was signing to her already from the Gates of the Grave.

Some dogs'-eared books in paper covers lay on the counterpane of the bed. As soon as the curtain was drawn aside, Mrs. Treverton ordered her attendant by a gesture to remove them. They were Plays, underscored in certain places by ink lines and marked with marginal annotations referring to entrances, exits, and places on the stage. The servants, talking down-stairs of their mistress's occupation before her marriage, had not been misled by false reports. Their master, after he had passed the prime of life, had, in very truth, taken his wife from the obscure stage of a country theatre, when little more than two years had elapsed since her first appearance in public. The dog's-eared old plays had been once her treasured dramatic library; she had always retained a fondness for them from old associations; and during the latter part of her illness, they had remained on her bed for days and days together.

Having put away the plays, Sarah went back to her mistress; and with more of dread and bewilderment in her face than grief, opened her lips to speak. Mrs. Treverton held up her hand, as a sign that she had another order to give.

"Bolt the door," she said, in the same enfeebled voice, but with the same accent of resolution which had so strikingly marked her first request to have more light in the room. "Bolt the door. Let no one in, till I give you leave."

"No one?" repeated Sarah faintly. "Not the doctor? not even my master?"

"Not the doctor. Not even your master," said Mrs. Treverton, and pointed to the door.

The hand was weak; but even in that momentary action of it, there was no mistaking the gesture of command.

Sarah bolted the door, returned irresolutely to the bedside, fixed her large, eager, startled eyes enquiringly on her mistress's face, and, suddenly bending over her, said in a whisper:

"Have you told my master?"

"No," was the answer. "I sent for him, to tell him—I tried hard to speak the words—it shook me to my very soul, Sarah, only to think how I should best break it to him—I am so fond of him! I love him so dearly! But I should have spoken in spite of that, if he had not talked of the child. Sarah! he did nothing but talk of the child—and that silenced me."

Sarah, with a forgetfulness of her station which might have appeared extraordinary even in the eyes of the most lenient of mistresses, flung herself back in a chair when the first word of Mrs. Treverton's reply was uttered, clasped her trembling hands over her face, and groaned to herself. "O, what will happen! what will happen now!"

Mrs. Treverton's eyes had softened and moistened when she spoke of her love for her husband. She lay silent for a few minutes; the working of some strong emotion in her, being expressed by her quick, hard, laboured breathing, and by the painful contraction of her eyebrows. Ere long, she turned her head uneasily towards the chair in which her attendant was sitting, and spoke again—this time, in a voice which had sunk to a whisper.

"Look for my medicine," said she. "I want it."

Sarah started up, and with the quick instinct of obedience brushed away the tears that were rolling fast over her cheeks.

"The doctor," she said. "Let me call the doctor."

"No! The medicine—look for the medicine."

"Which bottle? The opiate, or?"

"No. Not the opiate. The other."

Sarah took a bottle from the table, and looking attentively at the written direction on the label, said that it was not yet time to take that medicine again.

"Give me the bottle."

"O, pray don't ask me. Pray wait. The doctor said it was as bad as dram-drinking, if you took too much."

Mrs. Treverton's clear, deep grey eyes began to flash; the rosy flush deepened on her cheeks; the commanding hand was raised again, by an effort, from the counterpane on which it lay.

"Take the cork out of the bottle," she said, "and give it to me. I want strength. No matter whether I die in an hour's time, or a week's. Give me the bottle."

"Not the bottle," said Sarah, giving it up,

nevertheless, under the influence of her mistress's look. "There are two doses left. Wait, pray wait till I get a glass."

She turned again towards the table. At the same instant Mrs. Treverton raised the bottle to her lips, drained it of its contents, and flung it from her on the bed.

"She has killed herself!" cried Sarah, running in terror to the door.

"Stop!" said the voice from the bed, more resolute than ever, already. "Stop! Come back, and prop me up higher on the pillows." Sarah put her hand on the bolt. "Come back," reiterated Mrs. Treverton. "While there is life in me, I will be obeyed. Come back." The colour began to deepen perceptibly all over her face, and the light to grow brighter in her widely-opened eyes.

Sarah came back; and, with shaking hands, added one more to the many pillows which supported the dying woman's head and shoulders. While this was being done, the bedclothes became a little discomposed. Mrs. Treverton shudderingly drew them up to their former position, close round her neck.

"Did you unbolt the door?" she asked.

"No."

"I forbid you to go near it again. Get my writing-case, and the pen and ink, from the cabinet near the window."

Sarah went to the cabinet and opened it; then stopped, as if some sudden suspicion had crossed her mind, and asked what the writing materials were wanted for.

"Bring them, and you will see."

The writing-case, with a sheet of note-paper on it, was placed upon Mrs. Treverton's knees; the pen was dipped into the ink, and given to her; she paused, closed her eyes for a minute, and sighed heavily; then began to write, saying to her waiting-maid, as the pen touched the paper: "Look."

Sarah peered anxiously over her shoulder, and saw the pen slowly and feebly form these three words:—*To my Husband.*

"O, no! no! For God's sake, don't write it!" she cried, catching at her mistress's hand—but suddenly letting it go again the moment Mrs. Treverton looked at her.

The pen went on; and more slowly, more feebly, formed words enough to fill a line—then stopped. The letters of the last syllable were all blotted together.

"Don't!" reiterated Sarah, dropping on her knees at the bedside. "Don't write it to him if you can't tell it to him. Let me go on bearing what I have borne so long already. Let the secret die with you and die with me, and be never known in this world—never, never, never!"

"The secret must be told," answered Mrs. Treverton. "My husband ought to know it, and must know it. I tried to tell him, and my courage failed me. I cannot trust you to tell him, after I am gone. It must be written. Take you the pen; my sight is failing, my

touch is dull. Take the pen, and write what I tell you."

Sarah, instead of obeying, hid her face in the bed-cover, and wept bitterly.

"You have been with me ever since my marriage," Mrs. Treverton went on. "You have been my friend more than my servant. Do you refuse my last request? You do! Fool! look up and listen to me. On your peril, refuse to take the pen. Write, or I shall not rest in my grave. Write, or as true as there is a Heaven above us, I will come to you from the other world!"

Sarah started to her feet with a faint scream.

"You make my flesh creep!" she whispered, fixing her eyes on her mistress's face with a stare of superstitious horror. At the same instant, the overdose of the stimulating medicine began to affect Mrs. Treverton's brain. She rolled her head restlessly from side to side of the pillow—repeated vacantly a few lines from one of the old play-books which had been removed from her bed—and suddenly held out the pen to the servant, with a theatrical wave of the hand, and a glance upward at an imaginary gallery of spectators.

"Write!" she cried, with a hollow, awful mimicry of her old stage voice. "Write!" And the weak hand was waved again with a forlorn, feeble imitation of the old stage gesture.

Closing her fingers mechanically on the pen that was thrust between them, Sarah, with her eyes still expressing the superstitious terror which her mistress's words had aroused, waited for the next command. Some minutes elapsed before Mrs. Treverton spoke again. She still retained her senses sufficiently to be vaguely conscious of the effect which the medicine was producing on her, and to be desirous of combating its further progress before it succeeded in utterly confusing her ideas. She asked first for the smelling-bottle, next for some Eau de Cologne. This last, poured on to her handkerchief, and applied to her forehead, seemed to prove successful in partially clearing her faculties again. Her eyes recovered their steady look of intelligence; and, when she again addressed her maid, reiterating the word "Write," she was able to enforce the direction by beginning immediately to dictate in quiet, deliberate, determined tones. Sarah's tears fell fast; her lips murmured fragments of sentences in which entreaties, expressions of penitence, and exclamations of fear were all strangely mingled together; but she wrote on submissively, in wavering lines, until she had nearly filled the two first sides of the note paper. Then Mrs. Treverton paused, looked the writing over, and, taking the pen, signed her name at the end of it. With this effort, her powers of resistance to the exciting effect of the medicine, seemed to fail her again. The deep flush began to tinge

her cheeks once more, and she spoke hurriedly and unsteadily when she handed the pen back to her maid.

"Sign!" she cried, beating her hand feebly on the bed-clothes. "Sign Sarah Leeson, witness. No!—write accomplice. Take your share of it; I won't have it shifted on me. Sign, I insist on it! Sign as I tell you."

Sarah obeyed; and Mrs. Treverton, taking the paper from her, pointed to it solemnly, with a return of the same sad stage gesture which had escaped her a little while back.

"You will give this to your master," she said, "when I am dead; and you will answer any questions he puts to you as truly as if you were before the judgment-seat."

Clasping her hands fast together, Sarah regarded her mistress, for the first time, with steady eyes, and spoke to her for the first time in steady tones.

"If I only knew that I was fit to die," she said, "O, how gladly I would change places with you!"

"Promise me that you will give the paper to your master," repeated Mrs. Treverton. "Promise—no! I won't trust your promise: I'll have your oath. Get the Bible—the Bible the clergyman used when he was here this morning. Get it, or I shall not rest in my grave. Get it, or I will come to you from the other world."

The mistress laughed, as she reiterated that threat. The maid shuddered, as she obeyed the command which it was designed to impress on her.

"Yes, yes—the Bible the clergyman used," continued Mrs. Treverton, vacantly, after the book had been produced. "The clergyman—a good, weak man—I frightened him, Sarah. He said, 'Are you at peace with all the world?' and I said, 'All but one.' You know who."

"The Captain's brother. O, don't die at enmity with anybody. Don't die at enmity even with him," pleaded Sarah.

"The clergyman told me that," said Mrs. Treverton, her eyes beginning now to wander childishly round the room, her tones growing suddenly lower and more confused. "'You must forgive him,' the clergyman said. And I said, 'No. I forgive all the world, but not my husband's brother.' The clergyman got up from the bedside, frightened, Sarah. He talked about praying for me, and coming back. Will he come back?"

"Yes, yes," answered Sarah. "He is a good man—he will come back—and O! tell him that you forgive the Captain's brother! Those vile words he spoke of you, when you were married, will come home to him some day. Forgive him—forgive him before you die!"

Saying those words, she attempted to remove the Bible softly out of her mistress's sight. The action attracted Mrs. Treverton's attention, and roused her sinking faculties into observation of present things.

"Stop!" she cried, with a gleam of the old resolution flashing once more over the dying dimness of her eyes. She caught at Sarah's hand with a great effort, placed it on the Bible, and held it there. Her other hand wandered a little over the bed-clothes, until it encountered the written paper addressed to her husband. Her fingers closed on it; and a sigh of relief escaped her lips. "Ah!" she said. "I know what I wanted the Bible for, now. I'm dying with all my senses about me, Sarah; you can't deceive me even yet." She stopped again, smiled a little, whispered to herself rapidly, "Wait, wait, wait!" then added aloud, with the old stage voice and the old stage gesture again: "No! I won't trust you on your promise. I'll have your oath. Kneel down. These are my last words in this world—disobey them if you dare!"

Sarah dropped on her knees by the bed. The breeze outside, strengthening just then with the slow advance of the morning, parted the window-curtains a little, and wafted a breath of its sweet fragrance joyously into the sick-room. The heavy-beating hum of the distant surf came in at the same time, and poured out its unrelenting music in louder tones. Then the window-curtains fell to again heavily, the wavering flame of the candle grew steady once more, and the awful silence in the room sank deeper than ever.

"Swear," said Mrs. Treverton. Her voice failed her when she had pronounced that one word. She struggled a little, recovered the power of utterance, and went on: "Swear that you will not destroy this paper, after I am dead."

Even while she pronounced those solemn words, even at that last struggle for life and strength, the ineradicable theatrical instinct showed, with a fearful inappropriateness, how firmly it kept its place in her mind. Sarah felt the cold hand that was still laid on hers lifted for a moment—saw it waving gracefully towards her—felt it descend again, and clasp her own hand with a trembling, impatient pressure. At that final appeal, she answered faintly:—

"I swear it."

"Swear that you will not take this paper away with you, if you leave the house, after I am dead."

Again, Sarah paused before she answered—again the trembling pressure made itself felt on her hand, but more weakly this time, and again the words dropped affrightedly from her lips:—

"I swear it."

"Swear," Mrs. Treverton began for the third time. Her voice failed her once more; and now, she struggled vainly to regain the command over it. Sarah looked up, and saw signs of convulsion beginning to disfigure the beautiful face—saw the fingers of the white, delicate hand getting crooked as they reached

over towards the table on which the medicine-bottles were placed.

"You drank it all," she cried, starting to her feet, as she comprehended the meaning of that gesture. "Mistress, dear mistress, you drank it all—there is nothing but the opiate left. Let me go—let me go and call——"

A look from Mrs. Treverton stopped her before she could utter another word. The lips of the dying woman were moving rapidly. Sarah put her ear close to them. At first she heard nothing but panting, quick-drawn breaths—then a few broken words mingled confusedly with them:

"I hav'n't done—you must swear—close, close, close, come close—a third thing—your master—swear to give it——"

The last words died away very softly. The lips that had been forming them so laboriously parted on a sudden and closed again no more. Sarah sprang to the door, and opened it, and called into the passage for help—then ran back to the bedside, caught up the sheet of note-paper on which she had written from her mistress's dictation, and hid it in her bosom. The last look of Mrs. Treverton's eyes fastened sternly and reproachfully on her as she did this, and kept their expression, unchanged, through the momentary distortion of the rest of the features, for one breathless moment. That moment passed, and, with the next, the shadow that goes before the presence of death, stole up, and shut out the light of life, in one quiet instant, from all the face.

The doctor, followed by the nurse and one of the servants, entered the room; and, hurrying to the bedside, saw at a glance that the time for his attendance there had passed away for ever. He spoke first to the servant who had followed him.

"Go to your master," he said, "and beg him to wait in his own room until I can come and speak to him."

Sarah still stood—without moving, or speaking, or noticing any one—by the bedside.

The nurse, approaching to draw the curtains together, started at the sight of her face, and turned to the doctor.

"I think this person had better leave the room, sir?" said the nurse, with some appearance of contempt in her tones and looks. "She seems unreasonably shocked and terrified by what has happened."

"Quite right," said the doctor. "It is best that she should withdraw. Let me recommend you to leave us for a little while," he added, touching Sarah on the arm.

She shrank back suspiciously, raised one of her hands to the place where the letter lay hidden in her bosom, and pressed it there firmly, while she held out the other hand for a candle.

"You had better rest for a little in your own room," said the doctor, giving her a candle.

"Stop, though," he continued, after a moment's reflection. "I am going to break the sad news to your master, and I may find that he is anxious to hear any last words that Mrs. Treverton may have spoken in your presence. Perhaps you had better come with me, and wait while I go into Captain Treverton's room."

"No! no!—oh, not now—not now, for Heaven's sake!" Speaking those words in low, quick, pleading tones, and drawing back affrightedly, during their utterance, to the door, Sarah disappeared, without waiting a moment to be spoken to again.

"A strange woman," said the doctor, addressing the nurse. "Follow her, and see where she goes to, in case she is wanted and we are obliged to send for her. I will wait here until you come back."

When the nurse returned she had nothing to report, but that she had followed Sarah Leeson to her own bed-room—had seen her enter it—had listened outside, and had heard her lock the door.

"A strange woman!" repeated the doctor. "One of the silent, secret sort."

"One of the wrong sort," said the nurse. "She is always talking to herself, and that is a bad sign, in my opinion. I don't like the look of her. I distrusted her, sir, the very first day I entered the house."

TWO DAYS AT SINOPE.

IN one of the loveliest days of autumn, when the extreme heat of summer had passed away, and when russet and golden tints were visible among the masses of evergreen foliage that clothe the coast of Anatolia, I landed for a brief visit at Sinope. Independently of its historic interest, and independently of that which attaches to it from the massacre at the commencement of the Russian war, the place is one that may well stay the footsteps of the tourist, and that cannot fail to furnish him with notable sights and pleasing recollections.

Since its nests of pirates flourished upon the distractions of the Byzantine empire, Sinope has been famous as the only safe and practicable harbour upon the southern coast of the Black Sea. At every other port, ships have no better haven than an open roadstead, and landing is often impossible for days or even weeks together, by reason of the heavy surf which breaks upon the shore. Batoum is an exception; but its pestilential climate more than counterbalances the excellence of its anchorage, and renders it almost useless; so that Sinope, in any future development of Turkish commerce, must of necessity become the chief centre of maritime enterprise. For this it is also fitted by its position with regard to the corn-bearing plains about Rustamouni; from which, if there were but roads, produce would be exported in vast quantities.

Sinope is indebted for its harbour to a position the most singular that can be conceived. From the centre of a widely-expanded bay, a pear-shaped promontory stands out to sea, in a northerly direction. It is about four miles long, perhaps two broad at the widest part, and appears to have been once an island, although now connected with the main land by an accumulation of sand and shingle. The western and northern sides of the little peninsula present an unbroken wall of dark-grey rock, against which the surf, raised by the prevailing westerly winds, breaks wildly; throwing its clouds of spray into the air, and leaving the water of the eastern bay calm and undisturbed. Next the main land, and upon the narrowest part of the isthmus, stands a castle, its walls extending across from sea to sea, and the only road from the interior passing through its western court. Further out is the fortified Turkish town, its walls washed by the sea on the western side, like those of the castle. On the eastern side, the widening isthmus leaves a strip of beach between the town wall and the sea; and, upon this strip, boat-building and various other trades are carried on, while one or two rude piers or landing-places lead to Turkish warehouses. The Greek quarter has sprung up outside the fortifications, and is separated from them by a roadway; extending for a short distance along the eastern shore of the promontory. Here the houses are neat and gay-looking; square in shape, coloured yellow or white, relieved by blue, with reddish-brown tiled roofs, and surrounded by gardens planted with fig-trees and olives. Beyond the houses the peninsula rapidly increases in width; and a steep hill leads to elevated table-land, which, along the eastern side, descends by a gentle slope to the sea.

As seen from the deck of a vessel entering the eastern bay, the appearance of Sinope is very picturesque. The gardens and trees that cover so much of the space included in the Greek quarter, are of themselves attractive objects; and the bright colours of the houses give an air of cheerfulness to the prospect into which they so largely enter. The foreground is occupied by a scene of busy activity. In the government dockyard a fifty-gun frigate was on the stocks. Stranded upon the shore, the wreck of a corvette preserves the memory of the Russian attack; while scattered buoys point out the position of sunken vessels that endanger navigation. On looking intently down through the clear blue water past the nautili and jelly-fish, the bottom may be seen strewn with relics of the brief engagement, such as hawsers and bolts and chains, with here and there a musket or a sword. The lofty but crumbling walls conceal the destruction which they enclose, and assist the venerable castle in recalling associations of the past. In the

garden of the best house in this place, a British ensign suffices to call up pleasant visions of a consul, who is a consul indeed. A heap of something on the hill—at first sight resembling an overturned cartload of hampers—is pronounced, after telescopic examination, to be a Turkish battery, and induces complacent reflections touching the magnanimity of the allies. The minarets, with their so-called gracefulness (to speak the truth; they are neither more nor less graceful than a candle and extinguisher), have a certain fitness where they stand; and the blue mountains in the distance form a background always imposing. The clearness of an atmosphere which smoke has not defiled alone constitutes a beauty in the eyes of an English traveller. On shore the illusion vanishes; to be superseded by a reality of tumble-down buildings, filthy streets, indescribable odours, mangy curs, and dirty passers-by. Reminiscences of last night's garlic issue freely from the natives; fumes of rancid butter issue from the cook shops; and, for a nose educated out of Turkey, it is desirable to escape from the busy haunts of men with the smallest possible delay. A friend settled in the place undertook to ride with me into the interior on the morrow; and, with ready courtesy, the officials of the British Land Transport Corps furnished me with a horse. I lost no time in commencing my solitary investigations.

Behind the Greek suburb, occupying the western half of the peninsula is an ancient cemetery, in which new tombstones are strangely mingled with pillars of great antiquity. They resemble the shafts of columns without either base or capital, and bear no inscription. These pillars are usually about three feet high, and nine inches in diameter; many are still erect, many overthrown or broken. The modern tombs of the men were often surmounted by a sculptured fez and tapel, coloured, as heralds would say, proper, and replacing the turban, wrought in coarsest stone. Here and there, the Turkish inscription was accompanied by a drooping flower, left, like the letters, in relief upon the surface, and indicating the burial-place of an unmarried woman. Paths wound through the cemetery in various directions; fig-trees flourished within its bounds; and, near one of these by the side of a little hollow, a bright clear rill bubbled from the ground, and found its way to the sea over a course which its own waters had worn down to the rock. Around this channel the grass was of a deeper verdure, and afforded a pleasing contrast to the parched hill, which there began its ascent. Beside the stream, a group of people were collected round some object that seemed to be of common interest; and I rode towards them to ascertain its nature.

My curiosity was rewarded by finding

seven old men seated in a circle on the ground, apparently under the guidance or chairmanship of one younger man, whose green robes and head-gear denoted that he was possessed of especial sanctity; and was either a reputed descendant of the prophet, or, at least, was born on the Mahometan sabbath. Each old man wore upon the crown of his turban a scrap of paper, inscribed with characters from the Koran; each had at his feet a white handkerchief spread upon the ground, containing a heap of pebbles; and, in the centre of the circle, was a larger heap that seemed common to all, and was constantly replenished by children, who came running with fresh handfuls of stones from the neighbouring beach. Each old man filled his right hand with pebbles from the central heap; and, from this handful, put a single one into his mouth, spat it into his left hand, threw it into his handkerchief, and continued this action with the greatest possible rapidity—refilling his right hand whenever necessary, and apparently keeping silent count of the number that passed through his mouth. Outside the circle stood a scribe, with reed inkhorn, and a paper bearing seven columns of figures. Whenever one of the old men called out "Yuz" (a hundred), the scribe made an entry in the proper place. The scene was inexpressibly curious. Approaching an old Turk who stood on the outskirts of the little crowd, I adjured him to tell me how these old men were employed, and in what way they desired that Allah should prosper their undertakings. With a courteous gravity that did not condescend to notice my probable mutilation of his native tongue, the old man replied that Allah had withheld rain for seven weeks, and that the earth was parched for lack of water. Our fathers, he continued, are counting over seventy thousand and seven pebbles; after which, they will offer up certain prayers; and then, if the tale of stones be correct, Allah would send rain. He added that, to insure exactness, it was desirable to avoid conversation that might disturb the counting, and this I received as a hint to continue my ride—reckoning, as I did so, that from beginning to end the old men would be fully five and a half hours at their patriotic labours. I had not, however, proceeded more than a hundred yards up the hill, and had barely finished my calculation, when loud howls and shouts reached me from below; and I beheld the pebble-counters heading a procession back to the town. Whether the shouts were the prayers already mentioned, I know not; but they were so dolorous as to suggest that an error had been discovered, and that some unlucky old man had gone on counting, from the force of habit, until he had raised the aggregate number to seventy thousand and eight, and had so broken the spell. At all events, the much-needed showers were delayed,

as I afterwards learnt, for fully three weeks from the period of my visit.

Pushing on up the steep declivity, covered with short grass, I fell into a sheep-track, winding towards the western side of the peninsula and encircling the base of a large conical tumulus, apparently artificial. Behind this I found a small hollow, presenting a precise miniature of the Valley of Rocks at Lynton. The huge masses of stone that started abruptly from the soil were clothed with luxuriant ivy upon their southern sides, and a few stunted fig-trees grew, here and there, from their crevices. A large arched cavern in one of the rocks afforded a retreat for grazing cattle, and evidence that the hand of man had been busy on that spot in former times. Remains of foundations and other masonry were scattered about among huge tumuli; and, had it been Dr. Macpherson's fate to be stationed at Sinope, I have little doubt that valuable discoveries would have rewarded his exploratory zeal. Vainly wishing for time to dig myself, I followed the sheep-track through the valley, and emerged upon the table-land above; where, an expanse of short grass diversified by stunted shrubs and occasional masses of stone, formed the sum total of the prospect. Towards the centre of this little plain, there is a marsh often abounding in wild duck; and, in autumn and early winter, a north-west wind never fails to bring flocks of bustard, to be eagerly contended for by the native sportsmen. During my ride, I saw nothing but a few larks creeping along the ground, in mortal terror of four or five enormous hawks that were wheeling overhead in search of prey. The springs which feed the marsh find their outlet to the sea in little winding rivulets. Each of these rivulets is a very Nile to its locality; and, while the steeper sides of the ravines are covered with olive-trees, and dotted with houses, the sheltered levels between them teem with the results of cultivation, and afford a striking contrast to the sterile land above. Near the brow of the hill upon the western side, a considerable space of ground is covered by fragments of foundation walls, which indicates that a town, or at least some building of great magnitude, must formerly have existed there. At present there is nothing standing but a ruined Turkish tomb, with no trace of an inscription, and built of a different stone from the most ancient remains in its vicinity.

A road different from that by which I had ascended the hill led me into the Greek quarter, through a little suburb occupied by Armenians, and through an Armenian cemetery, seemingly of great antiquity. Nearly every modern tombstone had engraved upon it a measuring wand and a balance, whether as emblems of trade or of justice I cannot say. On one I observed a sculptured group that struck me as very curious. It represented two elephants raised upon their hind

legs, with a naked human figure standing between them, and grasping one of them with each outstretched hand. The elephants were not made to stand higher than the man; but their trunks were unmistakable: and, in spite of their unnatural position, their general proportions were tolerably accurate. The piece of stone on which this group was sculptured bore no inscription; was broken off just below the figures, and was lying upon the ground; so that its connection with the Armenian cemetery was possibly accidental; and it may be one of the Roman fragments which are so abundantly scattered in the neighbourhood.

On board ship, the next morning, a magnificent dish of green figs tended greatly to increase my respect for the locality; and told that the steward, like myself, had been investigating the peculiarities of Sinope. After doing them ample justice, I once more proceeded to the shore, and turned my steps towards the castle. On my way I passed through the street of silversmiths; inspected their little stock of rings and bracelets, and gossiped with one man, who told me that such trinkets, of his workmanship, had been sent to the English Padishah. All these men had heaps of Roman coins, mostly of silver, dug up in the vicinity; and they had also a few engraved gems, for which an exorbitant price was asked. It seems that an ancient gem engraved with anything that fancy can pervert into the figure of a boy, is much valued among the Turks, and is worn as a charm by childless women. After leaving the shops, what was once a street between dwelling houses, but is now only a path among heaps of ruins, led me to the castle. Of the houses destroyed by the Russian fire, some twenty or thirty have been rebuilt, and stand in their staring newness, among decapitated minarets, crumbling walls, charred timbers, and scattered stones. The castle itself escaped injury, although a fine fig-tree in one of the courts was cut clean off by a round shot at about six feet from the ground. The walls stand as time has left them, and present many varieties of masonry. At many points, pieces of sculptured marble have been built in, during repairs by Turkish architects. Many must have formed portions of Roman palaces, or of temples to Roman gods. Bulls' heads, groups of exquisite finish, friezes, capitals, shafts, are all of frequent occurrence; and some pieces of rough marble look as if their sculptured sides were turned inwards. The shafts are all laid horizontally; some parallel to the course of the wall, some at right angles to it, with their ends projecting. Such Turkish repairs must all be referred to an early period of Mahometan occupation; inasmuch as decay of more recent date is left to pursue its natural course. This applies not only to buildings of foreign origin, but also to their own structures: to a once famous Mussulman college,

whose magnificent but ruined Moorish gateway admits only into a little courtyard, with a dried fountain in the centre, and with disused and mouldering cloisters round the sides,—as well as to the ruins left by the Russian bombardment. A few soldiers lounge about the castle, and live in a hut within its enclosure, for the service of a flag-staff on one of the crumbling corner towers; from which the star and crescent floated on that sad day when three thousand Turkish sailors were massacred in cold blood by the Russians—when the poor wretches who tried to save themselves by swimming were fired upon in the water,—and when eternal disgrace attached itself alike to both the combatants: and to the Turks, for the apathy which led them to neglect easy and available means of defence during the many days on which they knew of the impending danger, and yet did not provide for it. The only man who did so was a Frenchman, a surgeon in one of the ships; who, knowing that the Russians were outside waiting for a favourable wind; and, seeing that no preparations were made, no guns landed, no breastworks thrown up—applied for leave to go out shooting upon the peninsula at daybreak, and induced the captain, by a judicious present of game, to renew this leave from day to day. So it fell out that, when the wind changed and the Russians came, the lucky Frenchman was busy with the bustards, and escaped the general slaughter.

The road to the interior runs through a sort of court-yard on the westerly side of the castle, closed at each end with heavy gates, which are shut at sunset, and attended by no warder. Unwary persons who arrive too late, are hopelessly excluded from the town, unless by the report of fire-arms, or by inordinately vigorous shouting, they can attract some one to the gate, and can then, by liberal backsheesh, soften the heart of the keeper of the keys.

The friend who had promised to take me into the interior showed me a stack of wood in the court-yard of the castle, formed by a toll of one stick taken from each load that passes through the gate in either direction; so that if a peasant outside load his donkey with wood for sale in the town, he is, at all events, mulct of one stick; and if he fail to find a customer, he is mulct of another on his way home. Two sticks do not seem to constitute a very formidable tax; but, in a country where there are no wheeled conveyances, and only horse loads, it bears a large proportion to the whole. And all local produce pays a similar tax, either in money or in kind, before entering or leaving Sinope, or, indeed, most other Turkish towns; so that the industry of the peasants is oppressed by severe, regular, and customary exactions, besides those that may be imposed from time to time by the tyranny of grasping officials.

Just beyond the outer-gate, the sea washes over the massive remains of Roman sarcophagi, lying under the castle walls, and half imbedded in sand. The road over the isthmus rises over a gentle slope, and the ground was formerly used as a cemetery; but accumulations of sand have almost buried the tombstones and cover the road, so that the horses sink to their fetlocks at every step. Wild artichokes grow, and tortoises crawl, among the tombs; and about half-way up the little slope, a miserable shed covers the last resting-place of a hermit of great sanctity. From the barred windows of this shed, streamers innumerable flutter to the wind—streamers torn from the rags of the sick, and tied there by their friends, in order to remind the saint to work a miracle of healing. As a further stimulus to his memory, it is usual to give a donation to an old woman who guards the shrine; and, when the cure is complete, a thank-offering of a pair of horns is considered to be due. The number of horns set astride upon the ridge of the tomb, or suspended upon the walls, is indeed extraordinary; and they range from ten-tined antlers to the harmless weapons of a sheep. The old lady who presides over, and exhibits the collection, is somewhat less coy than the mass of her countrywomen, neglects her veil whilst descending upon the merits of the deceased dervish, and is understood to act as a medium for all the love affairs of the neighbourhood.

Bidding adieu to the tomb and its guardian, we soon pushed through the sand, and came to what is called, in Asia Minor, a road. Sometimes wide and sometimes narrow; sometimes crossing a flat, and bounded only by grass; sometimes passing through the dried-up bed of a winter torrent, sunk between banks higher than a horseman's head, and covered in by bay, and arbutus, and myrtle trees in luxuriant growth; sometimes almost level, generally breakneck and precipitous, there was something picturesque in its wildness, and pleasing in its variety. Every now and then it would round the edge of a cliff, where a false step would have been death to horse and rider, soon to plunge again into a valley from which the daylight was almost excluded. Sudden openings in the foliage would afford a peep at the sea, or at some little homestead lying among its orchards of mulberries or its fields of tobacco. At short distances along the way, water came bubbling from cool springs, and was received in stone basins fixed for the purpose, by each of which a recess contained a wooden cup for the use of the thirsty traveller. Here and there a roadside tombstone bore record of a death by accident or violence upon the spot where it was erected; but these were all monuments of the far past, stricken by the hand of time. At length, after about two hours' riding, our track wound up a hill of unusual length and steepness; and upon

its summit I reined in my horse with an exclamation of delight and surprise.

The valley at our feet was, perhaps, five miles in diameter, covered with rich, dark-green pasture, intersected by two small rivers, relieved by groves and hedges of hornbeam, and dotted by flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. Bounded on one side by the sea, though separated from it by a belt of marsh abounding in wild fowl, it was surrounded in every other direction by hills, rising ridge after ridge from the plain, until they were lost in the purple mountains that limited the distant prospect. No houses were visible from where we stood; but here and there the gleam of a white tent, or a little smoke curling over the trees, indicated the temporary abode of a herdsman. Pointing to a flock of sheep, at no great distance from us, my companion said he had promised to come that morning to inspect them, with a view to purchase, and that we should probably find the owner awaiting his arrival. The surmise was correct; and a Turkish farmer was soon seen advancing towards us. He was a man past middle age, with good features, a bright, intelligent eye, and an upright, stately bearing. The chocolate-coloured cloth of his braided jacket and baggy trowse's was of native manufacture; but he was indebted to Manchester for the shawls which formed his turban, and his voluminous waistband. After descending upon that seller's theme, the excellence of his property, he begged that we would taste his coffee, and we followed him, in order to do so, to the other side of a plantation. There, to our no small surprise, a horsecloth was so strained upon sticks, as to afford shelter from the wind; and before this, at a bright wood fire, a lamb was just roasted to the last turn. Saddle-bags, hard-by, gave promise of other materials for a feast; and, with appetites sharpened by our ride, we seated ourselves with great contentment. Our host did the same, while his son, a handsome young fellow, with a belt full of pistols and daggers, decorated with coral and silver, prepared to act as head waiter; and to direct the proceedings of two servants who assisted him. Our horses being first secured to neighbouring trees, large, circular, flexible cakes of unleavened bread were thrown upon the ground, and on these, as on a dish, the lamb was placed. A similar cake was handed to each of us, to rest upon our knees, and to serve plate, napkin, and bread, all at the same time. Then, little glasses of white rum having first been handed round, our host fell to work vigorously with his knife; and kept us supplied with titbits, to be eaten, of course, with our fingers; while a heap of salt lay upon a cake for common use. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*; and when the fingers are once greased, there are worse methods of eating than by their direct assistance. The lamb was excellent, well-fed, juicy, tender, exquisitely roasted: the air was keen,

we had the best of all sauces, and we discussed the possibility of hereafter giving a Turkish picnic to some English friends. But the worst was to come; for, just as we were beginning to flag in our exertions, the old man armed himself with a mighty mass of browned skin and half-cold fat, and thrust it together with several of his fingers, half-way down the throat of my companion, from whence, to my astonishment, the fingers returned alone. Cold perspiration burst from me at every pore; but I swallowed a glass of the white rum, poured out another to be ready for any emergency, shut my eyes, opened my mouth very wide, and trusted in providence. My turn came; but the second glass of rum saved me from a catastrophe that might reasonably have been expected. This crowning act of the feast was followed by hot-water, soap, and towels; and, after washing, we had grapes and walnuts, with a relay of the white rum, excellent coffee, and much pleasant talk. The old Turk lived in the town of Sinope, and his house was destroyed during the bombardment. He told us that as soon as the firing began, he gave up his property for lost; but secured his person by climbing over the wall on the western side, and wading into the sea up to his chin. In this comfortable position he remained until the danger was over, repeating the Mahomedan confession of faith all the time, unless when an occasional shot came right over the isthmus, and caused him to duck his head from fright. The old fellow shivered at the very recollection, despite the good dinner and the genial warmth of the sun, as he told us how cold he was in his bath; and seemed glad to quit the subject, and ask questions about the Queen of England, with whose image and superscription he—together with most of his neighbours—was perfectly well acquainted. Indeed the Commissariat and Land Transport depôts at Sinope poured so much money into the town and neighbourhood as to render them highly prosperous; and the lavish, not to say profligate, expenditure, which characterised all English dealings, caused many a Turk to bless Allah for bestowing upon the Giaours wealth, without the prudence to guard it. There was a story current during my visit, to the effect that an English naval captain had bought twenty sheep from a Maltese contractor in the place, at fifty shillings a-head, or precisely ten times their value. The lucky vendor was recommended by his sleeping partner, the manager of the government coal depôt, and the very self-same intelligent gentleman whom Admiral Dundas wished to send as a spy into Sebastopol.

Our inspection of the sheep, and the hospitality of our entertainer, had consumed so much time, that it was necessary to think of sunset and the inexorable gates, and to abandon all idea of proceeding to a miniature

harbour, a few miles distant, where wood was shipped in great quantities for the use of the army before Sebastopol. The servants had finished their dinners; and one of them, fascinated by the materials and workmanship of Mr. Peat, was standing in hopeless bewilderment near my saddle, having taken off the stirrups, and been utterly unable to put them in their places again. At length, we were fairly under weigh; and jogged over the rugged roads back to Sinope, where we arrived in good time for admittance. In the meanwhile, my ship had taken in her freight; and a few hours later, by the moonlight, I was watching from her deck the dim outline of the peninsula, as it gradually faded in the distance.

A FEW REALLY GREAT MEN.

WHETHER the theologians be right or wrong who tell us we err in believing there is Scriptural authority for the fact that men have degenerated greatly in size since the days before the flood, we do not here inquire; but we must needs begin a little talk concerning giants, with the popular belief that Adam and Eve and all the first men who inhabited the earth were of gigantic stature. We read in Camerarius certain exact facts about their size. The first men were so tall, that when they stood upright on the earth their heads brushed against the stars, and they were called the Emephimi. After many years they were followed by a second race, that of the Phataimi, whose heads only reached to the clouds. After these came the men called by the Egyptians Cygini, who were the giants proper, and whose race lasted until the time of Noah. Of the giants named in Scripture, the one about whom the greatest number of marvels have been told by the Rabbinical writers is Og, king of Basan. His legs, the Rabbies taught, were three miles long. More modest by far is the commentary of a German divine, named Lange, who, reading in the fifth book of Moses, that Og had an iron-bed, nine cubits in length and four in breadth, suggests that such breadth and width do not correspond to the harmonious proportions of a man. Probably, therefore, Og's bed was made longer and wider than himself, for the convenience of his turning about when he lay in it; and that it may not have been made of iron merely because of his weight, but as a precaution against vermin. Some thousand years after Og's death, there was said to have been found, near Jerusalem, a mighty cavern, inscribed in Chaldaic letters, "Here lies Giant Og." Nothing was found in it, however, except one of his teeth, whereof the weight was four pounds and a quarter. It was offered to the Emperor of Germany, as a favour, at two thousand dollars; but he had his doubts, and did not close with the bargain.

Homer regrets the dwindling of the bodies of men from their pristine heroic proportions. The heathen poets fabled also of a race of Titans that made war against their gods, and piled mountains on each other, meaning to storm heaven. Then there were also Homer's enormous one-eyed cannibals, the Cyclopes.

Solinus and Pomponius Mela tell of an Indian people among whom the men were so tall that they leaped and sat astride upon the backs of elephants, as readily as others leap upon the backs of horses. These men capered about upon their elephants, having them bitted, and bridled, and obedient as horses to their hands. Diodorus Siculus, however, tells of a nation of much more remarkable giants, which inhabited some southern isle. They were said to be taller by four ells than other men, and to have soft bones that bent throughout their whole bodies as readily as tendon. They had also cleft tongues, or rather two tongues in each mouth, and with the two tongues they could talk at the same time in two different languages.

In northern Europe the great barrows have favoured the idea that they were large men who required such grave-mounds; and the Romans were not slow to magnify their own achievements by a magnifying of the size of the barbarians with whom they fought; though Florus puts the case with modesty in saying that "The more enormous were the bodies of the Germans, the more easily were they to be struck with sword and spear."

The dark fancies of the north clinging about the giants, made a new race of them in the legends of the middle ages. They were fearful, brutal, godless, cannibal beings, who tore even unborn children from their mothers, as the daintiest of meat; who did not respect their own kin, but lived upon the rule of might is right among themselves. A giant with a charming daughter, if he did not wish her to be stolen by his friends, set bears and other savage creatures at her chamber-door. These giants were so wicked and so dangerous, that it became the duty of all honest men to assist in their extirpation; and because they were too tall for ordinary methods of attack, the usual way of fighting with them was to batter them about the shins with heavy clubs, until, having their legs broken, they fell, and could be struck in a more vital part. The efforts to exterminate these giants, made when Jack-the-Giant-Killer was the type of a philanthropist, very much thinned their race, and caused the survivors to betake themselves to fastnesses, and live on islands, by sea-coasts and watercourses, in great deserts or upon steep mountains. Thence they made sallies against the hostile race of men, whenever they perceived that they could catch a victim or two unawares.

In later times, much was said of the discovery of giants in America. Antonio Pigafeta,

in speaking of the Spaniards with whom he went to the Straits of Magellan, says that his countrymen's crowns reached only to the hips of the people living by the Bay of Saint Julian. Leonard de Argensola, writing of the capture of the Moluccas, says that Magellan took away from the straits named after him, men ten or eleven feet high, who died upon the voyage for want of their accustomed food. Another writer says, that a Dutch boat's crew once fought in this part of the world with giants, who pulled up whole trees for use as shields against the bullets. Of the Patagonians, whom the Spaniards named because of their stature, from the word for a large measure (Patagon meaning in Spanish a great foot), it is enough to say, that everyone now knows them to be no giants, though undoubtedly a tall race of men, generally five feet ten inches, or six feet high, and exceeding six feet oftener than Europeans do. Some of them are occasionally to be seen who have attained the height of six feet five inches, or six feet seven inches.

Americus Vesputius is answerable for another tale of giants, found upon an island not far from the mainland of America. Nine Spaniards went into its interior, having already observed gigantic footsteps, and found in a valley five huge huts, in which were two huge women and three daughters, by whom food was set before the strangers. Presently there arrived six-and-thirty men, of greater stature than the women, who stood at a distance, making no attack, but presently followed the Europeans to their boat, and swam after them, shooting at them with bows and arrows while they swam. They were put to flight by a discharge or two of cannon. Another story of this sort reported that there was a cannibal race of perfectly white giants, the Guaimures, in Brazil, carrying huge bows and arrows. The Guaimures were never known to fight in bands, but always made their attack singly, preying like the tiger upon any victim they could seize. These beings, it was said, ate their own children.

So much for giant races. Single giants that have been discovered here and there one may believe in, when the story of them is content to preserve reasonable bounds. Strabo tells of the skeleton of a giant sixty cubits—ninety or more feet—long, that was found near the city of Tangier. It was said to be the skeleton of Antæus, an old king of Mauritania. Pliny tells how, on the island of Crete, a mountain was split by an earthquake, and there was disclosed, standing erect in the midst of it, the body of a giant seventy feet high, who was supposed by some to be Orion.

At Trapani, in Sicily, there was, if we believe the record, found in a cavern the skeleton of a man three hundred feet high. It

was in a sitting posture, and leant with the left hand upon a staff taller than any fir-tree. When the discovery was made, the inhabitants of the district fled, but afterwards there were collected three hundred armed men, who ventured near. That was the skeleton of Polyphemus.

In the year fourteen hundred and one, says Boccaccio, there was discovered near Rome the grave of Pallantes, the companion of Æneas. The body was still whole and sound, as though but newly buried. It was taller than the walls of Rome. There was a great wound in the breast, and near the head there burnt a lamp, which nothing could extinguish.

Charlemagne, if we believe the record, had in his army a great Swiss named Aenother, who forded rivers that were unbridged, whatever their depth, and mowed down men like grass. The men slain by him in fight he strung upon his spear like larks, and carried swung over his shoulder.

Melchior Núñez says, that in his time the Chinese gate-keepers of Pekin were all of them fifteen feet high, and that the Emperor of China had five hundred such men for his gate-keepers and body-guard. There is a proverb about knowing Hercules by his foot: after the battle of Mühlberg, when Charles the Fifth had taken prisoner John Frederic, the Electoral Prince of Saxony, the Spanish ambassador cunningly displayed to the court of France the magnitude of the triumph, not, indeed, by exhibiting John Frederic's foot, but his boot. A vast boot, into which a man could almost get, was shown at the court of France, and said to have been pulled off the leg of the elector.

And now that we have named so many great men, we can see no reason why we should produce more as rivals to their greatness. There are here surely enough of them to stand alone, if they can stand at all. Kircher, the jesuit, declared it hardly possible that any very great giant could stand. Men, if they were much taller than six feet, would, he said, surely fall to the ground; for you see how it is with the colossal statues in Rome, that would fall to pieces if there were not props placed here and there under projecting limbs. He seems to have felt that a man only nine feet high would require skewering together.

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THE LAMBETH-MARSH MULCIBERS.

WHEN I looked down, down, down into the crater of her Majesty's screw steamship *Volcano* (eight hundred horse-power), and pondered breathlessly on the distracting maze of shafts, beams, cranks, wheels, and cylinders; when I was told that a single finger pressing down a certain small lever can set the whole mass in ruthless motion; driving the *Volcano* herself through the water at the rate of fourteen miles an hour,—I wondered where the present race of Vulcans and Cyclops (born with more eyes than one) were bred, and under what Memnonian roof the bewildering engines were brought into existence. Surely, I reflected, the blacksmiths of *Etna* and *Lemnos* must have been pigmies compared with the giants of these later days; and their forges mere village smithies. Else how could those shafts, each a single mass of wrought iron, some sixteen tons in weight, be formed, and polished, and adjusted to a hair's breadth; how could the two-bladed brass fan (called the screw-propeller*), weighing eleven tons or so, be cast and fitted, carried from the factory to the ship, and put into its place under water, with all the accuracy and some of the ease with which the mainspring is fixed to a lady's watch.

This tremendous work is done, I afterwards learnt, by modern, but not wholly by human giants. Even when *Vulcan* forged the bolts of *Jove*, he found flesh and muscle journeyemen not strong enough for his place; and,—if *Hesiod* may be trusted—contrived automaton statues, by whose help alone he was able to turn out the heaviest government orders for thunderbolts. His plan has been followed by our British Vulcans, the *Nasmyths*, *Whitworths*, *Fairbairns*, *Penns*, and by the parents and teachers of some of those eminent machinists, the *Maudslays*; their automata being steam-hammers, and cutting, planing, punching, slotting, and riveting machines: giants all, capable of making any sort of ironmongery, from thunderbolts of fifty *Jupiter*-power (should such classical hardware ever come into demand), down to fish-hooks and cambric needles. The entire plant of *Vulcan*, *Polyphemus*,

and Company, with supernatural improvements must, I considered, have been removed from *Sicily* and the *Euxine*, to *Manchester*, *Leeds*, *Birmingham*, *Wolverhampton*, *Millwall*, and *Lambeth Marsh*; and gigantic intellect must have succeeded gigantic stature in the goodwill and management of the business.

Growing still more dizzy, yet still more curious in contemplating the complex abyss of the *Volcano's* machinery, I conceived the wild wish of seeing *Titanic* engines like hers in the home of their birth; where they are made, and kept—wholesale, retail, and for exportation—in rows, perhaps, like time-pieces in a French clock-shop. In satisfaction of this desire, I was directed to the great factory of *Messrs. Maudslay and Field*.

This establishment spreads itself over about five acres of *Lambeth Marsh* (now a densely peopled district of South London, and only a marsh by tradition); but being built in floors, would, if all were on the ground, cover some dozen acres. It gives employment to fifteen hundred *Mulcibers*, who are chiefly employed in feeding and attending upon the iron giants that execute most of the work.

O, the grim, rigid, relentless power, with which they shaved, and shared, and cut, and bored blocks and pillars of iron, tons in weight! They cut out and put together a huge steam-boiler with much less fuss (and with an inevitable directness of purpose that is simply awful) than a seamstress makes to complete a calico-bolster. A broad plank of iron, nearly an inch thick and as large as a long dining-table, is laid on an automaton's flat lap, and is cut by a scissor-like chisel moving up and down at its edge, into any shape the superintending *Mulciber* wills. It can be sewn to other iron sheets by an inexorable seamstress—a giant twin of her planing and cutting sisters,—that punches rows of round holes with mathematical regularity, all round the edges of the plate, with less effort than I could bore cardboard. Her coadjutor, a thickset, determined steam workman, then fastens the edges of the plates together by crushing rivet-bolts into the holes at each edge and instantly riveting them to one another with a cold-blooded, silent force that is terrifying. Compare these operations with the tinkering of the Vulcans of old;

* See *A Great Screw*, page 181, volume viii.

who had to bore holes with niggling centre-bits, and to rivet them together with noisy hammers; and who took a longer time to turn out the tip of an arrow or a kitchen boiler, than their powerful progeny require to twist a score of gun-barrels, or to complete a locomotive engine.

"Take care! the forge hammer is not quite obsolete." I should have known this to my cost if a stalwart arm had not dragged me out of the swing of a double-handed hammer then being wielded by a flesh and blood blacksmith, to form rods for rivet-bolts. In watching the motions of this man, the impression that the mechanical arts do not promote the picturesque or help to inspire the artist, was forcibly revived. The graceful elasticity of his motions was a delightful contrast to the hard, undeviating routine of his automaton shopmates. The highest models of Grecian art, were not more graceful than the unconscious attitudes of this smith, while swinging his hammer over his head to bring it tremendously down upon the glowing metal. Rooting his feet apart upon the ground while stooping to raise the hammer, and drawing them together when swinging it to deliver the blow, every limb fell, in its turn, into harmony with the rest of the figure, and expressed muscular strength and elasticity to perfection. I once saw even greater elegance of motion displayed in connection with boiler plates. It was in Lancashire, where they made them in an enormous smithy surrounded by furnaces, with an overpowering steam-hammer standing in the midst. The men, having drawn out a big, shapeless lump of metal white hot from the fire, and having dragged it along the sheet-iron floor to the hammer, they escaped the myriads of sparks which flew out during the pounding process, by holding their leather aprons at one corner, up to their faces, and turning elegant pirouettes, to present their backs as targets for the showers of shooting sparks. Nothing at the opera could be more graceful. Then—when they dragged the still red mass to the rolling mills, through which it was to be passed, from wider to narrower, until pressed into such plates as I had just seen sewn together by the iron stitchers—every attitude of the men, swaying their bodies back to receive the red-hot sheet from one roller and to return it through another, was an admirable picture of power and grace.

The grotesque, the diablerie, of iron-working, is practised in the Lambeth Marsh casting-shop on the first-floor: an enormous apartment, roofed chiefly with skylights, and floored with sand and mould, very like the carpet trod by the horses at the Royal Equestrian Amphitheatre close by. Underneath a part of it, are the loam and masonry of which the form of the article to be cast is made; and, into which, the molten metal is now being poured from a prodigious lipped

basin. This form, besides earth, sand, and bricks, is composed of hay, dung, and other combustibles; which, when the molten metal is run into it, generates a gas that would inevitably blow the mould and the men through the roof, if it had no vent. Tubes, therefore, convey it to the surface, where it is lighted; burning in strong, blue, unearthly jets that dim the other lights, and cast a diabolical hue upon the faces of the Mulcibers, upon the file of travelling cranes which support the cauldron, by which it is passed from the cylindrical melting furnaces, and, if needed, from one end of the shop to the other. Bright and lively sparks fly off from the mouth of the mould as it drinks in the white liquid fire, with a force and profusion that no display of fireworks could surpass. The whole scene is so grim and hot, and pandemoniacal, that a stranger, suddenly coming on it from the outer world, could hardly help inquiring, like Macbeth, of the intelligent, dark, perspiring artisans energetically puddling down the molten metal at various openings of the mould—

Ye black and midnight hags! What is't ye do?

The answer to that question would certainly be, "Casting a ten-ton steam cylinder for one of her Majesty's marine engines;" or, if the flaming cauldron gave forth a more ghastly illumination of green, and yellow, and purple, with gaseous exhalations hotter, drier, and more suffocating, the answer would be, "Running eleven tons of brass into the form of a screw propeller." Whereupon Macbeth would fall—after the manner of his countrymen—into an arithmetical reverie, and reckon that eleven tons of brass at a shilling a-pound comes to nearly twelve hundred pounds sterling, for material alone; and then, indulging in a playful application of the rule of three, he would compute that if the screw propeller costs the nation twelve hundred pounds, the entire cost of a pair of marine engines with extras and accessories would be from thirty-five to forty thousand pounds; and he would be right. Whence he would infer the origin of the term "putting on the screw," in reference to the imposition of the righteous double income tax; from which, indirectly, the Lambeth-Marsh Mulcibers derive their profits, and the auxiliary Cyclops their wages.

It is vain to hint that attention is exhausted and limbs are tired. Before a notion can be formed of how the Volcano's engines were constructed, acres of smiths'-shop, turning-shop, planing-shop, finishing-shop, and fitting-shop, have yet to be inspected; even if more acres of model-shop up stairs (where carpenters make wooden models to be cast from, of the smaller parts of the steam-engine) are to be shirked. More automata hugging tremendous cranks in staunch embraces; cutting them to fit hair's-breadths; polishing them to rival mirrors; worming pillars of iron

through screw-plates; all cutting, planing, crunching, grinding the stubborn metal; themselves under the indomitable sway of the parent steam-automata in the engine-houses that give life and motion to the whole; never lying idle; untiring, incessant, inexhaustible; plodding on from Monday morning till Saturday night; working, working, working,—along with the iron hands that never rest from taking their iron will of iron, on the banks of the Thames, the Clyde, the Tay, and the Humber; at the feet of Welsh mountains, upon the plains of Lancashire, and in the vales of Staffordshire—to fulfil the destiny that makes Britain the master manufacturer of the world, the British navy mistress of the seas, and the British subject the most arrogant traveller and the most patient tax-payer under the sun.

I was delighted to discover that iron does not enter alone into the souls and composition of the Lambeth-Marsh Mulcibers. The softer influences of kindness, brotherhood, and hearty good fellowship reign amongst them. Their hearts, and their rough hands too, are open when Charity makes her appeal. Not long before my visit, there had been a public meeting held in the fitting-shop, the occasion of which arose out of one such appeal; indirectly, but silently and spontaneously, made. A subscription had been entered into, and there was to be a presentation; not one of those fulsome ceremonies at which the donors flatter and soap and puff the recipient, in order that the recipient may return money's worth in more flattery and puffery and soft sawder, to the donors; but a hearty, unstudied tribute to worth in misfortune. The gift was neither a silver épergne servilely laid at the feet of a partner (the heads of the firm were ignorant of the proceedings until after they had taken place); nor a gold watch and appendages given to a popular foreman, nor any such compliment. It was a sensible live present, with long ears and four legs. In short, it was a Donkey.

A poor old man and his ass, I learned from a well written account of the transaction by one of its promoters, had been in the habit of supplying the factory with chisel-rods and birch-brooms for the last two-and-thirty years. The respected quadruped and his excellent master had gone on together in harmony and companionship for a quarter of a century, when the donkey died. The master was inconsolable and ruined; for, in addition to this great affliction, another partner—his wife—was on the point of following his other and equally faithful friend graveward. A subscription was instantly organised; not so much to commemorate the startling fact coming within the knowledge of fifteen hundred credible witnesses, of a donkey actually dying, as to help the poor man in his distress. A new ass for the husband, and every sort of comfort for the wife, were speedily

bought; and were presented at the meeting convened for the purpose. "Gentlemen," said the chairman, at the moment of actual presentation, "the art of engineering has arrived at a point of great perfection, and I think I may assert, without fear of contradiction, that this is the first instance that a piece of machinery of this description" (pointing to the donkey) "has been turned out from an engine factory." The testimonial was then trotted over to the hero of the evening, and a document was handed to him, inscribed thus: "We hereby present you with this donkey, harness, cart, and other articles. The animal being of the feminine gender, we have designated Susan, after the name of your wife, and we hope that you and she, and the Susan now before us, may live long in health and happiness." When the presentee marched off with his prize (which was gaily ornamented with ribbons and rosettes), he was received by the outer populace of Lambeth Marsh with deafening cheers.

SLAVERY AT SURINAM.

OUR attentions have lately been so much fixed on the slave struggle between North and South America, that we seem to have forgotten that Holland, a country to be seen on a clear day with a good glass from the coast of Yarmouth, or Lowestoft, owns forty thousand slaves in the colony of Surinam, situated between the English colony of Demerara and the French colony of Cayenne. Professor Van Hoëvell, formerly a clergyman, but now a member of the Dutch States-General, has recently published a very interesting work, entitled *Slaves and Free*, wherein he reveals the mysteries of the slave-driving craft in Surinam, in which colony he seems to have spent several years. The work is now in its third edition. Three editions in little more than a year, of a Dutch work, is quite a literary phenomenon. The work is at once a noble contribution to Dutch literature, and a fearful revelation of crimes perpetrated in Surinam, under the sanction of laws prescribed by the States-General of Holland—one of the leading Christian Powers of Europe, as the Dutch like to call it. We select two sketches from it, and recommend those to whom Dutch is not perfect Greek, to read Mr. Van Hoëvell's volumes in their entirety.

I.

"WHAT news is there, bastinado?"* asked a man about fifty years of age, of a negro who stood before him with a whip in his hand, the symbol of his dignity. He who made the inquiry had a countenance on which the traces of an immoderate use of brandy and rum were clearly perceptible, while his inflamed eyes and husky voice, his trembling hands and bloated face, and the clammy sweat that covered his forehead, were so many

* The name given to the surveyors of the negroes, themselves being of the same race.

evidences that he had, at least, the night before, been indulging to an excess in those burning waters. He was dressed in coarse linen trowsers, and a jacket that covered his shoulders, leaving his chest bare, to cool as much as possible by the morning air the consuming fire that was burning within. He was the director of a remote plantation which we do not care to name.

"The slaves have done the work given them yesterday; there were a few lazy ones, but a stroke or two had the effect of making them complete their task."

"Is that all, bastinado?"

"Yes, massa. One of the cows has calved, but the calf is dead."

"The calf dead?" asked the director with a fearful curse—"the calf dead? How can that be? Why is not my property better taken care of? That is my property, bastinado."

"I don't know, sir, what was the cause of the misfortune. Old Herman says that the cow could not stand yesterday evening, so that he could not drive her into the stables, and had to leave her all night in the meadow."

"So! then this is the fault of that cursed old Herman! He has neglected to look after this business. So he left the cow in the meadow! The lazy nigger, what else has he to do but to look after my property? What else has he to do, bastinado?"

"Nothing, massa, nothing."

"But I understand it perfectly well. It is all a tale that he could not get the cow into the stable. He has done all this to suit himself. He wanted the beast to calve in the meadow; there was nobody near. He killed the calf, and now he says it was dropped dead—thinking I will not eat it, and that he will thus have it all to himself. Is it not so, bastinado?"

"I don't know, massa."

"Is it not so, bastinado?" he repeated, with features excited into savagery, with eyes threatening to start from their sockets, with a voice that yelled fearfully through hoarseness and passion.

"Yes, massa, it is so," answered the bastinado, apprehensively.

"So, then, you charge Herman with having killed my calf!"

The bastinado uttered a scarcely audible "Yes."

"Bring the wretch here! I'll speak to him."

The bastinado retired, but shortly returned, accompanied by a slave, who followed him tottering and with difficulty. Emaciated and bowed down with age, the old man approached, coughing and wheezing, with evident symptoms of astonishment and fear. He had been born on that plantation, and that his father was of European, and not African origin, was proved by his colour and features. His whole life he had laboured for

the man who called himself his master. Then, even in old age, with its attendant infirmities and failings, he was always driven to the field with the whip, till he broke his leg by a fall, when, as he could no longer labour at field-work, he was made a cowkeeper. His duty then was to look after the director's cattle; to provide their food, and superintend everything relating to them.

"So, you ungrateful devil," said the director, "have you killed my calf? Is that because I have given you such an easy place of it?"

"The calf was dropped dead, massa."

"Dropped dead? You liar! And why then did you leave the cow out? And why were you not in the field that night when she calved?"

"I could not possibly get the cow in. Last evening she could scarcely stand on her legs. I have not been out the whole night."

"You lie. The bastinado caught you at it. He saw you kill the calf—didn't you, bastinado?"

The negro nodded almost imperceptibly.

"Is it possible!" sighed the old slave, and was silent.

"I'll pay you out for this," growled the director; "you shall remember, my man, trying to feed so well on my meat. Bring the wretch to the coffee-loft, bastinado, and shut him up there. Let nobody go near him; if anyone dares to go near him, he'll have a devil to deal with."

The slave, limping, followed the bastinado, and was locked up in the coffee-loft.

And there lay the unhappy man upon the floor. Nobody attended to him, for the fear of the director's rage kept all his fellow-slaves away. There he lay, unfriended, without bread to eat or water to drink. With the evening, hunger and thirst began fearfully to torment him, but no one came near to bring him a banana or a draught of water.

He fell asleep, but at midnight he was awake, tormented by an intense burning sensation in his throat and cutting pains in his stomach and bowels. But nobody came to console him, to comfort him, in his dreary solitude. No slumber came to refresh his heavy eyelids, and now and then his smarting pain drew from him shrieks of agony.

At length morning appeared. He hears footsteps; they approach his prison-house. At last, thought he, I shall get some food; but drink!—O, for a draught of water! The footsteps come nearer; the loft door is opened; the bastinado enters. With straining eyes the wretched creature watches his hands, but they bring nothing for him. The bastinado opens a window in the loft that looks into the field, and, without uttering a word, leaves again.

Then the slave sees the creole-mamma with the young negroes—boys and girls—entrusted to her care, approach the building in which he is shut up. Each of the children

carries the food and water that serve them for breakfast. As they approach the coffee warehouse, the mother orders the children to sit down and get their breakfast.

That was a diabolical invention of the director to excite still more the hunger and thirst of his prisoner; to sharpen his appetite and increase his agony by letting him see with what eagerness and joy the children devoured all that was given them. The director himself stood at a short distance, to be able to discern the effect of this strategy on the countenance of the miserable slave. When the meal was over, the creole-mamma went away with her troop of juveniles, and the starved Herman remained alone in his misery, still further increased by the joy he had seen pictured on the countenances of the children, happy in their bananas and cans of water.

But such barbarity is unnatural, you will perhaps say. What could be the motive that urged the director to such cruelty? The loss of his calf might betray him into an ungovernable passion for a moment, but at the end of twenty-four hours that passion must have cooled down. How was this lingering desire for martyring possible? What had the slave done to him?

I admit that there must be a strong reason to induce some people in Surinam, who are at liberty to do as they like with their fellow-creatures, whom they are pleased to call their slaves, to perpetrate such torturings and cruelties; and here was such a reason. You shall see what it is, if you will follow the director, who, after enjoying the sight of the feasting creole children and the starving Herman, slowly withdrew. He returned home.

He sat down in his verandah, and a servant brought him his coffee. While he was indulging in this tasty beverage, two female slaves slowly approached their master. One was a woman of about forty, though to appearance much older; the other was her daughter, a beautiful girl of that dubious age when the child merges into maidenhood. The jet-black eyes, that otherwise shone with light and life, had become red with weeping, while her mother shed bitter tears, and sobbed aloud. Both fell on their knees before the merciless director.

"Pardon for Herman," implored the mother.

"Pardon for my father," sobbed the child.

The director very complacently put down his coffee, and, with a smile curling up his lip, he stared at the two women kneeling before him.

"Pardon? But what is that cowkeeper to you?"

"O! you know, massa," said the woman; "he is my husband—my husband whom I love; he is the father of my child."

"He is my father!" said the girl.

"So, so, my child. Your father you may consider him if you will, but that is nothing

to me. You have no father—I am your only family." And he laughed as amiably as his distorted features would permit him, and endearingly patted her cheeks.

"O! massa, pardon for Herman," again sighed the mother.

"Now, though you know very well that I am not bound to acknowledge your relationship to Herman, nor that of your daughter, yet I am inclined to be considerate. I will set the rogue at liberty—but on one condition. You must give your daughter to me. You must come and live with me, my dear child; you shall have everything you desire."

"But I may not consent to that, massa. My child is still so young. When she is older she can do as she likes, but I may not give her up now. Wait so long massa, I beg, I implore you; and pardon now my poor Herman."

The director cast a look on the beautiful form of the maiden, still kneeling before him, and who trembled from head to foot. He grasped her by the arm.

"Do what I desire, Diana, and your father is saved," said he.

The child broke loose from his arms, and, sobbing audibly, hastened away with her mother. They left the director in a fearful state behind them. His legs trembled; his whole nervous system was unstrung; his whole body quivered. He sank down upon his chair, and it was some time before he was sufficiently collected to be able to speak. The most frightful curses on himself—on the two women slaves—on Herman—on all that was near him—were the first words he uttered.

"I'll pay you out for this! You shall know what it is to resist me. First the cowkeeper, and then yourself."

In the meantime, the negro Herman remained shut up in the coffee-loft. Hunger became to him more and more insupportable; but his thirst was unendurable. As the sun rose, and the heat increased, his sufferings became more and more intense.

"O, a draught of water! a draught of water!" he groaned; but nobody heard him. What pen can describe the intensity of the poor fellow's suffering when the day was at its hottest, and the natural heat was increased by the oppressiveness of the loft in which he was a prisoner! And there, in the distance, he saw through the opened window the river flow: there saw he the water for which his parched palate thirsted.

About noon the director sent for the bastinado.

"Is Herman still locked up?" he asked.

"Yes, massa."

"And has anybody brought him anything?"

"Nobody."

"So that since yesterday morning he has had nothing to eat or drink?"

"Nothing."

"Well then, he'll be pretty hungry now; so you may put an end to his fast. Take him a herring."

"Good, massa," said the bastinado, with an expression that proved that the order would be willingly obeyed; "and also some banana and water?"

"Do what I tell you," thundered the director; "no more—no less."

"Good, massa," replied the bastinado, in a very different tone, and at once executed the order.

Both the women who in the morning had solicited pardon for Herman, belonged to that category of plantation slaves called domestic slaves. Their occupation consisted of household labour, and they never left the house or its neighbourhood. It need not be said that the director so took his measures as to prevent them from going in secret to assist the poor cowkeeper. But still he could not prevent them from anxiously watching all that transpired with regard to the imprisoned slave. Thus they saw the bastinado hurrying to the coffee-loft. What he carried they could not exactly make out, but they supposed it was food for the poor slave, and the thought gladdened their hearts.

The bastinado entered the coffee-loft, spoke not a word, but laid the herring down on the floor.

The famished negro seized it as a tiger seizes his prey. He planted his teeth in the fish, and though the salt flayed his tongue, palate and throat, it did not prevent him from eagerly swallowing the food thus placed before him.

But who can describe the state of the man who, after having been kept without a drop of water for twice twenty four hours to cool his burning lips and parched palate, now endeavoured to still his hunger in such a way as this? Who can describe the fire that was consuming his burning entrails—the fearful thirst that tortured him? His sufferings made him desperate; his despair drove him to madness.

"Water," he groaned; "water!" And like one deprived of reason, he paces up and down the loft. "Water!" he cries, and groans, through the open window; but nobody answers him. And the intensity of his agony increases every moment; and the blood seems to settle on his brain; and his eyes start from their sockets; and his chest heaves with oppression and torment; and all the time he sees the water of the river—he hears its ripple; it draws him with irresistible power to it. Suddenly he throws himself out of the window; he falls on his head on the stones below; a fall—a heavy fall—is heard; the bastinado and the slaves, mother and daughter, rush frantically to the spot, and find—a corpse!

* * * * *

We afterwards find this Legree director

punished by fine and imprisonment, by the law of the Netherlands; not for his diabolical cruelty to poor old Herman—his death remains unavenged—but for his subsequent violence to Herman's daughter. The law is strangely tolerant of slaveholder's cruelties; while, as Mr. Van Hoëvell's work abundantly proves, it is brutally severe in respect to slaves.

II.

THE Moravian Brethren, it seems, have made this colony of Surinam a field for their missionary enterprise. We quote the following characteristic sketch from Mr. Van Hoëvell's volumes.

"There are two more Moravian brethren just come; have you heard of it?" asked Pastor A. of Elder B, who had called to pay him a visit.

"So!" answered the vestry official; and he added, with all the contempt that words can express: "I'm not at all partial to these people; they come here only to spoil our slaves, and make them refractory."

The pastor stared at his brother elder with consternation. He had not been long in the colony; the society in which he lived was still new to him. Such a judgment on men for whose self-denial he had always entertained the deepest respect, and whom he had never heard spoken of in Holland but with the greatest esteem, seemed to him so unaccountable, that he was at a loss what answer to give.

"Ah, dominé, you don't know these people yet," continued Mr. B, when he observed the pastor's surprise; "when you have been here somewhat longer, you will admit that they are a great evil in this country."

"I must confess, sir, I do not understand you. Pray explain yourself. The Moravians an evil for the colony?"

"Slaves can be governed only by holding them at a distance. Between them and the free there must be a deep, wide gulf. They must fear and respect us, as superior beings. They must have the conviction that we are their masters, who may dispose of them as we choose, and whose fate is entirely in our hands. But that notion they have lost entirely, on account of these cursed Moravians."

"I cannot see that. I have always heard that the missionaries teach them to be obedient to their masters."

"Possibly they may teach them that. But still these slaves lose their respect for us when they are of the same religion as ourselves. I have had a striking instance of this recently among my own slaves."

"Be so good as to tell me the history, for I must confess I am altogether at a loss to comprehend your meaning."

"With pleasure. I have a slave—one Present—who has been thirty years in my service. Before, he never gave me cause to

complain of him. Every morning, I sent him out to earn his own sustenance, and a guilder for his master; and, to his honour I must say it, he never missed. If there were not many ships, or was there but little doing on the quay, he yet knew how to get me a guilder. How he did it was, of course, no business of mine—that was for his account: on such matters we must allow them perfect liberty.

"Well, things went on thus, without my ever having to complain of him, till a year or two ago. Then he changed all at once. He began to neglect his duty; for night after night he came home without the guilder he was bound to bring his master. The first time I passed it over. Five-and-twenty years he had been as regular as the sun—he had not once neglected; so I thought I could afford to be generous, and made no remark about it. But, shortly after, the very same thing happened again. Now, I felt it was my duty to talk seriously with Present on the matter.

"Just tell me, you sir," I said to him, "why have you not brought me my money?"

"O, master, forgive me. You know how many years I have served you. I am now an old man—I am not so strong as I was; and with the best will in the world, I cannot possibly bring you home a guilder every day."

"I must confess this had an effect on me. They say in Europe that we are cruel and hard-hearted masters to our slaves; but that is all calumny. I had compassion on old Present, and reduced the sum to a shilling. If he brought me this sum regularly every day, I told him, I should be satisfied."

"That was noble of you," exclaimed Pastor A.

"I am glad you approve of my conduct," replied the elder; "but you shall now see how ungratefully my kindness was returned. Notwithstanding the reduction I had made in the amount of his earnings for me, he still came home every night too short. So I sent for him. 'Now, you sir,' I said, 'if you once more play the sluggard, and fail to bring home my money, I shall send you off to the Picket of Justice to be flogged.'"

"Then the wretch fell on his knees, and kissed mine, and howled and groaned like one possessed.

"Pardon, master; good master, pardon! I have all along been deceiving you; now I will tell you the truth. It is not because I am too old, and cannot work, that I have lately failed to bring you home your money. I work harder and longer now than ever I did before in my life. But what I used to do I may not do now. Before, if my day's labour was insufficient to gain your money, I knew very well how to make up the deficiency. When necessary, I cheated—stole it; and yet nobody ever found me out. But this I cannot do again. I must earn your money by honest labour, or I cannot bring it home.

My eyes now are opened. I can no longer sin against God. I must be honest and pure in my walk and conversation."

"Did a simple slave speak to you in that way?" asked Pastor A., with some astonishment.

"Yes, dominé; and I was as much surprised as you are. I asked Present how he had got hold of such strange notions. And he told me the missionaries were the miracle-mongers who—so he expressed himself—had brought about his conversion, and his new birth. So they teach our slaves to disobey their masters' orders under all sorts of pretexts and fine-sounding words—to form an opinion of their own about what we tell them to do. I could see very well I should have to adopt severe measures to restore Present to that obedience from which, thanks to the influence of the Moravians, he had swerved.

"Now, you rascal," I said to him, "all that cant avails nothing. With all those idle tales I have nothing whatever to do. It would be strange indeed if, year after year, you had come by your daily guilder in a dishonest manner without being found out. I don't believe a word of it. Once for all: I have reduced the sum you must bring me, but take care not to fail in bringing it; if you do, the whip shall teach you."

"And at last I was obliged to have recourse to flogging; but then I saw how dangerous those missionaries are. I will tell you how. A day or two after he was again too short, and my patience was exhausted.

"Present," I said to him in a very quiet manner, without getting at all into a passion—"Present, the measure is full; you go to the Picket of Justice to be flogged;" and I ordered another slave to bring him there. The old rogue began to tremble from head to heel.

"O, master," he cried, "forgive me this once!"

"No, Present, it is now too late. I am very sorry; but in your old age you must make acquaintance with the whip."

"Then he threw himself at my feet, kissed them, and groaned and wept. Just imagine, dominé, what he said. It was really impious in the mouth of such a swarthy good-for-nothing. 'Master,' he cried, 'Christ said that men should forgive seventy times seven. Forgive me then, master, for Christ's sake.'"

"And you forgave him?" said Pastor A., in a trembling voice, and with tears in his eyes. "You forgave him? Tell me at once, Elder of our Christian Presbytery."

But, the Elder, astonished, stared at the dominé. "Well, certainly not," he replied, with a countenance full of inexplicable consternation; "well, certainly not. I sent him to the Picket of Justice, with the request that they would not spare him. What would be the consequence if these rascals perceived that by means of pious words they could escape the punishment prescribed for them

by the government? They would all very soon become pious, and we, their masters, would be in a pretty mess."

"What a country!" sighed Pastor A.

CHIP.

A SIDE WIND FROM DUE NORTH.

In the paper called the Czar's Highway, the traveller Due North inadvertently led his readers to understand that certain accounts of the coronation illuminations at Moscow, in a daily journal, were written by Mr. William Russell, the distinguished correspondent of the Times newspaper, instead of Mr. John Murphy, the special correspondent of the Daily News. A re-publication of Mr. Murphy's admirable letters from St. Petersburg and Moscow having already appeared, the error into which the Due-North defendant fell is almost sufficiently corrected thereby; but, not wishing to deprive that gentleman or any other of any credit due to him, he desires to acknowledge and to correct his mistake here.

WEEDS.

To some extent in England and Scotland, but to a very great extent, indeed, in Ireland, although, when we sow corn we mean corn, and corn only, when we sow turnips, we mean turnips, the result is that we don't get altogether what we do mean. Some of our good seed is lost, and there spring up chickweed, corn-cockle, black-mustard, tares, and wild-carrots. The law of nature is a beneficent one, by which provision is made for the spread of vegetation; we know that, and we hope we have a due respect for groundsel, chickweed, hawkweed, and the rest of their fraternity. If any process, short of extermination, could provide that in the immediate neighbourhood of cultivated fields,

Hawkweed and groundsel's fanny downs
Unruffled keep their seedy crowns,

we should not see the noble race of man engaged in warfare with the simplest and apparently the weakest races of the vegetable world.

Apparently the weakest, we say only; for, surely, these little weeds are among the weak things that are able to confound the strong. There may be one hundred and thirty flowers having seed-vessels on a single plant of groundsel, and in each seed-vessel there are fifty seeds. Thus, one groundsel seed is father to six thousand five hundred sons, more than there are of visible stars in the firmament. Many of these settle where they cannot live; many exist only to be eaten by birds. It is not meant that all seeds should produce plants, very many are as much bread to the birds as seeds of corn are bread to us. If, however, by an accident, every son to which a thriving groundsel,

seed is parent, grew up, thrived, and produced new seed in the same proportion—an impossible assumption—the descendants of a seed of groundsel in the second generation would exceed in number forty millions: the telescope itself has not enabled us to see so many stars. Chickweed is less prolific; though, indeed, even that may produce as many as five hundred seeds upon each plant. But, then, look at the red poppy. It can yield a hundred flowers from one root; and, from each flower can develop no less than five hundred seeds; fifty thousand may, therefore, by chance be the number of its offspring. Black mustard and wild carrot produce families of magnitude about equal one to another. One may, when in perfection, produce two hundred flowers with six seeds in each, the other six hundred flowers, with in each two seeds. One dandelion root may have twelve flowers, while each dandelion flower yields one hundred and seventy seeds. The seeds of one sow-thistle may number five-and-twenty thousand. One plant of stinking chamomile may yield forty thousand, one plant of May-weed five-and-forty thousand seeds.

Inasmuch, as nature is resolved to spread her carpet where she can, and man knows very well that the green carpet with its pretty little flower patterns must be taken up wherever the ground is to be tilled for special uses of his own, the need of constant watchfulness is obvious enough. To say that over a given space there shall grow nothing but wheat, if we mean earnestly what we are saying, is to declare war against all other growths which set up their own claims to the same land. It is a case of war arising out of territorial aggression. The farmers seize upon a territory occupied by various races of plants known to them by the rough general name of The Weeds. The weeds are got under, subdued, in a great measure extirpated, and the farmers then set up an iron rule over the soil; upon which they establish in rich colonies their own subjects, the cereals and green crops. The farmers justify their first aggression. The well-being of mankind depends, they say, on the predominance of the two races of cereals and green crops. What do the weeds care for this reasoning? The race of man has always trampled on them. They are the first owners of the soil. They claim it. They watch, therefore, the opportunity to rise, and every great rising of the weeds is attended with a frightful massacre of the new race. There is no mercy shown even to the newly born; whether of the green crops or the cereals. Thousands upon thousands of them are without pity smothered by the weeds, while others perish in their prime.

Let us observe the common case of a fortified town in possession of a cereal colony, such as we may take a wheat field to be, walled with its hedges, moated with its ditches, and having its one or two great

gates kept carefully closed. Not only is it frequently in England, and almost invariably in Ireland plagued by the insubordination of the weeds allowed to live within its bounds, and to lie there at the root of general society; but it is, every summer, regularly besieged by ragged regiments. There are the chickweeds, the hawkbits, the thistles with their white plumes waving and their lances shouldered, the poppies, reddest of republicans, the black mustards, whose family, perhaps, has caused more tears to be shed than any race, except that of the onions. There are the nettles with their poisoned barbs, the dandelions each with fire upon his head. These storm the field, master the outworks, and do not a little mischief to the regiments that lift their shining spears within. For, to leave figures of speech for figures of arithmetic, here are some facts that have been stated by Sir John Sinclair; the result of three experiments.

First experiment. Seven acres of light, gravelly land were fallowed and sown broadcast; one acre was measured off, and not a weed was pulled out of it; the other six were carefully weeded. The unweeded acre produced eighteen bushels: each weeded acre twenty-two bushels and a half, which is a quarter more of produce, due to weeding.

Second Experiment. A six-acre field was sown with barley, in fine tilth and well manured. The weeding, owing to a great abundance of charlock, cost twelve shillings an acre. The produce of an unweeded acre was only thirteen bushels, of a weeded acre twenty-eight bushels. Produce by weeding was thus more than doubled, and the land also left clean for succeeding crops.

Third Experiment. Six acres were sown with oats. One acre ploughed but once, and, unmanured, produced only seventeen bushels; another acre ploughed three times, manured and weeded, produced thirty-seven bushels, being a gain, say of ten bushels by the manure and ten more by the weeding.

It would thus appear that we are within the truth in saying that, where the weeds are not kept under, there is a loss incurred of one-fourth of the crop. The weeds rob the growth with which they are mixed of some part of the food which the ground holds for the use of plants; they clog the ground mechanically; they keep air and light from the young seed; they injure the crop seriously when there is high wind or heavy rain; they delay the processes of harvesting and stacking; and, by so doing, increase the farmer's risk; while the grain that has ripened under all these disadvantages goes to the stack worse corn than it would have been had it been grown unaccompanied by weeds.

The suppression of weeds has been considered in France a duty not unworthy of being enforced by law. A French farmer may sue his neighbour who neglects to

destroy the thistles upon his land at the proper seasons, or he may employ people to do it at his neighbour's cost. In Denmark, there is a law to oblige farmers to root up the corn-marigold. The oldest regulation against the corn-marigold was probably that in a statute of Alexander the Second of Scotland; which, in or about the year twelve hundred and twenty, denounced that man to be a traitor who poisons the king's lands with weeds and introduces into them a host of enemies. Bondsmen who had this plant in their corn were fined a sheep for each stalk, and a Scottish baron held what were called goul courts, for the purpose of fining farmers in whose growing crops three or more heads of corn-marigold could be detected.

In modern times a clause of a bill which enforced the extirpation of weeds in hedges and along roadsides, passed our English House of Commons, but was thrown out by the Lords. Yet it is possible that great advantage might result from one or two legal provisions of this kind. The loss by weeds in England is not very great; in Ireland the fields are overrun with them, and a crusade against them has been organised by Mr. William Donnelly, the Registrar-General of Agricultural Statistics. The subject is indeed in Ireland one of national importance, and the zeal of Mr. Donnelly has caused its importance to be very widely recognised. He has written to the judges, and convinced them of the wisdom of directing the attention of grand juries at assizes, and of county surveyors, to the great hurt resulting from the growth of weeds along the sides of public roads. He has caused the Irish Royal Agricultural Society to resolve: "That as great injury arises to the farming classes in this country from the growth of weeds along the sides of public roads, whose seeds being allowed to ripen and shed, are spread over the adjoining lands, a circular be immediately addressed to the grand juries of the several counties, soliciting them to give directions to the county surveyors to make it imperative upon road contractors to cut down and remove all weeds, more particularly thistles, docks, and rag-weeds, before the first of June, and at such other periods in the year as may prevent their injurious effects to the farmer."

Moreover, Mr. Donnelly addressed a circular upon this subject of weeds to the county surveyors throughout Ireland, asking them to seek authority from the grand juries to introduce into all road contracts a clause compelling the contractors to keep the roads, footpaths, and fences, clear of weeds. Another circular he addressed to the chairmen and directors of all Irish railways, begging them to be so good as to give directions to have all weeds immediately removed which might be found growing on the sides, embankments, cuttings, and fences of

the railways under their control. In a like spirit, he addressed canal directors and commissioners of public works. In a like spirit, he applied to the Poor Law Commission Office, and procured a note to all the Irish boards of guardians, suggesting that the children in the workhouse schools should be taught the injury arising from, and the necessity for destroying, weeds on the farms upon which, in after-life, they might be employed. In a like spirit, this determined thistle-hater wrote to the Commissioners of National Education, and caused them to instruct inspectors how to carry out the suggestion that the children in national schools should be trained by their respective teachers to see the necessity of destroying all weeds found on the farms of their parents, or on the highways thereto adjacent. He wrote, with like result, to the Irish Church Education Society; and so, by help of the two great educational bodies, hoped to put enmity to weeds into the minds of six hundred thousand members of the rising generation. Mr. Donnelly sent, also, circulars with a like purpose to the clergy of all denominations, and to every man of influence in Ireland. Doubtless, it was by the labours of Mr. Donnelly that the Lord Lieutenant was lately, when at the cattle-show in Athlone, stimulated to dwell on the importance of resisting any further occupation of the soil of Ireland by weeds.

Until quite of late, neglect of the duty of weeding has been rapidly on the increase. In eighteen hundred and fifty-three, the weeding beside roads, canals, railway cuttings, &c., was attended to in twenty-four cases out of a hundred, but in the year following only in eighteen cases. In the former year it was totally neglected only in twenty-nine cases out of the hundred; but in the year following the twenty-nine per cent. became fifty-two per cent. of absolute neglect. The very fertility of the ground which makes one so desirous to see the complete development of its resources, serves only, under a rule of neglect, to help the tendency of ill weeds to grow apace. More than two score of years ago, the ground was thus described by Mr. Wakefield:

A great portion of the soil of Ireland throws out a luxuriant herbage, springing from a calcareous subsoil without any considerable depth. This is one species of the rich soil of Ireland, and is found throughout Roscommon, in some parts of Galway, Clare, and other districts. Some places exhibit the richest loam I ever saw turned up with a plough; this is the case throughout Meath in particular. Where such soil occurs, its fertility is so conspicuous that it appears as if nature had determined to counteract the bad effect produced by the clumsy system of its cultivators.

Arthur Young reported upon Limerick and Tipperary thus:

It is the richest soil I ever saw, and as such is applicable to every wish. It will fatten the largest bullock, and at the same time do equally well for

sheep, for tillage, for turnips, for wheat, for beans; and, in a word, for every crop and circumstance of profitable husbandry. You must examine into the soil before you can believe that a country, which has so beggarly an appearance, can be so rich and fertile.

Monsieur Moreau de Jonnes, after elaborate examination of the agriculture of the British islands, placed Ireland before England and Scotland. He represented the produce of wheat over a given space to be as twenty in Ireland to eighteen in England and sixteen in Scotland; of rye as thirty-two in Ireland to ten in England and twelve in Scotland; of barley as twenty-one in Ireland and England to twelve in Scotland; the yield of oats per acre being in all three countries equal.

Of the whole land again, Sir Robert Kane, ten years ago, wrote thus:

It includes bogs and mountains. The area of bog is two million eight hundred and thirty-three thousand acres, of which almost all is capable of reclamation, and of being adapted to productive husbandry, if not required as repositories of fuel. Of the mountain land also, very little is beyond the domain of agricultural enterprise. The average elevation of Ireland above the sea is not more than three hundred and eighty-seven feet; very little ground indeed lies above the elevation of six hundred feet. In fact there is no district in Ireland sufficiently elevated to thereby present serious impediments to cultivation, and scarcely an acre to which the term of incapable of cultivation can be applied.

He labours indeed for a great social object who desires, if only by the suppression of the weeds which now cumber the fertile soil, to add one-fourth to the productive power of a land like this, in which noble resources are awaiting their development. The agricultural statistics, which are collected in Ireland under the Registrar-General's directions, from the voluntary statements of the tenant farmers, prove advance in several directions. The increase of the space allowed to wheat crops was last year greater than in any year before. In 'fifty-five, the breadth of wheat sown throughout Ireland was greater than in 'fifty-four by thirty-four thousand acres. In 'fifty-six, the increase upon 'fifty-five was of eighty-three thousand acres, the largest known. There was a very slight diminution of the growth of oats, but an increase to the extent of a hundred and twenty thousand acres in land planted with potatoes. There was fifty thousand fewer acres growing barley, bere, rye, beans, and peas, and about ten thousand acres added to the number of those growing flax. The total increase of ground under crops amounted to about sixty-five thousand acres. These are the main changes of the land. In farming-stock there has been during the year eighteen hundred and fifty-six an increase of about seventeen thousand in the number of horses kept, and a general addition of eighty or ninety thousand to the number of the sheep. In kine and pigs there is an apparent decrease, mainly due to the fact that the returns for the year were taken

six weeks earlier than those for the year previous, and just too early to include the newly born calves and the litters of piglings which the small farmers generally contrive to secure for July, in order that the young pigs may be able to eat, in October, the small potatoes which abound while the potato-crop is being dug. The growth of potatoes during the year just ended has been greater also in Scotland than in the year previous, and in Scotland also, there has been an increased breadth of land used for the growth of wheat.

And we now look once more from the corn to the weeds, which, where they are allowed to grow, subtract one fourth, or even a third from the value of the corn land. Such views as we have been suggesting, led Sir John Sinclair, first president of the Board of Agriculture, to an opinion which we give as Mr. Donnelly quotes it in the general abstracts of Irish agricultural statistics for the year eighteen hundred and fifty-six, to which public document we may refer as the authority for all, or nearly all, that we have here been saying. The quotation ends our statement of the case :

The importance of weeding, both to the individual and to the public is such, that it ought to be enforced by law. At any rate, a regulation of police, for fining those who harbour weeds, the seeds of which may be blown into their neighbour's ground, can have no injustice in principle. In England, the petty constable might be required by precept from the high constable, to give in presentments to the quarter sessions, containing a list of all persons who suffered weeds to run to seed in their hedges or lands, such presentments to be particularly specified to the court. Those referring to the coltsfoot, to be given in at the Lady Day sessions ; and those referring to thistles, ragweed, &c., to be given in at the Midsummer sessions. An order of court might then be made, for the immediate removal of such nuisances ; and if not complied with, the offender should be fined a sum not exceeding five pounds, one half to the informer, and the other half to go for the relief of the poor. If, in consequence of such a system being enforced, from four to five bushels of wheat, fifteen bushels of barley, and ten bushels of oats additional, were raised in all the fields in the kingdom whose crops are now injured by weeds, the benefit would be well worth the labour and expense, and the farmers would soon find that, however anxious they may be to have their lands tithe free, yet, to have them weed-free is of still greater importance.

THE BRAVE WOMEN OF TANN.

AT the little town of Tann, in the Vosges, on all public occasions, the women take precedence of the men, in virtue of their conduct related below.

SAT the heavy burghers
In their gloomy hall,
Pondering all the dangers
Likely to befall :
Ward they yet or yield to strangers
Their beleagu'rd wall.

"All our trade is ruin'd :
Saw I this afar.
Said I not, Our markets
Month-long siege will mar ;
Let not our good town embark its
Fortunes on this war.

"Now our folly takes us :
War first hath his share,
Famine now ; who dreameth
Bankrupts can repair
Double loss ? or likely seemeth
Victors should despair ?

"And our trade is ruin'd :
Little that remains
Let us save to hearse us
From these bloody pains,
Ere the wrathful foe amaze us
Of our farthest gains !"

Up and speaks young Hermann,
With the flushing cheek,
"Shame were it to render :
Though the wall be weak :"
Say the old men, "Let us end, or
Certain death we seek !"

In their gloomy chambers
Thus their councils wend ;
"Five of our most trusted
With the morn descend ;
Say—so peace may be adjusted,
Chained lives we'll spend.

"Now, home to our women !
They'll be glad to learn
We have weigh'd so gravely,
Peace hath fill'd the urn.
Though in truth they've borne them bravely
In this weary turn."

Home unto the women ;
But each burgher found
Scorn in place of smiling :
For each good wife frown'd
On this coward reconciling—
Peace with honour bound.

In their morrow's council
Women voices rise :
"Count ye babes and women
But as merchandise,
To be traffick'd with the foemen,
Things of such a price ?

"We will man your ramparts ;
Ye, who are not men,
Go, hide in your coffers !
We will call you when——"
Slid home, 'mid the crowd of scoffers,
Those five heralds then.

In the morrow's danger
Women take their share ;
Many a sad grey morning
Found them watching there :
Till we learn'd from their high scorn
To make light of care.

Chief with our gaunt warders
Hermann's young Betrothed
Pass'd, like Victory's Splendour,
In bright courage clothed :
Fear hid, fearful to offend her,
Knowing himself loathed.

Blinding red the sunset !
 In that hopeful breast
 Stay'd the foe-man's arrow.
 So 'twas won. The rest—
 How Despair, in strait most narrow,
 Smote the Victor's crest—

Matters not. Our women
 Drove him to his den.
 'Twas his last invasion;
 We've had peace since then.
 This is why, on State occasion,
 They precede our men.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE SECOND. THE HIDING OF THE SECRET.

THE instant Sarah Leeson had turned the key of her bedroom door, she took the sheet of note-paper from its place of concealment in her bosom—shuddering, when she drew it out, as if the mere contact of it hurt her—placed it open on her little dressing-table, and fixed her eyes eagerly on the lines which the note contained. At first they swam and mingled together before her. She pressed her hands over her eyes for a few minutes, and then looked at the writing again.

The characters were clear now—vividly clear, and, as she fancied, unnaturally large and near to view. There was the address: "To my Husband;" there the first blotted line beneath, in her dead mistress's handwriting; there the lines that followed, traced by her own pen, with the signatures at the end—Mrs. Treverton's first, and then her own. The whole amounted to but very few sentences, written on one perishable fragment of paper, which the flame of a candle would have consumed in a moment. Yet there she sat, reading, reading, reading, over and over again; never touching the note, except when it was absolutely necessary to turn over the first page; never moving, never speaking, never raising her eyes from the paper. As a condemned prisoner might read his death-warrant, so did Sarah Leeson now read the few lines which she and her mistress had written together not half-an-hour since.

The secret of the paralysing effect of that writing on her mind lay, not only in itself but in the circumstances which had attended the act of its production. The oath which had been proposed by Mrs. Treverton under no more serious influence than the last caprice of disordered faculties, stimulated by confused remembrances of stage words and stage situations, had been accepted by Sarah Leeson as the most sacred and inviolable engagement to which she could bind herself. The threat of enforcing obedience to her last commands from beyond the grave, which the mistress had uttered in mocking experiment on the superstitious fears of the credulous maid, now hung darkly over the weak mind of Sarah, as a judgment which might descend on her, visibly and inexorably,

at any moment of her future life. When she roused herself at last, and pushed away the paper, and rose to her feet, she stood quite still for an instant, before she ventured to look behind her. When she did look, it was with an effort and a start, with a searching distrust of the empty dimness in the remoter corners of the room.

Her old habit of talking to herself began to resume its influence, as she now walked rapidly backwards and forwards, sometimes along the room and sometimes across it. She repeated incessantly such broken phrases as these: "How can I give him the letter?—Such a good master; so kind to us all.—Why did she die, and leave it all to me?—I can't bear it alone; it's too much for me." While reiterating these sentences, she vacantly occupied herself in putting things about the room in order, which were set in perfect order already. All her looks, all her actions, betrayed the vain struggle of a weak mind to sustain itself under the weight of a heavy responsibility. She arranged and rearranged the cheap china ornaments on her chimney-piece a dozen times over—put her pin-cushion first on the looking-glass, then on the table in front of it—changed the position of the little porcelain dish and tray on her wash-hand-stand, now to one side of the basin and now to the other. Throughout all these trifling actions, the natural grace, delicacy, and prim neat-handedness of the woman still waited mechanically on the most useless and aimless of her occupations of the moment. She knocked nothing down, she put nothing awry, her footsteps at their fastest made no sound—the very skirts of her dress were kept as properly and prudishly composed as if it was broad daylight and the eyes of all her neighbours were looking at her.

From time to time the sense of the words she was murmuring confusedly to herself changed. Sometimes they disjointedly expressed bolder and more self-reliant thoughts. Once they seemed to urge her again to the dressing-table and the open letter on it, against her own will. She read aloud the address: "To my Husband," and caught the letter up sharply, and spoke in firmer tones. "Why give it to him at all? Why not let the secret die with her and die with me, as it ought? Why should he know it? He shall *not* know it!" Saying those last words, she desperately held the letter within an inch of the flame of the candle. At the same moment the white curtain over the window before her stirred a little, as the freshening air found its way through the old-fashioned, ill-fitting sashes. Her eye caught sight of it, as it waved gently backwards and forwards. She clasped the letter suddenly to her breast with both hands, and shrank back against the wall of the room, her eyes still fastened on the curtain, with the same blank look of horror which they

had expressed when Mrs. Treverton had threatened to claim her servant's obedience from the other world.

"Something moves," she gasped to herself, in a breathless whisper. "Something moves in the room besides me!"

The curtain waved slowly to and fro for the second time. Still fixedly looking at it over her shoulder, she crept along the wall to the door.

"Do you come to me already?" she said, her eyes riveted on the curtain while her hand groped over the lock for the key. "Before the grave is dug? Before the coffin is made? Before the body is cold?"

She opened the door and glided into the passage; stopped there for a moment, and looked back into the room.

"Rest!" she said. "Rest—he shall have the letter."

The staircase-lamp guided her out of the passage. Descending hurriedly, as if she feared to give herself time to think, she reached Captain Treverton's study, on the ground-floor, in a minute or two. The door was wide open, and the room was empty.

After reflecting a little, she lighted one of the chamber-candles standing on the hall-table, at the lamp in the study, and ascended the stairs again to her master's bedroom. After repeatedly knocking at the door and obtaining no answer, she ventured to go in. The bed had not been disturbed, the candles had not been lit—to all appearance, the room had not even been entered during the night.

There was but one other place to seek him in—the chamber in which his wife lay dead. Could she summon the courage to give him the letter there? She hesitated a little—then whispered, "I must! I must!" The direction she now compelled herself to take, led her a little way down the stairs again. She descended very slowly this time, holding cautiously by the bannisters, and pausing to take breath almost at every step. The door of what had been Mrs. Treverton's bedroom was opened, when she ventured to knock at it, by the nurse, who inquired roughly and suspiciously, what she wanted there.

"I want to speak to my master."

"Look for him somewhere else. He was here half an hour ago. He is gone now."

"Do you know where he has gone?"

"No. I don't pry into other people's goings and comings. I mind my own business."

With that discourteous answer, the nurse closed the door again. Just as Sarah turned away from it, she looked towards the inner end of the passage. The door of the nursery was situated there. It was ajar, and a dim gleam of candle-light was flickering through it.

She went in immediately, and saw that the

candle-light came from an inner room, usually occupied, as she well knew, by the nursery-maid and by the only child of the house of Treverton; a little girl, named Rosamond, aged, at that time, nearly five years.

"Can he be there?—in that room, of all the rooms in the house!"

Quickly as the thought arose in her mind, Sarah raised the letter (which she had hitherto carried in her hand) to the bosom of her dress, and hid it for the second time, exactly as she had hidden it on leaving her mistress's bedside.

She then stole across the nursery on tip-toe towards the inner room. The entrance to it, to please some caprice of the child's, had been arched, and framed with trellis-work, gaily-coloured, so as to resemble the entrance to a summer-house. Two pretty chintz curtains, hanging inside the trellis-work, formed the only barrier between the day-room and the bed-room. One of these was looped up, and towards the opening thus made, Sarah now advanced, after cautiously leaving her candle in the passage outside.

The first object that attracted her attention in the child's bed-room, was the figure of the nursemaid, leaning back fast asleep in an easy chair by the window. Venturing, after this discovery, to look more boldly into the room, she next saw her master sitting with his back towards her, by the side of the child's crib. Little Rosamond was awake, and was standing up in bed with her arms round her father's neck. One of her hands held over his shoulder the doll that she had taken to bed with her, the other was twined gently in his hair. The child had been crying bitterly, and had now exhausted herself, so that she was only moaning a little from time to time, with her head laid wearily on her father's bosom.

The tears stood thick in Sarah's eyes as they looked on her master and on the little hands that lay round his neck. She lingered by the raised curtain, heedless of the risk she ran, from moment to moment, of being discovered and questioned—lingered until she heard Captain Treverton say soothingly to the child:

"Hush, Rosie, dear! hush, my own love! Don't cry any more for poor mamma. Think of poor papa, and try to comfort him."

Simple as the words were, quietly and tenderly as they were spoken, they seemed instantly to deprive Sarah Leeson of all power of self-control. Reckless whether she was heard or not, she turned and ran into the passage as if she had been flying for her life. Passing the candle she had left there, without so much as a look at it, she made for the stairs, and descended them with headlong rapidity to the kitchen-floor. There, one of the servants who had been sitting up met her, and, with a face of astonishment and alarm, asked what was the matter.

"I'm ill—I'm faint—I want air," she answered, speaking thickly and confusedly. "Open the garden-door and let me out."

The man obeyed, but doubtfully, as if he thought her unfit to be trusted by herself.

"She gets stranger than ever in her ways," he said, when he rejoined his fellow-servant, after Sarah had hurried past him into the open air. "Now my mistress is dead, she will have to find another place, I suppose. I, for one, shan't break my heart when she's gone. Shall you?"

The cool, sweet air in the garden blowing freshly over Sarah's face, seemed to calm the violence of her agitation. She turned down a side walk which led to a terrace and overlooked the church of the neighbouring village. The daylight out of doors was clear already. The misty auburn light that goes before sunrise, was flowing up, peaceful and lovely, behind a line of black-brown moorland, over all the eastern sky. The old church, with the hedge of myrtle and fuschia growing round the little cemetery at the side of it in all the luxuriance which is only seen in Cornwall, was clearing and brightening to view, almost as fast as the morning firmament itself. Sarah leaned her arms heavily on the back of a garden-seat, and turned her face towards the church. Her eyes wandered from the building itself to the cemetery by its side—rested there—and watched the light growing warmer and warmer over the lonesome refuge where the dead lay at rest.

"O, my heart! my heart!" she said. "What must it be made of not to break?"

She remained for some time leaning on the seat, looking sadly towards the churchyard, and pondering over the words which she had heard Captain Treverton say to the child. They seemed to connect themselves, as everything else now appeared to connect itself in her mind, with the letter that had been written on Mrs. Treverton's death-bed. She drew it from her bosom once more, and crushed it up angrily in her fingers.

"Still in my hands! still not seen by any eyes but mine!" she said, looking down at the crumpled pages. "Is it all my fault? If she was alive now—if she had seen what I saw, if she had heard what I heard—could she expect me to give him the letter?"

Her mind was apparently steadied by the reflection which her last words expressed. She moved away thoughtfully from the garden-seat, crossed the terrace, descended some wooden steps, and followed a shrubby path, which led round by a winding track from the east to the north side of the house.

This part of the building had been uninhabited and neglected for more than half a century past. In the time of Captain Treverton's father the whole range of the north rooms had been stripped of their finest pictures and their most valuable furniture, to

assist in re-decorating the west rooms, which now formed the only inhabited part of the house, and which were amply sufficient for the accommodation of the family and of any visitors who came to stay with them. The mansion had been originally built in the form of a square, and had been strongly fortified. Of the many defences of the place, but one now remained—a heavy, low tower (from which and from the village near, the house derived its name of Porthgenna Tower), standing at the southern extremity of the west front. The south side itself consisted of stables and out-houses, with a ruinous wall in front of them, which, running back, eastward, at right angles, joined the north side, and so completed the square which the whole outline of the building represented. The outside view of the range of north rooms from the weedy, deserted garden, below, showed plainly enough that many years had passed since any human creature had inhabited them. The window-panes were broken in some places, and covered thickly with dirt and dust in others. Here, the shutters were closed—there, they were only half-opened. The untrained ivy, the rank vegetation growing in fissures of the stone-work, the festoons of spiders' webs, the rubbish of wood, bricks, plaster, broken glass, rags, and strips of soiled cloth, which lay beneath the windows, all told the same tale of neglect. Shadowed by its position, this ruinous side of the house had a dark, cold, wintry aspect, even on the sunny August morning, when Sarah Leeson strayed into the deserted northern garden. Lost in the labyrinth of her own thoughts, she moved slowly past flower-beds, long since rooted up, and along gravel-walks overgrown by weeds; her eyes wandering mechanically over the prospect, her feet mechanically carrying her on wherever there was a trace of a footpath, lead where it might.

The shock which the words spoken by her master in the nursery had communicated to her mind, had set her whole nature, so to speak, at bay, and had roused in her, at last, the moral courage to arm herself with a final and a desperate resolution. Wandering more and more slowly along the pathways of the forsaken garden, as the course of her ideas withdrew her more and more completely from all outward things, she stopped insensibly on an open patch of ground, which had once been a well-kept lawn, and which still commanded a full view of the long range of uninhabited north rooms.

"What binds me to give the letter to my master, at all?" she thought to herself, smoothing out the crumpled paper dreamily in the palm of her hand. "My mistress died without making me swear to do that. Can she visit it on me from the other world, if I keep the promises I swore to observe, and do no more? May I not risk the worst that can happen, so long as I hold religiously to all that I undertook to do on my oath?"

She paused here in reasoning with herself ; her superstitious fears still influencing her out of doors, in the daylight, as they had influenced her in her own room, in the time of darkness. She paused—then fell to smoothing the letter again, and began to recal the terms of the solemn engagement which Mrs. Treverton had forced her to contract.

What had she actually bound herself to do? Not to destroy the letter, and not to take it away with her if she left the house. Beyond that, Mrs. Treverton's desire had been that the letter should be given to her husband. Was that last wish binding on the person to whom it had been confided? Yes. As binding as an oath? No.

As she arrived at that conclusion, she looked up. At first, her eyes rested vacantly on the lonely, deserted north front of the house ; gradually, they became attracted by one particular window exactly in the middle, on the floor above the ground—the largest and the gloomiest of all the row ; suddenly, they brightened with an expression of intelligence. She started ; a faint flush of colour flew into her cheeks, and she hastily advanced closer to the wall of the house.

The panes of the large window were yellow with dust and dirt, and festooned about fantastically with cobwebs. Below it was a heap of rubbish, scattered over the dry mould of what might once have been a bed of flowers or shrubs. The form of the bed was still marked out by an oblong boundary of weeds and rank grass. She followed it irresolutely all round, looking up at the window at every step, then stopped close under it, glanced at the letter in her hand, and said to herself abruptly :—

"I'll risk it!"

As the words fell from her lips, she hastened back to the inhabited part of the house, followed the passage on the kitchen-floor which led to the housekeeper's room, entered it, and took down from a nail in the wall a bunch of keys, having a large ivory label attached to the ring that connected them, on which was inscribed, "Keys of the North Rooms."

She placed the keys on a writing-table near her, took up a pen, and rapidly added these lines on the blank side of the letter which she had written under her mistress's dictation :—

"If this paper should ever be found (which I pray with my whole heart it never may be), I wish to state that I have come to the resolution of hiding it, because I dare not show the writing that it contains to my master, to whom it is addressed. In doing what I now propose to do, though I am acting against my mistress's last wishes, I am not breaking the solemn engagement which she obliged me to make before her on her death-bed. That engagement forbids me to destroy this letter, or to take it away with me if I leave the house. I shall do

neither,—my purpose is to conceal it in the place, of all others, where I think there is least chance of its ever being found again. Any hardship or misfortune which may follow as a consequence of this deceitful proceeding on my part, will fall on myself. Others, I believe on my conscience, will be the happier for the hiding of the dreadful secret which this letter contains."

She signed those lines with her name,—pressed them hurriedly over the blotting-pad that lay with the rest of the writing materials on the table,—took the note in her hand, after first folding it up, and then, snatching at the bunch of keys, with a look all round her, as if she dreaded being secretly observed, left the room. All her actions since she had entered it, had been hasty and sudden ; she was evidently afraid of allowing herself one leisure moment to reflect.

On quitting the housekeeper's room, she turned to the left, ascended a back staircase, and unlocked a door at the top of it. A cloud of dust flew all about her, as she softly opened the door ; a mouldy coolness made her shiver as she crossed a large stone hall, with some black old family portraits, the canvases of which were bulging out of the frames, hanging on the walls. Ascending more stairs, she came upon a row of doors, all leading into rooms on the first floor of the north side of the house.

She knelt down, putting the letter on the boards beside her, opposite the keyhole of the first door she came to on reaching the top of the stairs, peered in distrustfully for an instant, then began to try the different keys till she found one that fitted the lock. She had great difficulty in accomplishing this, from the violence of her agitation, which made her hands tremble to such a degree that she was hardly able to keep the keys separate one from the other. At length she succeeded in opening the door. Thicker clouds of dust than she had yet met with flew out the moment the interior of the room was visible ; a dry, airless, suffocating atmosphere almost choked her as she stooped to pick up the letter from the floor. She recoiled from it at first, and took a few steps back towards the staircase. But she recovered her resolution immediately. "I can't go back now!" she said, desperately, and entered the room.

She did not remain in it more than two or three minutes. When she came out again, her face was white with fear, and the hand which had held the letter when she went into the room, held nothing now but a small rusty key.

After locking the door again, she examined the large bunch of keys which she had taken from the housekeeper's room, with closer attention than she had yet bestowed on them. Besides the ivory label attached to the ring that connected them,

there were smaller labels, of parchment, tied to the handles of some of the keys, to indicate the rooms to which they gave admission. The particular key which she had used had one of these labels hanging to it. She held the little strip of parchment close to the light, and read on it, in written characters faded by time,

"The Myrtle Room."

The room in which the letter was hidden had a name, then! A prettily sounding name that would attract most people, and keep pleasantly in their memories. A name to be distrusted by her, after what she had done, on that very account.

She took her housewife from its usual place in the pocket of her apron, and, with the scissors which it contained, cut the label from the key. Was it enough to destroy that one only? She lost herself in a maze of useless conjecture; and ended by cutting off the other labels, from no other motive than instinctive suspicion of them.

Carefully gathering up the strips of parchment from the floor, she put them, along with the little rusty key which she had brought out of the Myrtle Room, in the empty pocket of her apron. Then, carrying the large bunch of keys in her hand, and carefully locking the doors that she had opened on her way to the north side of Porthgenna Tower, she retraced her steps to the housekeeper's room, entered it without seeing anybody, and hung up the bunch of keys again on the nail in the wall.

Fearful, as the morning hours wore on, of meeting with some of the female servants, she next hastened back to her bed-room. The candle she had left there was still burning feebly in the fresh daylight. When she drew aside the window-curtain, after extinguishing the candle, a shadow of her former fear passed over her face, even in the broad daylight that now flowed in upon it. She opened the window, and leaned out eagerly into the cool air.

Whether for good or for evil, the fatal secret was hidden now—the act was done. There was something calming in the first consciousness of that one fact. She could think more composedly, after that, of herself, and of the uncertain future that lay before her.

Under no circumstances, could she have expected to remain in her situation, now that the connection between herself and her mistress had been severed by death. She knew that Mrs. Treverton, in the last days of her illness, had earnestly recommended her maid to Captain Treverton's kindness and protection, and she felt assured that the wife's last entreaties, in this as in all other instances, would be viewed as the most sacred of obligations by the husband. But could she accept protection and kindness at the hand of the master whom she had been accessory to deceiving, and whom she had now com-

mitted herself to deceiving still? The bare idea of such baseness was so revolting, that she accepted, almost with a sense of relief, the one sad alternative that remained—the alternative of leaving the house immediately.

And how was she to leave it? By giving formal warning, and so exposing herself to questions which would be sure to confuse and terrify her? Could she venture to face her master again, after what she had done—to face him, when his first inquiries would refer to her mistress, when he would be certain to ask her for the last mournful details, for the slightest word that had been spoken during the death-scene which she alone had witnessed? She started to her feet, as the certain consequences of submitting herself to that unendurable trial all crowded together warningly on her mind, took her cloak from its place on the wall, and listened at her door in sudden suspicion and fear. Had she heard footsteps? Was her master sending for her already?

No: all was silent outside. A few tears rolled over her cheeks, as she put on her bonnet, and felt that she was facing, by the performance of that simple everyday action, the last, and perhaps the hardest to meet, of the cruel necessities in which the hiding of the secret had involved her. There was no help for it. She must run the risk of betraying everything, or brave the double trial of leaving Porthgenna Tower, and leaving it secretly.

Secretly—as a thief might go? Secretly—without a word to her master; without so much as one line of writing to thank him for his kindness, and to ask his pardon? She had unlocked her desk, and had taken from it her purse, one or two letters, and a little book of Wesley's Hymns, before these considerations occurred to her. They made her pause in the act of shutting up the desk. "Shall I write?" she asked herself, "and leave the letter here, to be found when I am gone?" A little more reflection decided her in the affirmative. As rapidly as her pen could form the letters, she wrote a few lines addressed to Captain Treverton, in which she confessed to having kept a secret from his knowledge which had been left in her charge to divulge; adding, that she honestly believed no harm could come to him, or to any one in whom he was interested, by her failing to perform the duty entrusted to her; and ending by asking his pardon for leaving the house secretly, and by begging, as a last favour, that no search might ever be made for her. Having sealed this short note, and left it on her table, with her master's name written outside, she listened again at the door; and, after satisfying herself that no one was yet stirring, began to descend the stairs at Porthgenna Tower for the last time.

At the entrance of the passage leading to the nursery, she stopped. The tears which

she had restrained since leaving her room, began to flow again. Urgent as her reasons now were for effecting her departure without a moment's loss of time, she advanced, with the strangest inconsistency, a few steps towards the nursery-door. Before she had gone far, a slight noise in the lower part of the house caught her ear, and instantly checked her further progress. While she stood doubtful, the grief at her heart—a greater grief than any she had yet betrayed—rose irresistibly to her lips, and burst from them in one deep gasping sob. The sound of it seemed to terrify her into a sense of the danger of her position, if she delayed a moment longer. She ran out again to the stairs, reached the kitchen-floor in safety, and made her escape by the garden-door which the servant had opened for her at the dawn of the morning.

On getting clear of the premises at Porthgenna Tower, instead of taking the nearest path over the moor that led to the high road, she diverged to the church; but stopped before she came to it, at the public well of the neighbourhood, which had been sunk near the cottages of the Porthgenna fishermen. Cautiously looking round her, she dropped into the well the little rusty key which she had brought out of the Myrtle Room; then hurried on, and entered the churchyard. She directed her course straight to one of the graves, situated a little apart from the rest. On the headstone were inscribed these words:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
HUGH POLWHEAL,
AGED 26 YEARS.
HE MET WITH HIS DEATH
THROUGH THE FALL OF A ROCK
IN
PORTHGENNA MINE,
DECEMBER 17TH, 1823.

Gathering a few leaves of grass from the grave, Sarah opened the little book of Wesley's Hymns which she had brought with her from the bed-room at Porthgenna Tower, and placed the leaves delicately and carefully between the pages. As she did this, the wind blew open the title-page of the Hymns, and displayed this inscription on it, written in large clumsy characters:—"Sarah Leeson, her book. The gift of Hugh Polwheal."

Having secured the blades of grass between the pages of the book, she retraced her way towards the path, leading to the high road. Arrived on the moor, she took out of her apron-pocket the parchment labels that had been cut from the keys, and scattered them under the furze-bushes.

"Gone," she said, "as I am gone! God help and forgive me, it is all done, and over now!"

With those words, she turned her back on the old house and the sea-view below it, and

followed the moorland path on her way to the high road.

Four hours afterwards, Captain Treverton desired one of the servants at Porthgenna Tower to inform Sarah Leeson that he wished to hear all she had to tell him of the dying moments of her mistress. The messenger returned with looks and words of amazement, and with the letter that Sarah had addressed to her master in his hand.

The moment Captain Treverton had read the letter, he ordered an immediate search to be made after the missing woman. She was so easy to describe and to recognise by the premature greyness of her hair, by the odd, scared look in her eyes, and by her habit of constantly talking to herself, that she was traced with certainty as far as Truro. In that large town, the track of her was lost, and never recovered again. Rewards were offered; the magistrates of the district were interested in the case; all that wealth and power could do to discover her, was done—and done in vain. No clue was found to suggest a suspicion of her whereabouts, or to help in the slightest degree towards explaining the nature of the secret at which she had hinted in her letter. She was not seen again, not heard of again, at Porthgenna Tower, after the morning of the Twenty-Third of August, eighteen hundred and twenty-nine.

THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

AN interesting feature in the late war was the multiplicity of languages with which it brought the western armies into contact. They occupied the soil of a people whose half barbarous speech was made up of contributions from Greek, Roman, Scythian, Median, Celt, Gothic Venetian, and Mongol Tartar. They heard the tongues of Wallachian, Bulgarian, Slovak, and Circassian. There was spoken among them English, French, Italian, German, Berber, Turkish, Egyptian, Modern Greek, besides some little Abasian, Persian, Croatian, and so forth. They were opposed to Russian, Polish, Usbec Nogars, and all Cossack forms of speech. In the midst of such a Babel who was so much at a loss for the gift of tongues as the Englishman? who was so little, as the Russian? In our Turkish alliance we depend for the conduct of negotiations upon dragomen; for generations we have governed our Indian empire by help of interpreters. In the Crimea, though our officers could manfully do all the fighting that came in their way, as to the talking, they were infants. The commissary sent to buy provisions had to trust to agents, who might be faithful, or who might be double-dealing; and it is admitted that some of the difficulty experienced in the procuring of supplies was to be referred to

our tongue-tied condition. From the same cause arose frequent misinterpretation as to the amount of confidence to be reposed in strangers, and the loss of a great store of useful information, that might have been obtained had we known how to converse freely with prisoners. But while we were ourselves thus ignorant, we had plenty of occasion for remarking the proficiency in language shown amongst the Russians. Their officers were seldom unable to speak fluently both French and English, and they had been taught also to speak in other tongues, of which we scarcely knew the name.

In the time of our own need Sir Charles Trevelyan invoked the aid of Professor Max Müller, a philosophical linguist of high reputation, and elicited from him a response of considerable interest, which indeed came too late to be of much use in the war, which came to an end before any pupil could have had time to make much progress in Illyrian or Baskir. It has not, however, come too late to direct attention to a fault in the whole scheme of English education. We propose to train the mind, to think and strengthen it by a course of instruction from which very commonly nearly all thought on the pupil's part is banished, and neglect as less robust those subjects of education which provoke thought most strongly, and have also the most direct and obvious bearing upon after life. A wise teaching of the life that is in language surely begets more reflection even than that which is said to be the special study for those who would learn to reason—Euclid. Surely we hear too much about the education of the reasoning powers by a science that excludes all human interest from calculation, and every accident that could bring judgment and discretion into play. Must, will no doubt teach a good lesson, but if the question is of learning to deliberate, commend us rather to might, could, would, should. We are quite sure that living languages are better means of teaching boys or men to think than even mathematics. Let there be no lack of mathematical teaching, only let it not occupy a wrong place in the theory of education. It is the groundwork of exact science; by help of it the pupil rises to a nobler view of all the glories of creation, which we would have all, whom it is professed liberally to educate, taught to study; but of the reasoning that belongs to the affairs of human life, about which it is practically most important that we should be taught to reflect wisely, it supplies little or nothing. The mere study of words is in this respect more to be valued.

For example, let us take the common military terms, as we have been talking of the scene of war, and see how much thought is suggested by them: We have been fighting on behalf of pagans. The word *pagan* meant originally only peasant, and was taken to

mean heathens during times when the great cities of the Roman empire had adopted Christianity, and the poor uninstructed villagers clung to their ancient faith. Companions in arms are only co-pagans, the word companion having originally meant inhabitant of the same village.

Infantry in arms in the field derives its name from the infant in arms in the nursery. Infant means unable to speak, and this idea of childhood was communicated to a boy or servant to whom Don't answer me, sir, has been a very ancient form of admonition. This boy grew into the foot-soldier of the middle ages, who went out to battle as the servant of the knight on horseback. The pioneer who marched before to clear the way meant only a man on foot, and is but another form of the word footpad.

Caballus, a cart-horse rather than a charger, gives us not only cavalry and a horseman, but a chevalier; and we must needs take the terrible cannon from *canna*, a cane or hollow tube. *Musket* (French, *mousquet*; Italian, *moschetto*) was the name of a sparrow-hawk, which brought down game as fowling-pieces do now; and *tertilus*, another species of hawk, stood godfather to the German *terzerol*, a small pistol.

Attached to the names of the various grades of military service we find many suggestive histories of words. First, as to the general term soldier: that and *sou*, the small French coin, are derived from the same source—*solidus*, a Roman standard gold coin, which, having come to signify coin generally, *soldo* was used in Italian for pay. Hence, *soldare*, to pay; *soldato*, soldier, one who is paid.

Our corporal is not at all connected with corporeal punishment, but with the word cap; for it ought to be caporal or caporale, as in French and Italian, derived from *capo* (*caput*), the chief of the regiment, from which we have also captain, or chieftain, which is the same word. A colonel is only the commander of a column; and a lieutenant, the place-holder of a superior officer, in lieu of him as it were, or *il tenente* (Sardinian); whilst sergeant is probably a corruption of servant, the *v* being interchangeable with *g*, as in William, Guillaume.

But the highest is in origin the meanest term: the marshal is not only a servant, but the servant of a horse. The word is derived from the German, where, in the old dialect, *marah-scale* meant a farrier, from *marah*, a mare, and *scale*, a servant. Our *brevet* and *brief* are alike from the Latin *breve*, an abstract or short note; the former through a Norman, and the latter through a German channel. Guardian is warden, and the guards are wards; the Gothic *fodr* gives fodder, forage—*fodero*, Italian, and *feurre* and *fourrage*, French. Every one of these words, says Müller, has a long tale to tell. How they have wandered from country to country,

changed in form and meaning; become exalted or depressed as their birth was forgotten—the lowest becoming noble and the noblest low, according to the times and circumstances in which they flourished.

Such changes being incidental to all languages within short spaces of time, and among people at no great distance from each other, it is not wonderful that the dialects spoken along the Danube, the Black Sea, the Caspian, and the Russian and Turkish empires at large, all congregated on the seat of war, should have been polyglot: they reached the number of about fifty. The Caucasus alone is styled by the Persians the mountain of languages; and the diversity in every valley has been the principal obstacle to a united resistance on the part of the tribes who inhabit them, against Russia. On the other hand, the policy of Russia to introduce her alphabet—the Cyrillic, invented by a Greek monk near the close of the ninth century, and curtailed of nine letters by Peter the Great—into all the countries she proposes to absorb, is one of the greatest barriers between that empire and the intellectual world of Europe. And it is well carefully to note the difference between Russia and England in regard to the cultivation of language for state purposes. There is not a country possessing a grammar, in any diplomatic relation with Petersburg, which has not the acquisition of its native tongue provided for in or near the Russian capital. At the imperial gymnasium, Novo-Tocherskask, in the country of the Don Cossacks, military interpreters and translators for the Caucasian invasions are taught Arabic, Tartaric, Avarian, and Tscherkessian; at Stropopol, Tartaric and Tscherkessian form part of the educational system; and throughout the land young and able students are diligently trained to carry on free intercourse with foreign nations.

English statesmen might do idler things than take this shrewd example into their consideration, and establish competent schools for instruction in the languages that bear upon our immense Asiatic and Indian interests. From the Sanscrit through the Affghan, Bokharan, Kurdish, Armenian, Albanian, to the Persian, Turkish, and Chinese, it ought to be our first care to see that native Englishmen could be found to conduct the important affairs of the British empire in these languages; and even their Bengali, Mahratti, Guzerati, Assamese, Kashmerian, Khasiyan, and other varieties.

It is imperative to encourage the study of the oriental languages in England, that we may have scholars capable of conversing with natives, and thus procuring supplies, gathering information, translating documents, writing circulars or proclamations, carrying on parleys, assisting at conferences, and wording treaties. That we should usually need the intervention of strangers in such business is

no sign of our wisdom. In all other countries which have any political, commercial, or religious connections with the East, provision has been made to effect this; and ever since the days of the Empress Catherine, Russia has won many a success through the qualifications of her diplomatic linguists. At St. Petersburg, there is a chair for every branch of oriental literature; and at Kasan, and elsewhere, the chief languages of the east are regularly taught. The French Academy has always counted among its members the leading representatives of every department of eastern philology, besides the government school for the living tongues, which are taught by the most eminent professors. At Vienna, the oriental seminary of the imperial press disseminates the choicest oriental works; while even Denmark and Prussia raise oriental scholars, and employ them on missions, and as consuls and interpreters.

In England, despite all the mighty interests at stake, there is the least done towards producing that condition of learning which one might think so essential to the well-being of our dependencies in all parts of the world. No new foundations are required to remedy this negligence. All that is necessary, as Professor Müller states, is to remove the disabilities under which oriental scholars in this country hitherto have laboured, particularly at the two universities, Oxford and Cambridge. Suffer them to attain honours, like the other students, and let exhibitions, fellowships, and preferment be open to the youth who has specially devoted himself to Hebrew, Sanscrit, Arabic, or other cognate tongue. A school of languages (excluding Greek and Latin) would afford a sufficient stimulus to this branch of studies. The number of oriental professorships ought to be increased. King's College, London, University College, the Durham and the Scottish colleges, might and would help, if they saw any use in helping.

As it is, England is, in oriental philology, almost a pauper. One fact speaks for itself. In London, the head-quarters of our literature, so wretched is the supply of oriental types, that all its printers could not print Professor Müller's Essay; and the learned writer was obliged to have the work done for him at Leipsic.

ODD FISH.

WE so often apply this term to men, when we don't mean to be complimentary, that I must preface the observations I am going to make by saying, it is not my present intention to libel any of my particular friends or acquaintance, however strong the temptation to do so. My design, on the contrary, is to be as ichthyological as I possibly can, and I hope nobody I know will see any resemblance to himself in the odd fish I hope to catch.

It is difficult, to be sure, not to think of human nature when we hear of quarrels and heart-burnings, violent passions, fierce loves and mortal hatreds, beneath the water as well as above it; but fish, it appears, have their weak points as well as ourselves. If not so humanly-erring, why should Pliny have written these words: "The mullet," he says, "and the sea-pike hate one another and be ever at deadlie warre; likewise the congre and the lamprey, insomuch as they gnaw off one another's taile. The lobster is so afraid of the polype, or pourcuttell, that if he spie him neere, he evermore dieth for very woe. The lobsters are readie to scratche, and teare the congre; the congres, againe, doe as much for the polype. Nigodius relateth that the sea-pike biteth off the mullet's taile; and yet the same fishes in certaine set months are good friends, and agree well enough." Had Pliny been a satirist he could scarcely have given a better picture of the society in which he was in the habit of mixing. Or, to descend to baser attributes, where do you find craft and cunning more astutely developed than in the artful dodgers, concerning whom what follows is set forth: "The nacre, also called pinnæ, is of the kind of shell-fishes. It is always found and caught in muddie places, but never without a companion, which they call pinnotes or pinnophylax. And it is no other than a little shrimpe, or in some places the smallest crabbe, which beareth the nacre companie, and waiteth upon him to get some victuals. The nature of the nacre is to gape wide and shewe unto the little fishes her scalie bodie, without any eie at all. They come leaping by and by close unto her; and, seeing they have good leave, grow so hardie and bold as to skip into her shell and fill it full. The shrimp lying in spiall, seeing this good time and opportunitie, giveth token thereof to the nacre secretly with a little pinch. She hath no sooner this signall" (rather stupid in her to be obliged to wait for the shrimp's reminder) "but she shuts her mouth" (like a late illustrious prince), "and whatsoever was within, crusheth and killeth it presently; and then she divides the bootie with the little crabbe or shrimpe, his sentinell and companion. I marvel, therefore, the more at those who are of opinion that fishes and beasts in the water have no sense. Why, the very crampe-fish, torped, knoweth her own force and power; and being herself not benumbed, is able to astonish others. She lieth hidden over head and ears within the mud unseene, readie to catch those fishes, which, as they swim over her, be taken with a nummednesse, as if they were dead." In the midst of this philosophy, Pliny can't help betraying the gourmand: "There is no meat in delicate tenderesse preferred before the liver of this fish." He goes on, however, with his illustrations: "Also the fish called the sea-frog—and of

others the sea-fishes—is as craftie every whit as the other. It puddereth in the mud and troubleth the water, that it might not be seene; and when the little scaly fishes come a skipping about her, then she puts out her little horns or barbils which she hath bearing forth under her eies, and, by little and little, tilleth and tolleth them so neere, that she can easily seaze upon them. In like manner the skate and the turbot lie secret under the mud, putting out their finnes, which stir and crawl as if it were some little wormes, and all to draw them" (who?) "neere, that she might entrap them. Even so doth the ray-fish or thornebacke. As for the puffen, or fork-fish, hee lieth in await like a theefe in a corner, readie to strike the fishes that passe by with a sharp rod or perche that he hath, which is his weapon."

But there are some fish that have agreeable characteristics. The most amiable, perhaps, are the dolphins. Pliny tells a great many stories of their friendliness and tractability. Here is one of the most notable:

"Their voice resembleth the pitifull groning of a man; they are saddle-backed" (ready for the first sea-horseman?), "and their snout is camoise" (short) "and flat, turning up. And this is the cause that all of them—after a wonderfull sort—know the name Simo, and take great pleasure that men should so call them." After describing their love of music and ready attachment to man, he continues: "In the daies of Augustus Cæsar, the emperour, there was a dolphin entred the gulfe or poole Lucrinus, which loved wonderous well a certain boy, a poore man's sonne, who, using to go every day to schoole from Baianum to Puteoli, was wont also about noonetide to stay at the water-side, and to call unto the dolphin 'Simo, Simo;' and many times would give him fragments of bread, which of purpose hee ever brought with him, and by this means allured the dolphin to come ordinarily unto him at his call. Well, in process of time, at what hour soever of the day, this boy lured for him, and called Simo, were the dolphin never so close hidden in any secret and blind corner, out he would, and come abroad—yea, and skud amaine to this lad; and, taking bread and other victuals at his hand, would gently offer him his back to mount upon, and then downe went the sharpe-pointed prickles of his finnes, which he would put up, as it were, within a sheathe, for fear of hurting the boy. Thus, when he had him once on his back, he would carrie him over the broad arme of the sea as farre as Puteoli to schoole, and in like manner convey him back againe home; and there he continued for many years together, so long as the child lived. But when the boy was faine sicke and dead, yet the dolphin gave not over his haunt, but usually came to the wonted place, and, missing

the lad, seemed to be heave and mourne again, until of verie grieve and sorrow—as it is doubtless to be presumed—he also was found dead upon the shore.” Pliny tells a good many stories of a similar kind, illustrative of the attachment of the dolphin to the human race. Of another member of the same family, the porpoise, he does not speak so highly: “The porpuises, which the Latines call *turtiones*, are made like the dolphins, howbeit they differ in that they have a more sad and heave countenance, for they are nothing so gamesome, playfull, and wanton, as be the dolphins; but especially they are snouted like dogges when they snarle, grin, and are ready to doe a shrewd turne.”

A fish out of water is the commonest symbol of awkwardness and inaptitude. There are none of this class who appear to less advantage, I should imagine, than the fish of the Euphrates, near Babylon, some of which, Theophrastus says, “use to issue forth on land for food and reliefe, going upon their finnes in lieu of feet, and wagging their tailes ever as they goe.” This fish is probably the *Enocætus*, of whom the Arcadians made “wonderous great account,” that name being given “for that he goeth abroad and taketh up his lodging on drie land for to sleepe.” He has other rare properties, for Pliny tells us, “he hath a kind of voice, and yet is without gills. Nevertheless, of some he is called *Adonis*.”

A fish that resembles a sheep is odd enough, but see what he and fellows like him, do: “In those parts” (say, the Red Sea), “be found in the sea certaine strange beasts, like sheepe, which goe forth to land, feed upon the roots of plants and hearbes, and then returne againe into the sea. Others also, which are headed like horses, asses, and buls; and those, many times, eate downe the standing corne upon the ground.”

A more specific account of the *Enocætus* is given by Purchas in his *Pilgrimage*, where, treating of the stange creatures in the Nile, he identifies it with the *Hippopotamus*, “The which,” he says, “goe into the corne grounds of the Egyptians, and in their feeding go backward towards the river, so to beguile men who, looking forwards for them, they meanwhile convey themselves into the water.” He adds a notable story: “In this river of Nilus, in the time of Mauritius, Mena being governour of Egypt, these with many other saw neere the place where Cairo now standeth, a Giantly monster, from the bottom of his belly upwards above the water like altogether to a man with flaxen hayre, frowning countenance, and strong limbes. Some imagined him to be Nilus, the supposed river deitie. After hee had continued in the common view of all men three houres, then came forth of the water another, like a Woman, with a smooth face, her haire partly

hanging and partly gathered into a knot, and blacke of colour; her face very faire, rosie lippes, fingers and brests well proportioned, but her lower parts hidden in the water: thus from morning till sun-set they feded their greedy eyes with this spectacle, which then sanke down again into the waters.” Of course, when the subject of Mermaids is broached, there is plenty to be said by the collectors of marine curiosities. “Hondius,” says Purchas, “speaks of a mermaide taken in the Netherlands and taught to spin,” but he cautiously adds, “I swear not to the truth of it.” Still he has no doubt of their existence. “But many histories speake of some like men in their whole shape, both in ours and other coasts, and some like Lions; and for Mermaids, in the voyage of Henry Hudson in Northerly Discoveries, sixteen hundred and eight, Thomas Ifils and Robert Rainer saw one rise by the ship-side on the fifteteenth of June; from the navill upwards her backe and brests like a woman, as likewise her bigness of body: her afterparts like a Porpise, and speckled like a Mackerill: when they called their company to see it, shee sanke downe.”

The mermen, or men of the sea, are called by the Indians of Guiana, *Ypupriapa*. “The men of the country,” says one who sailed with Sir Walter Raleigh, “are so afraid of them, that many die only with the thought of them, and none that seeth them scapeth. Some that died already being demanded the cause, said, that they had seene this monster. They properly are like men, of a good stature, but their eies are very hollow. The females are like women, they have long haire, and are beautiful. These monsters” (not very complimentary to such beautiful creatures), “are found in the bars of the fresh rivers. In Igoaripe, seven or eight leagues from the bay, have many bin found, and in the yeere eighty-two, an Indian going to fish, was chased by one, and, fleeing in a canoa, told it to his master. The master for to animate the Indian, would neede go and see the monster, and being careless, with one hand out of the canoa, it catcht hold of him, and carried him away, and he was never seene againe. In Port Seure” (rather badly named), “are some seene, which have killed some Indians already; the manner of their killing is to embrace themselves with the person so strongly, kissing and grasping it hard to itselfe, that they crush it to pieces, remaining whole, and when they perceive it dead, they give some sighings, in shew of sorrow, and letting them goe they runne away, and if they carrie any they eate onely the eies, the nose, the points of the fingers, and toes, and so ordinarily they are found on the sands with these things missing.”

In the history of Oriental Ethiopia, by Father João das Sanctos, we hear of an odd fish, called “the taile-eating *macone*,” which

is thus described:—"There is another fish bred in lakes, called macone, somewhat like a lamprey with holes in the neck and in shape, spotted like a water-snake. In summer when the lakes are drie, he lies a spanne deep in the earth with his taile in his mouth, which he sucketh for his sustenance till the raynes come, about three montha. In this manner he eates most of his taile, which grows againe as before, at the return of the waters." The same reverend traveller favours us with his experiences in the matter of African mermaids. He says: "Five leagues from Sofula are the Isles Bogicas towards the south, in which sea are many women fishes, which the people take with great hookes and lines, with chaines of iron made for the purpose; and of the flesh thereof they hang, and smoke it as it were bacon. The flesh is good and fat, of which we have oft eaten, sodden with cab-bages" (*sirène aux choux*!) "and dressed with its own sawce. From the belly to the neck it is very like a woman; the female nourisheth her young with her breasts which are like a woman's. From the belly downwards it hath a thick and long taile with finnes like a dolphin; the skinne white on the belly, on the backe rougher than a dolphin's. It hath arms ending from the elbows in finnes, and hath no hands. The face is plaine, round, deformed, bigger than a man's without human semblance, wide-mouthed, thick hanging lips as a hound, foure teeth hanging out almost a span, like the tusks of a Boare; their nostrils are like a calfe." Here again the seal has done duty for the siren.

Linschoten, a Dutchman, tells of a strange Indian fish, caught in the river of Goa, "the picture whereof, by commandement of the archbishop of that citie was painted, and for a wonder sent to the King of Spaine." He says: "It was in bignes as great as a middle-sized dog, with a snout like a hog, small eyes, no eares, but two holes where his eares should bee; it had foure feete like an elephant, the taile beginning somewhat upon the backe, broad and then flat, and at the very end round and somewhat sharpe. It ranne along the hall upon the floore, and in every place of the house snorting like a hog. The whole bodie, head, taile, and legs, being covered with scales of a thumbe breadth, harder than iron or steele. We hewed and laid upon them with weapons, as if men should beate upon an anvil, and when we strooke upon him, he rould himself in a heape, head and feet together, so that he lay like a round ball, we not being able to judge where he closed himself together, neyther could we with any instrument or strength of hands open him againe; but letting him alone and not touching him, he opened himself and ranne away, as I said before."

The clerical Viceroy of Goa had a great desire to perpetuate the resemblance of all the odd fish that came within his cognisance.

Here is another instance. "A ship sayling from Mosambique into India, having faire weather, a good sure winde, as much as the sayles might beare before the winde for the space of fourteen dayes together, directing their course towards the Equinoctiall line, every day as they took the height of the sunne, instead of diminishing or lessening their degrees, according to the winde and course they had and helde, they found themselves still contrarie, and every day further backwards than they were. At the last the chief boteson, whom they call the master's-mate, looking by chance over-board towards the beake-head of the ship, he espied a great broad taile of a fish that had winded itself as it were about the beake-head, the body thereof being under the keele, and the head under the rudder, swimming in that manner, and drawing the shippe with her against the winde and their right course: whereby presently they know the cause of their so going backwards; so that having at the last stricken long with staves and other weapons upon the fishes taile, in the end they stroke it off, and thereby the fish left the ship, after it had layen fourtene dayes under the same, drawing the ship with it against winde and weather: for which cause the Viceroy in Goa caused it to be painted in his palace for a perpetuall memory, wher I (Linschoten) have often reade it, with the day and time, and the name both of the ship and captain." This verification is about as valuable as the attestation of the five justices whose signature, Autolyus swore, was attached to the pitiful ballad "which was sung by a fish that appeared upon the coast" (appropriately of Bohemia), "on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, against the hard heart of maids." Singing fish are not spoken of, however, by naturalists in general, though one Mark Escarbot, sailing between Port Royal and Saint Croix, affirms that he and his companions, "did often heare seale's voyces, which were verie like the voyce of Owles,"—that is to say, excessively melodious and delightful to hear.

But, besides the Echeneis, or Stay-ship, strong fish are frequently met with. "Statius Sebosus," so Pliny writes, "reporteth that in the river Ganges be certaine wormes or serpents, with two finnes of a side, sixty cubits long, of colour blew, and of that hew they take their name—and be called Cynocides. He saith, moreover, that they be so strong, that when the elephants come into the river for drinke, they catch fast hold by the trunckes or muzzles, and maugre their hearts force them down under the water: of such power and force they are."

Captain Cuttle may probably have made a note of the family to which the fish here described belongs: "In the Ocean of Gudes, between Portugall and Andalusia, there is a

monstrous fish to be seen, like a mightie great tree, spreading abroad with so mightie armes, that in regard thereof only, it is thought verily it never entered into the straights or narrow sea thereby of Gibraltar." (The Gut of Gibraltar ranges only from five to eight leagues in width! A Cuttle that stops the way in that channel must be of tolerable size.) "There show themselves, otherwise, fishes made like two great wheelles, and there-upon so they bee called; framed distinctly with four armes, representing as many spokes and with their eies they seeme to cover close the naves from one side to the other, wherein the said spokes are fastened." These interesting creatures "die always of consumption, or phthisike; the female sooner than the males, and ordinarily after they have brought forth their young frie." You could not overdo the size of your fish to please certain naturalists. In that chapter of Pliny's History of Nature which treats of the monstrous fishes of the Indian Sea, the whale is magnified as follows. "In the Red Sea there lieth a great demie island, named Cadara, so far out into the sea that it maketh a huge gulfe under the winde, which King Ptolomæus was twelve daies and nights a rowing through, for as much as there is no wind at all useth to blow there. In this creeke, so close and quiet, there be fish and whales grow to that bignesse, that for their very weight and unwelldnesse of their bodie they are not able to stirre. The admirals and other captains of Alexander the Great made report, that the Gedrosi, a people dwelling upon the river Arbio, used to make of such fishes chawes the doors of their houses; also that they lay their bones overthwart from one side of the house to another, instead of beames, joists, and rafters, to beare up their floores and rouses; and that some of them were found to be forty cubits long."

In Antonio Faria's Strange Voyage to Calemplay (in China) is a record of odd fish in the Celestial waters. "We sayled thence (from the bay of Nanquin) thirteen dayes along the coast, and came to the bay of Buri-palem, in forty-nine degrees, where we found it somewhat cold, and saw fishes of strange shapes; some like thornbacks, above four braces or fathoms compasse, flat-nosed like an ox; some like great lizards, speckled blacke and greene, with three rowes of prickles on the backe, like bristles, three spannes long, very sharpe, the rest of the body full, but of shorter; these fishes will contract themselves like hedgehogs, and looke fearfully; they have a blacke snout with tuskes, after the manner of a bore, two spannes long. Other deformities and diversities of fishes we saw."

Robert Harcourt's Relation of a Voyage to Guiana, addressed to Prince Charles (afterwards Charles the First), tells of divers odd fish. Here is one: "There is a rare fish called Capoorwa, which hath in each eie two

sights, and as it swimmeth it beareth the lower sights in the water, and the other above; the ribs and back of this fish resemble these parts of a man, having the ribs round, and the back flat, with a dent therein, as a man hath; it is somewhat bigger than a smelt, but farre exceeding it for daintie meate." The Manatee, found chiefly on the coasts of central America, is never suffered to pass without more or less of admiring comment. Take this description from the same writer: "The ox-fish in these parts is a Royall fish, esteemed above all other fishes, very healthful in eating, and of good taste, either salted or fresh. And it rather seemeth beefe than fish, and some doubts there were, because it was eaten on fish dayes; the flesh is all grained like beefe, and so it is cut in slices, and they dress it at the smoake like bacon or hanged beefe. In the taste, if it bee eaten or sodden with cabidge, or other herbes, it tasteth like beefe, and drest in sowce it tasteth like mutton; and roasted, both in smell, taste, and fatnesse, it is like porke, and hath fat also." A very accurate description of the personal appearance of the Manatee follows, but I leave this to cite what is told of fish more out of the common. The fish Piraembi, called a wilde fish, is described as "a fish that snorteth," being discovered by the noise it makes. Of the sword-fish we are told: "The Indians use their snows when they are young for to beate their children and to feare them when they are disobedient unto them."

"The toad-fish—in the Indian language Amayacu—is a small fish a spanne long, painted, it hath faire eies; taking it out of the water it snorteth verie much, and cutteth the hookes, and out of the water it swelleth much. All the poison lies in the skinne, and flaying, they eat it; but eating it with the skinne, it killeth. It chanced a young man to eate one with the skinne, who died almost suddenly; the Father said, I will eate the Fish that killed my son" (rather a wise father), "and eating of it died also presently. It is a good poison for Rats, for those that eate of it do die presently. There is another toad-fish of the same fashion that the other, but it hath many cruel prickles, as a hedgehogge; it snorteth and swelleth out of the water; the skinne also killeth, especially the prickles" (fancy eating the prickles for pleasure), "because they are verie venomous; fleaing it, it is eaten. There is another toad-fish, called in their tongue, Itaoça; it is threesquare, and the bodie such, that all of it is like a Dagger; it is faire, it has the eies bluish, it is eaten fleade; the poison consisteth in the skinne, livers, guts, and bones, whatsoever creature doth eat it dieth. Puraque is like the Scate, it hath such virtue" (vice, rather), "that if any touch it, he remaineth shaking as one that taketh the Palsie, and touching it with a sticke or other thing it benummeth frequently

him that toucheth it, and while he holdeth the sticke over him, the arme that holdeth the sticke is benumbed and asleepe: it is taken with flue-nets and with casting-nets; it maketh all the bodie tremble, and benummeth it with the paine, but being dead it is eaten and it hath no poison. The Caranuru are like the sea-snakes of Portugall, often a fifteen spannes long, very fat, and roasted, taste like Pigge; these have strange teeth, and many men are maymed by their bytings, and the hand or foot where they were bitten doe rot away. It hath over all the bodie manie prickles. Amoreaty is like the toad-fish, it is full of prickles, and thrusts himself under the sand above the shoare, and prickles the foot or hand underneath that toucheth it, and it hath no other remedie but only by fire. Amayacurub is round and of the bignesse of the Bugellos of Spaine, and are verie venomous; it hath the bodie full of wartes, and therefore it is called Curub, that is to say, a wart, in their language. Terepomonga, is a snake that liveth in the sea; her manner of living is to lie very still, and whatsoever living thing that toucheth it" (Harcourt is describing the cuttle-fish, with its tenacious grasp), "remaineth so fast sticking to it that in no wise it can stirre, and so he feedeth and sustains himselfe. Sometimes it cometh out of the sea, and becommeth very small, and as soon as it is touched it sticketh fast, and if they goe with the other hand to lose themselves, they remaine also fast by it, and then it becometh as big as a great cable, and so carrieth the person to the sea, and eateth him, and because it cleaveth so fast it is called Terepomong, that is to say, a thing that cleaveth fast." John Lerijs, a Frenchman, who adventured into Brazil about the middle of the sixteenth century, speaks of a fish that had also some capabilities for holding on, but was unfortunately prevented from profiting by them. "On a certaine day," he says, "I was carried in a Boate with certaine others, in a verie calm sea, and a certaine huge fish tooke hold with the hand on the brim of the Boate, and in my judgement, it would either have overturned it, or gotten up into it. I, seeing that, cut off the hand with a sickle which I had in readinesse, so that it fell into the Boate, and it had five fingers verie like unto oures; besides, for paine which that fish felt, putting the head above water, which was like unto the head of a man, it squeaked a little, and made a certain noise."

The learned Jesuit, Joseph Acosta, had certain experiences of sharks, or tiburons, which do no discredit to the name of those hungry sea-lawyers. "I did wonder," he says, "at the incredible ravening of the tiburons or sharks, whenas I did see drawne from one, out of his gullet, a butcher's great

knife, a great iron hooke, and a piece of a cowe's head with one whole horne, neither doe I know if both were there, or no. I did see in a creeke made with that sea, a quarter of a horse for pleasure" (an odd kind of pleasure) "hanging upon a stake, whither presently came a company of these tiburons, at the smell thereof; and for the more pleasure, this company of fishe flock about it, leaping up, and with a strange nimblenesse cut off both flesh and bone off the horse legge, as if it had been the stalke of a lettuce; their teeth being as sharpe as a rasour."

The following group offers some pleasing varieties. "There is a fish," says Pliny, "commeth ordinarily above the water, called Lucerne, for the resemblance which it hath to a light or lantern. For it lilleth forth the tongue out of the mouth, which seemeth to flame and burne like fire, and in calme and still nights giveth light and shineth" (like dead mackerel). "There is another fish that putteth forth hornes above the water in the sea, almost a foot and a half long, which thereupon took the name Cornuta. Again, the Sea-Dragon, if he be caught (!) and let goe upon the land, worketh himselfe an hollow trough with his snout incontinently, with wonderfull celeritie."

A mad dog and a mad bull are dangerous things to encounter; but, what is to be said of the peril to which an angler is exposed who falls in with a mad lamprey! And yet there are such creatures! Hear Pliny: "It is said that if they (lampreys) taste vinegar of all things, they become enraged and mad." The occurrence must, however, be rare, for vinegar is seldom absorbed by a fish till after it is boiled. For my own part, I never met with mad pickled salmon, though some people who eat it, and drink brandy and water afterwards, do very mad things in the Haymarket, Fleet Street, and other parts of London. This remark, however, reminds me of what I promised when I began this paper: to limit my account to odd fish—strictly to the scaly inhabitants of the deep; and lest I should be tempted beyond the power of resistance, I refrain from further description, leaving all that Bishop Pontoppidan tells of the Kraken and the sea-serpent untold.

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SOMETHING THAT SHAKESPEARE LOST.

BEING treasurer and secretary to a country book-club, I have imposed it as a duty upon myself to read the criticisms on new books in a variety of journals, and to collect from all some notion of the merits of the publications of the day, by which I may be enabled to suggest convenient purchases. My way is to give equal weight to every opinion, and then think for myself with the majority. The other evening—when I had been reading up the views taken in a great number of critical notices of the same eight or ten last published works—I fell upon a consideration of the times in which we live, and of the great disadvantage under which among our forefathers, both writers and readers lay, when the appeal made by every book was straight home from the writer to the reader, and there were no journals to advise a reader what to think about the works he read, or to instruct a writer, as he went along, by pointing out to him his merits and his faults. Only let us think, for example, of what Shakespeare lost, in this way. Ben Jonson might review him favourably in the Oracle of Apollo; but, such reviewing was mere after-supper talk. Had the Oracle of Apollo been a literary journal, or a newspaper, opinions expressed in it might indeed have been of inestimable service.

Let us shut our ears for a few minutes to rare Ben's notions of sweet Will, and suppose that, instead of being subject to mere play-house and pot-house comments, Shakespeare's Hamlet,—which, for argument's sake, we will suppose to be a first work,—has been distributed, with leaves uncut, among the critics.

The poet's housekeeper collects for him, while he is out of town, the reviews that appear during his absence; and at the end of a few weeks, when he has come home, he takes them in his lap one evening after dinner, and, nestling snugly in his easy chair, is instructed:

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. A Tragedy.
By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Heart, Soul,
and Co.

It was the deliberate and characteristic opinion of the economist Malthus, that those early incursions into Britain of the "warlike Dane," whose piratical flag Charlemagne

had wept to behold upon the translucent waters of the Mediterranean, were to be ascribed to continued over-population; the rigidly enforced law of primogeniture offers, however, a more feasible solution of the interesting and important problem. The country situated between the channel of the Skager-rack, the Elba, the North Sea, and the Kattegat, though the breadth of the isthmus of Sleswig does not at one part materially exceed thirty miles, has always been peculiarly interesting to the inhabitants of Britain. Even more interesting to us is the land of wonders subject to the Dane upon which the pirate Naddod was cast a thousand years ago, which the adventurous Gardar Swarfarsen circumnavigated, and whither, as our readers are, of course, perfectly aware, Floki went with the intention of settling. We cannot help thinking that the author of this tragedy when he chose Denmark as a scene of action interesting to the reader in this country, might have succeeded better in his purpose, had he looked to Iceland for a background to his plot. Upon this point, however, we must allow him to be, perhaps, upon his own behalf the better judge, and since the Tragedy is to be called that of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, we will make no further comment on this head.

The plot of Mr. Shakespeare's tragedy, though, on the whole, well constructed, is exceedingly involved, and it is made more difficult to follow by the circumstance that two of the principal characters are mad, a third is foolish, and a fourth is a ghost. This is a most talkative ghost; the ghost, indeed, of Hamlet's father, who is addressed by his son as a "truepenny," an "old mole," and "a perturbed spirit." The great complication of the plot seems, however, to arise out of the introduction of a King of Denmark, who is a fratricide; and, as Hamlet himself is made by the author most truly to say, "a king of shreds and patches." He is called also elsewhere, a "paddock," a "bat," and a "gib"! By the omission of this character of King Claudius the plot would be greatly simplified and the interest of the play would be more strictly centered upon Hamlet. If this play should ever be reprinted (and it certainly has merits which warrants a belief that it may deserve the honours of a second edition),

we trust that Mr. Shakespeare will consider it worth while to effect this slight alteration. He would thus obtain space for exhibiting his hero from an interesting point of view, which he has in the most unaccountable manner wholly overlooked.

His Hamlet is a German student. When the play opens he had come home for the long vacation from the University of Wittenberg, and is on the point of returning thither; but the king, having observed in the somewhat affected language which our poet usually adopts when he is not vulgar, that

For your intent

In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire,

he stays in Denmark, and we lose the fine, æsthetical development which, by a shifting of the action between Wittenberg and Elsinore, would bring us into contact with the German Universities of the year 500 A.D. It is that year which we find, from internal evidence, is the period illustrated.

We have taken some exception against Mr. Shakespeare's diction, and it is a point to which we must direct his close attention. He is a writer, who, if not as a dramatist, yet in some other walk of art, may hope to achieve something, for he is not destitute of imagination; but we predict for him certain failure if his language be not better chosen than we find it in the tragedy of Hamlet. There remains much to be learnt by an author in whose play a king, having buried a slain courtier in haste, and reflecting that he had been unwise in not having given him distinguished public obsequies, expresses this reflection in such words as these solemnly uttered:—

We have done but greenly,

In huggor-muggor to inter him.

But it is now just that these friendly strictures should be balanced by some passages in which the poet shall commend himself to the attention of our readers. This, except two words which we italicise as illustrating that defect in Mr. Shakespeare's style, is extremely fine. Hamlet is speaking:

Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,—
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,—
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

This, too—though somewhat obscure, and injured in effect by the accustomed fault of diction—is a noble thought:—

A dull and muddy-pated rascal, peak,
Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made.

We lay this work down—immature as it is—not without expression of the pleasure we

have had in its perusal. If we have appeared to dwell upon its faults, we have done so because we believe Mr. Shakespeare competent to understand them, and still, with a promising career before him, young enough to succeed in their correction. The tragedy is one that will repay perusal.

The next paper is taken up, and the great Swan of Avon finds himself afloat upon a very sunny stream.

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. A Tragedy.

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Heart, Soul, and Co.

The public will feel under obligation to the Messrs. Heart and Soul for the liberal form in which they have presented this delightful work. Hamlet is one of the most elegant and charming dramas published of late years, and establishes at once the credit of its young author. The plot is simply told. Claudius, King of Denmark, wears the crown of a brother whom he has poisoned, and has married also his brother's wife within a month or two of the murder. Hamlet, Prince of Denmark—son of the poisoned king, returned from the excellent school at which he had been placed by a wise father, at Wittenberg, to follow that beloved parent to the grave—is scandalised at his mother's promptly succeeding marriage with his uncle, and his dissatisfaction is heightened by a communication made to him by his father's ghost—strikingly depicted, and always vanishing at cock-crow—who informs him of the crime by which his dissolution was effected. Unaccustomed to spirits, Hamlet becomes light-headed, and is still further troubled by the refusal of Ophelia—whose character is nobly painted—to see him again; her father Polonius—an able sketch—as well as her brother Laertes—a beautiful depiction—having told her that attentions from a young prince could only be improper. In this state of affairs, Prince Hamlet, who leads his friend Horatio—a noble development—to believe that he is assuming the cloak of madness for a purpose, walks about the palace, talking in a most interesting and amusing way, and thus furnishing that comic element which is so essential to the popularity of a great and imposing play. Nothing will please Hamlet, but that he must have a play acted in the palace, representing before the eyes of Claudius and his mother—a forcible delineation (under the guise of an ingenious fable actually at the time in print, and relating to quite other persons) of the harm they have done to his dead father and his memory. Much agitation is the result, and in a magnificent scene Hamlet afterwards scolds his mother in her bedroom, and kills the father of his Ophelia, whom he mistakes for a rat. Ophelia goes mad upon this, and Hamlet is despatched in a ship to England, given in charge to two young men, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern—whose characters are magni-

ficiently portrayed—with sealed orders for his decapitation by the British. Hamlet opening the seal privily, sees the orders and changes them to an order for the execution of the bearers, who, as the reader will perceive, are no others than Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, thus shifting; we will not say a burden, but the relief of a burden, from his own shoulders to theirs. Hamlet escapes, among pirates, who attack the vessel, and returns to court, where he arrives in time to find that Ophelia has been drowned by accidental tumbling into a pond from an overhanging willow tree, which she had swarmed for the purpose of suspending garlands on the top of it. Happening to enter the churchyard at the time of Ophelia's burial, Hamlet has an interesting scuffle with Laertes in her grave, which is portrayed by the poet in his most pathetic manner. King Claudius then bets that Hamlet cannot fight Laertes with foils, and having prevailed upon Laertes to fight with a poisoned foil, and having prepared also for Hamlet a cup of poison as refreshment during the heat of the exercise, a complication ensues which results in the poisoning of all the leading parties to the drama. Nothing can exceed the lightness of the touch with which this interesting tale is told; and, thrilling as the pathos is, sublime as its terror is, imposing as its grandeur is, beautiful as are its love passages, uproarious as is the mirth it now and then awakens, we believe that, great, in fine, as the whole tragedy is, it is but the beginning of its author's greatness.

Now, only think how Shakespeare would have been rejoiced by liberal appreciation of that sort!

Better and better. The next paper laid by for Shakespeare by his housekeeper, blazons him as "the new poet," and claims to have discovered him as such. Its notice is long, and full of extracts. I suggest only a few portions of the criticism.

"Observe again," it says, "the amazing subtlety of the first address of Horatio to Hamlet, when they for the first time meet after the night of the ghostly revelations. 'Hail to your lordship!' says Horatio. Heretofore you have been a prince fostered by sunny weather; now your sky is clouded, and there shall fall upon you, not soft rain, but the pitiless and pelting hail;—this shall come not to you, but to your lordship, for it is as a prince with vengeance to be done upon a king that you shall feel the biting chill of your position. 'Hail to your lordship!' The storm must come. Horatio wishes it. The ghost wishes it. The Inevitable wishes it. In this line we have the key-note of the entire drama. Hamlet's Ich accepts his mission, but his Nicht Ich shudders at it. The play is a tragical development upon a philosophical basis of the struggle always going on between the Ich and the Nicht Ich in the Human Soul.

"Again, what is there in the whole range of literature finer than the reply of Hamlet to Ophelia's question as to the dumb show pre-luding the mock play: 'What means this, my lord?' 'Marry,' he answers, 'Marry, it is miching mallecho.' He had before said to her 'Go to a nunnery, go;' but that was in an antecedent state of the development of his Life Drama: now he says marry, and the word because is next understood—for here there is an aposiopesis—'Marry (because) this is miching mallecho.' Here we are so much lost in admiration of the sentiment, that the perfection of the chain of reasoning in the first instance escapes ordinary observation; nevertheless, it is well worthy of careful study."

But since by these songs of triumph the poet might be led to forget that he is fallible and human, it is well that there is here and there a critic ready to keep undue exaltation of the mind in check. I think it likely that in the next notice our bard would take up he might find himself summarily dismissed in this fashion:

Hamlet. A Tragedy. By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The author of this ill-written play is one of the many instances of young men with good average parts who have totally mistaken their vocation. Hamlet is a melodrama of the worst school. Let it suffice to say that of the dozen characters it contains, exclusive of the supernumeraries, eight are killed by sword, drowning, or poison, during the course of the piece; and one appears as a ghost because he was killed before the play began; killed too, as it must needs be, so horribly that, as his ghost does not forget to describe,

A most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.

There remain only three persons alive, two of whom are insignificant courtiers, and the third has only been persuaded to postpone an act of suicide that he may remain alive for a time to act as a showman of the dead bodies of the other dramatis personæ! "Give order," he says,

Give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak.

Beat the drum, Mr. Merryman! Walk up, ladies and gentlemen. To Mr. Shakespeare's Hamlet we believe the public would not often be persuaded to walk up, even were it performed on the only stage for which it is in any degree fitted—that of a booth at Greenwich Fair.

I have represented, and no doubt exaggerated, only certain ways of criticism; there are other ways, and much better ways, in

use. The sort of reviewing I have illustrated, is the sort I like; and what I feel that Shakespeare missed no little in losing.

A JOURNEY DUE NORTH.

MY BED AND BOARD.

A GREAT writer has somewhere told a story of a man about town—Crockey Doyle was, I think, his name—who became very popular in society through the talent he possessed for making apologies. He would give offence purposely, and be in the wrong, advisedly, in order to be able to make, afterwards, the most charming retractions in the world. No one could be long angry with a man who apologised so gracefully; so he became popular accordingly, was asked out to dinner frequently; and was eventually, I dare say, popped into a snug berth in the Tare and Tret Office.

I have not the easy eloquence of Crockey Doyle. I am not popular. My most frequent Amphytrions are Humphrey, Duke of Glo'ster, or the head of the great oriental house of Barmecide and Company. And no one, I am sure, would ever dream of giving me a place. Yet I am for ever making apologies. Like the gambler's servant who was "always tying his shoe;" like Wych Street, which is always vehicle-obstructed; like a friend of mine, who, whenever I meet him, is always going to his tea, and never, seemingly, accomplishes that repast; I am always apologising either for the things I have done, or for the things I ought to and have not done. I have apologised in England, and in France, and in Germany; here I am again, a self-accusing clown apologising in St. Petersburg of Russia; and I have little doubt that if I live I shall be apologising in Pekin, or New Orleans, or the Island of Key West.

My apologies in the present instance are due to my readers, firstly, for having loitered and lingered outside the door of Heyde's, and for having described everything concerning that hotel save the hotel itself. Secondly, for having placed the words Hand-Bell in the large capitals without offering the slightest explanation as to why that diminutive tinnabulum should be so suddenly promoted in the typographical scale.

Touching the first, though you might have put me down merely as a bore—telling you of things that did not interest you, or desirous of spinning a lengthened yarn out of one poor thread—or as a simpleton, nervous and ashamed, who lingers long in the vestibule of a mansion in which there is a feast prepared, and he invited thereto, and takes his goloshes off and on, instead of going upstairs boldly, and making his bow to the hostess:—though this may have been your conviction, I had, in truth, a deep-laid and subtle design to impress you with a notion of what an opposite a Russian is to an English or a continental hotel, and how fundamentally oriental are

the habits and manners of the people I am cast among. The Russian hotel is, in fact, nothing more than a Smyrniote or Damascene caravanserai—vast, lonely, unclean, thickly peopled, yet apparently deserted,—the same caravanserai, into whose roomy courtyard you bring your camels, your asses, and your bales of silks, and drugs, and pipes, and Persian carpets; in whose upper chambers you may have equivalents for pilaff and rice,—may go to bed afterwards armed, for fear of thieves, and for want of them fight with vermin. Heyde's—tell it to all nations—is clean; and Heyde's, internally, is German; but its exterior arrangements have been Russianised against the Heydian will; and its inferior valetaille are all Muscovite: hence the difficulty of entrance; hence the listlessness of the outer domestics; hence the necessity of the HAND-BELL I am about to apologise for presently, and which is nothing more than a substitute for the hand-clapping which, in the East, brings the cafegi with the coffee and chibouks, and in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, the forty thousand black slaves with the jars of jewels on their heads.

In the worst town's worst inn, I will not say closest to the mere territorial Russian frontier, but in German Russia—say in Riga or Mittau—there is, instantly on the arrival of the modestest bachelor traveller, with the compactest of valises, a tremendous hurry-scurrying to and fro of porters, boots, (hausknechts, the Germans call them,) chambermaids, waiters, and even landlords. The carillon of a great bell summons all these hotel myrmidons from the vasty deep of the billiard-room and the corridors as soon as your cabwheels are heard in the courtyard. The landlord advances with the stereotyped grin, and the traditional hand-rubbing peculiar but common to all hotel landlords, from mine host of the Garter in England to mine host of the Hôtel de Londres at Riga. The hausknecht shoulders your luggage, and disappears with it before you say whether you mean to stop at the hotel or not; the portier (pronounce porter: tremendous men are German porters—Titans with gold aiguillettes on their shoulders, and selling on their own private account cigars the choicest, for those who like them), the portier pays your cab, asks your name, and says there are no letters for you as yet (he has never seen you before in his life), but he rather thinks there will be, next post. The waiter, or waiters, skimmer about undecidedly, but ready for everything, from an order for champagne to an order for a sheet of letter-paper; the chambermaid immediately converts herself into a Mont Blanc of towels and a hot spring of Iceland, in the way of cans of boiling water; the very white-vested and night-capped cook peeps through the grated window of his kitchen—a prisoner in no respect connected with Chillon—and beams on you

a greasy ray of assurance, that though your dinner may be dear and dirty, it shall be hot and oleaginous. Finally, the landlord, with the grin and the rubbed hands, conducts you in a mincing canter up many staircases and through many corridors; and you are unpassported, unbooted, undressed, and in bed, in about the same manner I have described in the last chapter. Now, all of this takes place inside Heyde's, but not one atom on the exterior thereof. You may come in a *droschky*, or one of the flaming *Nevskoi* omnibuses—licensed to carry other passengers besides human ones—or in a hearse, or in the Lord Mayor's coach, supposing the transportation of that vehicle to be possible; but not the slightest attention will be paid to you, till you get in. You might as well be that Mr. Ferguson who was told, that although other matters might be arranged on an amicable footing, he could not lodge there (wherever "there" was), on any consideration. Inside Heyde's there is pleasant gnashing of teeth over a good German dinner; outside Heyde's there is wailing at the apparent impossibility of getting any dinner at all.

But I am inside Heyde's now, and have my bed and board there. I stay at Heyde's a month and mark its ways, and note them with the informer's pen. To have done with the apologies, I hope I have explained that outer delay on the Heydian frontier satisfactorily; to have done with the hand-bell let me tell you that unless you have your own servant with you (and to have a servant I should counsel every traveller in Russia who possesses the means; and if he possess them not, what the deuce is the good of his travelling in Russia at all?) you have not the slightest chance of having any attention paid to your wishes as regards refreshment, or anything else unless you tinkle a hand-bell. The Russians understand wire-bells no more than they do chimes; they must have the immediate and discordant jingle. It is no good calling "Waiter!" "Garçon!" "Tchelovek!" or "Kellner!"—without the bell. Tchelovek, or as the case may be, calls "Sitchass!" (directly) but cometh not; but, ring your hand-bell (*Kolokol*) and he is at your beck and call instantaneously. He hears and obeys. He will bring you anything. He will stand on his head if you gratify him with coopecks sufficient.

Very good to me are my bed and board at Heyde's. Cheerful when I wish it. Lonely when I so desire it. Let us have the lonely object first.

I have bought at an Italian artists' colourman's on the *Nevskoi*, un pinceau de Raphaële,—a box of water-colours,—Newman, Soho Square; how strange the Prince of Wales's plumes and "Ich dien" on the cakes look here, in Muscovy!—at a price for which I could have purchased a handsome dressing-case and fittings, in London and Paris. When

I am tired of the noise and turmoil of the buffet (for I am alone in Russia, as yet, and have very few acquaintances and no friends) I retire into the family vault and make sketches of the strange things and people I have seen in the streets. They are very much in the penny-valentine manner of Art—pre-adamite, rather than pre-Rafaellite. Then I make manuscript transcripts of matters Russian that have been written on the tables of my memory during the day, on infinitesimal scraps of paper in a hand-writing whose minuteness causes me not to despair of being able to earn my living some day by writing the decalogue within the circumference of a shilling. These, being desperately afraid—perhaps needlessly—of spies and duplicate-key possessors, I hide furtively in the lining of my hat, wondering whether—as usually happens to me—I shall manage to lose my hat in some steamboat-cabin or railway-carriage before I land in England, and be compelled to purchase in Dover or Brighton (I will except Southampton, whose hats are excellent) the hardest, heaviest, shiniest of English country-made Paris velvet-naps. My last hat was a Dover one, and impressed such a bright crimson fillet on my forehead that I must have looked uncovered, like the portrait of one of those Jesuit missionaries you see in the Propaganda, who have gone to China, and have been martyred. There is amalgamated with this low art and furtive note-making, a strong suspicion of a Turkish chibouk somewhere in the room—a real Turkish one, with a cherry-stick tube—no mouth-piece (amber is a delusion, save for show,—kiss the pure wooden orifice with your own lips and let the Latakia ascend into your soul to soften and enliven it) and a deep red clay bowl, inscribed with fantastic characters in thready-gold and as fragile as the tender porcelain—the egg-shell china—our great grandmothers really delighted in, and our contemporaries say they delight in, and don't. Also, between this and the Gulf of Bothnia, there is, perhaps, on a table in the family vault, a largish tumbler filled with a steaming liquid of a golden colour in which floats a thin slice of lemon. It is TEA: the most delicious, the most soothing, the most thirst-allaying drink you can smoke withal in summer time, and in Russia. But it is not to be imagined, that, because this tumbler of tea is exquisite, I have foresworn cakes—or ale.

I have grown to love the family vault; it is gloomy, but cool and clean; it is so large that I am continually finding out new walks about it, and continually exercising myself in its outlying districts. There is a fair quantity of furniture dispersed about its roomy suburbs, but this is so thoroughly inadequate, when its size is taken into consideration, that were Heyde (represented by Barnabay) to furnish it thoroughly, so as to give it an air of being decently crowded with moveables, I doubt

not but that those enterprising brothers would be ruined hip and thigh.

My vault has many windows; but from every one of them I have a (to me) pleasant view. There is the kitchen aspect. The kitchen is not on the basement, but on a first floor, on a level with my vault—which, in its mortuary character, should properly be on the basement also; but, in this astonishing land they even have their churches one above the other in floors: the summer church in the parlour, the winter church in the garret. The kitchen's contiguity to me is not near enough to be olfactorily disagreeable, but near enough for me (with the aid of an opera-glass, for I am well nigh as blind as a mole) to descry from my windows interiors that would have driven Ostade crazy; bits of still life whose portrayal would have made the fortune of Gerard Dow; green-stuffs and salads whose every leaf Mieris would have doted on; effects of firelight and daylight combined, from stewpan-laden furnaces, that Sekalken would have loved to paint, but would have failed in reproducing.

The cook—resy, corpulent, and clad in gravy-stained white from tasselled nightcap to flapping slippers—is a German, a free German—a Hamburg man, who but he. He fears nor knout, nor pleiti, nor rod, nor stiek, nor Siberian pleasure jaunt. He is a Canterbury Tale cook to look upon: portly, jovial, with a rich, husky, real-turtle-soup-bred voice, which he ladles from a tureen rather than from his throat, and which I hear rolling in rich oily waves through the kitchen as he lectures his subordinates in bad Russian. He has many subordinates. One-lank, cadaverous young Teuton, his nephew, who came from Cassel, and is always whining to go back to Cassel, and who, from the distaste he gives me, seeing him putting his fingers into the sauces so often, I unequivocally wish would go back to Cassel immediately. Two or three bearded acolytes, in the usual pink shirts and et-ceteras, who spill more than they cook, and break more than they spill, and are not kicked and cuffed for clumsiness, I think, much more than they deserve. And, finally, this field-marshal of cooks has a flying cohort of culinary Amazons, nimble-fingered, quick-witted girls, with coloured kerchiefs on their heads, who fly about from point to point, baste, stir, stew, fry, dish up, and, it strikes me, do the major part of the cooking at the Hôtel Heyde. Of course our chief cook's directing genius and superintending eye are everything, as to flavour. I may here mention a curious example of that laziness and desire for an easy, abundant-pumpkin leading life inherent (through slavery, but to be eradicated by freedom) which you find in Ivan the moujik and Quashie the nigger. A peasant once told me, or rather the gentleman who was interpreting for me, that of all professions in life he should prefer that of head-cook in the house of a seigneur;

for, argued he, what have you to do? just dip your finger in the sauce and lick it, and the babas (the women) do all the rest. He had no idea of there being any skill in the world save that purely manual. Sometimes Heyde's chief cook condescends to hold one end of a napkin for straining asparagus-soup purposes. Sometimes it will please his cookship to go through a light-hearted bit of legerdemain with two stewpans; but his ordinary position is with his broad back against the dresser, and his broad face turned towards the chief furnace, a paper cigarette between his pulpy lips (he smokes in the kitchen, this bold cook) and a tall tankard of real Bavarian beer (they have it rank at Heyde's) by his side. Who expects field-marshal to head armies as well as direct their movements? Our Wellington, to be sure, was fond of exposing his life, and William of Orange was only tolerable and in good humour when he was in immediate personal danger. But Napoleon sat in a chair in the rear of Waterloo's carnage till he mounted that famous pule horse to fly from it. Edward the Third witnessed the battle of Crecy from a windmill, and Louis the Fifteenth had his wig dressed while his household troops were charging the English guards. Our cook looks on, directs, but does not fight. Who can carry the bâton of marshal and Brown Bess at the same time?

There is always a prodigious laughing and screaming, and, if truth must be told—romping—going on in this kitchen. The chief cook himself is a gay man, and flings his handkerchief to one of the kerchiefed damsels; the girls generally keep up a shrill clamour of tongues, to which the noise of a well-stocked poultry-yard, where Cochinchinas in good health and voice are not wanting, may serve as a comparison. I am of opinion that the Cassel-sick German (who is evidently a misanthrope) hits them occasionally with saucepans, or otherwise abuses them, for the prattle and laughter frequently change to sounds unmistakably those of invective and anger; and there is one young lady: very ugly she is (I have her now under the lens of my opera-glass), who discourses so loudly on some real or fancied grievance, with such vehement gesticulation and such frenzied utterance, that I am apprehensive, every moment, she will fall down in a fit. But she does not—apprehensive, perhaps, that were she to do so, she would be brought to her senses by the outward application of melted butter or hot gravy.

This cook, I learn, when I am not in the solitude of the family vault, is an excellent artist. If you make him a present of a blue bill—say five roubles—and order a dinner—say for self and friends—he will cook you a repast succulent enough to make a bear leave off honey; which expression may be taken as equivalent to our “good enough to make a cat speak.” He has one little fault: this. After any extra exertion in the culinary line,

he departs in a droschky to the house of a friend of his, likewise a German and a tailor, who resides in a remote Pereouluk in the neighbourhood of the Alexander-Nevskoi convent, and there for three or more days and nights inebriates himself with Brantwein or corn brandy, specially imported from Germany by his sartorial friend: blowing a trumpet from time to time as a relaxation. Meanwhile, the culinary arrangements are under the control of the misanthrope who wants to go back to Cassel, and the dinners are very bad.

Another view I have, of a huge court-yard, surrounded by staring walls—all belonging to Heyde—round which run pent-houses or sheds, and beneath which are harboured droschkies, whose gaberdined drivers snore on box and bench till a pink-shirted messenger comes to pummel them into action, and tell them that a fare is waiting for them. The roofs of these pent-houses are leaded, and on them (how keeping their perpendicular I know not), more kerchiefed women are beating carpets; they beat carpets at Heyde's—tell it again to the nations—with willow rods; and more pink-shirted men are thrashing the dust out of fur pelisses, or peacefully slumbering on their diaphragms in the sunshine. Another view I have, through a window, and round a corner, of a strip of thoroughfare between two blocks of houses, which, from the droschkies, the grey-coated soldiers, and the clouds of dust, must be either the Cadetten-Linie, or the Line (or street) parallel to it. And last of all, I can peep into a little private court-yard—I suspect the one appertaining to Barnabay's own separate and special apartments—where two little children, a boy and a girl, are gravely exercising themselves on stilts. Stilts in Russia!

Stilts in Russia; and why not more than these? for as, dazed with the blinding sunlight, I come into the gloomy interior of the family vault, and cast myself into an easy old arm-chair (it would hold two with comfort), I hear from a wandering band that have just entered the Balschoi-dvor, or great court-yard, first the hacknied but always delightful strains of the *Trovatore*, and then—but I must be dreaming—no; they are actually playing it. She wore a Wreath of Roses.

I see it all now. I have only been a few miles away from town to write this journey. Due North is but the North Kent Railway: this is Dumbledowneary, not Wassily-Ostrow: the Shoulder of Mutton Inn and not Heyde's Hotel. Be it as it may, it is extremely hot; and if there be any law in Russia or in Kent against taking a siesta in the middle of the day, I have violated it. I go fast asleep, and live a life I never shall live fifteen hundred miles away; then wake to hear the cook's bad Russian, and to find the sun a trifle lower in the heaven.

This is the time for a gondola on the Neva;

so I leave the family vault to the ghosts, and Heyde's to its devices.

CALUMET ISLAND.

WHAT Gibbet Street* is to the thieves of London—the back woods of Canada are to the riff-raff population of the entire world—a home. In those vast forests are to be found men from every European country, and speaking every variety of dialect; men whose sole object is to obtain the means of existence far away from the homes of their youth, from places where they might be recognised, from people who might know something, and care to know more, of their antecedents. There, in those vast solitudes, spending their days in felling trees, and in forming the huge logs into rafts which are floated down the majestic Ottawa, you will find fallen types of almost every nationality. From our own country you will see the big, burly “rough,” with his receding forehead, sunken eyes, and heavy, massive jaw, side by side with the wan, dissipated-looking merchant's clerk, the warrant for whose apprehension for forgery is even now preserved in the desk of Daniel Forrester or among the archives of the detective police. There, too, are black-bearded bright-eyed Frenchmen, ardent devotees of the barricade and the bonnets-rouges; short, stout, fair-haired Germans, friends of the deceased Robert Blum and subscribers to Freiligrath's poems; olive-skinned Italians, whose real history would be a fortune to the English penny-romancer; swarthy Spaniards, whose dislike to a return to their native country can be accounted for, some on Carlist reasons, others on account of their unfortunate partiality for the West Indian traffic, with a passing allusion to three hundred negroes in the hold of a slave-ship; lying Greeks, and even renegade Turks. In intense bodily labour, in the bitterest fatigue, these men seek mental oblivion, the forgetfulness of past crime, or dread of future discovery; there, the knowledge of companionship in misery checks all indiscreet inquiry, and the daily task is performed, the residue of life worn out, and the grave attained, without the lifting of that veil which covers all bygone misdeeds with its solemn folds.

The little town of Bytown, even now risen to be called the City of the Ottawa—and, from its position as the central medium for traffic between the States and Canada, destined to be soon one of the principal cities of the colony—is, perhaps, the only recognised haunt of men in which these wild tribes are ever to be seen. Thither, they are compelled occasionally to come; there, is the great dépôt whence they supply themselves with provisions to last them during their protracted exile; there, they effect their engagements with the various large timber and raft owners by whom they are employed;

* See Household Words, vol. xiii., p. 193.

and there, on Bytown wharf, some hundred of them were standing on a bright July morning, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty, when I, being at that time engaged in Canada in the civil service of her Majesty, lounged in amongst them.

The entrance of a stranger into such an assembly never passes unnoticed; and, as I moved among the different groups every head was raised, my personal appearance was scanned by all, and made the subject of free comment by many of them. I waited for nearly an hour, puffing my cigar and listening to the loud laughter, the noisy altercation, and the queer jargon of the people round me, and was almost lapsing into a curious day-dream relative to their previous and future career, when I was roused by a man who appeared to hold some superior position among them, and who ordered them at once to prepare to start. The instant I set eyes upon this man, I recognised his features, and a painful sensation that we had met before, and under unpleasant circumstances, came over me. He was young, handsome, and, in spite of his rough costume, looked like a gentleman; his hands, too, though tanned by the sun, were well-shaped; and, as he pointed towards the river, I noticed on his little finger a thin hoop of gold, like the guard-rings worn by women, which must have been there some time, as the flesh seemed to have tightened beneath it. I could not recollect who he was, nor where I had seen him. I looked again; and, as I stood with open mouth and eyes, gazing at him, he turned sharply round, and our eyes met. But for an instant though; for, flushing scarlet, he turned on his heel; and, followed by a body of the lumberers, strode rapidly away.

To a person of nervous temperament like myself, such a circumstance was particularly unpleasant. It was plain that the recognition between this man and me had been mutual, and it was equally evident that he too must have had some unpleasant recollection of our former acquaintance; or why should he have hurried away so abruptly? Who could he be? I worried myself with this question all day; and, when I went to bed at night, turned over incident after incident of my past life, but could connect that face with none of them. Where had we met, and what made the recollection painful? Could he have been at school with me at Lowebarre, and, as a monitor, have thrashed, and bullied, and tortured me? No; no one did that but Gandler, and I knew that Gandler was then a drysalter in Cripplegate. Could he have been with me at Bonn, and did we quarrel and go out to Poppelsdorf and have it out with short-swords? No; Leisten was my only opponent in that way, and he is dead, poor fellow. Had he stood in my way in love, in business, in pleasure? Was he an editor who had

refused my contributions, a lawyer who had sued me on a writ, a rival joker, and diner-out in society? He was none of these.

I was up early the next morning, and off on my journey to Calumet Island, a small settlement of French Canadians, Americans, and Irishmen, some fifty miles further towards the source of the Ottawa. As I proceeded on my monotonous route my brain once more fell to work, trying to solve the mystery of the previous day. Passing through the little village of Clarendon, I was surprised to find the one main-street thronged by the inhabitants all dressed in holiday costume, and I found, on inquiry, that they were assembling to witness the laying of the first log of a new church. Of course I stopped to see the ceremony, which was performed by the village clergyman; a fine white-haired old man, who invoked a fervent blessing on the undertaking. I had no sooner resumed my journey than suddenly the whole story of my mysterious acquaintance flashed across me. I am not sufficiently versed in metaphysics or the subtler theories of mental pathology to explain how this occurred; my belief is that the sight of the clergyman and of the gaily-dressed villagers re-awakened the slumbering reminiscence, and solved the mystery.

Three years previously, after a long and dangerous illness, I had been removed to a sea-side watering-place in Wales, which I shall call Plennmouth. Watering-place? It did not, in truth, deserve the name. There were no parades, esplanades, terraces, crescents, no hotels all stucco and plate-glass, no boarding-houses all ancient single lady and three-card loo; there were no yachting-men, no dread-noughts, and pea-jackets, no telescopes, no mushroom hats, no yellow slippers, no small wooden spades, no invalid chairs, no half-crown-an-hour flies, no German bands, no goat chaises, no donkeys—nothing which we Londoners recognise as the characteristics of a well-conditioned watering-place. But there was pure air, a fine open sea, good bathing, and—what was most essential to a person in my condition—perfect quiet. There, in walking, swimming, reading, and writing, I passed three very happy weeks. At the end of this time I made the acquaintance of the clergyman of the parish. With him, and with his wife and daughter, I was soon on excellent terms, and I should probably have become more intimate, but that the attention of the family was entirely absorbed in an approaching event—the marriage of the young lady to a Mr. Hugh Elvyn, the son of the principal partner in a London banking firm. The wedding was to take place within a fortnight after my first introduction to them. She was a girl, full of animal spirits, and apparently madly in love with her future husband; whom she had met the previous season in London while on a visit to her aunt, and about whom she

was never tired of talking. The wedding-day was fixed for Thursday, and Hugh was coming down on the Tuesday night, and I should be introduced to him, and we should like each other so much; and, after their marriage, I should come and stay with them at the villa at Richmond which Hugh's father had given them, and so on, and so on, until I began rather to be bored by the constant repetition of Hugh's name, and to preconceive a dislike of him.

The long looked-for Tuesday night arrived. I dined at the parsonage, and we sat anxiously until the last train had come in, but Mr. Elvyn did not come by it. The Wednesday morning passed, and it was not until late in the afternoon of that day that the Elvyns, father and son, arrived at Plenumouth. I walked up to the parsonage in the evening, and was introduced to them, and then learnt that their departure from town had been delayed owing to the discovery of some heavy forgeries on the bank, which had been first communicated to the firm through an anonymous letter, the writer of which promised, in the event of certain unnamed events happening, as it was believed they would, to name the forger. My preconceived dislike to Mr. Hugh Elvyn was not done away with by his personal appearance or manner. He was very good-looking, certainly, tall, well-made, and with fine black hair and teeth. But his eyes were set very deeply in his head, he had a shifting, unsettled glance, never looking up into your face, and his manner, even towards Annie Vaughan, his betrothed, was nervous and constrained.

The next morning all the inhabitants were dressed in their best, the three bells of the church tried their utmost to make a merry peal; and, as the bridal party advanced, young girls strewed flowers in their path.

I joined the party at the church door. Mr. Vaughan, who was about to perform the service himself, hurried before us to put on his robes; and we had just formed in a semi-circle round the altar rails, when a tall, thin man, dressed in a tightly-buttoned blue frock-coat, advanced. I recognised him at once as a "plain-clothes" member of the metropolitan police, who, the year before, had been instrumental in regaining some papers which I had lost. He stepped forward, and, bowing to the elder Mr. Elvyn, gave him "Good morning."

"Hollo, Martin!" said the old gentleman; "followed me here! News already?"

"Yes, sir," replied the man. "If you and the young gent 'll just step outside with me, I've a word to say to you."

"Wait until the ceremony's over," said the old gentleman; but, on being urged, and told it "wouldn't take a minute," he passed his arm through his son's, and they went out into the porch.

I followed him closely, and no sooner were

we clear of the church than Martin said; "Very disagreeable this, sir, but business is business." Then, turning to Hugh Elvyn, he added, as he gripped him by the elbow, "Sir, you're my prisoner!"

I never shall forget the abject look of mingled rage and despair that passed across the young man's face as he heard these words. As for the father, he stood perfectly aghast; and it was some moments before he muttered, "What does this mean?"

"Only this, sir," replied Martin. "A second anonymous letter, in the same handwriting as the first, came to the bank after you left on Tuesday night; and, accordin' to your instructions, I opened it. It named Mr. Hugh Elvyn as the forger of the documents, and the writer gave an address where further proofs could be found. I went there at once, and saw the writer of the letter, heard certain evidence, and took the party to Bow Street. Upon what she stated upon her oath, the magistrate issued a warrant, which I've got in my pocket now."

"She," exclaimed the father. "Was it a woman, then?"

"It were, sir!" responded Martin, briefly. "Ellen Monroe by name."

The young man groaned, and clasped his hands across his face; "Tell me, what did she say?"

"About you, sir?" replied Martin, carefully blinking the evidence, "She says, 'Hugh Elvyn,' says she, 'have ruined me, now I'll do the same by him.' Those was her words."

By this time the rest of the company came hastening from the church to tell us that Mr. Vaughan was waiting for the bridegroom, and laughingly to reproach him for one moment's absence on such an occasion. Of course, the dreadful news had to be told to them; and it is needless to describe the scene that followed. One only person retained the smallest self-possession, and that was Annie Vaughan. She made no boisterous declaration of her belief in her lover's innocence—no melodramatic ranting or swooning; but, after the first shock was over, she walked up to his side, and, placing her hand in his, said, "Hugh, I know you are not guilty of this wickedness, and I know that you will be proved innocent. We will bide our time."

This catastrophe was, of course, the finale of my visit to Plenumouth. As soon as I found that I could be of no use to the Vaughans, I returned to London; and, six weeks afterwards, was in the Central Criminal Court, when Hugh Elvyn was found guilty of forgery, and sentenced to transportation for life. The principal witness against him was a young woman who, after having been the repository of all his secrets, was deserted by him and left to starve. Of the Vaughans I could learn nothing, beyond that, immediately after the trial, Mr. Vaughan had exchanged livings

with a clergyman in the farthest part of Lancashire, and that Annie was supposed, by the Plymouth doctor, to be in a rapid decline.

This man, then, on Bytown wharf, this lumberer, this mysterious personage, the recognition of whose identity had so perplexed me, was Hugh Elvyn! He must have escaped from the place of his banishment, and found a home here among hundreds of others similarly circumstanced. As the notion grew upon me, all the old recollections came flowing through my mind. I saw the little fishing town and the market, so redolent of shrimps and herrings; the jolly little ale-house where I lodged, with its sanded floor and those perpetual choruses on Saturday nights. I saw the worm-eaten sea-besoaked jetty; the huge, hard-drinking, hard-handed, soft-hearted fishermen; the church, with its worn grey tower, its wooden tombstones and quaint epitaphs; the parsonage, with its smiling garden, the delicious smell of flowers always hanging round its porch, and its simple-minded hospitable owner. I thought of Annie, and—but that is no matter! In the calm reflection of after years, I often fancy that I had other causes of dislike to Hugh Elvyn beyond those I have here mentioned. Revolving all these matters in my mind, I arrived at Calumet Island and walked into the public room of the hotel. At the further end of the apartment was a large counter or bar, at which several people were drinking; among them, and recognisable at once by his height and manner, was Hugh Elvyn. I had scarcely set foot in the room when he saw me, our eyes met, and hastily tossing off his liquor, he hurried out through a door opposite to that by which I had entered.

I was now convinced of the accuracy of my conjecture, and of Elvyn's determination to avoid me; but I determined not to be baffled in my attempts to learn something more of his history. I accordingly mixed with the lumberers still surrounding the bar, and endeavoured to draw them into conversation. In this attempt I am bound to say I signally failed; so far, at least, as my object was concerned: they talked freely of the weather, of the prospects of the ice breaking up, and of that grand topic in which all dwellers in Canada are interested, the annexation question; but of themselves, or of their recent companion, whose name I casually mentioned, they would say nothing. One by one they dropped out of the room; at last, I drew a table to the window, pulled out my travelling case, and commenced writing a business despatch. I had been at work about half an hour, when a shadow falling across the paper caused me to raise my head, and, looking up, I saw an Indian squaw, who, after glancing cautiously round, threw a letter upon the table, pressed her finger on her lip, and retired as

mysteriously as she had arrived. Immediately on her departure I took up the letter, broke the seal, and read as follows:

I thought I had escaped pursuit, and that I might linger out the remainder of my wretched life, alone, unsuspected, and unknown. When, having eluded the vigilance of those to whom my crimes had consigned me, I managed, after enduring the greatest hardships, to reach these solitudes, I fancied that the overhanging sword of the Avenging Angel had at length been turned aside, and that I might be allowed to die without ever encountering a face which I had seen before or hearing the name which I had borne in happier times. It seems, however, that this is not to be, and that you have discovered my retreat. I saw you yesterday on Bytown wharf, to-night I find you have traced me further. What your intentions may be, I know not. You have come, perhaps, to deliver me into the hands of the law, from which I have escaped; perhaps, some better motive prompts your pursuit. All is however useless, no amount of toil, hunger, or misery (and Heaven knows I have endured all these!) would appal me, but I could not endure once more to be pointed at as a felon, or even to be seen or spoken to by any one who had known me in my former condition. On this side the grave at least, I will be free from interference or reproach.

H. E.

That night I retired to bed more disturbed than ever, and only determined upon one point, that I would pursue my investigations no further. I could be of no assistance to this unhappy man, and no mere verbal consolation would have been of any benefit to him; my best plan was to try to forget the events of the last two days, and never to allow Elvyn's name or history to pass my lips. After a seemingly never-ending night spent in feverish tossings and tumblings, with occasional snatches of perturbed sleep, I rose with the first glimmer of daylight, and hurried out into the fresh morning air.

On issuing from the door of the inn, my attention was attracted by a group of people on the river bank, who were gathered round some dark object which had apparently been just landed from an Indian canoe lying near. As I approached, the group divided; and there, in the centre of it, dank and dripping, discoloured and contused by the snags against which, in the rapid flow of the river, it had been tossed, and with a small punctured wound in the chest, round which the blood had clogged, lay the body of Hugh Elvyn.

Horror-stricken, I inquired of the bystanders, and was soon made acquainted with all they had to tell. A young Indian attached to one of the lumbering parties had for some time suspected the existence of an intrigue between his wife and Elvyn; on the previous evening he had seen them continually together, had tracked her to the inn whither she had been sent with my letter, and then had been heard to vow vengeance against his betrayer. Late that night, Elvyn was perceived, in a half-intoxicated state, making his way towards the shanty, at the edge

of the river: he was never seen alive again. The Indian had decamped, and so far as I know, was never captured. My business was urgent, and I could stay no longer. Wearied and dispirited I returned to the inn, and in a few minutes bade adieu for ever to Calumet Island.

HAMMERING IT IN.

DEPRESSED by a severe cold, for which I was indebted to the variable nature of the weather in the last days of November, I sat, yesterday morning, in a despondent way beside my coffee and dry-toast, roasted the soles of my slippers, and read away my digestion over the last murder recounted in the Times. Suddenly I was startled by the step of a man rushing hurriedly up-stairs; the door of my sitting-room was burst open, and my friend Boulder, flourishing in his hand a heavy hammer, stood before me and gasped out, "I've done it at last, Smith! I've done it at last!" Boulder is a most excitable man, with a wife and a large family of boys. I looked aghast for marks of blood upon the hammer—for a trace of human hair in some crack of the handle.

"Which—who—how many?" I shouted.

"My son, Jack," he declared, "is the cause of it all. He brought it upon me. O Smith, my dear friend, would you have believed, I should have ever come to this? Cut me some ham."

He sat down opposite me in an easy chair, turned up his soles also to the fire, helped himself to a thick slice of bread, and said again,

"Cut me some ham. I must be off to the hills in ten minutes, and it's well to fortify myself, because I may miss dinner to-day."

"Sir! Mr. Boulder!"

"Let me ring for a cup and saucer. There, now, go on with your breakfast, and I'll tell you all about it. I was led to it entirely by that hard-headed fellow, David Page."

"Page?"

"David Page, F.G.S. Hark you! Three weeks ago, Mrs. Boulder came to me, and said, 'Peter,' I replied, 'Susannah.' She said, 'Look at Jack's clean shirt.' She showed me a shirt folded neatly, with its front covered with red stains, and holes, and indentations. 'Mercy,' I cried, 'what's the cause of this?' Jack was at school—round the corner, you know—Tickleby's day-school. 'I wish to show you, Mr. B.,' said my old girl, 'Jack's linen drawer.' Followed my wife, looked in the drawer, found it filled up with stones and dirt. In the drawer below that, found clay, sand, and old shells in his Sunday jacket. Caused the dirt to be instantly carried to the dust-hole. Further examined drawers in Jack's room, and, in the corner of one, found a book entitled 'Advanced Text-Book of Geology, Descriptive and Industrial, by David Page, F.G.S.'

That's what has done it, Peter,' Mrs. B. said. 'That's the book I've seen him reading, evening after evening.' 'He shall read no more of it,' said I. 'The book is confiscated.' When Jack came home at dinner-time we had a great disturbance."

Here Mr. Boulder gasped over this ham, and I felt painfully nervous. Boulder went on:

"'Jack,' said I, 'you shall never more look on that book.' I put it on my own library table. I peeped into it; I looked into it; I read bits of it; I read more of it; I liked it; I studied it; I threw myself heart and soul into it; I comprehended it;—I bought a hammer."

Here Boulder caught his hammer up and flourished it again. He was evidently stone-mad.

"With this hammer, my boy, I break my way into the treasury of Nature."

Here Boulder brought his hammer down, and smashed my tea-cup.

"Ah, good!" he cried, taking a fragment up. "A lucky accident. Look at the crystalline fracture. What's here? Clay. What makes the clay crystalline in its fracture? Fire. Theory of the igneous rocks. Thickness of the ponderable crust of the globe, eight hundred miles. Depth at which most of the rocks ordinarily found at the surface would exist in a molten state, say five-and-twenty miles. Undercrust of the globe, granite. Here's a bit."

My excitable friend took from the mantel-piece a handsome paper-weight of polished stone.

"Some ass of a man has polished this fine specimen of primitive rock." "With one tap of his hammer, Boulder broke it in two. 'Observe,' he said, 'the exquisite fracture.'"

"Exquisite—confound—"

"Never polish a fine specimen. The geologist, my dear boy, is most particular to show you a clean fracture and nothing else. He breaks a stone, and takes pains not so much as to dim with a finger's touch the brilliance of the broken surface. Now fractures are of various sorts, conchoidal or shell-like, even, uneven, smooth, splintery, hackly. Only look in this beautiful bit of granite, at the silvery gleams of the mica and the suety bits of quartz speckling the solid pudding of the felspar. Quartz is, of simple minerals, one of the hardest. I knock out a little chip of granite, and you will observe that it is impossible to powder the quartz in it by blows of a hammer on the hearth-stone. You perceive the hearth-stone breaks, but the quartz grains remain uncomminuted."

"Mr. Boulder—" I began, faintly. I was made somewhat weak and helpless by my cold, or I should have met vigour with vigour.

"Pardon me, Smith; they remain, I say, uncomminuted. Let me advise you to be a geologist. I am going to the hills to-day on

an excursion. Come. Ah, you have a cold. Well, I will stop exactly half an hour." Here he pulled out his watch. "I do want you to share my enjoyment. I do want to make you feel the delight caused by the study of geology. I didn't think that I should take it up myself when I turned out Jack's drawers. Page over-persuaded me. He's just the man to bring the science home to you. Ah, Mrs. Boulder doesn't know it, but I've carried up her spare sheets and blankets into one of the attics, and have a most beautiful experiment on the formation of mud-banks from aqueous deposit in her linen chest. I've mixed up in water earth and shells and a shilling's worth of shrimps. In a few days, when I drain the water off, you come over to me, and I'll show you how the top crust of the world is formed, and how the remains of extinct animals get to be mixed with it. Only, if Mrs. B. should by chance go to the chest before the experiment is finished—O those women! those women!

"But now, Smith, as you've a cold, and can't go to the hills, I'll show you how a geologist need go no farther than his own room for a study of incomparably the most glorious of sciences. I'll give you to-day only an elementary lesson. When I come next we'll go into the thing more completely. Now look here,"—down came the hammer on a corner of my mantelpiece,—“I break off this little bit of metamorphic rock; the character has been destroyed by polishing, but now what beauty have I not revealed.”

"Boulder," I cried, "give me your hammer. Let me send your hammer down into the hall."

"Thank you, thank you—I shall be going presently. 'Tis not worth while. Dismiss from your mind what I was just saying about aqueous rocks. Above the igneous you have the metamorphic—you have, to speak familiarly, the mantel-piece upon the paper weight, and not the paper weight upon the mantel-piece."

"I have, have I?"

"To be sure you have. Heat and the pressure of the superincumbent strata have given to these metamorphic rocks their crystalline appearance, though it is believed that they were once deposited by water, and contained fossils of which all trace has been extinguished. Well then, Smith, on the top of the metamorphic rocks, on the top of the mantel-piece, we place Sir Roderick Murchison."

"Can it be possible?"

"Yes, Murchison and the Silurian rocks defined and discovered by him. They used to be called, along with some others, the Greywacke formation."

"O, indeed!"

"Yes. Here we have certain sandstones, shales, limestones, flagstones, and the slates near Bala. By Jove! Smith, you've a slate top to that console table. If it should be

Silurian, you happy dog!—if it should be Silurian!"

Up leaped my friend and up leaped I, but not in time to save the chipping of a rather costly bit of furniture.

"Boulder," I cried, hoarse with rage and rheum together, "break another piece of furniture, and we are enemies for ever!"

"Ah, my boy, you have your enthusiasm yet to come. I'll promise to break nothing of any value. But of what value are these precious polished specimens of yours? Their value's doubled when they show the fracture and the cleavage and that sort of thing. Nay, I'll break nothing more. Well, then, above the Silurian you have the old red sandstone, and then above that—ha! but it's all fair to break coal—above that the coal."

A heavy lump of coal was suddenly whipped out of the coal-scuttle, and being hammered into fragments on the breakfast-cloth before I could effectually interfere.

"It is most interesting to search coal for the remains of extinct vegetable life. The markings sometimes are of the most beautiful description. The whole of yesterday I spent in our coal-cellar and a more delightful day I never—"

A loud knocking at the street-door startled us. Mr. Boulder was picking carefully about the contents of the coal-scuttle, and had spread some choice bits on the rug for further investigation, when a servant appeared to report that Mrs. Boulder wished, if Mr. B. was disengaged, to see him instantly.

"Ah!" said my friend, laying another coal upon the rug. "She has been to the linen-press. Smith, go and pacify her."

A DAISY ON A GRAVE.

I SAW a churchyard, not that holy place

Where the green turf lies o'er the quiet dead,
And the calm sunshine, like a holy smile,

Falls through the green leaves quivering overhead;
And loving memory comes there to grieve,
And tend new blossoms in the dewy eve;

But a rank graveyard, a neglected place

Wall'd up by frowning houses, grim and bare,
With scarce a glimpse of sky,—where barren mounds
Show'd many a human form lay mould'ring there.
And meagre gravestones, worn and crack'd with years,
Instead of tender blossoms dew'd with tears.

I paused beside a small and lowly grave;

The narrow bed of childhood,—where there grew
One stunted daisy, small and wither'd up,

That never saw the sun or drank the dew,
But drew unwholesome nurture with its breath:
The very air was redolent of death.

Thus tender Nature (who with common things

So much of truth and beauty interweaves)
Had with a solemn meaning shadow'd out

The little sleeper's history in its leaves.
More eloquent than words, a single glance
Took in its touching, mute significance.

A fitting emblem of the helpless child,
 Born in the darksome cellar or the den,
 In some great city's low and secret haunts,
 The lurking-place of low and guilty men:
 Each wholesome impulse stifled in its birth,
 Choked down with all the guilt and sin of earth.

Childhood without its innocent delights.
 Reft of its happy mirth and healthy play,
 The first and sweetest roses of its life,
 From cheek and heart alike have pass'd away.
 The sallow face a type of all within,
 Wither'd by hunger, suffering, and sin.

They know no wanderings in the russet woods
 For nuts and berries, nor can they explore
 The haunts of bird or insect, closed to them
 The country urchin's ever-varied store.
 They have no primrose, no first violet,
 Nor are their hearts upon such treasures set.

Not theirs that holy season of the heart,
 That innocent childhood 'tis so sweet to see;
 Early inured to poverty and toil,
 Not theirs the heritage of bird and bee.
 But born of sin, and rear'd mid guilt and crime,
 To a precocious evil e'er their time.

Not theirs the terrors of the happy child,
 Used to the sunshine and green leafy bow'rs,
 Whose only insight of the world is gain'd
 By sweet companionship with birds and flowers.
 While they no knowledge have of light and bloom,
 Sadly unchildlike, conversant with gloom.

When summer's fruits are o'er, and autumn's grain
 Is garner'd in, still are the birds supplied,
 The scarlet holly, and the coral hip,
 Are caterers for them, scatter'd far and wide.
 The sturdy robin, welcomed and caress'd
 Is to each window-pane an honour'd guest.

But the poor child,—half-starved from very birth,
 Feels the keen pangs of hunger, and is led,
 With sharpen'd instinct, but a darken'd mind,
 To flitch a mouldy crust,—his daily bread.
 O God! to see those wild and wolfish eyes,
 Where only earnest childish tears should rise!

Yet do their angels evermore behold
 The face of Him who once their likeness wore,
 And solemnly commending childhood's state
 Bless'd it and sanctified for evermore.
 "Woe unto him who causeth them offence!"
 Dare we look up and plead our innocence?

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE THIRD. FIFTEEN YEARS AFTER.

THE church of Long Beckley (a large agricultural village in one of the midland counties of England), although a building in no way remarkable either for its size, its architecture, or its antiquity, possesses, nevertheless, one advantage which the merchant despots of London have barbarously denied to their noble cathedral church of St. Paul. It has plenty of room to stand in, and it can consequently be seen with perfect convenience from every point of view, all round the compass.

The large open space around the church can be approached in three different direc-

tions. There is a road from the village, leading straight to the principal door. There is a broad gravel-walk, which begins at the vicarage gates, crosses the churchyard, and stops, as in duty bound, at the vestry entrance. There is a footpath over the fields, by which the lord of the manor, and the gentry in general who live in his august neighbourhood, can reach the side door of the building, whenever their natural humility (aided by a favourable state of the weather) may incline them to encourage Sabbath observance in the stables, by going to church, like the lower sort of worshippers, on their own legs.

At half-past seven o'clock, on a certain fine summer morning, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-four, if any observant stranger had happened to be standing in some unnoticed corner of the churchyard, and to be looking about him with sharp eyes, he would probably have been the witness of proceedings which might have led him to believe that there was a conspiracy going on in Long Beckley, of which the church was the rallying point, and some of the most respectable inhabitants the principal leaders. Supposing him to have been looking towards the vicarage, as the clock chimed the half-hour, he would have seen the Vicar of Long Beckley, the Reverend Doctor Chenery, leaving his house suspiciously, by the back way, glancing behind him guiltily as he approached the gravel-walk that led to the vestry, stopping mysteriously just outside the door, and gazing anxiously down the road that led from the village.

Assuming that our observant stranger would, upon this, keep out of sight, and look down the road, like the vicar, he would next have seen the clerk of the church—an austere, yellow-faced, dignified man; a Protestant Loyola in appearance, and a working shoemaker by trade—approaching with a look of unutterable mystery in his face, and a bunch of big keys in his hand. He would have seen the clerk bow to the vicar with a grim smile of intelligence—as Guy Fawkes might have bowed to Catesby when those two large gun-powder proprietors met to take stock in their extensive range of premises under the Parliament Houses. He would have seen the vicar nod in an abstracted way to the clerk, and say—undoubtedly giving a secret pass-word under the double disguise of a common remark and a friendly question—"Fine morning, Thomas. Have you had your breakfast yet?" He would have heard Thomas reply, with a suspicious regard for minute particulars: "I have had a cup of tea and a crust, sir." And he would then have seen these two local conspirators, after looking up with one accord at the church clock, draw off together to the side-door which commanded a view of the footpath across the fields.

Following them—as our observant stranger could not surely fail to do—he would have

detected three more conspirators advancing along the footpath. The leader of this treasonable party was an elderly gentleman, with a weather-beaten face and a bluff hearty manner, admirably calculated to disarm suspicion. His two followers were a young gentleman and a young lady, walking arm-in-arm, and talking together in whispers. They were dressed in the plainest morning costume. The faces of both were rather pale, and the manner of the lady was a little flurried. Otherwise, there was nothing remarkable to observe in them, until they came to the wicket-gate leading into the churchyard; and there the conduct of the young gentleman seemed, at first sight, rather inexplicable. Instead of holding the gate open for the lady to pass through, he hung back, allowed her to open it for herself, waited till she had got to the churchyard side, and then, stretching out his hand over the gate, allowed her to lead him through the entrance, as if he had suddenly changed from a grown man to a helpless little child.

Noting this, and remarking also that, when the party from the fields had arrived within greeting distance of the vicar, and when the clerk had used his bunch of keys to open the church-door, the young lady's companion was led into the building (this time by Doctor Chennery's hand), as he had been previously led through the wicket-gate, our observant stranger must have arrived at one inevitable conclusion—that the person requiring such assistance as this, was suffering under the affliction of blindness. Startled a little by that discovery, he would have been still further amazed, if he had looked into the church, by seeing the blind man and the young lady standing together before the altar rails, with the elderly gentleman in parental attendance. Any suspicions he might now entertain that the bond which united the conspirators at that early hour of the morning was of the hymeneal sort, and that the object of their plot was to celebrate a wedding with the strictest secrecy, would have been confirmed in five minutes by the appearance of Doctor Chennery from the vestry in full canonicals, and by the reading of the marriage service in the reverend gentleman's most harmonious officiating tones. The ceremony concluded, the attendant stranger must have been more perplexed than ever by observing that the persons concerned in it all separated, the moment the signing, kissing, and congratulating duties proper to the occasion had been performed, and quickly retired in the various directions by which they had approached the church. Leaving the clerk to return by the village road, the bride, bridegroom, and elderly gentleman to turn back by the footpath over the fields, and the visionary stranger of these pages to vanish out of them, a prey to baffled curiosity, in any direction that he pleases;—let us follow Doctor Chennery to the vicarage

breakfast-table, and hear what he has to say about his professional exertions of the morning, in the familiar atmosphere of his own family circle.

The persons assembled at the breakfast were, first, Mr. Phippen, a guest; secondly, Miss Sturch, a governess; thirdly, fourthly, and fifthly, Miss Louisa Chennery (aged ten years), Miss Amelia Chennery (aged nine years), and Master Robert Chennery (aged eight years). There was no mother's face present, to make the household picture complete. Doctor Chennery had been a widower since the birth of his youngest child.

The guest was an old college acquaintance of the vicar's, and he was supposed to be now staying at Long Beckley for the benefit of his health. Most men of any character at all, contrive to get a reputation of some sort which individualises them in the social circle amid which they move. Mr. Phippen was a man of some little character, and he lived with great distinction in the estimation of his friends, on the reputation of being *A Martyr to Dyspepsia*. Wherever Mr. Phippen went, the woes of Mr. Phippen's stomach went with him. He dieted himself publicly, and physicked himself publicly. He was so intensely occupied with himself and his maladies, that he would let a chance acquaintance into the secret of the condition of his tongue, at five minutes' notice; being just as perpetually ready to discuss the state of his digestion as people in general are to discuss the state of the weather. On this favourite subject, as on all others, he spoke with a wheedling gentleness of manner, sometimes in softly mournful, sometimes in languidly sentimental tones. His politeness was of the oppressively affectionate sort, and he used the word "dear" continually, in addressing himself to others. Personally, he could not be called a handsome man. His eyes were watery, large, and light grey; they were always rolling from side to side in a state of moist admiration of something or somebody. His nose was long, drooping, profoundly melancholy,—if such an expression may be permitted in reference to that particular feature. For the rest, his lips had a lachrymose twist; his stature was small; his head large, bald, and loosely set on his shoulders; his manner of dressing himself eccentric, on the side of smartness; his age about five-and-forty; his condition that of a single man. Such was Mr. Phippen, the Martyr to Dyspepsia, and the guest of the vicar of Long Beckley.

Miss Sturch, the governess, may be briefly and accurately described as a young lady who had never been troubled with an idea or a sensation since the day when she was born. She was a little, plump, quiet, white-skinned, smiling, neatly-dressed girl, wound up accurately to the performance of certain duties at certain times; and possessed of an inexhaustible vocabulary of common-place

talk, which dribbled placidly out of her lips whenever it was called for, always in the same quantity, and always of the same quality, at every hour in the day, and through every change in the seasons. Miss Sturch never laughed, and never cried, but took the safe middle course of smiling perpetually. She smiled when she came down on a morning in January, and said it was very cold. She smiled when she came down on a morning in July, and said it was very hot. She smiled when the bishop came once a-year to see the vicar; she smiled when the butcher's boy came every morning for orders. She smiled when Miss Louisa wept on her bosom, and implored indulgence towards errors in geography; she smiled when Master Robert jumped into her lap and ordered her to brush his hair. Let what might happen at the vicarage, nothing ever jerked Miss Sturch out of the one smooth groove in which she ran perpetually, always at the same pace. If she had lived in a royalist family, during the civil wars in England, she would have rung for the cook, to order dinner, on the morning of the execution of Charles the First. If Shakespeare had come back to life again, and had called at the vicarage at six o'clock on Saturday evening, to explain to Miss Sturch exactly what his views were in composing the tragedy of Hamlet, she would have smiled and said it was extremely interesting, until the striking of seven o'clock; at which time she would have begged the Bard of Avon to excuse her, and would have left him in the middle of a sentence, to superintend the housemaid in the verification of the washing book. A very estimable young person, Miss Sturch (as the ladies of Long Beckley were accustomed to say); so judicious with the children, and so attached to her household duties; such a well-regulated mind, and such a crisp touch on the piano; just nice-looking enough, just well-dressed enough, just talkative enough; not quite old enough, perhaps, and a little too much inclined to be embraceably plump about the region of the waist—but, on the whole, a very estimable young person,—very much so, indeed.

On the characteristic peculiarities of Miss Sturch's pupils, it is not necessary to dwell at very great length. Miss Louisa's habitual weakness was an inveterate tendency to catch cold. Miss Amelia's principal defect was a disposition to gratify her palate by eating supplementary dinners and breakfasts at unauthorised times and seasons. Master Robert's most noticeable failings were caused by alicry in tearing his clothes, and obtuseness in learning the Multiplication Table. The virtues of all three were of much the same nature—they were well grown, they were genuine children, and they were boisterously fond of Miss Sturch.

To complete the gallery of family portraits, an outline, at the least, must be attempted of the vicar himself. Dr. Chennery was, in a

physical point of view, a credit to the Establishment to which he was attached. He stood six feet two in his shooting shoes; he weighed seventeen stone; he was the best bowler in the Long Beckley cricket club; he was a strictly orthodox man in the matter of wine and mutton; he never started disagreeable theories about people's future destinies in the pulpit, never quarrelled with anybody out of the pulpit, never buttoned up his pockets when the necessities of his poor brethren (dissenters included) pleaded with him to open them. His course through the world was a steady march along the high and dry middle of a safe turnpike-road. The serpentine side-paths of controversy might open as alluringly as they pleased on his right hand and on his left, but he kept on his way sturdily, and never regarded them. Innovating young recruits in the Church army might entrappingly open the Thirty-nine Articles under his very nose, but the veteran's wary eye never looked a hair's-breadth further than his own signature at the bottom of them. He knew as little as possible of theology, he had never given the Privy Council a minute's trouble in the whole course of his life, he was innocent of all meddling with the reading or writing of pamphlets, and he was quite incapable of finding his way to the platform of Exeter Hall. In short, he was the most underlier of clergymen—but, for all that, he had such a figure for a surplice as is seldom seen. Seventeen stone weight of upright muscular flesh, without an angry spot or a sore place in any part of it, has the merit of suggesting stability, at any rate,—an excellent virtue in pillars of all kinds, but an especially precious quality, at the present time, in a pillar of the Church.

As soon as the vicar entered the breakfast-parlour, the children assailed him with a chorus of shouts. He was a severe disciplinarian in the observance of punctuality at meal times; and he now stood convicted by the clock of being too late for breakfast by a quarter of an hour.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, Miss Sturch," said the vicar; "but I have a good excuse for being late this morning."

"Pray don't mention it, sir," said Miss Sturch, blandly rubbing her plump little hands one over the other. "A beautiful morning. I fear we shall have another warm day. Robert, my love, your elbow is on the table. A beautiful morning—a beautiful morning, indeed!"

"Stomach still out of order—eh, Phippen?" asked the vicar, beginning to carve the ham.

Mr. Phippen shook his large head dolefully, placed his yellow forefinger, ornamented with a large turquoise ring, on the centre check of his light green summer waistcoat—looked piteously at Doctor Chennery, and sighed—removed the finger, and produced from the breast-pocket of his wrapper a little mahogany

case—took out of it a neat pair of apothecary's scales, with the accompanying weights, a morsel of ginger, and a highly-polished silver nutmeg-grater. "Dear Miss Sturch will pardon an invalid?" said Mr. Phippen, beginning to grate the ginger feebly into the nearest tea-cup.

"Guess what has made me a quarter of an hour late this morning," said the vicar, looking mysteriously all round the table.

"Lying in bed, papa," cried the three children, clapping their hands in triumph.

"What do *you* say, Miss Sturch?" asked Doctor Chennery.

Miss Sturch smiled as usual, rubbed her hands as usual, cleared her throat softly as usual, looked fixedly at the tea-urn, and begged, with the most graceful politeness, to be excused if she said nothing.

"Your turn now, Phippen," said the vicar. "Come, guess what has kept me late this morning."

"My dear friend," said Mr. Phippen, giving the doctor a brotherly squeeze of the hand, "don't ask me to guess—I know! I saw what you eat at dinner yesterday—I saw what you drank after dinner. No digestion could stand it—not even yours. Guess what has made you late this morning? Pooh! pooh! I know. You dear, good soul, you have been taking physic!"

"Hav'n't touched a drop, thank God, for the last ten years!" said Doctor Chennery, with a look of devout gratitude. "No, no; you're all wrong. The fact is, I have been to church; and what do you think I have been doing there? Listen, Miss Sturch—listen, girls, with all your ears. Poor blind young Frankland is a happy man at last—I have married him to our dear Rosamond Treverton this very morning!"

"Without telling us, papa!" cried the two girls together, in their shrillest tones of vexation and surprise. "Without telling us, when you know how we should have liked to see it!"

"That was the very reason why I did not tell you, my dears," answered the vicar. "Young Frankland has not got so used to his affliction yet, poor fellow, as to bear being publicly pitied and stared at in the character of a blind bridegroom. He had such a nervous horror of being an object of curiosity on his wedding-day, and Rosamond, like a true, kind-hearted girl as she is, was so anxious that his slightest caprices should be humoured, that we settled to have the wedding at an hour in the morning when no idlers were likely to be lounging about the neighbourhood of the church. I was bound over to the strictest secrecy about the day, and so was my clerk, Thomas. Excepting us two, and the bride and bridegroom, and the bride's father, Captain Treverton, nobody knew—"

"Treverton!" exclaimed Mr. Phippen, holding his tea-cup, with the grated ginger in the bottom of it, to be filled by Miss Sturch.

"Treverton! (No more tea, dear Miss Sturch.) How very remarkable! I know the name. (Fill up with water, if you please.) Tell me, my dear doctor (many, many thanks; no sugar, it turns acid on the stomach) is this Miss Treverton whom you have been marrying (many thanks again; no milk, either) one of the Cornish Trevertons?"

"To be sure she is!" rejoined the vicar. "Her father, Captain Treverton, is the head of the family. Not that there's much family to speak of now. The Captain, and Rosamond, and that whimsical old brute of an uncle of her's, Andrew Treverton, are the last left, now, of the old stock—a rich family, and a fine family, in former times—good friends to Church and State, you know, and all that—"

"Do you approve, sir, of Amelia having a second helping of bread and marmalade?" asked Miss Sturch, appealing to Doctor Chennery with the most perfect unconsciousness of interrupting him. Having no spare room in her mind for putting things away in until the appropriate time came for bringing them out, Miss Sturch always asked questions and made remarks the moment they occurred to her, without waiting for the beginning, middle, or end of any conversations that might be proceeding in her presence. She invariably looked the part of a listener to perfection, but she never acted it except in the case of talk that was aimed point-blank at her own ears.

"O, give her a second helping, by all means!" said the vicar, carelessly; "she must over-eat herself, and she may as well do it on bread and marmalade as on anything else."

"My dear good soul," exclaimed Mr. Phippen, "look what a wreck I am, and don't talk in that shockingly thoughtless way of letting our sweet little Amelia over-eat herself. Load the stomach in youth, and what becomes of the digestion in age? The thing which vulgar people call the inside—I appeal to Miss Sturch's interest in her charming pupil as an excuse for going into physiological particulars—is, in point of fact, an Apparatus. Digestively considered, Miss Sturch, even the fairest and youngest of us is an Apparatus. Oil our wheels, if you like; but clog them at your peril. Farinaceous puddings and mutton-chops: mutton-chops and farinaceous puddings—those should be the parents' watchwords, if I had my way, from one end of England to the other. Look here, my sweet child, look at me. There is no fun, dear, about these little scales, but dreadful earnest. See! I put in the balance, on one side, dry bread (stale, dry bread, Amelia!) and on the other, some ounce weights. 'Mr. Phippen! eat by weight. Mr. Phippen! eat the same quantity, day by day, to a hair's breadth. Mr. Phippen! exceed your allowance (though it is only stale, dry bread) if you dare!' Amelia, love, this

is not fun—this is what the doctors tell me—the doctors, my child, who have been searching my Apparatus through and through, for thirty years past, with little pills, and have not found out where my wheels are clogged yet. Think of that, Amelia—think of Mr. Phippen's clogged Apparatus—and say 'No, thank you,' next time. Miss Sturch, I beg a thousand pardons for intruding on your province; but my interest in that sweet child, my own sad experience of the hydra-headed tortures—Chennery, you dear good soul, what were we talking about? Ah! the bride—the interesting bride! And so, she is one of the Cornish Trevertons? I knew something of Andrew, years ago. Eccentric and misanthropical. Bachelor, like myself, Miss Sturch. Dyspeptic, like myself, dear Amelia. Not at all like his brother, the captain, I should suppose? And so, she is married? A charming girl, I have no doubt. A charming girl!"

"No better, truer, prettier girl in the world," said the vicar.

"A very lively, energetic person," said Miss Sturch.

"How I shall miss her!" said Miss Louisa. "Nobody else amused me as Rosamond did, when I was laid up with that last bad cold of mine."

"She used to give us such nice little early supper-parties," said Miss Amelia.

"She was the only girl I ever saw who was fit to play with boys," said Master Robert. "She could catch a ball, Mr. Phippen, sir, with one hand, and go down a slide with both her legs together."

"Bless me!" said Mr. Phippen. "What an extraordinary wife for a blind man! You said he was blind, my dear doctor, did you not? Let me see, what was his name? You will not bear too hardly on my loss of memory, Miss Sturch? When indigestion has ravaged the body, it begins to prey on the mind. Mr. Frank Something, was it not? Blind, too, from his birth? Sad! sad!"

"No, no—Frankland," answered the vicar. "Leonard Frankland. And not blind from his birth by any means. It is not much more than a year ago since he could see almost as well as any of us."

"An accident, I suppose!" said Mr. Phippen. "You will excuse me if I take the armchair?—a partially reclining posture is of great assistance to me, after meals. So an accident happened to his eyes? Ah, what a delightfully easy chair to sit in!"

"Scarcely an accident," said Dr. Chennery.

"Leonard Frankland was a difficult child to bring up: great constitutional weakness, you know, at first. He seemed to get over that with time, and grew into a quiet sedate, orderly sort of boy—as unlike my son there as possible—very amiable, and what you call easy to deal with. Well, he had a turn for mechanics (I am telling you all this to make

you understand about his blindness), and after veering about from one occupation of that sort to another, he took at last to watch-making. Curious amusement for a boy, but anything that required delicacy of touch and plenty of patience and perseverance, was just the thing to amuse and occupy Leonard. I always said to his father and mother, 'Get him off that stool, break his magnifying-glasses, send him to me, and I'll give him a back at Leap-Frog, and teach him the use of a bat.' But it was no use. His parents knew best, I suppose, and they said he must be humoured. Well, things went on smoothly enough for some time, till he got another long illness—as I believe, from not taking exercise enough. As soon as he began to get round, back he went to his old watchmaking occupations again. But the bad end of it all was coming. About the last work he did, poor fellow, was the repairing of my watch—here it is; goes as regular as a steam-engine. I hadn't got it back into my fob very long before I heard that he was getting a bad pain at the back of his head, and that he saw all sorts of moving spots before his eyes. String him up with lots of port wine, and give him three hours a-day on the back of a quiet pony—that was my advice. Instead of taking it, they sent for doctors from London, and blistered him behind the ears, and between the shoulders, and drenched the lad with mercury, and moped him up in a dark room. No use. The sight got worse and worse, flickered and flickered, and went out at last like the flame of a candle. His mother died—luckily for her, poor soul—before that happened. His father was half out of his mind: took him to oculists in London, and oculists in Paris. All they did was to call the blindness by a long Latin name, and to say that it was hopeless and useless to try an operation. Some of them said it was the result of the long weaknesses from which he had twice suffered after illness. Some said it was an apoplectic effusion in his brain. All of them shook their heads when they heard of the watchmaking. So they brought him back home blind; blind he is now; and blind he will remain, poor dear fellow, for the rest of his life."

"You shock me; my dear Chennery, you shock me dreadfully," said Mr. Phippen. "Especially when you state that theory about long weakness after illness. Good Heavens! Why, I have had long weaknesses—I have got them now. Spots did he see before his eyes? I see spots, black spots, dancing black spots, dancing black bilious spots. Upon my word of honour, Chennery, this comes home to me—my sympathies are painfully acute—I feel this blind story in every nerve of my body; I do indeed!"

"You would hardly know that Leonard was blind, to look at him," said Miss Louisa, striking into the conversation with a view of restoring Mr. Phippen's equanimity. "Except

that his eyes look quieter than other people's, there seems no difference in them now. Who was that famous character you told us about, Miss Sturch, who was blind, and didn't show it any more than Leonard Frankland?"

"Milton, my love. I begged you to remember that he was the most famous of British epic poets," answered Miss Sturch with suavity. "He poetically describes his blindness as being caused by 'so thick a drop serene.' You shall read about it, Louisa. After we have had a little French, we will have a little Milton, this morning. Hush, love, your papa is speaking."

"Poor young Frankland!" said the vicar, tenderly. "That good, tender, noble creature I married him to this morning, seems sent as a consolation to him in his affliction. If any human being can make him happy for the rest of his life, Rosamond Treverton is the girl to do it."

"She has made a sacrifice," said Mr. Phippen; "but I like her for that, having made a sacrifice myself in remaining single. It seems indispensable, indeed, on the score of humanity that I should do so. How could I conscientiously inflict such a digestion as mine on a member of the fairer portion of creation? No: I am a Sacrifice in my own proper person, and I have a fellow-feeling for others who are like me. Did she cry much, Chennery, when you were marrying her?"

"Cry!" exclaimed the vicar, contemptuously. "Rosamond Treverton is not one of the puling, sentimental sort, I can tell you. A fine, buxom, warm-hearted, quick-tempered girl, who looks what she means when she tells a man she is going to marry him. And, mind you, she has been tried. If she hadn't loved him with all her heart and soul, she might have been free months ago to marry anybody she pleased. They were engaged long before this cruel affliction befel young Frankland—the fathers, on both sides, having lived as near neighbours in these parts for years. Well, when the blindness came, Leonard, like the fine conscientious fellow he is, at once offered to release Rosamond from her engagement. You should have read the letter she wrote to him, Phippen, upon that. I don't mind confessing that I blubbered like a baby over it, when they showed it to me. I should have married them at once the instant I read it, but old Frankland was a fidgety, punctilious kind of man, and he insisted on a six months' probation, so that she might be certain of knowing her own mind. He died before the term was out, and that caused the marriage to be put off again. But no delays could alter Rosamond—six years, instead of six months, would not have changed her. There she was this morning as fond of that poor patient blind fellow as she was the first day they were engaged. 'You shall never know a sad moment, Lenny, if I can help it, as long as you live,' those were the first words she said to

him when we all came out of church. 'I hear you, Rosamond,' says I. 'And you shall judge me, too, doctor,' says she, quick as lightning. 'We will come back to Long Beckley, and you shall ask Lenny if I have not kept my word.' With that, she gave me a kiss that you might have heard down here at the vicarage, bless her heart! We'll drink her health after dinner, Miss Sturch—we'll drink both their healths, Phippen, in a bottle of the best wine I have in my cellar."

"In a glass of toast-and-water, so far as I am concerned, if you will allow me," said Mr. Phippen, mournfully. "But, my dear Chennery, when you were talking of the fathers of these two interesting young people, you spoke of their living as near neighbours here, at Long Beckley. My memory is impaired, as I am painfully aware; but I thought Captain Treverton was the eldest of the two brothers, and that he always lived, when he was on shore, at the family place in Cornwall?"

"So he did," returned the vicar, "in his wife's lifetime. But since her death, which happened as long ago as the year 'twenty-nine—let me see, we are now in the year forty-four—and that makes—"

The vicar stopped for an instant to calculate, and looked at Miss Sturch.

"Fifteen years ago, sir," said Miss Sturch, offering the accommodation of a little simple subtraction to the vicar, with her blandest smile.

"Of course," continued Doctor Chennery. "Well, since Mrs. Treverton died, fifteen years ago, Captain Treverton has never been near Porthgenna Tower. And, what is more, Phippen, at the first opportunity he could get, he sold the place—sold it; out and out, mine, fisheries, and all—for forty thousand pounds."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mr. Phippen. "Did he find the air unhealthy? I should think the local produce, in the way of food, must be coarse, now, in those barbarous regions? Who bought the place?"

"Leonard Frankland's father," said the vicar. "It is rather a long story, that sale of Porthgenna Tower, with some curious circumstances involved in it. Suppose we take a turn in the garden, Phippen? I'll tell you all about it over my morning cigar. Miss Sturch, if you want me, I shall be on the lawn somewhere. Girls! mind you know your lessons. Bob! remember that I've got a cane in the hall, and a birch-rod in my dressing-room. Come, Phippen, rouse up out of that arm-chair. You won't say, no, to a turn in the garden?"

"My dear fellow, I will say yes—if you will kindly lend me an umbrella, and allow me to carry my camp-stool in my hand," said Mr. Phippen. "I am too weak to encounter the sun, and I can't go far without sitting down. The moment I feel fatigued, Miss Sturch, I open my camp-stool, and sit

down anywhere, without the slightest regard for appearances. I am ready, Chennery, whenever you are—equally ready, my good friend, for the garden and the story about the sale of Porthgenna Tower. You said it was a curious story, did you not?"

"I said there were some curious circumstances connected with it," replied the vicar. "And when you hear about them, I think you will say so, too. Come along! you will find your camp-stool, and a choice of all the umbrellas in the house, in the hall."

With those words, Doctor Chennery opened his cigar-case, and led the way out of the breakfast parlour.

THE COCO-PALM.

THE Spaniards call apish tricks "cocos," and the phrase "es un coco" means, "you monkey." The black bogies of the Spanish children are "cocos." The word "coco" is of genuine quadrumanal origin; being derived from the monkeys themselves, the Indian species of which, called Maimons, cry, "Co-co!" Undoubtedly, the monkeys have a right to name themselves; and the Indians and the Spaniards only acted sensibly in adopting the name of the highest authorities in monkey-science. Monkey, or little monk, is a name which paints them well; and there is a nut which resembles the head of a coco sufficiently, for the Spaniards, to frighten their children with it, by making them believe it is a monkey or a bogie. There is even a point formed by the joinings of the shell, which is not a bad model of the little pug-nose. As the nut came to be called the coco from its resemblance to the animal, the tree became known as the tree of the coco-like nut. It is a mistake to call it the *cocoon*-nut tree, as the word "*cocoon*" belongs to a tree of a different family. The tree of the monkey-nut is a palm. The rude resemblance to the face of a monkey having given a name to the nut, the likeness of the leaf to the palm of the hand gives a name to the tree; and the coco-palm ought consequently to be the name of the tree. When described according to the place in which it likes best to grow, this palm-tree would be called the shore-palm; but, the nut is far more widely known than the habitat.

The coco-palms are the trees of the tropical shores. Stray coco-palms may be found, indeed, as far south, and as far north, as twenty-seven degrees of both latitudes, or, in other words, seven degrees further north than the tropic of Cancer, and further south than the tropic of Capricorn. Voyagers within the tropics describe in rapturous terms the astonishing beauty and magnificence of the coco-islands. When the low-lying coco-islands are seen from afar they resemble magnificent tables standing up in the sea. As the tallest trees border the ocean, and the shortest grow inland, the green tables

seem to slope from their edges towards their centres. The scene changes when nearer. Then, under a clear sky, every tree suggests a resemblance to an umbrella planted upon the water. The top of the gigantic umbrella is green, the span of it is about forty feet, and the height of the grey handle is from seventy to a hundred feet. It is set in a white bank of coral sand. The gleam of the water, and the white of the sand, set off well the grey of the trunk and the green of the leaves of the coco-palm. High up the trunk, the cluster of the monkey-heads or cocos is observable just where the leaves will best shelter them from the blaze of the sun. Homely comparisons to tables and umbrellas must not be allowed to obscure the lofty grace and glorious loveliness of the scenery of the palm-islands. The Grecian architects borrowed from the palm-trees the ideal of the columns which give dignity and elevation to their architecture. The trunks of the coco-palms are curiously scarred by the marks of the fallen leaves. The tidal waves, by washing away the white sand, occasionally lay bare the roots, which often run out forty feet long and below the high-tide mark, and which are of a brown colour turning to red. What frequently completes the strange beauty of these tropical shores is a line of blue painted on the white strand by the innumerable ianthine or blue snail shells left at high-water mark by the tide.

The dazzling whiteness of the shores obliges the natives to protect their eyes with green visors. Something of enchantment is given to the view of the hilly islands when the coco-palms are seen climbing up the sides of the hills, and wearing their crowns of green leaves and their gigantic sheaths of golden flowers. Moreover the electric touch and thrill of human feeling is added to heighten the effect of all, when the simple islanders are seen in their canoes laden with cocos.

The general aspect of the coco-palm forests is often singularly modified by the winds, which play fantastical tricks with these grand umbrellas of the sea-shore. Bernardin de Saint Pierre mentions the effects of the hurricanes upon the coco-palms of the Mauritius in bending them like bows about two-thirds up, and thickening them at the bend. When the coco-palms do not grow in forests close enough to protect each other, they gradually stoop before the reigning south-east winds. The long leaves, instead of surrounding the trunk regularly, are all turned in one direction, and seem to take flight in the way of the wind. Sand-slips and hurricanes frequently upset the coco-palms; but, when these accidents happen, they only call forth and bring into action the marvellous resources of nature. One of the most interesting objects ever seen upon the tropical shores is a fallen coco-palm, three months after having been felled by a storm. The lower part is still

nearly flat and level with the ground, and a goat may, perchance, be seen standing on it and contemplating the surrounding scenery. The roots seem completely torn up, except a few suckers on the undermost side, which still have a slight hold of the soil. The nuts are prematurely scattered on the beach. The trunk, however, is bent upward; the head is high in spite of misfortunes; the falling tree is putting out fresh suckers. The square form which the stem assumes remains as the most singular record of the disaster.

This feat of the coco-palm is beyond denial. "When," says Dr. Charles Reynaud, "a coco-palm has been uprooted by any accident whatever, or even when the roots encounter a soil upon which they cannot creep solidly, or when it does not furnish them with enough of nourishment, it pushes out a great quantity of new roots from its swelled base which diverge towards the soil. By this admirable mechanism of nature, it assures its stability, and, at the same time, it doubles the organs destined to absorb the nutritive elements. It is not rare to see the coco-palms overthrown by a falling in of the earth, and which hold still by a small number of roots, without delay, (thanks to the means of reparation we have indicated,) raise themselves up towards their leafy end, vegetating most beautifully, and so well that at the end of several years they present the singular spectacle of a trunk which may be said to grow square." A lithograph, published by Monsieur Pitot, of the Mauritius, lies before me while I write, which represents a coco-palm, three months after it has been knocked down by a storm, in an attitude half raised up, and partaking curiously of both the prostrate and the erect positions.

The oaks and pines of Europe would never think of trying such a feat, and could not do it if they tried, on account of the structure of their roots. The suckers of what is called the axis of the root develop in them; and, in the palms, they waste away. The roots of the palms which are developed, are what are called the secondary roots surrounding the axis. Issuing separately out of the trunk, vertically and horizontally, and straightly or twinedly, they are only of about the thickness each of a goose-quill, and do not penetrate far into the sand. They seize the soil in a matted and entangled manner for a range of about twenty or thirty feet around the tree, and form, by their interlacing, a solid mass amidst the loose and sandy soil. At the side nearest to the sea the roots extend sometimes as much as forty feet; and, when laid bare, their usual brown colour becomes blood-red under the influence of the light. They are rather flexible and tough, and have a somewhat hard skin, which covers a spongy substance continued from the trunk. The feat of the fallen coco-palm in raising itself up, is not without its parallels in the vegetal world.

As everybody knows, when a young willow is planted topsy-turvy, although the aerial buds do not become roots, the trunk sends forth new roots tipped with spongioles to receive food from the humidity around them.

The oak and the palm are indeed vegetal antipodes, if I may use a learned word for a fact literally and naturally true. Their roots point at each other through the width of the earth; they contradict each other flatly respecting night and day, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, and they have entirely different notions respecting most of the modes of vegetal growth and life. The oak has branches, while the palm shoots straight up without them. When a cut is made across a branch of an oak, each year's growth is seen recorded in successive layers of fibres; when a cut is made in the trunk of a palm, the bunches of fibres appear to be dispersed irregularly. The differences are so remarkable, that a French botanist divides the vegetal world according to them. The wood which surrounds the circumference of the coco-palm is very hard and almost horny; the interior is tender, of a rosy colour, and hardens as the tree ages. If an adult tree is cut, the interior will corrupt into dust, and the rind part will scarcely be fit to form laths. If an old coco-palm is cut, the wood will be found to be of the colour of a beautiful chocolate, streaked lengthwise with little veins as hard as ivory.

The coco-palm bears five new leaves to replace five old leaves every year. The scars left by the fallen leaves upon the trunk would be a satisfactory record of its age if they were not too much obliterated and confused. The leaves, to the number of from twenty to twenty-five, are arranged spirally, and form a crown around the top of the column. The leaf is like a quill, twenty feet long; and the folioles, or barbs of the feathery leaf, have the forms of swords.

The flowers of the coco-palm are enclosed in a sheath, four or five feet long, and four or five inches thick, which is triangular in the middle and conical at the summit. The sheath is streaked white and green, and with time hardens and grows brown until it becomes horny. The sheath issues out of the armpit of a leaf; and out of the sheath comes sideways the branching sheathlet or spadice, whose graceful branches, at first white and then brilliantly golden, seem proud (as all nature is) of their reproductive force and beauty. White when they first issue from the sheathlet, the flowers of the coco-palm grow gradually yellow; and then the male flowers become greenish and the female flowers green. After a time, first the male and then the female flowers fall, and while most of the ovaries wither away, the fifteen or twenty fecundated ovaries develop in the form of little balls. Each ovary consists of three lodges, two of which atrophy, leaving only one, which enlarges as a single cavity, with white

and soft sides, and full of liquid. When three months old the coco is not much larger than a goose's egg, and is perfectly smooth and brilliantly green, and the base of the nut is inserted to the depth of about a third in a reddish cup which supports it. The coco reaches its full growth after seven months, or dimensions varying from the size of the head of a monkey to the size of the head of a man. Soft fibres now run along it from the base to the top; and the nut becoming too heavy for its stalk begins to grow downward. During five months more the coco hangs and ripens. When a year old, the coco has acquired the hard brown and fibrous appearance familiar to us all, and falls upon the ground with a noise which is heard from afar. The wind may bring cocos down all through the year, and the last remaining coco generally entrains in its fall the stalk and the sheath. Bernardin de Saint Pierre says, naively, the sound which the cocos make in falling upon the ground is intended "to call more than one guest to come to his refreshment." The sound is therefore, I suppose, of the kind of the dinner-bell or breakfast-gong. Thomas Hood may have had this notion in his mind when he sung

There is a land of pure delight
Where omelets grow on trees,
And roasted pigs come crying out,
O! eat me if you please.

The food view of the coco-palm which the numerous guests of the nut banquet unanimously take, gives an unrivalled interest to every detail respecting the life of this wonderful tree, from the long brown roots upward to the fibrous monkey-nuts. I must not omit in the pages of a journal devoted to aid the conversations of the fireside to talk about the cocos as we know them in Europe, and as they come into our hands and households.

Coco bread and coco water, coco almonds, coco butter, coco brushes, coco baskets, coco brooms, coco bowls, coco boxes, coco bonnets, coco cups, coco candles, coco carpets, coco curtains, coco charcoal, coco cream, coco cabbage, coco combs, coco fans, coco forks, coco hats, coco jaggary, coco linen, coco lamps, coco mats, coco masts, coco nets, coco oars, coco oil, coco paper, coco pickles, coco pots, coco pudding, coco ropes, coco spoons, coco sandals, coco sauce, coco ships, coco torches, coco wood, coco vinegar, coco arrack, coco toddy! Nothing less than a treeful of monkeys could call out the word coco often enough! Cocos are both food and drink. The coco-palm alone can furnish almost everything necessary for a home, and can absolutely and completely supply everything needful for a ship. While, in a drawing-room, after doffing their coco bonnets, one lady may fan herself with a coco fan; another may sit down upon a coco chair, and write on a coco desk, upon coco paper, by the brilliant light of coco oil in a coco lamp, which stands upon a prettily inlaid coco table. No wonder the authors of the oriental ro-

mances had such wild and gorgeous fancies when their imaginations were fed with such marvels. The wonderful bottles of the wizards of the stage are poor plagiarisms of the prodigies of this single tree. After furnishing kitchens and drawing-rooms, and after equipping boats and ships, and after supplying food and drink to infants and adults, and hats and bonnets to gentlemen and ladies, here is an enchanted thing which pours forth by natural magic, milk and water, cream and vinegar, and wine and arrack and toddy.

The geographical distribution of the palms begins where the range of the cereals ceases, and a similar domestic interest invests both these families of plants. Like oats in northern, and wheat in southern Europe, palms are familiar household things on the tropical shores—only surpassingly more useful, more interesting, and more wonderful. The coco-palms are blended with the whole lives of these coast folks. When the Portuguese were boasting about Portugal to certain Indians, and telling them they ought to go and see it, the Indians asked:

"Does the coco-palm grow upon your shores?"

The answer being in the negative, they said:

"We shall not go there to seek our bread, for this one tree is worth all Europe."

The Tahitians say that the first coco-palm came from a human head which sprouted in the earth. When the wise dark mothers repeat this myth to the children around their knees, a good meaning, a practical truth may perhaps be detected sparkling in the depths of their black eyes. There are no seeds equal to human heads in fertility. Hominal nuts are the most fecund of all nuts. No doubt the cocos resemble much more macaca maimon, and the name may come from the maki mococo, but monkey heads are all sterile. There is nothing like the hominal nut for producing useful plants. Tahitian fathers and mothers, pondering upon this truth, would see clearly how the success or failure of their children in life depends upon the learning of this lesson. The boy who mastered it best would become the man with the most fruitful trees. The English farmer has begun to have some inklings of this truth since the epoch of free trade, with excellent results in regard to the cultivation of the cereals. Most certainly it is the human head which germinates and sprouts when the coco-palm yields bread and wine and houses and ships.

When an infant is born in Malacca, the father plants a coco-palm; which belongs henceforth to the child. The young palm begins to yield fruit at five years old, is in full bearing about eleven, and enjoys its maturity from the age of twenty to fifty; when it ages slowly, reaching the term of from ninety to a hundred years before it dies. Naturally, the natives of the coco shores

identify their lives with the lives of their trees: from the prosperity or misfortunes of which they augur their own fate. The ideas of M. Flourens and other physiologists, who think man was intended to live a century, are confirmed by the experience of the inhabitants of the tropics. Abd-Allah ben Abd-el-Kader, in his narrative of his Voyage along the Eastern coast of the Peninsula of Malacca in eighteen hundred and thirty-eight, relates an anecdote which is illustrative of the double biographies of the Indians and their palms. He entered into a village in the Kalanthan country, where grew coco-palms, dourians (*Durio Zibethinus*), and all sorts of fruit-trees. While walking, he observed an old woman about the height of a child of twelve, her back bent with age, her skin all wrinkled into ridges, and her hair, which was not four fingers long, as white as carded cotton. She was near a spring, and carried a pitcher full of water. He told Temana and Grandpre to wait for him a little, because he wished to talk with the old woman and learn her age. She replied:

"I have already seen one coco-palm die; after which, I have planted another, which is already grown old, and does not give me any more than a few rare and little fruits." By this she intimated that she was about a century and a half old.

Indeed, the good and evil of human nature mingle more or less with this invaluable tree. When the natives of New Caledonia made war upon the inhabitants of neighbouring islands, they used to make a point of destroying all the fruit-trees, and especially the coco-palms, of their enemies. Among themselves, the owner of much cultivated land and of many coco-palms was deemed a great chief. The Tiko-pians, wishing to preserve the Mitre island, or Fataeca, for the shark-fishing, are careful to destroy all the coco-palms upon it, lest their neighbours should be attracted by seeing them to come and occupy it. The improvident and reckless inhabitants of many islands, having allowed themselves to depend almost exclusively upon their fruit-trees for sustenance, are sometimes reduced to famine by hurricanes and bad seasons. When thus overtaken by calamity, the more desperate of them embark in canoes, and, committing themselves to the currents and the waves, in the hope of finding more favoured shores, depart to be heard of no more. Europeans, Portuguese, Dutch, French, and English have, since they began to voyage in the tropical seas, set useful examples to the natives of intelligence, industry, and foresight in the culture of the coco-palms. Britons have especially distinguished themselves by planting their heads in the soils of the shores' palms. Dr. Charles Reynaud records numerous cases in which English-speaking men have planted cocos where they were unknown

before, and have obtained four or five fold more fruit from their well-tended trees than were yielded by the neglected palms of the natives. Ceylon appears to be the only place where the steam-engine is applied to the extraction of coco oil.

Persons who have only seen the coco-palms of Ceylon or the Mauritius, must not estimate the vital forces of these trees by their limited observation. The wild vitality of the coco-palms is only to be seen on the shores of the coco-islands between the fifteenth of northern and the twelfth of southern latitude. Their natural soil is the coral sand. Polypes, or little animals, of a structure so simple that they have been said, not quite correctly, to be nothing but stomachs, or sacks alive, possess the faculty of secreting lodgings for themselves with their bases and sides. The calcareous secretions join each other and form what are called animal plants, which were long mistaken for plants of which the animals were only the flowers. These animals are innumerable as the sands of the sea-shore, and many islands have been formed by them. The waves of the sea pound the exposed coral reefs into dust, which is thrown as white sand over the compact reefs, and forms the coral or madrepora shores. On the shores already made, the coco-palms are shedding their fruits all the year round, and what Bernardin de Saint Pierre deemed a summons to a banquet, the fall of the nuts, is really a phase in the wheel of coco life. The nuts are washed away by the waves, and are carried by the currents, until growing heavy and saturated with sea-water, they are left to germinate upon far-distant coasts and newly-formed islands. Cocos have sometimes been borne by the currents as far north as the coasts of Scotland and Norway. The first coco I ever saw, was washed ashore upon the sands at Aberdeen. The fall of the nuts is the preliminary of the process of seed-sowing, which is effected by the machinery of the ocean currents. The coco-palms love the newest coral sands—the secretions of animals at work everywhere and at this hour, and their very soil is impregnated with animality. The madrepora sand is interlaced to form the bases of the noble palm column, and the frequent rains pour down their sides while the warm currents and high-tide waves of the tropics lave the long roots of a tree, which may be said to be naturally far more a product of the ocean than of the earth.

Of course there are many varieties of coco-palms. Some of the dwarf kinds are not much bigger than umbrellas. Several varieties are not good to eat. There are spherical cocos, and needle cocos, distinguished by peculiarities in the forms of the nuts. Differences of colour mark other races of cocos (the words races, breeds, varieties, and sometimes, I may say, by the way species, are synonymes), and there are red, black, and

brahma coloured cocos ;—the brahma colour being the colour of the complexions of the Hindoo caste of Brahma.

Many new observations are needed to explain the circumstances of soil and climate which produce the varieties of the coco-palms. The tendency which there is in all the forms of life to transmit and perpetuate peculiarities once acquired, is one of the great laws of physiology. The application of the great principles of physiology, however, to unveil the secrets of the lives of the coco-palms, their circulation, respiration, secretions, and races, remains to be made. Unluckily we are likely to have to wait some time for this application, as there is a decided difference of taste at present between the sciences and the palms respecting climate. The sciences prefer the temperate, and the palms the hot latitudes.

The abortions of the coco-palms, according to the observations of Dr. Charles Reynaud, occur almost always upon marshy soils. Two nuts sometimes grow under one envelope of fibres. When the nut withers, the husks generally grow largely. Nuts are found which are not longer than a finger length, nor more than an inch thick, and which are of a triangular form. Curiosities are frequently manufactured out of nuts, one side of which has stopped growing, while the other half has grown enough for both. The trunks are, of course, not to be outdone by the nuts in drollery. The trunks sometimes split into two, three, four, and, once upon a time, into thirty trunks. Rumphius saw near Bombarde, a coco-palm which, when it reached the height of about thirty feet, divided into thirty trunks, like the branches of a candelabra. A three-trunked coco-palm was deemed the fatal tree of the Indians inhabiting the mountain called Oud-Keytello, and when it fell suddenly, they ceased fighting the Dutch, saying :

“ Our power has fallen with that tree.”

The roots, as usual, however, surpass all these eccentricities. The islanders of the Mauritius, says Dr. Charles Reynaud, frequently throw the refuse of their fruit in manure-heaps over the roots of the coco-palms. A slimy mass is formed, which prevents the rain-water from reaching and nourishing the roots. A green moss then covers the trunk, and by-and-by the bark peels off from below upwards, and all the central part of the trunk is transformed into a prodigious quantity of new roots, which cover over the old ones. It is said commonly in these islands that the coco-palm has re-mounted upon the top of the rubbish-heap. The coco-palm has escaped the sullyng mass, but it is at the risk of its life. The extraordinary absorption of sap enfeebls the tree for a long time, during which the leaves grow thin, the flowers are sterile, and the fruits are abortive. However, after a time the

coco-palm regains something of its pristine vigour, although never recovering all its former solidity, probably because it is hoisted up too high upon an unstable and sandy foundation.

The interest of these displays of vegetal life must not prevent me, however, from pursuing the products of the coco-palms. Coco bonnets are made out of the insides, of the stalks of the leaflets of the leaves, which are stripped off and plaited. The natives of the Sechell Islands used to plait excellent garden hats, which were light, cheap, and pretty. Lacking the impress of European superiority, the prestige of the London and Paris fashions, they were disdained, of course, by the ladies of European origin in the tropics. Coco fans are very curious toys. Although rare in Europe, it costs only about a shilling where it is made. When folded up it is far from having the portability and elegance of the most common European fans; yet it can be carried in the hand, or put in the pocket without inconvenience. The fan is round, and is made of a thin, white, light, and elastic material.

Human industry and ingenuity, which makes fans and bonnets of the folioles and stalks, produces a vast variety of useful things from the trunks, leaves, leaflets, fibres, flowers, and fruits. Coco-wood is used to make laths, and roofs for cabins, water-pipes, bridges, scaffoldings, javelins, marquerie, boats and ships. The boats of the Maldiv and Laquedive islands are built by hollowing middle-aged coco-palms, and making flexible planks of them, which are fastened together by coco-ropes, caulked with tow of coco-fibre, and pitched with a preparation of coco-oil. The Malays weave the leaflets into sails for their prahus. The sheaths of the leaves of the coco-palms are made into sieves and sacks. The green cocos are placed in these sacks to preserve them from bats. The labourers of Tahiti make coarse clothes out of these sheaths, which they wear when doing rough work. The leaves of the coco-palms are used to thatch cabins. Of the thick stem of the leaf, the Cingalese make oars for their boats, palisades for their little gardens, and the floors, ceilings, and window-sashes of their cabins. When split into little, thin, and spread-out canes, and bound together with thread, they are transformed into mats and curtains. The leaves are the food of the domestic elephants. But this is not all. The Cingalese form beautiful floral arches with the coco-leaves, on the fête-days of their idols. Nor is this all. When burnt, the leaves yield the soda which is used in washing linen in Ceylon. The leaflets rival the leaves in usefulness. The women of Tongu Tabou make combs of the nerves of the leaflets, which they sell to voyagers. They are manufactured into visors, capes, kilts, and paper. The capes consist of a couple of

mats to protect the shoulders from the rain. On Palm Sundays the folioles or leaflets of the coco-palms are used in the religious ceremonies at the Mauritius, instead of the box-wood which all staunch Catholics have blessed, and placed over their beds in France and England.

The leaflets of the coco-palms have been used, from immemorial times, to make paper for letters and books. Quintus Curtius speaks of this paper, which he erroneously says was made of the bark of the trees. The young and tender leaflets preserve best their whiteness and elasticity. The leaves of this paper are called Olla, and are placed above each other, and tied together by means of a string which passes through the bundle at each end. When writing upon them, the Indians and Cingalese hold the book in one hand while they mark upon it with a stylet in the other. They write on both sides from right to left and then immediately pass blacking and oil over the newly-traced letters. In former times letters were sent to the Grand Mogul, or to his ministers, enclosed in bamboo canes, which were sealed with gum-lac. Pyrrard de Laval mentions naively the use of these leaflets, to tell the old, old story, which always will be young, young, young. "In the month of December, or about the time of Palm-week, you may see the boys and girls caressing and making love more than at any other season. They send each other songs, sonnets, and little verses written upon coco-leaves which are white as paper, and which they mark with stylets."

The topmost bud of the coco-palm forms what is called the coco-cabbage. The natives eat it raw, in which state it is an excellent aliment, and Europeans eat it as aschards, when preserved in hot Indian spices; as pickles when preserved in vinegar; and as salad and sauce.

But it is high time I should mention the products of the interior of the coco-palms. The liquor which the English call toddy is procured by bleeding the trunks and flower-stalks. It is obtained like maple sugar. The negroes of Saint Thomas bore a hole into the trunk just under the leaves, and insert in it a bit of bark, which serves as a pipe to conduct the sap into a calabash. Grass and leaves cover carefully the mouth of the calabash, to preserve the liquor from the bees and lizards, which partake of the hominal taste for toddy. The best toddy is obtained from the spadice. During the period of its fertility, the coco-palm develops a spadice monthly, which, when wounded, weeps abundantly for thirty days, and a month longer prior to becoming dry. Two vases collect continually the tears of the coco flowers. When fresh the toddy is sweet and agreeable; it afterwards becomes tart and intoxicating. The natives mix with it the

bruised berries of *Datura stramonium*, and English soldiers put capsicum into it to give it a taste of gingerbeer. Coco jaggary is the sugar obtained by evaporating the sap. Coco galgale is a preparation of coco oil, jaggary, and lime, used to pitch boats. Arrack is the spirit obtained by distilling the fermented sap. Arrack is to the Parias of the swarthy races, what gin, whiskey, and brandy are to the Parias of the white races of the human family. When the nut is about seven months old, it yields the celebrated coco water. The unanimous testimony of navigators declares this liquor to be an unrivalled antiscorbutic. Dr. Charles Reynaud drunk no other beverage during a residence of six months in the island of Diego Garcia, and never enjoyed better health. Coco cream is the water while still a sweet white liquid, and before it hardens into the almond. The almond must not be judged of by the old, dry, leathery, and oily substance found in the nuts sold in Europe. Jams and puddings are made of coco almonds. The albumine and fibrine which they contain make them very nutritive. The oil in the old nuts renders them difficult of digestion. The coco oil or butter consists of the fatty substance in the nuts. The British have replaced the rude wooden mortars of the natives for breaking the nuts, by hydraulic presses and steam-engines in the island of Ceylon. After two days' exposure to the sun, the almonds detach themselves from the shells, and after two days more they grow greasy and oily. The poor natives boil the nuts and skim off the oil as it floats upon the top, which serves them for daily use. It is said that there is no oil which burns more brilliantly than coco oil.

I ought not to conclude without expressing my obligations to Dr. Charles Reynaud. This young medical man is a native of the Mauritius, where his father is a manufacturer of coco oil. He has accumulated in his recently published thesis for his degree, which he has taken in Paris, all the observations made by himself and friends in his native island, and all the results of his own long, laborious, and intelligent researches in European public libraries. He frequently quotes an article which appeared in *Household Words* in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one, relating chiefly to the culture of the coco-nut tree in Ceylon.

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FICTION CRUSHING.

No! Duncan of Scotland would have been safe in my best bed-room, (it is the only spare room in the house,) in spite of all that Mrs. Smith (the wife of my bosom) could have urged to the contrary; and yet I feel all the confusion of mind and perplexity of purpose, which led the ambitious Thane to believe, "that nothing is but what is not!" What may be the exact meaning of this expression I have never seen explained by any commentator; and therefore conclude, that the impenetrable obscurity of the sentence was meant to illustrate the chaotic helplessness of Macbeth's mind.

The art of the divine Williams was admirably shown in this bewildered presentment of a feeble-minded individual, who had a dreadful tartar of a wife; and who, all of a sudden, finds an unaccountable propensity to cut his benefactor's throat. He had no such wish previous to the interview with the hideous Sisters; but, in a moment, all the landmarks of his previous life were thrown down by that frightful prophecy of the witches—all his loyalty to the gracious monarch—all his kindness to his trusted friend—all his reliance on the feminine tenderness of his wife—all his sweet sleeps and joyous wakings—all his self-respect and sinless ambition to excel and be promoted,—all these had disappeared; there was nothing left by which to recognise his existence, to unite his past with his future; he could trust no man's evidence, not even the witness of his own eyes and ears,—and therefore he said, "All isn't, all is! all is, all isn't!"

Now, this is what Shakespeare makes a general, an earl, a murderer, a king, a tyrant, and hen-pecked husband do; and it is strange that circumstances perfectly different from Macbeth's, have produced the same effect on me; who am neither a general, nor an earl, nor a murderer, nor a king, nor a tyrant, nor even—except in a very modified degree—anything else by which the Scotchman was distinguished from other men. I do not wear a kilt, nor a feather in my bonnet as large as the central ornament of an alderman's hearse. In fact, I live at Clapham, and go every day by an omnibus into the City, transacting my

business to the best of my ability (my address is at the printers of this publication); and at four return to a nice little dinner,—an hour or two of music (Lucy certainly has a charming voice), a hot cup of tea, and then children being in bed, feet on fender, lamp on small table at the left-hand, don't I enjoy my book? my novel? my biography? my voyages and travels? my history and antiquities!—while Lady Macbeth mends the baby's frocks, knits me a new purse, adds up the household accounts, or reads—(she is a very little woman, and nobody would take her, even now, for more than nineteen)—the description of Dora in David Copperfield, for at least the hundredth time. That's how I live—or lived I ought to say,—for that's one of the "ises" which "isn't." No! I have shut up my bookshelves; I have sent home a barrowful of volumes to Mudie; I have taken to drinking in despair; and have serious thoughts of giving Mrs. S. a black eye. They would only fine me thirty shillings, or give me a fortnight of the mill if I trampled her nearly to death; and, would probably let me off for half-a-crown, for a mere poke in the organ of vision. But why should I do this? Why, to show my courage in the first place, and, in the next place, to prove beyond cavil and dispute that I am a changed man; that I am not what I was; that I live in a confusion of tenses distracting to a grammarian, and that all isn't, nothing is?

This is how the metamorphosis came to pass. On the 'bus for many consecutive mornings I sat next a man who lived in the other half of my Semi-detached, a good-looking man enough, with very broad cheek bones, light grey shiny eyes, yellow disordered hair, and lips that clutched together with a snap when he had made an observation, like the spring of a man-trap. But they were always valuable observations, and well worth holding fast. No nonsense, no joke, no frivolity; all solid heaps of truth and great crude forms of fact; none of your mouldings, and ornaments, and flexibility of shape. A thing was a thing, and nothing else. Vesuvius was an elevation of the ground near Naples, which occasionally gave forth smoke, and fire, and lava; but, as to the beauty of its lurid flame reflected in the Bay; as to its effect in brilliant sunshine; as to its ghost-like appearance when the moon held high court in

Heaven—bah! nobody ever thought of sunshine, or moonlight, or blue deep waves curling up and along golden sand who listen to Mr. M'Ritchie. I doubt whether these natural phenomena would have had the courage to exhibit themselves in his presence; so no wonder nobody spoke of them. We spoke of corn and tallow, of lead and guano; and the curious thing was, that he was a perfect miracle of information. There was not a spot on the face of the earth he did not know the shape of, and the size of its market, and the whole of its history, and what was the rate of exchange established in its bourse. In short he was Haydn's Dates, and Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge, and Murray's Guide Books, and McCalloch's Dictionary all in one. And I—only think of the difference—knew the hero of every novel for twenty years, believed in Gulliver's Travels, and could say the Arabian Nights by heart. Of course being so entirely opposite we took a fancy to each other. I asked him to tea.

My domestic peace was gone from that hour! The wife I was so fond of, my Dora, my tidily toddly, my wippity pippity, she never cared for me any more! All my little enjoyments, my dips into Shakespeare, my flights with Peter Wilkins, my courtships with the glums and glowries, she hated and despised. She cared for facts, facts only; the broader, the bolder, the stupider the better. And there—opposite that fairy creature—sat the gaunt form of M'Ritchie, ejecting huge, deformed, repulsive, coagulated realities, with the force and pertinacity of a twenty-four pounder, and shutting his mouth after the operation with the slam of a prison-door. She respected the wretch! he was so exact, so reliable, and knew so much! Did I say he was a Scotchman? But if you had heard him cough, you would have known that those lungs had been filled with mountain winds and alcohol from their earliest years. His breath was Scotch, his walk was Scotch. He would have done for sentry at a tobacconist's shop; his language was strong, firm, grammatical, trenchant, and to the point; but with a tone; with a pragmatical conceit; with a pitiless precision, and regardlessness of other people's thoughts and feelings—ugh! I think I hear still the remorseless "I big yer par-r-don" with which he solemnly prefaced his demolition of all your statements and rectification of all your errors; your favourite statements, your fondly cherished errors! What was to be done? The man was always right. Your statements were evidently unfounded, your errors ridiculously clear. You had made them for twenty years, you had believed in them from childhood. But, he wouldn't let you quote from the poets anything whatever that wasn't as true and undeniable as the income-tax. If you said Henry the Fifth was a gallant

fellow who talked of taking Prester John by the beard, M'Ritchie rolled the vast denial in his jaws, and propelled it with the vigour of a catapult, "I big yer par-r-don, Henry the Fifth was wrang; there niver was a Prester John;" and, when the big lips jerked themselves together again with a triumphant crack, you felt that Prester John, beard and all, was buried in that impenetrable grave, never to rise again.

Why should I go through the miserable list of all the cherished beliefs he scattered into air? Did Remus never jump over a wall? did Curtius never leap into a gulf? nor Mademoiselle Rachel never blow up that bandy-legged little Horatius in the colourless kilt? The Sabines:—was there no forcible abduction to Greta Green? Regulus:—was there no surrender on his own recognisance? And farther down in history, was there no Rosamond's Bower? No generous St. Pierre and the citizens of Calais receiving their pardon from the harsh-voiced king at the intercession of the sweet Philippa? Were all to be overthrown by that gigantic image of iconoclasm sitting starched and cold on the cosiest side of my fire-place, gazed on, open-lipped, by the once all-believing, but now utterly incredulous, sceptic, sneering, proof-exacting little girl who despised Dora and began mathematics, amusing herself in her gayest moments with a page or two of the statistics of crime or corn? I hated the man. He did not look like a person of eighteen hundred and fifty-six, but a skeleton of some dreadful and extinct pre-Adamite animal. Vastity of jaw, breadth of countenance, boniness of structure—who could he be but the resuscitated body (and possibly mind too) of one of the antediluvian monsters on that melancholy island in the Crystal Palace garden,—the iguanodon, or mastodon; or, more likely still, the megatherium, of which, I believe, the name means in English the great beast? He was undoubtedly an English, or rather Scottish megatherium, and committed such devastations in the forests of history and romance, that, if long continued, not a green leaf would be left. Was there indeed no St. Pierre and the self-sacrificing six, as honourable in my eyes as the three hundred Fabii (who never existed) or Codrus of Athens (who also is a mere imposition).

"I big yer par-r-don," he began; and before the flop of his closing jaws it was clear that the pretty story of that Calais surrender was an invention of after days; for he pulled out—other people would have put a hand in their pocket for this purpose, and laid a volume on the table, but he merely opened a drawer in his inexhaustible memory, and pulled out—a work written by an eye-witness, in which from hour to hour the course of the siege is detailed, and no mention made of what, to a citizen, would have been the most interesting part of the story,—no summoning of the inhabitants,—no procession with ropes

about their necks,—no obduracy of Edward, —no eloquence of the Queen. All these things, however, I give up. In fact I am ready to profess my unbelief in anything: and when the object to be sacrificed is only an old-fashioned incident in the midst of persons and manners with which we have nothing to do, the effort at incredulity is not very difficult. I am prepared to take a sponge and pass it over all history, anecdote, tradition and belief, previous to George the Third. But, when a fellow, in mere reliance on his powers of denial, begins to interfere with my modern faith, and with one flop of his teeth annihilates the most recent records as if they were moth-eaten with the rottenness of the Crusades, the thing becomes serious. Let Cleon, we cry, be a much-abused individual, and instead of the notorious demagogue we thought him, let him be a high-principled whig: let bloody Mary be beautified into the perfect ensample of a lofty-minded, tender-hearted woman and justice-loving queen: let Henry the Eighth be the most patient of martyrs, and the most immaculate character of recent times; let Jeffreys himself be the impersonation of equity and of the righteous firmness which gives the sword of justice all its value; but spare us the dome of St. Paul's! the roof of Westminster Abbey! Alter as much as you like, but don't obliterate altogether! Make Shakespeare out an illiterate ass if you please, but don't deny that such a man really lived! Tell us the Pyramids are round, but don't destroy them utterly! Yet that is what the inexorable M'Ritchie has done; not with regard to Shakespeare and Jeffreys, or the Pyramids; but about several things much more valuable to me than the English Justice or the Egyptian Cheops.

For instance;—One night I said, but almost in a whisper (I am so subdued I seldom speak above my breath), that politics (it is thought quite a novel expression) were as irresistible as the vortex of the Maelstrom;—and when I looked at the face of our guest (he had swallowed his ninth cup of tea, and walked into a heaped-up plate of muffins till not a single one was left) I sincerely wished I was at that moment whirling round and round in the outer circles, gradually drawing nearer and nearer to the central pool, in company with a few howling bears and distracted boats performing the same dreadful revolution; for, the mouth was opened, and from it proceeded the word of fate:

"I big yer par-r-don, there's no such thing as the Maelstrom."

Come, come, I thought, this fellow will deny the existence of my mother-in-law next. I'll stand it no longer; wherefore I said, "Mr. M'Ritchie, I think you go a little too far. The Maelstrom is in every geography-book, and every school-boy——"

"I big yer par-r-don. Every school-boy is a perfit idyitt who believes in any such thing."

And he condescended to proof. From the

same repertory where he kept his authorities about Calais, he brought forward a certain official report, presented to the King of Denmark by a commission of scientific and naval men, who had been sent to verify the size and danger of the greatest whirlpool in the world. It was dated two or three years ago. It was very clear, very conclusive; and signed with all their names. They had searched night and day in the quarter where the awful Maelstrom was supposed to be. Over and over, backward and forward, sailed the vessel of inquiry. There was no recoil, no eddy, no roar; there was nothing but smooth water, and a gradual tide. The philosophers examined divers of the fishermen and skippers; all of them had heard of the Maelstrom, and believed in it, and prayed against it; but none of them had ever seen it. All the coast was traversed, from the mouth of the Baltic to the north of Norway. There was no Maelstrom! And the navigator may guide his bark in peace; the swimming bears may dread no suction; the inadvertent whale may spout through its nose in safety; the stately ship may fear no irresistible twist and twirl, and may lazily float with fair wind and tide across the dreaded spot. It is for ever extinguished, abolished, and done out of existence by act of the Danish parliament. The jubilant lips closed with a bang, and all my simile was overthrown!

But, the next effort of this exterminator of acknowledged truths, was more interesting even than his expungement of the northern Sylla and Charybdis; I commend the consideration of it to the erudite inquirers of the Notes and Queries. He was damming up for ever the sources of the Nile, when I took courage to make a remark about the explorers of Africa, and named my favourite traveller Le Vaillant. In a moment the dreadful doom was passed. "I big yer par-r-don; Le Vaillant never wrote the book!" What! were the plains of Caffraria to be robbed of the picturesque accompaniments of waggons and bullocks, and the groups of attached natives; and the pleasantries of Kees the monkey; and the beautiful tenderness of the desert flower—the fair Narina—the connecting link between the graceful savagery of a naturally gentle nature, and the culture and elegance of European maidenhood? All, all my pretty ones, at one fell swoop? But so it was; and here was his story:—

A gentleman, whose name he gave, and whose character for truthfulness and honour would guarantee whatever he said as having occurred to himself, was engaged in a great commercial speculation in Paris shortly after the peace of eighteen hundred and fifteen. This business brought him often into contact with the members of the French government at the time, and with many of the men of science and literature. Among these, the person with whom he became most intimate was the celebrated

John Anthony Chaptal, the great natural-historian, chemist, and statesman. Like our own Sir Humphry Davy, this man was only not the first poet of his country, because he chose to be her first utilitarian philosopher. He lived, in fact, in two worlds: one consisting of the most plain matters of fact, and the other ideal and imaginative,—an Atlantis or Utopia, which he peopled with kings and personages of his own creation. One day, when the friends were communicative and confidential, the vanity of literature overthrew the barriers by which the statesman, peer of France, and former minister for trade and manufacture, had entrenched his dignity, and he said, "With this hand I wrote *Le Vaillant's travels*; I invented all his adventures. In some portions of the story I was assisted by a friend; but, in fact and substance, I am *Le Vaillant*, the slaughterer of the giraffe, and lover of *Narina*." The story of the modern Frankenstein was antedated in the person of M. Chaptal. The monster he created, overwhelmed him. *Le Vaillant* became a real existence, and the veritable Simon Pure sank rapidly into oblivion. Many mistakes he confessed to. He acknowledged the impossibility of the existence of *Narina*. He was ludicrously inexact in his description of the motions of the cameleopard. All succeeding travellers had tried in vain to find evidence of his career; but, with the sole exception of one who discovered an old woman who said she remembered him living in her kraal, there was no trace of his ever having been in Africa. *Lichtenstein*, a German explorer, began to smell a rat in eighteen hundred and nine, and has the following remarkable passage: "When *Le Vaillant* asserts that he has seen the giraffe trot, he spares me any further trouble in proving that this animal never presented itself alive before him."

Then, who does not remember the ferocious colonies of the *Houswanas*: their courage, their size, and the influence they exercised over all the surrounding tribes? Who were these tremendous warriors, these assegayed Romans, founding a long-enduring dominion by self-control and stoic perseverance? They were our friends of the Egyptian Hall, London, the base *Bosjesmen* or *Bushman*—the lowest type of human nature—but recommended to Chaptal by the vague uncertainty of the name which was current among the Dutch colonists of the Cape, the wild heroes of the forest, the *Men of the Bush*. Who, then, was *Le Vaillant*? He is mentioned in the *Biographie Universelle*, "was born in seventeen hundred and fifty-three, and died in eighteen hundred and twenty-four; a quiet, retired, unsocial man, devoting his whole time to the preparation of his travels and the publication of his essays on the *Natural History of Birds*." The whole of this biography is taken from the prefaces and intro-

ductions to the various editions of the travels. Nobody ever saw him. The ingenuity with which a local habitation and a name are given to this purely imaginary individual is worthy of *De Foe* or *Gulliver*. He is born, not in any town or district of France where a baptismal register might be appealed to, but at *Paramaribo* in Dutch Guyana; there he devotes himself to study and the exploration of wood and fell. In seventeen hundred and sixty-three he comes with his parents to France, but not to Paris or any traceable position, but to the wild parts of Lorraine and the *Vosges*. Here he shuns society, and gives himself up entirely to the chase. He comes by chance to the capital in seventeen hundred and seventy-seven, and sees the royal cabinet of natural history; and the fire, long dormant, breaks forth. He will travel into the native land of those strange and captivating animals, and see them in their natural freedom; and at a time when England and France are at war, when no record of his voyage could be possible in the log-books of either country, he embarks in a Dutch vessel at the *Texel*, and reaches the Cape in safety; but, the ship which brought him is sunk, burnt, or otherwise destroyed by an English fleet; and alone out of all the crew—sole visitor—with no one to prove his identity or deny his statements, behold *Le Vaillant*, penniless, shirtless, bookless, at full liberty to invent as many adventures as he likes. There is no one to say him nay. He is the *Robinson Crusoe* of the desert, and finds his man Friday in *Claas*, his tame goat in *Kees*, and transcends all the imaginings of the mariner of York in the creation of the matchless *Narina*. Looking at the book with this light thrown upon it, it is an admirable natural history romance. He comes home, but still his impersonation is sustained. He lives—the world forgetting, by the world forgot—at *La Noue*, near *Sezanne*. Is there a tomb there to his memory? Did he leave a will? Is he in no old list of citizens? Two-and-thirty years are not so long a time as to have expunged the memory of so distinguished an author. Many must be alive who knew him, who spoke to him about his books. People of sixty were eight-and-twenty when he died. Did Thiers know him? or Guizot? or Michelet? or Lamartine? "Deed, no," concludes Mr. M'Ritchie; "and the reason's very plain, the man never existed, body or soul; and was naething but the idolon or external image o' Maister Chaptal." Whereupon the lips closed with a clash, and *Le Vaillant* disappeared for ever from the rolls of human kind.

THE SOULAGES COLLECTION.

ONE would like to see Monsieur Jules Soulages. One would like to know whether he wears spectacles; whether his hair is white, or his head bald; in short, what sort of a man he may be, to devote his wealth and

his time to the collecting of plates and dishes and sundries. He would serve as a text for a discourse on art and treasures of art, as developed at the present day. Our men of taste tell us that art is not confined to pictures and sculpture, in the limited degree understood a generation or so ago; that a goblet, or a cup, or a key, which has received an impress from the mind of an artist as well as from the tools of an artisan, is an art-treasure, to be paid for highly, preserved carefully, and studied reverently; and that a national collection is as much enriched by such objects as by the bones of indescribable animals—even were they men “whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders.” Three or four assemblages of miscellaneous treasures of art (apparently made inestimable by being called art treasures; but it is the fashion in these things to be German and princely) have been displayed in London within a few years past, chiefly at the rooms of the Society of Arts and at Marlborough House. Three or four sales by auction have revealed the astounding prices such articles will command; and numerous purchases have been made by the Government, with national money, for the avowed purpose of demonstrating the educational value of old-fashioned productions that exhibit any indications of mind or taste. This art-movement, therefore, is a fact, and must be met as such, whether the fact be great or small. No better proof of earnestness can be adduced, than is afforded by the circumstances under which the Soulages Collection has lately been brought under the public eye.

Monsieur Soulages, it appears, is, or was, a French advocate, practising at Toulouse. Having a cultivated taste, and the means wherewith to gratify it, he gradually accumulated several hundred specimens of mediæval art, not belonging to any particular department, but comprising articles of use as well as of ornament, mostly produced in France, Italy, the Low Countries, and Germany, and mostly ranging in date from the fourteenth to the seventeenth centuries. The years from eighteen hundred and thirty to eighteen hundred and forty were those during which the collection was chiefly made. Avoiding the larger productions in painting and sculpture which furnish the usual examples of High Art, he directed his attention rather to decorative objects of utility, and the minor productions of great artists. He repeatedly traversed Italy with this object in view, and made most of his purchases in that country. At that period—say, about twenty years ago—collectors were not so eager for such articles as they now are, and Monsieur Soulages had proportionably greater facilities for making purchases, both in number and in price. As the old pots and plates and glasses cannot be increased in number, except by fraudulent imitation, the price rises after every such collection is made,

because there is a lessening of the stock remaining in the market. It is, for instance, positively asserted that fine Italian Majolica ware—a particular kind of old painted earthenware—would, at the present time, command twenty times the price it could have been bought for, five years ago. Should the taste increase, the value may go yet higher; for not only are many of the specimens withdrawn permanently from the market, for deposition in museums and national collections, but the remaining specimens are becoming every year fewer and fewer, owing to accidents and natural decay—always supposing the sophisticators, the manufacturers of modern antiques, to have no concern in the matter.

Returning to Monsieur Soulages, we find that his collection—first at Paris, and then removed to Toulouse—attracted the attention of all connoisseurs, and became illustrated in such works as Du Sommerard's *Arts du Moyen Age*, and Laborde's *Notice des Emaux du Musée du Louvre*. Offers, many and liberal, he had for single specimens; but he refused them all. Ten years and many thousand pounds he had spent in making the collection, and a collection it should remain. Finding how rapidly the value of such articles rose, he saw that he might make a large profit; and, whether his original motive had been artistic or commercial, we can hardly blame him for naming a higher and higher purchase price, when it became evident how many persons were longing to bid. At last, a number of English gentlemen, interested in the union between art and manufactures, represented to the Government that such a collection would be a worthy addition to any national museum of the kind at Marlborough House or elsewhere; but the Government, too busy at that time with soldiers and ships to attend to china and bronze, declined. The gentlemen, not to be baffled, solved the difficulty by purchasing the collection themselves, at a price which, with various additions, amounted to the large sum of thirteen thousand pounds. This illustrates the earnestness adverted to in a former paragraph; for, the collection of odds and ends, after all, barely fills three moderately sized rooms. Not only did the committee formed for this purpose, purchase the collection at the price named, but they subscribed a fund of no less than twenty-four thousand pounds, to place the means of payment beyond all doubt. Those who are familiar with the names of our leading manufacturers, will see how general must be the interest with which the collection is regarded; when among the subscribers to the fund are included the names of Minton, Napier, Webb, Holland, Jackson, Trollope, Graham, Crace, Elkington, De la Rue, Marrant, Spiers, Hunt, Roskell, Mechi, Rodgers, Mappin, Salt, and others, besides artists and connoisseurs in various grades.

Had this been a mere trading speculation, it

would hardly have needed further mention here; but the relation between the committee and the Government is a remarkable one, likely to come under public notice in another form, before this sheet is many weeks old. Indeed, as John Bull is a party very nearly concerned, the more he knows about it the better. The committee was formed about the end of July, eighteen hundred and fifty-six; the subscribers, about eighty in number, appointed three of their body, managers, to make the purchase, and to collect, *pro rata*, from the subscribers money enough for that purpose; the managers are empowered to deposit and exhibit the collection where they may deem best; and the Government, during such time of exhibition, is to be at liberty to purchase the collection, at such price as will defray all expenses, but without leaving any profit to the subscribers. This latter clause takes the matter out of the category of mere trading speculations. If the Government, however, refuse to be smitten with the charms of these articles of virtue, and remain obdurate until the middle of the year eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, the managers are in that case empowered to sell the collection by auction or otherwise, for the benefit of the subscribers. If, when the collection is sold, and the day for winding up affairs arrives, the enterprise results in a loss, the amount of this loss is to be borne *pro rata* by the subscribers; but, if any profit accrue, it is not to pass into the purses of the subscribers; the managers being authorised to apply the surplus in furtherance of some object or objects connected with art. Thus, the spirit that pervades the undertaking is throughout artistic, not trading; generous, not selfish. The managers—Mr. Marjoribanks, Mr. Uzielli, and Mr. Henry Cole—negotiated with M. Soulagès, purchased the collection, paid for it, and brought it to this country.

We are queer people in all that concerns national collections. Where to put treasures of art, we know not. How or where to build new structures to contain them, we discuss, but decide not. If a donor present us with valuable pictures, we stow them in vaults and passages and dark rooms, lacking better accommodation. Gore House, and Marlborough House, and Burlington House, and Kensington Palace, and the National Gallery, and the British Museum, and the Jermyn Street Museum—all are in bewilderment; all claim to be museums of Art in one form or other, and yet all are in a doubtful, changing, dislocated state. Thus it arose that, when the Soulagès collection was placed temporarily at the disposal of the Government, nothing could be done with it, except by displacing something else. The Board of Trade, becoming for a time the custodian of the treasures, looked around for empty rooms; finding none, they took brooms and swept out three uncomfortable rooms at Marlborough House. There, in a dismal building

never adapted or intended for anything of the kind, are now crowded the Soulagès collection, the Bernal collection, and the Vernon collection, and the Turner collection; and the public are invited to solve the optical problem of seeing them, if they can.

The managers, who have thus placed the Soulagès collection at the disposal of the Government, for temporary exhibition, and with no other purpose than that of advancing instruction in Art, invite the public to pass its own judgment, and to afford the Government sound evidence for its guidance. They say: "It will probably rest in great measure with the public to decide whether or not the Soulagès collection shall become the property of the nation."

The public, then—not only the connoisseurs and virtuosi, but Simmonds, Clutterbuck, Jones, ourselves, and the rest—must become critics of this collection. It will probably appear to Simmonds and his plain companions, that the collection is more curious than beautiful. Watch the visitors, and listen to their comments. You will find that the raptures come from the connoisseurs. Simmonds, willing to learn, but not yet initiated, looks at the Majolica service, and wonders how it happens that a plate or a dish is worth twenty or fifty guineas. Here is a large plateau, bordered with a pattern of cherubs' heads, eagles' heads, and serpents, all very bright, and upon a very bright ground. Here is a still larger plateau, with a saint, two dogs, serpents, amorini or little loves, an eel; and there are fine female busts. Here is a fruttiera or fruit-plate, with a representation of the Gathering of the Manna, in which the manna and the gatherers are very showy indeed. Here is a large plate, whereon are depicted coronets, dragons, interlaced serpents, masks, sphinxes, military and musical trophies, garlands and cartouches, all intensely red and yellow and blue. Simmonds finds this to be considered a most precious specimen, and he marvels. Here is another plate, with Minerva and the Muses; the Muses very plump damsels, and Minerva with blue stockings, proper enough in a learned lady, a goddess of wisdom, but pictorially comical nevertheless. In short, Simmonds observes that the colours are brilliant, the lustre dazzling, but the drawing often defective, and the perspective set at naught. He may not be so irreverent as to compare those Majolica pictures with the penny coloured prints he bought as a boy from the theatrical print-seller, but still the estimated value startles him.

The truth is, such articles are valued by the virtuosi principally for their form, and for the technical skill with which colour has been combined in the manufacture. Majolica, or Raffaele, or Faenza ware was the mediæval Italian pottery, made by potters contemporary with the great Italian painters. The decorative pottery introduced by the Arabs into

Spain, aided in suggesting new designs to the Italian potters, who often combined Moresque with Italian subjects. Italian princes patronised Majolica works near or in their palaces, and treated the potters as maestri, or masters of a liberal art. Those potters were especially skilled in the production of metallic lustre on the surface of their ware—a kind of metallic paint, yielding gorgeous results, which a collector goes well nigh crazy in contemplating. He declares that the potters and chemists of the nineteenth century have never yet succeeded in imitating these lustres; and he believes in his inmost heart they never will. The famous ruby lustre of Maestro Giorgio Andreoli is to him almost beyond price, partly for its inimitability, and partly for the same reason that a unique, dirty, old copy of Shakspeare is worth a hundred times more than a brand new modern copy. The brilliancy and durability of the colours on Majolica ware are estimated more highly than the drawing of the designs; but the shape of the ware is a distinct quality, and often exhibits grace and taste in a high degree. The plateaux, fruttieri, tazze, perforated baskets, cups, vases, ecuelles or sauce-boats, salt-cellar, ewers, bowls, flasks, plaques, chalices, cruches or lipped jugs, are frequently full of elegance in form; and thus it is that, for colour, lustre, and form, the Majolica ware is believed to be worthy of study. Our Staffordshire potters evidently join in this opinion, for they have done much towards bringing the Soulages collection into England.

Then, again, there is the Palissy ware, introduced by Bernard Palissy the potter, whose life and labours have recently been deemed worthy of an admirable memoir by MR. MORLEY. Some admire him, because he was a romance hero; others, because he was a great master in industrial art. Originally a glass painter, he invented the ware that goes by his name; and, removing to Paris, there carried on his art-manufacture during forty years of the sixteenth century. His workshop became a mere workshop, and nothing more, soon after his death; for nearly all the Palissy ware of any value is believed to have been made during the lifetime of Palissy himself, and under his immediate supervision. His ware is adorned in a singular way with reptiles, shells, plants, &c., or with figures in bas-relief, or with fanciful ornaments. The dozen specimens contained in the Soulages collection, will enable even untaught observers to see how widely Majolica ware and Palissy ware differ; how that the former depended more for effect on colour, and the latter on relief. And the same observers may learn what is the Della Robbia ware—the closest alliance of sculpture with pottery; and the Faience ware of the south of France, and the Hispano-Moresco lusted ware of the fifteenth century, and the Flemish stone-ware, or Grès de Flandres.

But if the search be for Sèvres or Dresden productions, or any of such recent date, the Soulages collection must not be applied to.

It must not be inferred that pottery or porcelain is the only kind of treasure comprised in this collection. There are nearly a hundred very curious specimens of Venetian glass; twenty or thirty enamels from Limoges; thirty specimens of painted glass; one hundred and thirty in which bronze or other metal is curiously combined with ivory, pearl, or gems, in the form of knives, forks, spoons, snuffers, scissors, locks, keys, clocks, watches, &c.; about a hundred medals; twenty pieces of tapestry; a few pictures; eighty coffers and cabinets, and chairs, and tables; and other articles of decorative furniture in carved woods: altogether, the number of separate articles or specimens amounts to a little short of seven hundred.

The specimens in metal and wood will probably excite more interest than the Majolica and Palissy wares, in visitors who have not yet learned to be virtuosi; the difficulties and the beauties being more apparent, more obvious at a glance. The metallic collections show to how great a degree each single specimen was regarded by its fabricator as a distinct work of art. Sheffield polishes her fenders and knives very brightly, and Birmingham makes her gilt buttons and brass candlesticks glitter very showily; but there was something about the old workers in metal that we seldom try to imitate now-a-days. Perhaps we might do so with advantage. The Damascene work yet preserved to us from the cinque-cento artists is beautiful—an incrustation of a design in one metal on a groundwork of another—be they silver or gold, iron or copper, or gold on silver, or silver on gold, and be the incrustation in rilievo or in plano. The piqué work, consisting of a design formed of small pins or studs inserted in a groundwork of another metal, is very singular. The Niello-work, still more singular and somewhat earlier in date, is produced by engraving a design on the surface of metal, filling the incised lines with small grains of some other metal blackened by sulphur, and then fusing and fixing the grains by heat. The chasing, chiselling, pouncing, and embossing by which articles in metal were adorned by the old artists, are often delicate and graceful. Look, for example, at the snuffers in the Soulages collection. Who could find in his heart to soil these delicate specimens of steel carving, by the greasy carbon of candlewick? It would be a desecration—that is the only objection to them. Then the scissors: we hope they would not cut, for they are pretty enough to look at without cutting. Then the chased steel or iron handles of knives and forks. And the spoons, with bowls so engraved that it would be a pity for soup or gravy to hide them. And the keys, not more remarkable for the elaborate intricacy of the

wards, than for the rich designs and adornments of the handles. All these apparently trifling specimens are worthy of study by our workers in metal.

In woodwork, too, the productions of two or three centuries ago were full of ingenuity and skill. We never now see made such cabinets, coffers, and tables as were then produced. Our workmen could manufacture them, perhaps, so far as cutting and joining and polishing are concerned, but the artistic meaning of the whole is less studied, and there are few furniture-makers who treat the carver as a man of genius and high art. If the encouragement were to strengthen, the carvers would strengthen also; and it is in this way that the study of old furniture is now and then useful. The honesty of the old works is another merit worthy of attention: no veneering, no sham; if walnut-wood it be called, walnut-wood it is, solid and strong. There are many striking examples of this nature in the Soulages collection, some grotesque in adornment, some graceful, but all exhibiting a definite design or purpose in the adaptation of ornament to the primary uses of the articles themselves. The various modes of inlaying or combining different kinds of wood, again, were much more practised in the past days than the present. The parquetry, marquetry, mosaic, and other varieties of this work, are often full of beauty in the designs, and always wrought with conscientious minuteness and accuracy.

The glass specimens in the Soulages collection are in many instances exceedingly curious: rich, both in the twisted and ornate forms adopted, and in the combination of coloured with colourless materials. They are of Venetian origin. Venice, receiving her early instruction in this art from the Constantinopolitan or Eastern empire, astonished all Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, by her glass bowls, salvers, bottles, and vessels of various kinds: some with arms and devices in enamel, some presenting a jasper-like appearance, some with threads of colour fused on the exterior of the glass, some with imbedded mosaics of enamel, some with coloured glass reeds and threads imbedded in the body of the crystal, some with a frosted texture, some with embossed subjects blown hollow from within, some with exquisitely minute particles of gold inserted in regular patterns in the crystal. Nearly all these varieties are illustrated by specimens in the Soulages collection. As to mirrors or looking-glasses, sheets of smooth glass coated on the hinder surface with an amalgam of mercury and tin-foil, here we fairly beat the medievalists hollow; they had nothing to compare with the productions of the nineteenth century. They did their best with metallic mirrors, plates of metal polished and kept as free as could be from tarnish. One such, said to have belonged to

Lucrezia Borgia, adorns the collection now under notice. The mirror is now very dull, and its elaborately carved frame is full of little satyrs, griffins, vultures, skeletons, wolves, and other unpleasant personages, which almost typify the terrible Lucrezia.

A JOURNEY DUE NORTH.

I BEGIN TO SEE LIFE.

THEY do, certainly certainly, see a great deal of Life at Heyde's. There is a convivial phrase, called, "keeping it up," which the Heydians seem perfectly well acquainted with, and act upon to a tremendous extent. If I come home from a ball very late,—or rather very early—say four o'clock in the morning, I find the jovial men who dwell at Heyde's just sitting down to supper, and ordering tankards of strong beer (they have the genuine Baerisch here, and it costs thirty coopeks—a shilling a pint*), as a preparative for subsequent sound and steady drinking. If I emerge from the family vault, to dine, to smoke, to "coffeecate" myself or to read the newspapers, still find the Heydians keeping it up with unabated and unwearied joviality. All night long too,—at least whenever I wake during that season when deep sleep *should* fall upon men, but falleth not, alas, upon me!—I hear the clicking of the balls in the billiard-room, the shouts of the conquerors, the "Gleich, gleich!" or "Sitchasse! sitchasse!" (Coming! coming!) of the waiters. In the morning, going into the café to breakfast I find the brothers Barnabay with pale faces and encrimsoned eyelids, telling dreadful tales of long keeping it up; and as for Zacharai, he has kept it up, I imagine, so long that he is now kept down—in bed—and does not appear at all. Finding this widely spread determination to keep things up; and being rather tired of loneliness and keeping my room—or vault—it occurs to me to keep it up too; so I go into the public world of Heyde's, and see what it is made of.

In that rapid, scurrying journey I took when the two Ischvostehiks brought me here, I spoke of the spacious apartments I had traversed. In these the Heydians keep it up, by night and by day, and in this wise.

There is the Buffet or café, call it what

* There is a very excellent beer (Piva) brewed at Moscow, which is (being Russian) of course abandoned to the moujik. Nous autres are very fond of Dublin bottled stout. At Dominique's café, on the Nevski, feeling one night athirst for beer, I asked for and obtained a pint bottle of the brown and frothy beverage that has made the name of Guinness famous all over the world. For this same pint bottle of beer I was charged the small sum of one rouble—three and twopence. An English gentleman, long resident in Russia, and intimately conversant with things Muscovite, has since told me that I had been swindled, and that I ought not to have been mulcted in more than half a rouble. However, I know that I paid it; and the consciousness of having been cheated out of fifty coopeks did not give me much more satisfaction than, I imagine, the worthy justice Shallow experienced when Sir John Falstaff was good enough to inform him that he owed him a thousand pounds.

you will—the Bar I call it. It is not unlike a railway refreshment-room; for, traversing it longitudinally, there is a bar or counter, laden with comestibles. No soup, no scalding water discoloured and miscalled tea, no pork pies or sausage rolls, however, here recal memories of Wolverton and Swindon. The counter stores at Heyde's consist of that by me abhorred, by others adored, condiment, caviare: caviare simple, in little yellow hooped kegs: caviare spread on bread and butter: caviare artfully introduced between layers of pastry. Then there are all the dried, and smoked, and pickled fishes, on little crusts of bread, like what we call tops and bottoms; all the condiments in the way of spiced and marinaded meats, highly peppered sausages, and Russian substitutes for our brawn and collared viands; of which I have already spoken, as being purchaseable in the refreshment-room of the Cronstadt pyroscaphe. There are crabs, too, and craw-fish, and some mysterious molluscs floating in an oleaginous pickle, and which, shell for shell, and saucer for saucer, bear a curious family likeness to those immortal WHEELKS that, displayed on stalls, supported by kidney-puddings and hot eel-soup, were once the greatest glories of the pillars of Clement's Inn.

Now, all these condiments are simply incentives to appetite. You, who have travelled in Denmark and Sweden, know that in private as well as public houses, such buffets or counters are set out, and that dinner is invariably prefaced by a mouthful of caviare or salted fish, and a dram of raw spirits. We have but a very faint reflex of this epigastrum-spurring custom in Western Europe:—in France, in the oysters and chablis (or Sauterne) by which a dinner *bien monté* is preceded; in England, in the glass of sherry and bitters, in which gastronomes will sometimes indulge before dinner. In Russia, dram-drinking and condiment-eating preparatory to the prandial meal are customs very widely disseminated. In every restaurant you find such a counter—in every wealthy merchant's house. In old Russian families too—noble families, I mean,—there are the buffet, the caviare, and the drams; it is only among the tip-top specimens of *nous autres*—the great counts and princes, in whose magnificent saloons you forget (for a moment) that you are among savages, and believe yourself to be in the Faubourg St. Germain, that you find a disdain of this homely, Slavonic, tippling custom. The dram and fish buffet is abolished, the dinner is served according to the most approved models set forth by Ude and Carèsne; but even under these circumstances a slight innovation upon the Median and Persian discipline of a Parisian cuisine takes place. The apparently exiled drams and condiments are handed round to the guests by stealthy lacqueys. This is a mean, furtive, underhanded way, I take it, of drinking one's "morning," or rather "evening."

We can excuse him who takes his grog, honestly, manfully, openly; but what shall we say of the surreptitious toper who creeps home to bed, hides the gin bottle under the pillow, and gets up to drink drams while honest men are sound asleep. In the United States of America, I have heard that pickled oysters and small cubes of salted cod are frequently to be met with on the marble bars of the palatial hotels; but I am given to understand, that they are regarded less as incentives to eating, than as provocatives to drinking. It is well known that it is impossible for our Transatlantic cousins to annex the Universe, rig the market for the millennium, and chaw up, whip, and burst up creation generally, without a given number of "drinks" (some authorities say fifty, some seventy-five) per diem. It happens sometimes that the Democratic stomach grows palled, the Locofoco digestive organs shaky, the Hard Shell nerves in an unsatisfactory condition. It is then that the pickled oysters and salted cod whets come into requisition. I wonder that some of the enterprising aides-de-camp to Bacchus—the ginshop, and tavern keepers of London—do not take a leaf from the Russo-American book! Dried sprats might cause the "superior cream gin" to go off gaily, and little slabs of kippered-salmon might cause an immense augmentation in the demand for the "Gatherings of Long John," or the "Real Glenlivet," or the "Genuine L. L." As it is, broiled bones, cayenned kidneys, and devilled biscuits, are luxuries confined to the rich. Why should the middle and lower classes be deprived of the same facilities for the descent of that Avernus which leads to the devil, as are enjoyed by their more fortunate brethren!

As, in a "Journey Due North," it is competent for me, I hope, to notice the peculiarities of the countries one may traverse before reaching the Ultima Thule, I may mention that, in the taverns and beer-houses of Belgium and Holland, although no condiments are sold at the bar, women and boys are continually circulating round the tables with baskets, in which are hard-boiled eggs, craw-fish, and sometimes periwinkles, which they offer for sale to the beer-drinkers.

Although Hyde's is a German hotel, and the younger Barnabay tells me that he is a Lutheran, there is in the buffet the ordinary inevitable Joss, or Saint's Image. He is a very seedy Saint, very tarnished and smoke-blackened, and they have hung him up very high indeed, in one corner. He is so little thought of, that Heyde's is the only public room I yet know in Petersburg, in which the guests sit, habitually, with their hats on. Nowhere else, in shop, lavka, Angliski or Ruski Magazin, would such a thing be tolerated. The hat goes off as soon as one goes into any place sanctified by the presence of the Joss. When I go to buy a pair of gloves, or a book, or a quire of paper, I take off my hat reverentially; for is not Saint Nicholas, or Saint Waldemar,

glowering at me from among bales of goods or cardboard boxes, blushing with the brightest paint, and winking with all his jewels, real or sham! The shopkeeper I know expects it. I hope he appreciates the respect which I, a heretic and pig, pay to his harmless superstitions. The Joss at Heyde's is hung there, not because Heyde or any of its foregatherers belong to the Greek Church, but because the place is frequented indifferently by Germans and Russians, and the latter might take offence at the absence of the religious symbol. The same deference to the dominant party may be observed in numbers of the shops kept by foreigners in St. Petersburg. Perfumers from Lyons, Tailors from Vienna, Linen-draperies from London, Milliners from Paris, Statuette-sellers from Milan, bow and are silent in the presence of the stick. In the fashionable modistes on the Nevskoi and in the Balschoi Morskata it is by no means uncommon to see a really magnificent Saint's Image, blazing with gilding and tinsel, and enshrined in costly lace. There is nothing like burning a candle to St. Nicholas—old St. Nicholas, I mean.

Mentioning what I supposed in my first crude notions of Russian manners to be a custom generally prevalent in Russia, that of taking off the hat, and remaining uncovered, while in any room or shop in which there was a Saint's image, I have now, however, to confess that before I left Russia my ideas on the subject underwent a considerable change. I had a great deal of shopping to get through before leaving St. Petersburg, principally with a view to the purchase of curiosities for anxious friends at home; and as foreigners always have about three times more to pay for what they purchase than Russians have, I always took care to secure the services of a Russian acquaintance, to whom I confided my pocket-book and shopping-commissions. It was a source of much chuckling to me to see my Muscovite agent beat down, higgie, haggle, and barter, with some merchant in the Gostinnoi-dvor,—say for a writing case, an embroidered sash, or a model samovar, of which I wished to become the possessor, and when he had ultimately come to terms and secured the article at perhaps a tenth of the price originally demanded for it, to watch the rage of the merchant when my Russian friend laughingly informed him that the sash or the portmanteau was for an Angliiski. I noticed in these shopping excursions that my Russian acquaintances, whether they were wearers of the cloak, of the Tchinovnik, or the grey capote of the guardsman, never removed their caps when they entered a shop, however prominent the saintly image might be. I asked one of nous autres one day, as gently and discreetly as I could, why he departed from what I had conceived to be an inviolable custom? "Parbleu!" he answered, "who is to tell us to uncover ourselves? The Gassudar? Bon! but the Tchorni-Narod—the

black people—the fellows who sell soap and leather. Allons donc!" This gentleman was right in his generation. Who indeed, in a country where we are everything, is to bid us to be uncovered? Fancy a lizard telling a crocodile that he opened his mouth too wide.

Touching upon hats—though still at Heyde's: I think this is not the worst of places to observe that the Russians are the greatest hat-lifters in the world. They need build their hats, as they do, of a species of brown paper covered with a silk or beaver nap; for were the brims of any hard material, they would inevitably be worn out after one day's course of salutations. Everybody takes off his hat, cap, helmet, or shako, to everybody. The Emperor takes his off, to begin with, when he bids his hundred thousand "children" good morning at a review. The humblest moujik, meeting another as humble as he, takes off his hat and bows low. If very drunk, he not only takes off his hat and bows lower, but positively refuses to be covered till the interview be terminated, and continues bowing and bowing like the Chinese Tombolas we used to see on mantel-pieces. The hat, indeed, is much more off the head than on.

And what manner of men are the mid-day and the midnight, and not going home till morning, revellers, at Heyde's? There are portly German merchants from Leipsic and Stettin, come to buy or see; there are keen, dressy, dandified Hamburgers—no thumb-ringed, slow-going, sauerkraut-eating Germans these—but men who combine business with pleasure, and, speculating feverishly in corn and hides and tallow all day, drink and smoke and dance and play dominoes and billiards, and otherwise dissipate themselves, all night. What lives! Wondrous travellers are these Hamburg men. They know all the best hotels and best tables d'hôte all over the continent. They talk familiarly of Glasgow and Dublin, Wolverhampton and Cheltenham. Their Paris they know by heart; and there is another country they are strangely acquainted with—Italy; not artistic Italy, musical Italy, religious Italy, but commercial Italy. One Hamburger tells me about Venice. He touches not on St. Mark's Square, the Bridge of Sighs, or the Bucentaur. He confines his travelling reminiscences to the custom-house regulations, and the navigation dues exacted by the Lombardo-Venetian government. He has had ventures to Leghorn, and has done a pretty stroke of business at Naples, and has an agent at Palermo. I would call him a Goth, but that it is much better to call him a Hamburger. Then there are German ship-brokers, German sharebrokers, and a few of the wealthier German tradesmen of St. Petersburg, who come here to quaff their nightly bumpers, and play their nightly games at dominoes. The Russian element

consists of students from the University of St. Petersburg, and pupils from the Ecole de Droit (equivalent to our English law students); and these alumni wear cocked hats and swords. Some of these days I am certain the Russian government in its rage for making everything military will insist upon the clergy wearing cocked hats and swords; we shall have the Archbishop of Novgorod in a shako, and the patriarch Nikon in a cocked hat. Finally, there are a few Russian officers, but not guardsmen. Heyde's is not aristocratic enough for them; and the Russian officers of the line, though all noble, ex officio, are as poor as Job.

It is among these motley people that I begin to see life, and smoke paper cigars, and play billiards (badly,) and talk indifferent French and worse German, and a few words of Russian, at which my acquaintances laugh. For, I have made acquaintances already, though no friends.

An acquaintance with whom I have already adjourned once or twice to the condiment counter, and whom I am now even attempting to initiate into the mysteries of the recondite game of cribbage (our cribbage board is a sheet of paper in which we stick pins), is a gentleman whose name, inasmuch as he holds, I presume, to this day, an official appointment under the imperial government, I will veil with the classical pseudonym of Cato the Censor. Cato is a gross fat man, an amalgam of puddings, a mountain of flesh; when I meet him abroad, as I do sometimes, having twenty-five coopecks worth of droschky, I pity the Ischvostchik, and the horse, and the droschky springs, (had they sense to be pitiable) and (prospectively) Cato the Censor himself, were he to fall off that ominously oscillating vehicle. For, who could pick him up again—a shattered fat man? A crane might do it, or Archimedes' lever, or a pair of dockyard shears, but not mortal Boutotsnik or Police-soldier. When Cato laughs his fat sides wag; when he sits on one of Heyde's chairs I tremble for that chair; when he walks on Heyde's floor, the boards creak with the agony of this oppression of fat; and I expect every moment to see Cato sink through to the basement as through a trap door.

Cato the Censor is a Tchinovnik, and wears a civilian's uniform (that seems a paradox, but it is not one in a land where everybody wears a uniform), to wit dark green with double eagle buttons gilt. When abroad he wears a long cloak with a cape, and a cap with a green band, and a curious white and blue disc in front, half button, half cockade, but wholly Chinese. I believe it to be competent for the Tchinovniks to wear, if they choose, a tunic; but Cato, with the usual fatuity of fat men, wears a tail coat with the slimmest and scantiest of tails, the shortest of sleeves and the tightest of waists. Fat men, pro-

perly, should wear togas; and yet you find them almost always inveterately addicted to zephyr jackets. Cato has a round sleek bullet head, very small feet in the tightest of patent leather boots—so small that they continually disturb my notions of the centre of gravity, and make me fear that, Cato's balance not being right, he must needs topple over—and very large, fat, soft beefy hands, whose principal use and employment we shall presently discover.

For, why Cato the Censor? Thus much: that this fat Russian is one of the employés in the Imperial "Bureau de Censure," (I do not know, and it would be no use telling you, its Russian name), and it is his duty to read through, every morning, every line of every foreign newspaper that now lies on Heyde's table, and to blot out every subversive article, every democratic paragraph, every liberal word, every comma or semicolon displeasing to the autocratic régime of the Czar of Stickland. For instance, Heyde's takes in the Illustrated London News, the Illustrated Times (that other Times, which is not illustrated, is rigorously tabooed), the Constitutionnel, the Journal des Débats, the Brussels Nord, the German Illustrierte Zeitung, and that quaint little Berlin opusculum the Kladderadatch. These, with a Hamburg commercial sheet, and a grim little cohort of St. Petersburg gazettes and journals, which, for the political news they contain, might just as well be sheets of blank paper, are the only intellectual food we are allowed to consume at Heyde's. Cato of course knows all languages; and he goes through these papers patiently and laboriously, at his own private bureau in the censor's office. When the journals have been properly purified, he and an under-clerk, a sort of gargon de bureau, bearing the mental food, come down to Heyde's; the under-clerk deposits the newspapers on the reading table, liquors at the condiment counter, and, I am inclined to think, receives, from time to time, some small gratuities in the way of coopecks, from Barnaby. He departs, and Cato the Censor, forgetting, or at least sinking for the time his official capacity, sinks at once into Cato the convivialist, and keeps it up till the small hours, as gaily and persistently as the most jovial of the Heydians.

Formerly, the censorship of foreign journals was performed by means of simple excision. The pruning knife, or rather the axe, as Mr. Puff would say, was employed; and the objectionable passages were ruthlessly cut out; the excised journal presenting, in its mutilated condition, a lamentable appearance of raggedness, "windowed," if not looped. You had to grin through the bars of such a newspaper, and, knowing that you were in prison, long for the freedom outside and over the window. In time, however, some beneficent minister of police (the censure falls naturally

within his attribute) discovered that the bodily cutting out of part of a column, involved not only the loss of the reverse side to the reader—which might very likely be only a harmless narrative of “extraordinary longevity in a cat,” but also possibly destroyed some matter favourable directly or indirectly to the interests of Holy Russia—thus cutting off the Czar’s own nose, as well as the baneful branches from the tree of liberty. So, a new plan was adopted. The heretical matter was “blackened” or blocked out, by a succession of close stampings with black ink upwards, downwards, backwards, forwards, and diagonally,—exactly as the grain of a steel plate for mezzotinto is raised by a “rocking tool”—till every offending cross to a t or dot to an i was obliterated. The appearance of a newspaper thus blocked out is very wonderful. Sometimes a whole column becomes as dark as Erebus; sometimes one paragraph in an article of foreign intelligence will disappear; sometimes two lines and a half in a critical article on a purely literary subject, perhaps three columns in length, will assume an Ethiopian hue; sometimes one line in an advertisement will be numbered with the wonders of typography that were. The immediate why and wherefore of all this, lies with Cato the Censor. He is “Sir Oracle,” and no literary dog dare bark at him. Sometimes a few of the older Heydians [but not Russians, you may be sure] banter him playfully as to his morning’s corrections; ask him if he took too much “ponche” over night, and, waking up in a bad humour that morning, had gone to work savagely with the blacking stamp—I had nearly said bottle—or whether he had been sent for by the Minister of Police and told that he had been far too lenient lately, and must stamp out several degrees more rigorously in future? When bantered too severely the fat man loses his temper, throws over his dominoes, casts grim official glances at his tormentors as though he would very much like to be Cato the Censor of men as well as words, and stamps out a few of the Heydians for their insolence.

A remarkable and very puzzling peculiarity in this absurd and useless system of censorship is the fact that paragraphs positively rampant in their democratic and throne-subversive tendency are very frequently left untouched, and are visible to the naked eye. Whether this occurs through mere carelessness and oversight on the fat man’s part, or through some deep and subtle design of the fat man’s superiors, to let certain things be known, while others are to be enveloped in obscurity, I am perfectly unable to state: but such is the fact. Just before I left Russia the affairs of Naples were beginning to attract attention. The probability of a rupture between the Western powers and the “Padrone asso-luto” of the Lazzaroni was being freely dis-

cussed. The papers talked of the imminent arrival of an allied squadron in the Neapolitan waters; of the wrongs of Poerio; of the ripeness of the people for revolt; of the atrocities of the wretched Ferdinand, and his soubriquet of “King Bomba;” of the barbarities of the bastinado and the dungeons of Caserta and Ischia. All this was left untouched. I think, myself, that the Russian Government in its dealings with newspapers is much more afraid of ideas, than of facts. It assumes it to be impossible for its reading subjects to be ignorant of the moon’s rotation; but it does not wish them to know why it rotates, or, at least, to speculate on this or any other subject. Speculation might lead to inquiries as to the why and the wherefore of the Stick, the Police, Slavery, the Passport system, non-representation, an irresponsible government—nay, ultimately to impertinent queries as to the cause and effect of the high and mighty and omnipotent Czar himself.

GONE BEFORE.

NELLY darling, Nelly darling, why this pallor on thy cheek?

Quarters from the clock have sounded since I heard my loved one speak;

Since I heard thy gentle voice, Nell, full an hour has pass’d away,

Why those tears upon thy eyelids; why so silent, Nelly, say?

Ah! too well I now remember: twelve months since, this very day,

Darkness fell upon our dwelling, one we worshipp’d turn’d to clay.

Long we mark’d his colour fading, long we mark’d his eye grow dim,

Day by day the strength departing from each little wasted limb.

Came at last the dreaded moment in the watches of the night,

Back into the realms of Heav’n the infant spirit wing’d its flight,

While the morning sun, uprising in a flood of golden red,

Fell on two bereav’d mourners, kneeling by a little bed.

Brave were the broken words I utter’d, brave as husband’s words should be,

But the father’s choking sorrow struggled hard to be set free.

I talk’d to thee of resignation, strove my anguish to conceal;

Said it was the common lot: that time at length the wound would heal.

Nelly dearest, Nelly dearest, raise thy drooping head again,

Sit not thus in speechless sorrow, there is balm to soothe thy pain;

Dwelling with the bless'd in glory, happy now for evermore,
Think, O think, our darling cherub is not "lost but gone before."

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH. THE SALE OF PORTHGENNA TOWER.

"How charming! how pastoral! how exquisitely soothing to the nerves!" said Mr. Phippen, sentimentally surveying the lawn at the back of the vicarage-house, under the shadow of the lightest umbrella he could pick out of the hall. "Three years have passed, Chennery—three suffering years for me, but we need not dwell on that—since I last stood on this lawn. There is the window of your old study, where I had that attack of heartburn last time,—in the strawberry season; don't you remember? Ah! and there is the school-room! Shall I ever forget dear Miss Sturch coming to me out of that room—a ministering angel—with soda and ginger—so comforting, so sweetly anxious about stirring it up, so unaffectedly grieved that there was no sal-volatile in the house! I do so enjoy these pleasant recollections, Chennery; they are as great a luxury to me as your cigar is to you. Could you walk on the other side, my dear fellow? I like the smell, but the smoke is a little too much for me. Thank you. And now about the story—the curious story? What was the name of the old place—I am so interested in it—it began with a P, surely?"

"Porthgenna Tower," said the vicar.

"Exactly," rejoined Mr. Phippen, shifting the umbrella tenderly from one shoulder to the other. "And what in the world made Captain Treverton sell Porthgenna Tower?"

"I believe the reason was that he could not endure the place after the death of his wife," answered Doctor Chennery. "The estate, you know, has never been entailed; so the Captain had no difficulty in parting with it, except, of course, the difficulty of finding a purchaser."

"Why not his brother?" asked Mr. Phippen. "Why not our eccentric friend, Andrew Treverton?"

"Don't call him my friend," said the vicar. "A mean, grovelling, cynical, selfish old wretch! It's no use shaking your head, Phippen, and trying to look shocked. I know Andrew Treverton's early history as well as you do. I know that he was treated with the basest ingratitude and villany, by a college friend, who took all he had to give, and swindled him at last in the grossest manner. I know all about that. But one instance of ingratitude does not justify a man in shutting himself up from society, and railing against all mankind as a disgrace to the earth they walk on. I myself have heard the old brute say that the greatest benefactor to our generation would

be a second Herod, who could prevent another generation from succeeding it. Ought a man who can talk in that way, to be the friend of any human being with the slightest respect for his species or himself?"

"My friend!" said Mr. Phippen, catching the vicar by the arm, and mysteriously lowering his voice, "my dear and reverend friend! I admire your honest indignation against the utterer of that exceedingly misanthropical sentiment; but—I confide this to you, Chennery, in the strictest secrecy—there are moments,—morning moments generally,—when my digestion is in such a state, that I have actually agreed with that annihilating person, Andrew Treverton! I have woke up with my tongue like a cinder—I have crawled to the glass and looked at it—and I have said to myself, Let there be an end of the human race rather than a continuance of this!"

"Pooh! pooh!" cried the vicar, receiving Mr. Phippen's confession with a burst of irreverent laughter. "Take a glass of cool small beer next time your tongue is in that state, and you will pray for a continuance of the brewing part of the human race, at any rate. But let us go back to Porthgenna Tower, or I shall never get on with my story. When Captain Treverton had once made up his mind to sell the place, I have no doubt that, under ordinary circumstances, he would have thought of offering it to his brother (who inherited the mother's fortune, you know), with a view, of course, to keeping the estate in the family. Not that Andrew would have been much good in that way, for a more confirmed old bachelor never existed. However, as things were at that time (and are still, I am sorry to say), the Captain could make no personal offers of any kind to Andrew—for the two were not then, and are not now, on speaking, or even on writing terms. It is a shocking thing to say, but the worst quarrel of the kind I ever heard of, is the quarrel between those two brothers."

"Pardon me, my dear friend," said Mr. Phippen, opening his camp-stool, which had hitherto hung, dangling by its silken tassel on the hooked handle of the umbrella. "May I sit down before you go any further? I am getting a little excited about this part of the story, and I dare not fatigue myself. Pray go on. I don't think the legs of my camp-stool will make holes in the lawn. I am so light—a mere skeleton, in fact. Do go on!"

"You must have heard," pursued the vicar, "that Captain Treverton, when he was advanced in life, married an actress—rather a violent temper, I believe; but a person of spotless character, and as fond of her husband as a woman could be; therefore, according to my view of it, a very good wife for him to marry. However, the Captain's friends, of

course, made the usual senseless outcry, and the Captain's brother, as the only near relation, took it on himself to attempt breaking off the marriage in the most offensively indelicate way. Failing in that, and hating the poor woman like poison, he left his brother's house, saying, among many other savage speeches, one infamous thing about the bride, which—which upon my honour, Phippen, I am ashamed to repeat. Whatever the words were, they were unluckily carried to Mrs. Treverton's ears, and they were of the kind that no woman—let alone a quick-tempered woman like the Captain's wife—ever forgives. An interview followed between the two brothers—and it led, as you may easily imagine, to very unhappy results. They parted in the most deplorable manner. The Captain declared, in the heat of his passion, that Andrew had never had one generous impulse in his heart since he was born, and that he would die without one kind feeling towards any living soul in the world. Andrew replied, that if he had no heart, he had a memory, and that he should remember those farewell words as long as he lived. So they separated. Twice afterwards, the Captain made overtures of reconciliation. The first time, when his daughter Rosamond was born; the second time, when Mrs. Treverton died. On each occasion the elder brother wrote to say that if the younger would retract the atrocious words he had spoken against his sister-in-law, every atonement should be offered to him for the harsh language which the Captain had used, in the hastiness of anger, when they last met. No answer was received from Andrew to either letter; and the estrangement between the two brothers has continued to the present time. You understand now why Captain Treverton could not privately consult Andrew's inclinations, before he publicly announced his intention of parting with Porthgenna Tower?"

Although Mr. Phippen declared, in answer to this appeal, that he understood perfectly, and although he begged with the utmost politeness that the vicar would go on, his attention seemed, for the moment, to be entirely absorbed in inspecting the legs of his camp-stool, and in ascertaining what impression they made on the vicarage lawn. Doctor Chennery's own interest, however, in the circumstances that he was relating, seemed sufficiently strong to make up for any transient lapse of attention on the part of his guest. After a few vigorous puffs at his cigar (which had been several times in imminent danger of going out while he was speaking), he went on with his narrative in these words:—

"Well, the house, the estate, the mine, and the fisheries of Porthgenna were all publicly put up for sale, a few months after Mrs. Treverton's death; but no offers were made for the property which it was possible to accept.

The ruinous state of the house, the bad cultivation of the land, legal difficulties in connection with the mine, and quarter-day difficulties in the collection of the rents, all contributed to make Porthgenna what the auctioneers would call a bad lot to dispose of. Failing to sell the place, Captain Treverton could not be prevailed on to change his mind, and live there again. The death of his wife almost broke his heart—for he was, by all accounts, just as fond of her as she had been of him—and the very sight of the place that was associated with the greatest affliction of his life became hateful to him. He removed, with his little girl and a relative of Mrs. Treverton, who was her governess, to our neighbourhood, and rented a pretty little cottage, across the church fields, near that large house which you must have observed with the high-walled garden, close to the London road. The house was inhabited at that time by Leonard Frankland's father and mother. The new neighbours soon became intimate; and thus it happened that the couple whom I have been marrying this morning were brought up together as children, and fell in love with each other, almost before they were out of their pinafores."

"Chennery, my dear fellow, I don't look as if I was sitting all on one side, do I?" cried Mr. Phippen, suddenly breaking into the vicar's narrative, with a look of alarm. "I am shocked to interrupt you; but, surely, your grass is amazingly soft in this part of the country. One of my camp-stool legs is getting shorter and shorter every moment. I'm drilling a hole! I'm toppling over! Gracious Heavens! I feel myself going—I shall be down, Chennery; upon my life, I shall be down!"

"Stuff!" cried the vicar, pulling up, first Mr. Phippen and then Mr. Phippen's camp-stool, which had rooted itself in the grass, all on one side. "Here! come on to the gravel-walk; you can't drill holes in that. What's the matter now?"

"Palpitations," said Mr. Phippen, dropping his umbrella, and placing his hand over his heart; "and bile. I see those black spots again—those infernal, lively, black spots, dancing before my eyes. Chennery, suppose you consult some agricultural friend about the quality of your grass. Take my word for it, your lawn is softer than it ought to be.—Lawn!" repeated Mr. Phippen to himself, contemptuously, as he turned round to pick up his umbrella. "It isn't a lawn—it's a bog!"

"There, sit down," said the vicar, "and don't pay the palpitations and the black spots the compliment of bestowing the smallest attention on them. Do you want anything to drink? Shall it be physic, or beer, or what?"

"No, no! I am so unwilling to give trouble," answered Mr. Phippen. "I would rather suffer—rather, a great deal. I think

if you would go on with your story, Chennery, it would compose me. I have not the faintest idea of what led to it, but I think you were saying something interesting on the subject of pinafores!"

"Nonsense!" said Doctor Chennery. "I was only telling you of the fondness between the two children who have now grown up to be man and wife. And I was going on to tell you that Captain Treverton, shortly after he settled in our neighbourhood, took to the active practice of his profession again. Nothing else seemed to fill up the gap that the loss of Mrs. Treverton had made in his life. Having good interest with the Admiralty, he can always get a ship when he applies for one; and up to the present time, with intervals on shore, he has resolutely stuck to the sea—though he is getting, as his daughter and his friends think, rather too old for it now. Don't look puzzled, Phippen; I am not going so wide of the mark as you think. These are some of the necessary particulars that must be stated first. And now they are comfortably disposed of, I can get round at last to the main part of my story—the sale of Porthgenna Tower.—What is it now? Do you want to get up again?"

Yes, Mr. Phippen did want to get up again; being of opinion that his best chance of composing the palpitations and dispersing the black spots, lay in trying the experiment of a little gentle walking exercise. He was most unwilling to occasion any trouble, but would his worthy friend Chennery, before proceeding with this intensely interesting story, give him an arm, and carry the camp-stool, and walk slowly in the direction of the school-room window, so as to keep Miss Sturch within easy hailing distance, in case it became necessary to try the last resource of taking a composing draught? The vicar, whose inexhaustible good nature was proof against every trial that Mr. Phippen's dyspeptic infirmities could inflict on it, complied with all these requests, and went on with his story, unconsciously adopting the tone and manner of a good-humoured parent who was doing his best to soothe the temper of a fretful child.

"I told you," he said, "that the elder Mr. Frankland and Captain Treverton were near neighbours here. They had not been long acquainted before the one found out from the other that Porthgenna Tower was for sale. On first hearing this, old Frankland asked a few questions about the place, but said not a word on the subject of purchasing it. Soon after that, the Captain got a ship and went to sea. During his absence, old Frankland privately set off for Cornwall, to look at the estate, and to find out all he could about its advantages and defects from the persons left in charge of the house and lands. He said nothing when he came back, until Captain Treverton returned from his first cruise; and then the old gentleman

spoke out one morning, in his quiet, decided way.

"Treverton," said he, "if you will sell Porthgenna Tower at the price at which you bought it in, when you tried to dispose of it by auction, write to your lawyer, and tell him to take the title-deeds to mine, and ask for the purchase-money."

"Captain Treverton was naturally a little astonished at the readiness of this offer; but people, like myself, who knew old Frankland's history, were not so surprised. His fortune had been made by trade, and he was foolish enough to be always a little ashamed of acknowledging that one simple and creditable fact. The truth was, that his ancestors had been landed gentry of importance, before the time of the Civil War, and the old gentleman's great ambition was to sink the merchant in the landed grandee, and to leave his son to succeed him in the character of a Squire of large estate and great county influence. He was willing to devote half his fortune to accomplish this great scheme; but half his fortune would not buy him such an estate as he wanted, in an important agricultural county like ours. Rents are high, and land is made the most of with us. An estate as extensive as the estate of Porthgenna, would fetch more than double the money which Captain Treverton could venture to ask for it, if it was situated in these parts. Old Frankland was well aware of that fact, and attached all possible importance to it. Besides, there was something in the feudal look of Porthgenna Tower, and in the right over the mine and fisheries, which the purchase of the estate included, that flattered his notions of restoring the family greatness. Here, he and his son after him, could lord it, as he thought, on a large scale, and direct at their sovereign will and pleasure, the industry of hundreds of poor people, scattered along the coast, or huddled together in the little villages inland. This was a tempting prospect, and it could be secured for forty thousand pounds—which was just ten thousand pounds less than he had made up his mind to give, when he first determined to metamorphose himself from a plain merchant into a magnificent landed gentleman. People who knew these facts were, as I have said, not much surprised at Mr. Frankland's readiness to purchase Porthgenna Tower; and Captain Treverton, it is hardly necessary to say, was not long in clenching the bargain on his side. The estate changed hands; and away went old Frankland with a tail of wisecracks from London at his heels, to work the mine and the fisheries on new scientific principles, and to beautify the old house from top to bottom with bran-new mediæval decorations, under the direction of a gentleman who was said to be an architect, but who looked, to my mind, the very image of a Popish priest in disguise. Wonderful plans and projects,

were they not? And how do you think they succeeded?"

"Do tell me, my dear fellow!" was the answer that fell from Mr. Phippen's lips. "I wonder whether Miss Sturch keeps a bottle of camphor julep in the family medicine chest?" was the thought that passed through Mr. Phippen's mind.

"Tell you!" exclaimed the vicar. "Why, of course, every one of his plans turned out a dead failure. His Cornish tenantry received him as an interloper. The antiquity of his family made no impression upon them. It might be an old family, but it was not a Cornish family, and, therefore, it was of no importance in their eyes. They would have gone to the world's end for the Trevertons; but not a man of them would move a step out of his way for the Franklands. As for the mine, it seemed to be inspired with the same mutinous spirit that possessed the tenantry. The wiseacres from London, blasted in all directions on the profoundest scientific principles, brought about sixpennyworth of ore to the surface for every five pounds they spent in getting it up. The fisheries turned out little better. A new plan for curing pilchards, which was a marvel of economy in theory, proved to be a perfect phenomenon of extravagance in practice. The only item of luck in old Frankland's large sum of misfortunes was produced by his quarrelling in good time with the mediæval architect, who was like a Popish priest in disguise. This fortunate event saved the new owner of Porthgenna all the money he might otherwise have spent in restoring and re-decorating the whole suite of rooms on the north side of the house, which had been left to go to rack and ruin for more than fifty years past, and which remain in their old neglected condition to this day. To make a long story short, after uselessly spending more thousands of pounds at Porthgenna than I should like to reckon up, old Frankland gave in at last, left the place in disgust to the care of his steward, who was charged never to lay out another farthing on it, and returned to this neighbourhood. Being in high dudgeon, and happening to catch Captain Treverton on shore when he got back, the first thing he did was to abuse Porthgenna and all the people about it, a little too vehemently in the Captain's presence. This led to a coolness between the two neighbours, which might have ended in the breaking off of all intercourse, but for the children on either side, who would see each other just as often as ever, and who ended, by dint of wilful persistency, in putting an end to the estrangement between their fathers, by making it look simply ridiculous. Here, in my opinion, lies the most curious part of the story. Important family interests depended on those two young people falling in love with each other; and, wonderful to relate, that (as you know, after my confession at breakfast-time)

was exactly what they did. Here is a case of a most romantic love-match, which is also the marriage, of all others, that the parents on both sides had the strongest worldly interest in promoting. Shakspeare may say what he pleases, the course of true love does run smooth sometimes. Never was the marriage service performed to better purpose than when I read it this morning. The estate being entailed on Leonard, Captain Treverton's daughter now goes back, in the capacity of mistress, to the house and lands which her father sold. Rosamond being an only child, the purchase-money of Porthgenna, which old Frankland once lamented as money thrown away, will now, when the Captain dies, be the marriage-portion of young Frankland's wife. I don't know what you think of the beginning and middle of my story, Phippen, but the end ought to satisfy you, at any rate. Did you ever hear of a bride and bridegroom who started with fairer prospects in life than our bride and bridegroom of to-day?"

Before Mr. Phippen could make any reply, Miss Sturch put her head out of the school-room window: and seeing the two gentlemen approaching, beamed on them with her invariable smile. Then, addressing the vicar, said in her softest tones:

"I regret extremely to trouble you, sir, but I find Robert very intractable, this morning, with his multiplication table."

"Where does he stick now?" asked Doctor Chennery.

"At seven times eight, sir," replied Miss Sturch.

"Bob!" shouted the vicar through the window. "Seven times eight?"

"Forty-three," answered the whimpering voice of the invisible Bob.

"You shall have one more chance before I get my cane," said Doctor Chennery. "Now, then, look out! Seven times——"

"My dear, good friend," interposed Mr. Phippen, "if you cane that very unhappy boy, he will scream. My nerves have been tried once this morning by the camp-stool: I shall be totally shattered if I hear screams. Give me time to get out of the way, and allow me also to spare dear Miss Sturch the sad spectacle of correction (so shocking to sensibilities like hers) by asking her for a little camphor julep, and so giving her an excuse for getting out of the way like me. I think I could have done without the camphor julep under any other circumstances; but I ask for it unhesitatingly now, as much for Miss Sturch's sake, as for the sake of my own poor nerves. Have you got camphor julep, Miss Sturch? Say yes, I beg and entreat, and give me an opportunity of escorting you out of the way of the screams."

While Miss Sturch—whose well-trained sensibilities were proof against the longest paternal caning and the loudest filial acknowledgment of it in the way of screams—tripped

up-stairs to fetch the camphor julep, as smiling and self-possessed as ever, Master Bob, finding himself left alone with his sisters in the school-room, sidled up to the youngest of the two, produced from the pocket of his trousers three frowzy acidulated drops looking very much the worse for wear, and, attacking Miss Amelia on the weak, or greedy side of her character, artfully offered the drops, in exchange for confidential information on the subject of seven times eight. "You like 'em?" whispered Bob. "Oh, don't I!" answered Amelia.—"Seven times eight?" asked Bob. "Fifty-six," answered Amelia. "Sure?" said Bob. "Certain," said Amelia.—The drops changed hands, and the catastrophe of the domestic drama changed with them. Just as Miss Sturch appeared with the camphor julep at the garden-door, in the character of medical Hebe to Mr. Phippen, her intractable pupil showed himself to his father at the school-room window, in the character, arithmetically speaking, of a reformed son. The cane reposed for the day; and Mr. Phippen drank his glass of camphor julep with a mind at ease on the twin-subjects of Miss Sturch's sensibilities and Master Bob's screams.

"Most gratifying in every way," said the Martyr to Dyspepsia, smacking his lips with great relish, as he drained the last drops out of the glass. "My nerves are spared, Miss Sturch's feelings are spared, and the dear boy's back is spared. You have no idea how relieved I feel, Chennery. Whereabouts were we in that delightful story of yours when this little domestic interruption occurred?"

"At the end of it, to be sure," said the vicar. "The bride and bridegroom are some miles on their way, by this time, to spend the honeymoon at St. Swithin's-on-Sea. Captain Treverton is only left behind for a day. He received his sailing orders on Monday, and he will be off to Portsmouth to-morrow to take command of his ship. Though he won't admit it in plain words, I happen to know that Rosamond has persuaded him to make this his last cruise. She has a plan for getting him back to Porthgenna, to live there with her and her husband, which I hope and believe will succeed. The west rooms at the old house, in one of which Mrs. Treverton died, are not to be used at all by the young married couple. They have engaged a builder—a sensible, practical man, this time—to survey the neglected north rooms, with a view to their redecoration and thorough repair in every way. This part of the house cannot possibly be associated with any melancholy recollections in Captain Treverton's mind; for neither he nor any one else ever entered it during the period of his residence at Porthgenna. Considering the change in the look of the place which this project of repairing the north rooms is sure to produce, and taking into account also the softening effect of time on all painful

recollections, I should say there was a fair prospect now of Captain Treverton's returning to pass the end of his days among his old tenantry. It will be a great chance for Leonard Frankland if he does, for he would be sure to dispose the people at Porthgenna kindly towards their new master. Introduced among his Cornish tenants under Captain Treverton's wing, Leonard is sure to get on well with them, provided he abstains from showing too much of the family pride which he has inherited from his father. He is a little given to over-rate the advantages of birth and the importance of rank—but that is really the only noticeable defect in his character. In all other respects, I can honestly say of him that he deserves what he has got—the best wife in the world. What a life of happiness, Phippen, seems to be awaiting those lucky young people! It is a bold thing to say of any mortal creatures, but, look as far on as I may, not a cloud can I see anywhere in their future prospects."

"You excellent creature!" exclaimed Mr. Phippen, affectionately squeezing the vicar's hand. "How I enjoy hearing you! how I luxuriate in your bright view of life!"

"And is it not the true view—especially in the case of young Frankland and his wife?" inquired the vicar.

"If you ask me," said Mr. Phippen, with a mournful smile, and a philosophic calmness of manner, "I can only answer that the direction of a man's speculative views depends, not to mince the matter, on the state of his secretions. Your biliary secretions, dear friend, are all right, and you take bright views. My biliary secretions are all wrong, and I take dark views. You look at the future prospects of this young married couple, and say there is no cloud over them. I don't dispute the assertion, not having the pleasure of knowing either bride or bridegroom. But I look up at the sky over our heads—I remember that there was not a cloud on it when we first entered the garden—I now see, just over those two trees growing so close together, a cloud that has appeared unexpectedly from nobody knows where—and I draw my own conclusions. Such," said Mr. Phippen, ascending the garden steps on his way into the house, "is my philosophy. It may be tinged with bile, but it is philosophy for all that."

"All the philosophy in the world," said the vicar, following his guest up the steps, "will not shake my conviction that Leonard Frankland and his wife have a happy future before them."

Mr. Phippen laughed, and, waiting on the steps till his host joined him, took Doctor Chennery's arm in the friendliest manner.

"You have told a charming story, Chennery," he said, "and you have ended it with a charming sentiment. But, my dear friend, though your healthy mind (influenced by an enviably easy digestion) despises my bilious

philosophy, don't quite forget the cloud over the two trees. Look up at it now—it is getting darker and bigger already.”

PROMOTION, FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

Two years after his late Majesty, Louis Philippe, accepted his popular election and elevation to the throne of France, Marshal Soult bethought himself of recasting and remoulding the French military code, and mindful, unlike many a *novus homo* of his own bourgeois origin, military odyssey, and dukely position, brought all his energy and experience to the drawing up of the present military code, which is justly cited as a worthy pendant to the great codes promulgated by the great Emperor. In that code, the late marshal takes the private soldier, and leads him on from grade to grade, from rank to rank, even when he joins his regiment as an unsophisticated plough-boy, or a village ignoramus, until he polishes him on the regimental school-bench, completes him in his military exercise, passes him from the sentry-box to the instruction field, thence to the accountant's office, thence to the paymaster's bureau, and thence to an ensign's commission in his own regiment, where he is received with all cordiality by his now brother officers. Thence he proceeds through regimental promotion by merit, and never by purchase or exchange, until by time, conduct, or heroic exploits, the epaulettes of field-officer grace his shoulders, while stars and decorations shine refulgent on his breast.

When the young French recruit joins his regiment, his first three months are employed in arduous drill, first in the barrack-yard, and afterwards on the *champ-de-manceuvre*, six or eight recruits being the number allotted to each drill-sergeant. In both places he goes through a regular course of marching and gun-exercise at stated hours of the day. During those three months his military instruction alone engrosses his time, and he learns the *école du soldat*, the *école de peloton*, the *école des carrés*, and the *école de file*, with the various sorts of marching, countermarching, and evolutions. When this first part of his military education is achieved, a grand field-day is commanded, and all the garrison recruits fully equipped, are marched off to the *champ-de-manceuvre* where they are put through all the various exercises in presence of the commanding officer and his full staff. The competent recruits are then admitted as *soldats faits*, ready-made soldiers, while the *retardataires*, or slow coaches, are sent back for a month or more to the drill-sergeants. As long as a recruit is not admitted as a *soldat fait*, the sobriquet given him by the older soldiers is *pion-pion*; but, once admitted, he becomes one of themselves, and rejoices in the common family name of *troupier*. He may now be received into the regimental

school, where he is instructed, if he desire it, in grammar, writing, arithmetic, geography, linear drawing, French composition, and book-keeping. This school is under the special direction of two subalterns, who have been brought up at one or other of the military colleges. At the end of three months more—that is six months after joining—the young recruit may hope to be promoted to the rank of corporal, provided he possess all the soldierly and moral requisites. At the end of six months more, he may be promoted to the rank of sergeant, or placed as a clerk in one of the regimental offices. At the end of twelve months he may advance to the grade of *sergent-fourrier*; at the end of twelve other months, to that of *sergent-major*; at the end of twelve months more, he may become *adjudant*, which is the highest non-commissioned officership in the French service; and then he may be inscribed upon the *tableau d'avancement*, or promotion-list, for an *ensigney*. On obtaining this grade, he receives from the War-Office the sum of six hundred and fifty francs to equip himself, and the pay of fifteen hundred and ninety francs a year, everything included. This pay is counted out to him by twelfths on the first of every month, a reduction of about seven per cent being made for the pension-fund—the *Invalides* or French Chelsea Hospital, and the widows' relief-fund. A pension after thirty years' service is allowed to every French *militaire*, and its amount is equal to the one-half of his pay; if he die, leaving a widow, she then receives the pension curtailed by one half. Thus a captain's pay of three thousand francs would allow him a pension of fifteen hundred, which he has well earned, and much contributed to, by a per-centage of thirty years upon his pay. No subaltern is allowed to marry, unless he can prove that his intended brings with her a dowry of at least six hundred francs per annum. Thus, at the expiration of four years at least, and six at most, the humble recruit, be he the son of a prince or a peasant, of a nobleman, or a bourgeois, is sure to be promoted to officer-rank. However, in wartime, as well as in consideration of dashing exploits, many a stepping-stone is jumped over, and this is the reason why many hundreds of French sub-officers who went to the Crimea with our own non-commissioned officers, returned as lieutenants and captains, sporting at the same time the decoration of the Legion of Honour—not an empty decoration, for it brings to the sub-officers and soldiers receiving it a life-income of two hundred and fifty francs, paid annually in the month of February.

Thus during the Crimean war, while promotion from the ranks in the English army marched snail-like, by solitary units, it galloped on by hundreds in the French army; while in France promotion from the ranks is considered the rule, in England it is the

exception. One short anecdote will fully illustrate the French *modus operandi*. In the year eighteen hundred and thirty-five a young Greek, only two and twenty years of age, was quartered at the small town of La Flèche, as sergeant-major in an infantry regiment. He was a dashing young man, of first-rate education. Having published several sonnets and fugitive pieces in the only journal of the town, he attracted public attention, and General Schramm—whose estates lie near the town, hearing of him, and judging favourably of his military efficiency—had him appointed adjutant to the Royal Military College then and still existing there. He remained there for two years, when he obtained an ensigny in a regiment of the line. He joined, and remained in his regiment for three years, when he got his company in an African regiment. He served in Algiers, at Bone and Blidah for about four years more, and was then drafted back, as *chef-de-bataillon* (major) into the very same military school where he had received his first officer promotion. Thus, at the age of thirty, he had risen to be a major, with the pay of three thousand six hundred francs a-year, and two decorations of honour besides. At the present moment, he must be at least a general of brigade.

Reverse the picture. Once in the ranks, always in the ranks, is the maxim in the English army; and the man who accepts the shilling from the recruiting-sergeant, and fulfils an engagement made over his ale in a pothouse, bids adieu to all hope of rising in the military profession; he must give up all ambition and seek what pleasure he can find in transient indulgences.

A brief retrospect of what took place in the two armies during the war in the East, will not be out of time and place here. When the allied troops first met at Gallipoli and Varna, French and English privates fraternised, as did also the non-commissioned officers of both armies: sergeants and sergeant-majors visiting each other with all brotherly familiarity and equality of rank and military attributions. The battle of the Alma took place, and non-commissioned officers passed to the higher grade, or died gloriously on the field of battle. Balaklava followed, and those who escaped that treacherous and heroically repulsed encounter, advanced another step and became captains. Inkermann, with all its horrors and obstinacy of sudden attack, came next, and French captains rose to be majors; and, at the close of the war had become lieutenant-colonels; while, from the outset, private French soldiers rose to be the equals and even the superiors of our oldest and most experienced sergeant-majors.

Such being promotion during the chances of war, I will sum up the French service regulations in times of peace.

Every subaltern must remain, according to the military code, four years in his grade

before being promoted to a higher one. Every captain must remain the same length of time before being promoted to a majority; every major must remain two years in active service before he can obtain a lieutenant-colonelcy; every lieutenant-colonel must fill that rank for two years before reaching a step higher; and so on,—two years before he becomes a brigade major-general, and two years more before he can be promoted to be a lieutenant-general. And here the question of a fixed time ends, as the head of the state alone promotes the lieutenant-generals to be Marshals of France; which, however, he cannot do, unless the aspirants have commanded a corps d'armée—that is, have proved themselves worthy of being commander-in-chief. In the promotion of officers, there are two modes of operation: the first is an *choix*—by selection, as to merit, &c.; the second, à l'ancienneté,—length of service in the same grade. But all this is arranged in the most impartial manner at the Ministry-of-War. Surely the example thus set us by our allies, might be followed, if not altogether, at least in a modified degree; it shows us that to be well-served we must take the trouble and incur the responsibility of selecting our servants; and that it is absurd we should shrink from promotion by selection, when it is the only mode of obtaining the best men. Job and be corrupt, indeed, and we have reason to fear it; act honestly, and we have none. The evils under which our military system at present labours, are of so crying a nature, that common sense prompts us to examine into the way in which such matters are managed in other countries; the French system, which is the parent of the systems of Belgium, Holland, and Sardinia, is full of useful suggestions at a moment when the purchasing system is occupying so much of public attention in this country.

It may be interesting to learn the pay in time of peace, of an army where promotion is open to all, and where, from the moment a sub-officer receives his commission, he takes rank among, and fraternises with his brother officers, who all receive him as if he had issued from one of the military schools, and had not risen from the ranks. That pay is as follows:

	Fr. per An.
Field-marshal of France	30,000
Lieutenant-general	15,000
Brigade-general	10,000
Infantry colonel, or commander of a	
chief town	5,000
Cavalry colonel	5,500
Staff, Artillery, or Génie colonel	6,250
Infantry lieutenant-colonel, or com-	
mander of a chief-town	4,300
Cavalry lieutenant-colonel	4,700
Staff, Artillery, or Génie lieutenant-colonel	5,300
Infantry major	3,600
Cavalry major	4,000
Staff, Artillery, or Génie major	4,500
Infantry captain, first class	2,400
" " second class	2,000

	Fr. per An.
Cavalry captain, first class . . .	2,500
second class . . .	2,300
Staff, Artillery, or Génie captain, first class . . .	2,800
second class . . .	2,400
Infantry lieutenant, first class . . .	1,600
second class . . .	1,450
Cavalry lieutenant, first class . . .	1,800
second class . . .	1,600
Staff lieutenant . . .	1,800
Artillery lieutenant, first class . . .	2,050
second class . . .	1,850
Génie lieutenant, first class . . .	1,850
second class . . .	1,650
Infantry sub-lieutenant . . .	1,350
Cavalry sub-lieutenant . . .	1,500

	s. d.
An adjutant receives . . .	1 3 per day
A sergeant-major . . .	1 0
A sergeant . . .	0 7½
A fourrier, or sergeant-fourrier . . .	0 6½
A corporal . . .	0 5½
A private . . .	0 3½

When troops are garrisoned in Paris, their pay is increased. General officers receive one-fifth more; captains, one-fourth; lieutenants, down to the privates, one-third. In war time, an increase is allowed, according to the localities where the army is acting; and besides that increase, other allowances are made. In times of peace, lodging indemnities are allowed upon the following scale. A field-marshal, six thousand francs a-year; a lieutenant-general, two thousand; a brigade-general, twelve hundred; a colonel, one thousand; lieutenant-colonel, eight hundred; major, seven hundred; captain, three hundred and sixty; and lieutenants, two hundred and forty; all which sums are increased in Paris by one-half more.

The pensions of the various grades run as follows:

	Minimum for 30 years active service.	Maximum for 50 years active service.
Lieutenant-general . . .	4,000fr.	6,000fr.
Brigade-general . . .	3,000	4,000
Colonel . . .	2,400	3,000
Lieutenant-colonel . . .	1,800	2,400
Major . . .	1,500	2,000
Captain . . .	1,200	1,600
Lieutenant . . .	800	1,200
Sub-lieutenant . . .	600	1,000

These different sums are still increased by the allowances made for field-services. Each campaign is paid for. While in active service, there is also an allowance made to the following officers for representation expenses:

Lieutenant-general commander-in-chief . . .	9,000fr.
Lieutenant-general commanding a division . . .	7,000
Lieutenant-general presiding over a military committee . . .	5,000
A brigade-general commanding a subdivision . . .	2,500
A general commanding a brigade . . .	2,000
A general commanding a military school . . .	4,000
A colonel of a regiment . . .	2,400
A colonel commanding a town . . .	2,000

When militaires are obliged to travel separately, they are allowed the following sums

per day, or per étape, exclusive of their regular current pay:—

A colonel or lieutenant-colonel . . .	5fr. 0 centimes
A major . . .	4 0
A captain . . .	3 0
A lieutenant or ensign . . .	2 50
An adjutant . . .	1 50
A sergeant-major, or sergeant . . .	1 25
A corporal, a drummer, or private . . .	1 0

But no fixed allowance is made to field-marshals, or general officers, whose travelling expenses are made up to them by the Secretary-at-War from a fund, ad hoc, called Caisse des Missions.

The soldier's allowance per day is one pound and a-half of good bread, one ounce of rice, two ounces of vegetables, half an ounce of salt, half a pound of fresh meat, half a pound of salt beef, and a quarter of a pound of pickled pork. The officers mess at some hotel or inn—the lieutenants and captains together, and the majors, colonels, &c., together at most reasonable prices, varying from fifty to seventy-five francs a-head per month, for two substantial meals a-day. The soldiers mess together by squads of five; and when not on duty, eat out of one common dish. All deductions paid, the French private soldier has one halfpenny per day remaining, which he receives from the cash-corporal every five days: that is, twopence halfpenny at a time. Yet this small sum contents them; and they now and then afford themselves the luxury of a bottle of wine at the canteen, or outside the barriers of their garrison towns, when they are quartered in a wine country, where that article of consumption may be had for about one penny the imperial quart.

THE POISONER OF SPRINGS.

It was on my way from Venice to the siege of Sebastopol. My ticket from Trieste to Constantinople allowed me four months on the way. The steamer called at Molfetta, a little port of Apulia on the Adriatic, where I left my luggage in bond, and stepped across the ancle of Italy to Naples, with a bundle in a yellow pocket-handkerchief slung over my shoulder on a stout stick. I was dressed like a Neapolitan lout, and spoke the dialect. I went by the great road, sometimes trudging in the sun and dust, sometimes getting a lift on the casks of a wine-cart, or the foot-board of a corricolo. In short, by hook or by crook, I got to Naples. But in the line of the high road the crook principle so much predominated (making a huge angle at Foggia) that on my return I resolved to relinquish the circuitous accommodations of the high road, and cut straight across the country *en my own hook*. I struck inland at Salerno. Night fell before I was half-way to Eboli, and I slept in the manger of a roadside albergo. At dawn I resumed my journey—fraternised with some waggons who over-

took me, and got a lift. They were on their way to buy corn at Rionero. We breakfasted on fried sardines at Eboli, and entered into a vociferous, gesticulative, but finally infructuose treaty for a cargo of water-melons as we were quitting the moist levels, where they grew, to slant up among the mountains whose lofty crags, wreathed in blue films of distance, look down upon the watery plains of Paestum.

An hour or two before sunset we were well in among the mountains, and stopped at a private house in Oliveto, to buy some barley for use on the road. Though it was but a small bag of barley, there were a good many words about it. While the bargain was pending, as the day had been very hot, and I was thirsty, I asked if they had any water tolerably fresh from the spring. It seemed an innocent thing to ask; they gave me a glass of water, but it was the immediate cause of getting me into trouble.

I should inform the reader that the cholera was in Naples—five hundred were dying daily there—and all the subjects of Ferdinand the Fat (who set an inordinate value on their lazy inglorious lives, and are innocent of predestinarian principles or any other incentives of valour, whether Mahometan or Calvinistic) were in the utmost degree of trepidation. Still, why should I not drink my glass of water? It is true I wore a peaked beard which did not match very well with my peasant's costume, and Bomba has declared that men with beards are dangerous. My beard, moreover, was of an ultra-republican colour.

The barley bargain had been concluded, the water drunk, and our waggon was trundling down the steep street, while I sat in my shirt sleeves smoking and admiring the sunset among the purple peaks, when a man came running after us, and cried:

"Stop! the brigadier wishes to see this man," pointing to me.

"And who and where may the brigadier be, by your favour," said I.

"The Corporal Salzalo, at the guard-house," said he.

"Ask the Corporal Brigadier Salzalo, with my compliments, to step down here, where he may inspect my passport and receive a gratification of five grains (twopence) to drink my health."

In my innocence I thought it was only a case of bottiglia; I had no idea of the vials of wrath which my draught of water had uncocked in Oliveto.

Meanwhile, my companions the carretteri were astonished and shocked at the loftiness and indiscretion of my message to a functionary in so high authority, and besought me to answer his summons in person; so that, bethinking myself that a humble deportment might harmonise better with my costume, I came down from my waggon and accompanied the messenger.

All the inhabitants of the place seemed crowded about the guard-house, and stared at me with angry curiosity. The Corporal Salzalo received me with grim austerity, and was indeed a very gaunt, hard-featured, ill-omened looking official. He seized me rudely by the arm, and drew me into the guard-house, wherein a bewildered and scared little man, vainly attempting to assume a magisterial severity of aspect, sat on a rush-bottomed curule chair. This was the Giudice of Oliveto.

"Shew your papers!" thundered the corporal.

"Behold them!" said I, unfolding a Foreign Office passport, bound in maroon morocco, signed with the flowing pen of Palmerston.

The brigadier, determined to do his business thoroughly, began to peruse the preambular recitation of his lordship's titles, orders, and appointments.

"That is English," said I, "which you cannot understand; what it touches you to examine is the visa of his Sicilian majesty's minister of foreign affairs, which is at the other end of the book."

The brigadier signified by twitching the passport away from my indications of Caraffa's signature, and by sundry explosive growls, that he did not wish to be instructed in his business as a military diplomatist. Soon, however, both he and the judge lost their interest in the passport, which they could neither of them make anything of, and had only examined by way of form.

"We must now make a corporeal perquisition," said the brigadier, laying hold of me again, and putting his hands into my pockets.

"I am an English gentleman," I began.

"We see you are," interrupted the corporal, in a tone of triumphant condemnation, as if he had forced me into a most full and satisfactory confession of my guilt.

"I am an English gentleman," I continued, "and I warn you that it will be a signal infraction of international law to search my person—my papers being regular—without just cause of suspicion."

No notice was taken of my remonstrances, and the search resulted in the discovery and sequestration of a pistol, an illegally long-nosed clasp-knife, and a powder-flask. My remonstrances had been made with a view to these forbidden pieces of hardware; and I was surprised that their discovery did not produce more sensation.

The pistol was pronounced to be loaded, and laid aside with the knife; the powder-flask fell in for much the largest share of attention. The corporal inspected it narrowly, poured a little powder into the palm of his hand, bedrub it with his finger, smelt it, and, on the evidence of his military nostril, with much solemnity pronounced it to be gunpowder, neither more nor less—he and the bystanders seeming disappointed at not finding it something infinitely more deadly.

Then my bundle in the yellow pocket-handkerchief was scrutinised. It contained a coat, waistcoat, and trowsers of fawn-coloured Indian silk, a Turkish Grammar, a few pocket-handkerchiefs and socks, an inkstand, and a little packet of steel pens. The inkstand was pounced upon with the greatest eagerness, as a most suspicious article. It was a square, spring-inkstand, covered with black morocco-leather. It was opened, after the corporal having tried his hand in vain, by myself. The corporal was about to perform his analysis of the compounds of this mysterious vessel, by pouring some of it on the floor, when I suggested that there was very little of it, and that by dipping a slip of paper in it, a needless extravagance might be avoided.

Conceded. The corporal smeared a little on the palm of his hand, applied his tongue, and pronounced it to be neither more nor less than ink. The steel pens proved no more satisfactory.

The waggoners were now rigorously interrogated. They protested in a plaintive tone, and with deprecatory gesticulations, that they were innocent of any complicity in any crime of which I might or might not be guilty; and that the combination had been thus, that they had overtaken me on the road, and had given me a lift, and that they wanted to get to the next village to pass the night. This was at once refused; for how then could I continue my journey when liberated? I begged they might not, be detained on my account. They were permitted to depart, and I rewarded them for the trouble they had been at, and my day's journey, with the handsome sum of sixteen-pence, which they gratefully accepted.

After they were gone, I was conducted to the cancelleria, or town-hall, where the corporation of the place proceeded to make a procès-verbal of my case, to be laid before the Giudice of Condurzi, a neighbouring village, the capo luogo (head place) of the district; for the judge who had superintended my search in the guard-room was but a giudice supplente, or vice-judge.

While the cancelliere was drawing up his state-paper, I sat in the conclave, and swaggered, in an affable manner, about my rank and importance. I informed them that I was a juriconsult of the interior temple of the law of Great Britain. That my father was an eminent senator of the imperial parliament; that I was a personal friend of her Majesty's representative at the court of the King of the Sicilies, to whom it would be my duty to announce the infraction of international relations, in which the authorities of Oliveto had inconsiderately involved themselves.

A good deal of my vaporings went over the heads of my rustic functionaries; but I saw that they began to be dimly conscious that they might have possibly been guilty of

an indiscretion. Some of them began to congratulate themselves on having had nothing to do with my arrest, and the sub-giudice became conspicuously uncomfortable.

Nevertheless, a messenger had been despatched to the superior judge at Condurzi, and no answer came till it was time to think of supper and bed rather than continuing my journey. I supped, wrote indignant letters to the embassy, and slept, with Salzalo and another corporal in my anteroom.

Next morning at daybreak I went out into the street with Corporal Salzalo as my guard. I found that no answer had come from the giudice, so I ordered a mule to be ready to go to Condurzi myself, and in the meantime had my breakfast. This morning I was clothed in silk apparel; wore gold rings on my fingers, and antique coins for buttons in my waistcoat.

On my expressing an impatience to start for Condurzi, the brigadiere informed me with some asperity that orders had arrived to take me there whether I would or no, and they were waiting for the guard. Soon a body of Urban musketeers assembled with the Capurbano at their head. This eminent political chief was a pompous little man, full of the dignity of conducting a state prisoner to trial. He carried his musket in a military style, and seemed much embarrassed when, as I rode along with his troop, I treated him with a patronising condescension of manner—inquiring about the produce of the country, the state of the vines, and how the olive-crop promised.

I felt a malicious pleasure in behaving with a negligent levity which quite neutralised the gravity of the occasion. When he fell behind to avoid further conversation, which he evidently felt was lowering him in the eyes of his guard, and which the grim Corporal Salzalo had given him a hint to discontinue, I talked jocularly with the owner of the mule, smoked cigarettes, and to crown all, gathered and ate blackberries from the hedges.

There was no law, even in the kingdom of Naples, to prevent my comporting myself as if I had been going to Condurzi for my own pleasure, and had hired the party to guide and guard me; but I am sure that if I had adopted a "dejected 'haviour of visage," both the capurbano and Corporal Salzalo would have loved me better.

The road wound along a valley, watered by a stinking sulphurous stream. After about three miles we came to Condurzi, a much smaller place than Oliveto, and approachable only by rugged mountain tracks, whereas Oliveto stands on a new and very tolerable road. I had been revolving the line of argument I should use to the giudice as I came, and this fact furnished a valuable stepping-stone. The judicial residence was in a large semi-fortified building, which occupied the abutting end of the hill on which the village

was built: commanding a fine wide view, with the bold crags and precipices of Il Scorzo* in the distance.

We entered beneath a massive and somewhat dilapidated archway, where I left my mule. After passing through courts and corridors, or what not, for I don't recollect much of the building except that it was large, —and only the chamber or two used by the judge seemed to be inhabited—we were ushered into the presence.

In the kingdom of Naples, the judges of small places are selected from the class of advocates, who must have some little education; and have seen a few years of something like civilisation in the metropolis. I therefore calculated on being able to reach the understanding of this functionary a little more effectually than I had been able to do in the case of the mountain burghers of Oliveto. Nor was I disappointed. He was a crop-headed, emug-shaven, oily-complexioned man of about thirty, with the dark and shapeless features which belong to his race. I knew that he would decide in my case much more from his impressions of my bearing and outward man than from any inherent principles of law or equity; so I took care to enter his apartment as if I had been a distinguished visitor, and the corporal and capurbano a pair of Italian noblemen who were doing him and themselves the honour of introducing me. He received me with a profusion of politeness, and a look of some surprise. No doubt, in my silk attire and jewellery, I was a different culprit from what the procès-verbal had led him to expect. He set me a chair, and I was seated. The corporal and capurbano stood looking on in silent astonishment at the manner of my reception. The corporal, recovering himself a little, pulled out the clasp-knife, pistol and powder-flask, and laid them on the table with a circumstantial clank. As the judge seemed rather at a loss what to say, I began to state my case as an aggrieved person.

"You will have perceived, Signor Giudice," I said, "that my papers are in complete regularity."

"Anzi signor perfettamente" (quite so), he answered.

"You will also be aware that the authorities of Oliveto have used an indiscretion in arresting me, which is only to be accounted for by a deplorable ignorance and incapacity. They have even had the temerity to subject me, an English gentleman, to personal scrutiny, performed in the presence of the vice-judge by this impolite military man, in no gentle fashion. This inconsiderate proceeding is, I need not inform one so well versed in the precepts of Vattel and Puffendorf, a paramount infraction of international relations, for

which, if represented through my ambassador to his Sicilian majesty, the vice-judge would probably be destituted, and the corporal degraded."

Here the grim Corporal Salzalo began an indignant outburst, instantly cut short by the judge, who at this stage of the proceedings motioned both himself and the capurbano to withdraw, which they accordingly did, looking considerably chafallen. "Were their meritorious efforts in apprehending dangerous foreigners to be rewarded with contemptuous usage like this?" However, a judge is a judge; and, as there was no appeal, out they bundled, to grumble at leisure in the ante-room.

"It has been a most unfortunate mistake, which I regret exceedingly," said the judge; "and I should have great pleasure in at once expediting you on your journey; my only difficulty is that these prohibited weapons (pointing to the pistol, &c.) have been found, for which you appear to have no permit."

"I have a permit somewhere among my luggage, which is left at Molfetta. I should not like to relinquish these weapons, nor indeed feel safe on my solitary journey without them. I therefore trust that they may be restored to me."

"I would willingly do so, but indeed it is not in my power. The decision of cases in which firearms are concerned belongs to the jurisdiction of the military prefect of the district. He lives about ten miles off. I could send and lay the case before him; that is, if you could wait."

I saw only a little pressure was wanted, and I had a value for the pistol which I once on a time recaptured victoriously, on the banks of Guadiana, from a goatherd clad in sheepskin, and armed with a musket, who had stolen it from me; and should I give it up now, when it was but in the possession of an amicably-disposed judge, armed only with a scruple of legal conscience? Have at you, thought I, with a legal quibble; am I not a barrister of the interior temple? Have I worn a wig and bands in the courts of Westminster for nothing? So I drew up the battalia of a baddish argument in the best array I might, and charged him thus:

"If I waited, the military prefect might also refer me back to some other authority, till at last I got to Naples, and should have to begin my journey afresh. I have already been detained unduly and inconveniently. I was arrested by persons incompetent to decide whether my papers were in order. I have been referred to you three miles out of the great road by which travellers pass. Oliveto is also a larger place than this, and the superior judge ought to reside there. If I represented the inconvenience I have suffered, this might very likely be remedied. Perhaps it is not greatly to your advantage that I should do so, because in the creation of a judicate in Oliveto, and the annulment of that of

* Il Scorzo, the husk—pronounced oo shkorts by the natives—is the great mountain behind the plains of Paestum, trending inland about opposite the middle of the Gulf of Salerno.

Condurzi, vested interests might be overlooked, though I sincerely hope you might be re-appointed. Then, as touching these weapons, I need scarcely remind so perspicacious a jurist that, as they were discovered by a perquisition in direct contravention of international rights, to the eye of judicial diplomacy the weapons are invisible, intangible, and therefore clearly undetectable. True, they were discovered, and the rash persons who did so thereby laid themselves open to be deprived of their functions. But, since these weapons were thus illegally discovered, you possess no legal cognizance of them whatever. You legally see and know no more of them than if they were at this moment still in my pocket—thus (here I took them up and put them in my pocket, by way of illustration; feeling assured that it was a great point to get them out of sight).

"And now," I continued, "we were just now talking theoretically of certain pistols, knives, and powder-flasks, which, for my part, I do not see before me: do you? But if you have any, even the most remote, suspicion that I have such things concealed about my person, you are at perfect liberty to institute a personal search,—but at the risk, I must warn you, of placing yourself in the predicament of the authorities of Oliveto."

I could perceive during this harangue, especially in the passage relating to the change of judicate from Condurzi to Oliveto, signs of uneasiness in the countenance of the judge. He was manifestly relieved at the disappearance of the corpora delicti—and at the end of it he took a long breath, rose, shook hands, and wished me a prosperous journey. His hand was in a clammy perspiration. I left his presence as much elated with my successful pleading, as I was when I frightened the sheepskin-clad musketeer of La Mancha.

My interview had only cost me about half-an-hour. My muleteer was in waiting with my mule and bundle before the archway, and it was only about nine o'clock, so that I might still make a good day's journey. I saw the corporal and capurbano slinking away sulkily in the distance, as I mounted.

But though I was in so good spirits at the happy termination of my troubles, the old muleteer looked upon the affair in quite a different light.

"What, are you not to be imprisoned after all? Caspite! You must pay me now for the hire of my mule."

"My bargain was to come here and go back to Oliveto. So move on."

"I never expected you would come back at all. They said you were sure to be put in prison."

"I don't care what they said—move on. And so you hoped I might be put in prison, that you might ride back home. O, wicked and malevolent old man! Do you call your-

self a Christian, and wish evil to innocent persons? There is no redemption for such a dog's heart. Come, move a little faster. It is no use being sulky. I am not a man to be trifled with."

For a little while, he hung back doggedly, and grumbled when I kicked the hollow-sounding ribs of the mule; but, by degrees, my objurgations and expostulations took effect. He became interested, moreover, in the account I gave him of my interview with the giudice. After about two miles, as he was old and stiff, and I wanted to get over the ground, I let him ride a little, while I stepped out at a round pace. This won him over altogether to good humour, and he became very communicative. He wanted to know if it was true that I was a very great English nobleman, and whether I was a giudice in my own country?

During our conversation, it struck him that I seemed unaware of the reason why I had been arrested.

"And does your excellency not know what they thought, and why it was they spoke to the Corporal Salzaló and the giudice?"

"No, indeed," said I, and to say the truth, I had been so busy thinking of getting back my weapons, that it had never occurred to me to inquire of the judge under what suspicion I had been arrested, setting it down to the generally absurd police arrangements in the kingdom of Naples.

"Why, you see, excellenz, the cholera is very rife, and they saw you were a foreigner, though you talk almost Italian, and they wondered what you could be, and the carretteri could not tell them what you were. And then you asked for a glass of water, and asked if the water of the fountains was good, and so they thought you were travelling to spread the cholera—they thought you were a poisoner of springs."

Now, at last, I saw through the whole mystery, and laughed very heartily at the adventure, which carried one back to the level of European civilisation in the days of the Plague. It was lucky, as it happened, that I had no medicines with me, for if any suspicious-looking powders had been found in my bundle, the people of Oliveto at the time of my arrest were quite in a humour to have torn me in pieces.

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MEN MADE BY MACHINERY.

THERE died lately a cotton manufacturer, known as a patriarch among those of his calling, whose first spinning was by hand,—who then used a machine, worked in the beginning by a donkey—in the end by a horse;—who then used, like his neighbours, a New-comen's engine; and, at last, a Watt of five hundred horse-power. This gentleman had been part of the cotton-trade during all the vicissitudes attendant on its growth, and it was a natural law of the trade, in his opinion, that, after the first steps forward had been taken, no improvement was made in the manufacture, except under the pinch of thread-bare profits. It is when prices fall—when master and men suffer loss—that the master casts about for ways of reducing the cost of production and obtaining his old profit out of the new market price. It is often supposed that he does this at the expense of his workpeople, and this seems clearly to be the case when he discovers, under such a pressure, that the two looms worked by two men at eleven shillings a-week each, may be worked by one man at sixteen shillings. Such discoveries by masters lead not unfrequently to strikes among the men.

It is our purpose in this article to show that all or the greater part of such apparent cancelling of labour, works for good to the labourer; that it is better for the whole community of workmen that two looms should employ one man at sixteen shillings to himself, than two men at twenty-two shillings between them; that the labourers who thought their occupation taken from them by the introduction of machinery to supersede their handiwork, and who, in the first burst of alarm, broke out into riot and destroyed machines, were, in fact, quarrelling with a power that was to do infinitely more than any other mere invention has accomplished for the elevation of their class. The case as we now state it, is founded upon information furnished by Mr. Edwin Chadwick, to the recent Philanthropic Congress at Brussels, and reported in the Journal of the Society of Arts on the fourteenth of last November and the twenty-sixth of last December.

The general argument starts from the fact that depressed markets force the manufacturer, if possible, to cheapen the cost of production. He may do so by placing two spindles instead of one under the care of a workman; but, when he does that, he must needs exercise double care in the choice of an able and trustworthy workman, and must make a considerable addition to his wages. This charge involves a temporary lessening of the number of hands employed at the lowest rate of wages, but it establishes a permanent demand for improved labour at an improved price. Again, production may be cheapened by increasing the speed of machinery. Thus, in weaving, there is now more cloth turned off in a week's work of sixty hours, than was manufactured formerly in seventy-six hours.

Production having been cheapened, the price of the article produced continues to be low, and, by the lowering of price, there is obtained an increase of demand which very soon brings up to (or, more commonly, raises beyond) the old scale the number of men occupied in the business of producing. Thus, there is still work for the old number of hands, and usually for some new hands, too: while there remains the fact that an improved class of workmen has been instituted,—that so many men, who might otherwise have remained near the bottom, have gone up a step or two higher in the social scale. This is as certainly the case when cheapness has been obtained by improvement of machinery, as when it has been obtained by a direct call for improved labour. The more valuable the machine is made, the more delicate is the trust reposed in the person by whom it is worked, the more carefully must he be selected, and the better must he be paid.

But that is not the whole benefit to the working man, resulting from increase of cheapness. Not only has there been established an increase of sale, but its extension has been among persons of the middle and lower class. While articles are by their costliness especially confined to the use of the rich, the market for them is uncertain, because it is affected by the freaks of fashion. When the demand for them passes from a higher to a lower class of consumers, the use

of them is established on a wider and a firmer ground; there is a consequent decrease in the fluctuations of the trade. Not only then has a better kind of labour been produced, and in the end an increase made in the number of labourers employed; not only is prosperity increased; but it is also made more durable.

And it is made more durable to the workman not only in the way just mentioned. Skill having become more necessary in the men employed, employers in a time of pressure are less willing to disperse their staff. Mere hand-labour is to be picked up in any street, but a man who has secured the service of skilled labour, exactly suited to his wants, will endure much inconvenience rather than run the risk of losing its assistance. The more valuable the machinery too, the more important it becomes that the capital represented by it should not be left altogether idle: that what is meant for an investment should not be transformed into a debt, a mass of property upon which interest is paid instead of made.

We have so far stated the case simply in the form of argument; what may appear doubtful in the statement the succeeding illustrations will help to confirm. As to the general effect on labour of the increased use of machinery, here is a piece of evidence furnished by one of the chief Lancashire manufacturers some years ago. In the year seventeen hundred and ninety-two it cost a shilling, with the machinery then used, to make a pound of yarn; fifty years later, the cost was only twopence. Of the one sum the labourer received as wages fivepence-halfpenny on every pound of material: of the other he received only a penny; and yet, in the former period, the weekly wages were four shillings and fourpence, and in the latter eight shillings and eightpence—earned chiefly, in each case, by women and children. The cost of production has, since this account was rendered, been still further lessened, and the wages have still risen.

At Calicut in India, the native home of calico, cotton is, to this day, spun with the distaff; and the Hindoo weaver all the day through, works at his rude loom for a handful of rice. It has been found worth while to take the raw cotton from the very hand of the Hindoo; to convey it by an expensive land-transport on the backs of horses over regions crossed by tracks instead of roads; to devote a ship, in which thousands of pounds have been spent, to the business of carrying it half round the world to the English port, from which it is conveyed, by a road that has cost thirty thousand pounds per mile, to a factory, in which a hundred thousand pounds have been invested, and a thousand persons are employed. There, a single steam engine, continually working with the power of five thousand men, moves one hundred and fifty thousand spindles, and

delivers thirty thousand miles of thread per hour. The Hindoo spinner, earning bare subsistence, can produce only a mile of thread for fourpence; nineteen miles can be produced in England for three-halfpence, and the yarn or cloth spun from the Indian cotton can be delivered back to the Hindoo by rail and ship and road, employing labour to and fro, and be, after the double journey, still a cheaper article than the Hindoo can make.

The lace-knitter upon the pillow can weave perhaps five meshes in a minute, and will make a square yard of plain lace in six hundred hours. Forty-six years ago the plain lace-making machines at Nottingham, then a yard wide, made a thousand meshes in a minute, or a square yard in two hours. Now, these machines are five yards wide, and the square yard of plain lace, once made by hand in six hundred hours, is now made, by help of machinery, in five minutes. The result is not destruction but creation of livelihoods. In the year eighteen hundred and nine, the finished pieces of plain net were sold at five pounds the square yard. The present price of the same quantity is sixpence. When lace was a luxury which but few people could afford, there were high profits obtained, doubtless, by a very few producers. Now, it is a distinct article of consumption, and causes the yearly distribution of more than three million of pounds in wages to one hundred and thirty-five thousand people. The rate of wages on plain lace machines has risen: for boys, from twelve to sixteen shillings a-week; for men, from a pound to one pound four. A week's work on the fancy lace machines, which, as they are constantly improved, call for fresh care and skill in management, has risen in value from a pound to thirty shillings, and from twenty-five shillings to fifty. Who, then, shall regret that the use of the lace-pillow, or any other manual work that consists merely of incessantly repeating the same action, has been superseded by mechanical contrivance?

Close by the lace machine trade, there was the old stocking manufactory worked with inferior machines. Ten years ago, the wages earned at them were from five to ten shillings a-week. The manufacture was improved by introduction of a new machine, and now, for fewer hours of lighter labour, the wages have advanced to ten shillings and a pound.

Neither is the temporary distress so great as may be, at first thought, supposed when the kind of labour that is paid most wretchedly is abolished by the introduction of machines. It has been found on investigation specially directed to the subject, that the rapid introduction of machinery into a district never is attended with a pressure towards the workhouse of the man whose labour seems to have been superseded. In one instance, the introduction of Mr. Whit-

worth's street-sweeping machines into a large town district, threw suddenly out of employment the whole class of sweepers by hand-broom. They were men living by labour of the lowest class, deprived of which, it was to be expected that they would fall into destitution. Inquiry was made after them, individually, and it was found that, except a natural proportion of them who had died, and six in the hundred of whom no information could be had, all had found other work, and, on the whole, work of a more profitable kind. Driven to exert themselves, the greater number had become qualified for offices which had before seemed to lie above their sphere; they were changed into stokers or firemen, machine-drivers, policemen, and so forth.

Over-production is sometimes alleged as a consequence of the extension of machinery. It was alleged against the stocking manufacture at a period of depression in the trade, though at that time all the stockings made in a year would not have provided more than one to each foot in the nation. While half the population is in rags, there can be no reason to complain of the too free manufacture of fit clothing, if increased production be attended with increase of cheapness in the thing required, as well as an increase of wealth among the people who require it.

And, here, again, let us return to the fact that the labour which alone is superseded by machinery, is that which is worst paid, and that the steam-engine does not crush down a bad market without building up a better for the labourer. Even machines that are called especially self-acting, require a directing mind to turn them to the best advantage for their owner. A self-acting mule may be worked by a young person at nine or ten shillings a-week; but it is found better worth while to place it under the superintendence of a more experienced workman, and to pay him eighteen shillings. When men work with a will, machines do more than they can when the men want energy; and it is true in machine-labour as in handicraft that the high-priced English workman is, so to speak, a cheaper article than the low-priced labourer of other countries. A cotton manufacturer in Austria declares that with the newest and best English machinery, thirteen hours a-day of labour from the Austrian hands does not produce more than would be turned off by the same number of men in Manchester in ten hours and a-half.

Manufacturers of Alsace, Belgium, and other countries, bear like witness. In the Crimea it was found that it would be cheaper to take out highly-paid English labourers than to employ Croats living on the spot at sixpence a-day: the Turkish labourers, however, were far abler workmen than the Croats. Members of the late Brussels Congress compared notes with one another on

this subject. One of them, a merchant, declared that he had had ships built abroad, and repaired in every principal port in the world, and found that notwithstanding the high wages of English shipwrights, labour proved to be as cheap in England as in any other country. Another member of the Congress, a landowner in Poland, who has spent some years in England studying our agriculture, said that he found one German labourer to be equal to two Polish labourers, but that it required three Polish labourers—and those not serfs—to do the average day's work of an Englishman. Other persons could corroborate this testimony. On a special comparison being made in Normandy, it was found that the work of three Norman agricultural labourers was equal only to that of two Kentish men; and English workmen exceed in power, according to the same proportion, Danes, Norwegians, and Swedes. In Calcutta, it has been found worth while to pay Hindoos to hold umbrellas over artisans imported at high wages from Lancashire. The wages of the labourer, taken alone, are therefore a very insufficient standard of the cost of labour. A Lancashire navvy working on the railways of the continent will earn sometimes double the best wages of the German or French workmen around him. He will do the same when imported into English districts occupied by a class of under-paid and ill-fed labourers. The day's work is finished before noon.

A foreman accustomed to see good labour done at piece-work was set over the works of an estate in Dorsetshire.

"You will get this work done cheaply," it was said to him, "when labourers are to be had at eight shillings a-week."

"They would be dear," he replied, "at six."

Dorsetshire bricklayers, underfed upon twelve shillings a-week, will lay between three and four hundred bricks a-day; the town bricklayer, at twice the wages, does three times the work.

Thus, we find that there is developed a new source of increased production by every advance in the use of machinery which creates well-paid service and increases the number of well-nourished men. "I cannot," said a successful manufacturer, "afford to work my machine with a horse that costs less than thirty pounds, or eats less than eighteen pounds of oats a-day." As it is with horses, so it is with men. Work is for quantity as cheap in farming districts where a man's labour costs fourteen or sixteen shillings a-week, as where it costs eight or nine shillings only. The Lancashire navvies work in gangs of five, and admit none among their number who cannot load twenty horse-loads of earth in a day. These men, at from three shillings to five-and-sixpence a-day wages, have been found to produce cheaper

work than Irish labourers whose hire is but a shilling. But, the navy, born in hill districts where there is good water and fresh air, considers that to keep himself in working order, he must eat eleven pounds of meat a-week, or, that if he should have less meat, he must make up with very large quantities of potatoes, oatmeal, and milk. Now, there is no good reason why one part of the country should not be as highly cultivated as another. The soil of Dorsetshire, tilled by sixteen thousand labourers at eight or nine shillings a-week, ought, in fact, to employ thirty or forty thousand at ten, twelve, fourteen, sometimes even sixteen shillings; the highest wages being those created by the introduction of machines. Farmers in many counties do not buy agricultural machines that would be in the highest degree serviceable, because there are in their districts no labourers fit to be entrusted with the care of them.

"If I buy this machine," the farmer in such a case may say to the machinist, "you must send me a labourer to work it and take care of it. I know none in my own parish whom I could safely trust."

"What wages, then, do you give?"

"Eight or nine shillings."

"Ah, but those wages will not do. You must give sixteen shillings to the man whom you entrust with a machine of this value."

And so it is, among farmers as among manufacturers; with the machinery comes a demand for better labour and the offering of better pay; with it comes, also, increase of production, and a necessary widening of the whole field of labour and of the resources of the working-class; with it comes also a cheapening of the product, therefore a more extended, a more certain and less fitful demand, a lessening of that fluctuation in the labour market which makes the well-being of the workman insecure. Great, then, proves to have been the mistake of the poor men who twenty or thirty years ago dragged out machines and burnt them in the market-places of our rural towns.

To take an illustration obvious to every man's experience, let us suggest a comparison between the drivers and guards of the old coaches, and the army of well-paid engineers, clerks of works, clerks at desks, picked engine-drivers, station-masters, porters, called into existence by the substitution of machinery for horse-labour, as means of travel. How vast has been the increase of demand for skill and good conduct in the labourer; how many a new field of industry has been opened to the middle and the lower classes, for which men are incited to qualify their children or themselves! In the employment of machinery, as in the employment of hand labour—say that of needlewomen (who can pray for nothing more desirable than success to the sewing-machine, which may destroy their wretched calling, and help to create a better for them)—there is

much evil, no doubt, to be corrected; but the views we have here sketched may be a safe assurance that, taken as a whole, the tendency of machinery is not to convert poor men into machines, but that the steam-engine is in fact their steady helper, tending to no end so much as the making of them men indeed.

COCO-EATERS.

THE rye, barley, oats, wheat, potatoes, chesnut, maize, rice, bread-tree, plantain, date, and coco-eaters include, I suppose, pretty nearly, all the varieties of the human species. The fruit of the coco-palm is eaten by about a hundred millions of the human family, and by a variety of animals, representing most of the great groups of the animal world. The history of the coco-palm illustrates singularly the divine combinations of vegetal, animal, and hominal life, by which they maintain and reproduce each other harmoniously and continually. Life supplies the food of life. Destroying and nourishing, and nourishing and destroying each other, the hominal races and the vegetal and animal species keep up between them the wonderful force, the sublime intelligence, the multiform mystery, which is called Life. The bodies of individuals are used to support the lives of species; and in this way Death is a means employed for replenishing the lamp of Life. The coco-palm is an important organ in the vital mechanism. The date-palm is the sustenance of the desert, the plantain of the river, and the coco-palm of the coast populations of the warm climates. The coco-palms are found upon the coasts chiefly, in a band running around the world, and of a breadth of about twenty degrees upon both sides of the equinoctial line. There are several combinations necessary to produce them, which, by the grandeur and the delicacy of their adjustments, equally mark the work of a Divine Intelligence.

The volcanic islands of the tropics are inimical to the growth of the coco-palms. Generally, volcanos occur near water: there are only about half-a-dozen in more than a hundred and seventy known and active volcanos, which do not open their safety-valves in the neighbourhood of the sea. The student of physical geography has only to recal the distribution of the tropical volcanos to find the coasts upon which there are no coco-palms. There are none upon the islands of Saint Helena, Ascension, and Gallapagos. Of the Cape Verde Islands, San Yago is the only one upon which the coco-palm flourishes. Volcanos and coco-palms may have both a predilection for the proximity of water; but they have naturally an antagonism to each other which is unconquerable, except by the art, industry, and perseverance of man. Culture, however, produces them where they do not grow naturally; and they are pro-

duced by human skill on several volcanic coasts; such as the island of Bourbon and the Sandwich Islands.

Nuts which are carried by the ocean currents as far north as the coasts of Scotland and Norway, must reach many shores upon which they perish of cold. It is said that coco-palms do not thrive, even within the tropics, upon shores washed by the cold currents of the ocean. The Guinea current, which flows past the Cape Verde islands from the north, is probably a cause of the comparative paucity of coco-palms upon their shores. The combined study of the ocean currents and the geographical distribution of the coco-palms would probably reveal the laws which have regulated the sowing of the coco-seeds upon the tropical shores. It teaches the principle upon which the ocean works as a sowing-machine.

The coco floats like a little boat. The form of the shell is so well adapted for navigation, that it has been said mankind derived from it their earliest notions of naval architecture. When the nut becomes fibrous, and ripens, and falls, it has acquired a specific gravity lighter than sea-water, and the high-tide waves easily waft it away. After voyaging night and day, according to the direction of the currents and being tossed by the breakers, when it approaches a shore once more, the coco has become heavier by the saturation of the fibres with salt-water, and has acquired a specific gravity which sinks and imbeds it in the sand. Under the influences of congenial soil and temperature, of air and water, the coco germinates and takes root.

There is surely something of divine intelligence and providential goodness to be seen in the delicate adjustments and arrangements which sow in this way the food of millions by the familiar agencies which throw the neglected wrack upon the beach, to be eaten by the sand-hoppers.

Civilisation has been, from its vast distance, co-operating with Providence in disseminating the blessings of the coco-palms, by planting the seeds where the currents could not carry them. Just men have often given vent to cries of indignation against the Europeans who have exterminated aboriginal races to gratify their ruthless rapacity. Every age and every country, without excepting our own, has been disgraced by the atrocities of men of this kind, whose names seem likely to live in an immortality of execration. Yet all is not said when the stigma has been branded upon them. Their intelligent and adventurous selfishness often made desert places fertile. The Arabic, Portuguese, Spanish, Dutch, French, and British voyagers have planted coco-palms wherever their vessels have sailed, or wherever any of their settlements have rested. Many British sailors have benevolently planted cocos when their vessels have touched at a coast which was

barren of them. The Spaniards planted coco-palms in the bay of Honduras; the French established plantations called cocoteries in the islands of the Mauritius; the British cultivated them in the West Indies. Owyhee, the island on which Captain Cook was killed, although steep, rocky, and volcanic, presents the singular spectacle of snow on the tops of the mountains, and coco-palms flourishing in the vicinity of the coasts. Upon the whole, the plantation of coco-palms shows what is called civilisation in a somewhat favourable and beneficent light, notwithstanding the serious drawbacks of slavery, extermination, and coco toddy. Observers and travellers say that the more civilised of the Indians have begun to fabricate coco toddy. There is more in the fact than drunkenness and extermination by fire-water; for, distillation is an important part of chemistry, and chemistry is one of the grandest instruments in the hands of men.

The simple cultivation of the coco-palm requires faculties far beyond the average found among savages. The Indian law-giver was a wise man who made the coco-growers a high and right-hand caste, and sought to apportion honour among men according to the services rendered to society by their skill, knowledge, foresight, self-denial, industry, and genius. These qualities are the salt necessary for the preservation of races as of individuals.

It is strange that races of men should be deficient in the reflecting prudence necessary for their preservation in proportion as the sun has dyed the colouring matter of their skins. The white men of Europe and the yellow men of Asia contrast very advantageously with the reds of America and the blacks of Africa. The coco-palm is cultivated in Asia, from Bombay to the Ganges. The small island of Ovington, opposite Bombay, is covered with coco-palms. The shore between Bombay and Canamore presents a green curtain of shore palms whose picturesque folds enrapture voyagers. Favoured by the salt in the soil, they grow in all parts of the province of Mysore. Near Pondicherry there is a little coco island. They adorn most of the gardens in Calcutta. Cultivated for ornament, but sterile, the coco-palm is found as far north as Lucknau, in the twenty-sixth degree of latitude; in the twenty-third degree of latitude, Dr. Dalton Hooker found the coco-palm, the palm of high-tide mark, six hundred feet above the level of the sea.

There is said to be from ten to twelve millions of coco-palms in the island of Ceylon. There are eight or nine little coco islands in the river Pahang, which are annually submerged by the floods of the months of December and January. Respecting the capital of Cochin China, a French voyager says, "The white walls of these fortifications were sur-

mounted by clusters of plantain and coco-trees, which, defined sharply against a distant blue horizon, formed in the midst of the white sands a couple of oases upon which the eye rested with pleasure."

The coco-eaters of the African coast are a complete contrast to the intelligent cultivators of India. I suppose it must be what a Scotch philosopher would call the suggestion of contrast which leads me to think of them.

When sailing from the British islands towards the equinoctial line along the west coast of Africa, the coco-palms are seen upon the shores from the coast of Guinea to Saint Philip de Benguela. The geographical distribution is about ten degrees upon either side of the line. The occidental African islands, St. Jago, Fernando Po, Prince, Annoboa, Saint Thomas, and Loanda, produce coco-palms abundantly.

The African coco-eaters cannot be said to be any credit to their nurriture. The pagan tribes of them are snake-worshippers. Trial by ordeal and torture, Fetishism, amazons, polygamy, and wife sacrifices, recall sufficiently the condition of the negroes upon the western coasts of Africa, wherever Mahometanism and Christianity have not interfered to diminish their ignorance and cruelty. They are completely in the hands of their witch-doctors and rain-makers. Happily, English-speaking missionaries are at work among them; and wherever Christian ideas spread, the minds of savages open and their manners soften. George Herbert supplies us in a couplet with a quaint description of the change which takes place in the savage, when he says,

That his mind's neatness has its operation
Upon his body, clothes, and habitation.

Little reliance is, I suspect, to be placed upon much which is confidently sent abroad respecting the inhabitants of the African coasts, although appearing with all the airs and pretensions of ethnological science. Very few facts have been published upon any better evidence than hearsay, and hearsay is not science. Many of the hearsays rest upon the suspicious testimonies of slave-dealers and exterminators, and their lay and clerical dependants.

There is a generalisation, however, on which I will venture. Were I asked what is a savage, I would answer, He is a man who cannot calculate. However exaggerated the statement may be that whole races exist who cannot count their fingers, the capacity of calculation, the amount of arithmetic, the perfection of mathematics, furnishes a good measure of the civilisation attained by a race. The civilised man is the man of calculating prudence. He is the only man who prevents himself and family from dying of want. He has an empire over himself. Savages do not plant and water coco-palms because they will

not calculate upon a future ten years hence. The boy does not direct his course with a steady view to the success of the man in his prime. The middle-aged man does not work for the old man, only a score of years off—a different man, and yet himself. The irreflexive and uncalculating imprudence is hereditary and universal. The community does not discuss continually and decide wisely, respecting its own interests; everything is left to the chief and the rain-maker.

When races are deficient in calculating prudence, they experience dreadful visitations of famine. Millions of them perish of want. Prior to the British occupation of India, and until after the administration of Lord Clive, famines were periodical in India, in which millions perished in consequence of the failure of the rice crops. The cultivation of the coco-palm has helped to diminish the horrors and lessen the frequency of these famines. On the tropical coasts of Africa, and the African islands, where European calculation does not prevail, savage improvidence reigns. Of the Sakelaves of Nossi-Bé, a French voyager says: "Although they are very fond of the fruit, it never occurs to them to plant the coco-palm. Their gourmandise overcomes the reasoning which tells them they might secure an abundance at a later period, because they are not accustomed to speculate respecting a futurity of ten years." Such is the reckless rapacity of the black fishermen of the Amirante islands, that they are accused of having destroyed all the coco-palms on several coco islands, merely to obtain the luxurious tit-bit formed by the topmost sprout, and called the coco cabbage. The New Caledonians, when they vanquish a hostile tribe, cut down all their coco-palms; and when one of their chiefs dies, they wound his palms to show that after the loss of their owner the trees ought to languish and die. The growth of coco-palms is prevented on Mitre Island, Polynesia, by the Tikopians, lest their neighbours should inhabit it, and deprive them of the profits and pleasures of shark-fishing. In the Harvey islands the natives steal each other's cocos. The proprietors surround their trees with dry leaves, that the noise of the falling fruits may betray the presence of the thief. When a native of Lord North's islands is overtaken by want, his relatives and neighbours expel him from their society, and drive him away to die of famine alone. I have seen birds do the like. When a shot wounds any of the little auks upon a ledge of rock on the northern shores, the flock scarcely condescend to fly away, and, returning immediately to their ledge, stop the annoyance of the cries of the wounded by cuffing them over the edge of the precipice.

It is scarcely a sarcasm to say of such hominal races that they are degraded to the level of monkeys. Such facts almost excuse the bitter misanthropy of Bory de Saint Vincent, who said there was a relationship

between the African tribes and the orang-outang. Giving themselves up to the sensual enjoyments of the passing day, without care for the morrow, when the trees give them fruits, both the savages and the quadrumanes gorge themselves; when they cannot get fruits they eat animals or insects; when fruits, animals, and insects fail them, they starve. While the structure of the four-handed and five-handed mammals is an odious caricature of the human form, the abdication of reason and prudence gives men a still more hideous moral resemblance to the ugliest of animals.

It is time I should pass from the hominal to the animal coco-eaters, which are less known, and still more curious. A passing word, however, must be given to the interesting and important hominal varieties to whom the destiny is committed of elevating the reckless tribes to the dignity of the calculating races. The cross-breeds may already be counted by millions in the tropical regions. Americans with the blood of the red race in them, creoles with the trace of the black pigment under their skins, Britons with the yellow hues of the Malays, and the high cheek-bones of Mongols, are the natural interpreters between European prudence and Asiatic and African improvidence. Creoles and cross-breeds are born to one of the noblest missions in the march of time. I have been singularly struck with the unconscious impression of this truth, which I have seen in individuals of these varieties who have come in my way. There is a passion in the new generation of them for self-improvement. Perceiving clearly that wealth and knowledge are the chief distinctions in these modern days, many of them are to be found ardently engaged in the pursuit of both without separating them; for in the present age neither the ignorant millionaire, nor the ill-bred peer, nor the poor scholar, can obtain respect and escape mortification. The Dutch, Portuguese, Spanish, and English races have blended blood with the improvident races, and the results are making their appearance around all their colonies, in cross-breeds capable of rivalling the best specimens of the most celebrated races. This fact is one of the most interesting features of the human family in these times. The distance is vast between the races who calculate eclipses, and the races who find the counting of their fingers invested with insurmountable arithmetical difficulties; but, when these races are crossed, the product is not a child standing midway between them in intelligence, but a highly improveable cross-breed capable of rising by culture to the highest levels of the superior race. There is hope for humanity in this truth.

Among the animal coco-eaters, the first place may be given to the monkeys, several species of which caricature the hominal form while they are all removed very far from men by the texture of their brains. There

are no monkeys in New Zealand and Australia, and only one species in Europe—which is found, as if by accident, upon the rock of Gibraltar. The species of Asia and the Indian islands differ widely from the species of Central America and the Island of Madagascar. The Madagascar species are all of the type called *Limurians*, or monkeys with sharp-pointed muzzles. The Gibraltar, Asiatic, and African monkeys have thin partitions between their nostrils, and have only short tails when they have tails. The Central American species have thick partitions between their nostrils; and all the five-handed monkeys with catching tails are American monkeys.

Monkeys seem to hold a rank somewhere between the quadrupeds and the birds, when they are found in their natural state, living on the trees in the vast Brazilian and African forests. They walk with difficulty upon the ground, and some of them can almost fly. Swinging and climbing from branch to branch and from tree to tree, with the aid of four or five hands, and supremely indifferent which end of them is uppermost, they make long journeys in search of fruits and eggs. As they can escape from lions and tigers with great facility, serpents are the only enemies really formidable to them. In some species the little troops are united as if they were one sole family, under the chieftainship of an old male. When the chief assembles his clan, he makes such a howling noise, and the troop gather round him with such submission, that he has been wickledly called the preacher monkey. Everybody knows how capricious they are, being alternately curious and indifferent, tranquil and tricky, playful and furious. The greatest affection between the males and the females does not extend to refraining from stealing each other's food. They never have recourse to force, but always to sleight-of-hand, in accomplishing their thefts. M. Frédéric Cuvier says, the basis of the education which the female gives to her little ones is an apprenticeship in theft. Monkeys maraud in the neighbourhood of man like the French soldiers of the first empire. Sentinels are planted to give the alarm of danger, and lines—or, as the French call them, queues, or tails—are formed to hand the fruits, which are lodged in their stores with great rapidity. The dangers of the marauding monkeys and soldiers are identical, for wherever the use of fire-arms prevails they are shot without scruple.

Traps are laid on the Indian shores to catch the wild hogs and porcupines, and prevent them from injuring the roots of the coco-palms.

Wild elephants are so fond of the young and tender leaves of the coco-palms, that it is often found necessary to protect the plantations by lighting fires and discharging muskets during the night.

The coco-palm bear, or Malay bear, like the elephant, is fond of the tender leaves. He is very injurious to the plantations. The coco-palm bear rarely attacks man, and has often been domesticated. Sir Stamford Raffles brought one up in his nursery along with his children. The experience of this gentleman seems to lessen the improbability of the fabulous story that the Malay bears, instead of injuring the women and children they have met in the woods, have on several occasions given them food in their retreats, without doing them the slightest harm.

The naturalists have given the name of the *Paradovurus typus* to a singular animal which climbs the coco-palm and drinks the water in the nuts. The name just means the type of the ill-understood animals with tails. Leschenault called it the marten des palmiers, the marten of the palm-trees. The pupils of the eyes of this mammal are vertical, and therefore it has been deemed a nocturnal animal. As the teeth resemble those of the civet and genet cats, it has been supposed to prey upon little mammals. The fur consists mostly of woolly, but partly of silky, hairs. Long moustaches grow upon the upper lip and under the eyes. The ill-understood quadruped with a tail, the marten of the coco-palms, is about half a metre long, and his tail is little shorter than his body. At first sight he seems black, and when looked into closely he appears to be yellow. Three rows of black spots are observable upon the yellow ground on each side of the spine, while other spots are dispersed over the thighs and shoulders, disappearing upon the black bands, and forming the simple bands. The limbs are black, but the skin of the tubercles of the feet is flesh-coloured. The first half of the tail is of the colour of the body, and the second half is black. The head is of the colour of the body, growing paler towards the muzzle, and has white spots over and under the eyes. The ears are black outside, flesh-coloured inside, and are tipped at the external edge with a white border.

The marten of the coco-palm is found in Asia and Malasia, and abounds in Java. He lives in trees and bushes. In captivity he eats flesh, and displays a ferocity which reminds one of the wild Scotch weasels.

The palm-squirrel is sometimes brought to England, and is frequently seen frisking on the trees of the East Indian shores. Leschenault says, he takes advantage of the holes made in the nuts by the marten to drink what is left of the coco-water. However, there is nothing to prevent his tapping the nuts for himself, and drinking his fill of their delicious wine. No doubt, like the monkeys and martens, he is liable to be interrupted in his enjoyments by musket-shots; the common lot of marauders in civilised neighbourhoods.

Rats are great coco-eaters. The desert coco-islands are full of them. Green and ripe nuts come alike to them. After gnawing holes near the stalks they get inside the nuts to drink the water and eat the almond at their pleasure. They are careful not to make the hole where it would let out the water. The coco-planter in the Mauritius introduced cats, in the hope that they would destroy the rats; but the cats found an easier and more agreeable prey in the young sea-birds. Rat-catchers are found to be more efficient. A negro receives a glass of rum, in addition to his monthly pay, for every dozen of rats' tails which he brings to his employer.

Pyrard speaks of a large bat which devours the coco-palms. I do not know what bat it is, but I may have a reader in the tropics who will catch it and tell the world all about it. What a bit of luck it would be were any one to find, in a great bat of the tropics, the living species of the fossil *Pterodactyle*, which Sömmerring proved against Cuvier to be a large bat, and not a flying lizard!

Science is every day refinding the lost species, and identifying the European fossils with the actual plants and animals of the tropics.

Captain Moresby describes animals, called flying Fores, which destroy many young coco-palms.

A palmiped bird of the tern tribe—a sort of sea-swallow, called the Black Noddy—pecks the panicles of the flowers of the coco-palms and checks their fertility. The black noddies build their nests among the stalks of the leaves. When stormy weather prevents them from flying far out to the high seas, they pass their time upon the palm-trees pecking the flowers; their peckings are said to be a chief cause of sterility among the coco-palms of the Indian islands. Sailors know them well, for the facility or stupidity with which they allow themselves to be taken by hand when seeking refuge on the riggings of ships from the buffetings of the winds. Their flesh is tough, leathery, and disagreeable, but the sailors eat it with relish, and despise the birds which are stupid enough to give themselves for their repast. Such scorn is human nature all over; and the black noddies probably take refuge upon ships only when exhausted and stupified by fatigue.

Macaws and cockatoos destroy the fertility of many coco-palms. An Edwin Landseer would give us a glorious picture of the scene. He would paint the parrots (generally of the species called, *Psittacus Taïtianus*) climbing and chattering with their gorgeous plumage while sucking the pollen of the splendid golden flowers which rise above the green leaves of the magnificent umbrellas of the white tropical shores.

Voyagers observe with astonishment a

singular crustacean, frequently seen on the shores of the coco-islands, and sometimes, although rarely by day, climbing upon the coco-palms. The crusted animal is something between a crab and a lobster. From the point of the claw to the end of the abdomen he generally measures about twenty inches. The colour of this crab or lobster is sky-blue, shading into white, with white patches speckling the blue of the carapace, and of the plates of the abdomen. He has more of the general form of a lobster than of a crab. Natives of the coco-islands have assured me that individual crustaceans of this species are sometimes met with, measuring from three to four feet from the point of the claw to the end of the abdomen. The colour—blue, it is said,—sometimes passes into red, and the white into yellow.

The natives call this crab the sepo-y-crab, just as British coast-folks call a similar crustacean the soldier-crab. He is the soldier-crab of the tropical islands. Persons familiar with the soldier-crab of the British coasts can imagine the appearance of the largest sepo-y-crabs, by supposing the soldier-crab of a size measured by feet instead of inches. The British soldier-crab has a naked and curling abdomen, and must find a shell to protect it from the grabs of his enemies. The Indian sepo-y-crab has three rows of rudimentary plates partly covering and protecting the upper part of his abdomen. The British coast-folks embody a characteristic in the manners of the British species when they call him a soldier, for he is always ready to fight all comers, and is especially amusing to coast-boys when battling with his own species. The sepo-y-crab is a far more formidable soldier. When surprised by men upon a tree he snaps the pincers of his formidable left claw to announce to them that he is ready for battle. He seems, however, more desirous of frightening than of fighting his enemies; for, notwithstanding his menaces, he retreats very rapidly. The sepo-y-crabs, about a couple of feet long, are not objects of fear to the natives; but, they speak with awe of the rare monsters which exceed three feet in length, and one of whom is said to have once stolen a child.

Mr. Cuming frequently found sepo-y-crabs on Lord Hood's Island in the Pacific. Dr. Charles Reynaud, of Port Louis, Mauritius, tells me that the sepo-y-crab is found in the islands of Liou Kiou, Keeling, Diego Garcia, Six Islands, and Agalega. The sepo-y-crabs live in holes among the roots of the scolopendres, mape-trees, and coco-palms. The frequent or almost continual rains on those islands keep the holes always full of water, and surround them with little pools. The blacks of the islands of the Mauritius say, that when the sepo-y-crab is in want of salt water in the dry season, he goes down to the sea carrying an empty coco-nut between the teeth of his little

claw; and, after filling the nut with salt water, carries it away to his hole.

Linnaeus, Herbst, and Cuvier, appear to have received with some doubt the accounts which voyagers gave them of crabs climbing trees and eating fruits. There is, in fact, considerable difficulty in understanding how animals formed with gills to breathe in water like fishes, can live in air, and respire upon trees, as if they were provided with lungs, like birds and monkeys. M. Milne Edwards has, however, made an observation upon the respiratory organs of the sepo-y-crabs, which greatly diminishes the physiological difficulty. He discovered in the carapace, a spongy vegetation which maintains the humidity of the gills by perspiring water upon them. Similar contrivances have been observed in a variety of gilled animals, which from the nature of their habits, are occasionally exposed in the air. There are fishes which perish quickly in a limited quantity of sea-water, and which can subsist a long time in moist air. The folds of the membrane which lines the gill-cavity of eels, and of the fishes liable to be abandoned by the tide in rock crevices, contain reserves of water in pockets, vessels, cells, or spongy masses, which keep up a constant moisture in the gills. The American land crabs have reservoirs inside the carapace. The sepo-y-crab differs from all the others by having fungosities, or sponges, instead of reservoirs. The sepo-y-crabs usually live on the fallen fruits which they find about the roots of trees. When they cannot find fruits, and are pressed by hunger, they mount, generally in the night, to the nuts which will not descend to them. The fact of their climbing is established by an abundance of testimony, and recently, in addition to different voyagers corroborating, each other during the last century, living witnesses have appeared: such as Mr. Cuming of London, and Dr. Charles Reynaud of Port Louis. Dr. Charles Reynaud has assured me that he has repeatedly seen the sepo-y-crab on the coco-palms during the day, although his promenades are generally nocturnal, and in shiny moonlight nights.

When the sepo-y-crab has climbed up the trunk of the coco-palm, he detaches the nut by tearing the fibres of the stalk until the nut falls. After the fall of the nut he descends the trunk slowly, and searches for the nut, which he drags, when he finds it, to the mouth of his hole. Three or four days are spent by him in patiently and laboriously tearing off fibre after fibre, until the husk is completely denuded of them. He is too provident, I won't say civilised, an animal, to wait until one nut is done before he goes in search of another. On the contrary, he is always peeling as he is always eating his nuts. He spends his time in these alternate operations. He searches about the trees, or upon the trees, for a

nut to peel, and when it is peeled he transfers it to his larder in his hole. Just as the eating-houses have hams, or rounds of beef, always in cut, he has a peeled nut always in the almond state. A nut lasts him about a week.

The sepo-y-crab does not feed upon cocos only. Mr. Cuming saw one of them upon a palm-tree, called the *Pandanus odoratissimus*. Dr. Charles Reynaud has seen these in great quantities upon the little islands at the entry of the Bay of Diego Garcia, where there are no coco-palms, and where they fed upon the Mape-tree — *Cissus Mapia*.

The savans, as usual, have made a curious hotch-potch of the naming of this lobster. Leach called him the *Birgus latro*; *latro* means a thief, but what *Birgus* means, no book, or man, I wot of, can tell me. I guess that as *Pagurus* means a marine animal, *Birgus* means a rock animal, and the probability is not lessened, because the crustacean does not live among rocks at all, for most of these learned terms are the fossils of ancient errors. The French fishermen call the soldier-crab the *poivre l'homme* (the poor man), because he is very naked, and has not even a shell of his own. The sepo-y-crab is a coast, and not a marine, animal, and he is not a poor man, moreover, as he lives independently upon his means. The most common name for him is the crab-thief. The Dutch called him *Don Diego int volle harnasch*—Don Diego who steals the nuts—Don Diego, because they fancied they saw the form of a man in armour upon his back, and nut-stealer, on account of his taking his natural food. What with colonisers, exterminators, annexers, adulteraters, and bank and railway speculators, there appears to be enough of thieves, and it would be surely wrong, impolitic, and unfair, to give them the countenance of an honest crusted animal. Agassiz, in his very useful book on zoological nomenclature, says the proper name of the crab is the *Decapoda anomoura*, the tail-less ten feet. He refers to Leach for the explanation of the common scientific name, *Birgus latro*, and Leach uses the name without giving any explanation of it whatever—or, at least, I could not discover any. As for the proper name, I humbly submit it contains as many errors as syllables. Negatives are but rarely descriptive, and we are not far advanced in forming an idea of an animal when told it has not a tail. The claws of the sepo-y-crab are hands; the last pair of so-called feet are used to hold the crustacean in his hole, as they serve to keep the soldier-crab in his borrowed shell.

The largest kinds of sepo-y-crabs hold themselves in their holes with such tenacity that the natives are unable to drag them out. As for the individuals of the ordinary size, the blacks put their arms

into their holes, and, seizing their claws in a bunch, whip them out suddenly and skilfully. It is surprising how rarely the blacks are pinched. The sepo-y-crab, when in his hole, sleeps, or respires, and moves slowly; before his obtuse senses have warned him of the intrusion, his formidable claws are clasped by the muscular hand which pulls him out of his stronghold. When an unlucky or an unskilful finger is pinched, the sepo-y lets go his hold, the instant he is seized by the abdomen. Sometimes a kernel is dropped into the hole, and when the crab takes hold of it, he lets himself be pulled out rather than let go his hold. In their battles with each other, the sepo-y-crabs will seize hold of each other's abdomens, and will not let go until one of them has ceased to live. The sepo-y can be made to do the same thing for himself; for when his abdomen is tickled, it is said he will seize hold of it with his great claw, and never relax his hold until he dies.

The sepo-y-crabs are excellent eating. Gourmets of the Mauritius have them sent to them alive from the coco islands. They are sent in boxes which are strongly nailed down. Such is the strength of these crustaceans that they have been known to lift up the lid of a box with a hundred pound weight on the top of it. There are a few holes made in the box to admit air, and a coco broken in two is placed within it; and then, without further precautions or other nutriment, the sepo-y-crab arrives in good condition after voyages of seven or eight days' duration.

Herbst says, great care must be taken to remove certain dangerous parts of these lobsters in the preparation of them for the table. The sepo-y-crab is cooked like a lobster. The abdomen, popularly called the tail, is the titbit. Natives of the tropics who catch the sepo-y-crab and cook him and eat him, and call him a thief all the while, remark merrily that he is obliging enough to carry in his tail a butter, in which he fries capitally.

The rhinoceros beetle (*scarabæus*, or *oryctes rhinoceros*) is described as the most formidable enemy of the coco-palms. The general aspect, the forms of the corselet and elytres, and the little horn upon the snout of this beetle, suggests immediately the idea of a miniature model of the unicorn rhinoceros, rather more than an inch and a-half long and three-quarters broad. The rhinoceros beetle has been called *oryctes*, which is the Greek for a digger or miner. The male beetle cuts his way into the stalks of the leaves, and eats the topmost sprout, the delicious coco-cabbage. The female rhinoceros beetle perforates the trunks of the trees to deposit her eggs in them. The damage done by these beetles was so great in the time of Leschenault de la Tour, that he says the government of Pondicherry employed two

men constantly, to do nothing else but search for these insect-destroyers of the coco-palms.

The termites, or white ants, are great enemies of the coco-palms. The species which build, their nests on the top of the coco-palms kill them from their summits; and the species which establish themselves at their base, poison their roots.

Such are a few traits of the animal and hominal coco-eaters. The termites are certainly the most extraordinary of insects, the sepy-crabs the strangest of crustaceans, and the hominal races which eat cocos are of all men the furthest removed from the European types. What shall I say to sum up? Only this: that the coco-eaters are as wonderful as the coco-palm, and the coco-palm as surpassingly strange as the coco-eaters—the hot forces of the equator pervade them all; and the tree and its associates combined, give us marvellous glimpses into the worlds of life in the islands of the sun.

MEMNON AND HIS MATE.

ON Tébes' Plain, at labouring dawn,
Day's eldest daughter yet unborn,
Unmark'd as yet of laughing morn
The faintest glimm'ring smile;
The croaking chorus, tired and dumb,
Old Earth was silent in her tomb,
Along the banks of Nile.

With fertilising largesse fraught,
And secrets from the Tropics brought,
The weird waves glided, swift as Thought,
And silently as Time;
And, through the leaves of spectral palms,
No more the night-wind toss'd its arms,
Uniting to their fitful psalms
A melancholy rhyme.

To shore the drooping cangia clung
With folded wing and yard unslung,
A cradle of the Live among
The chambers of the Dead;
Nor was their breath enough to float
The pendant of that river-boat,
To wake the firely on the lotus
The cicade on the blade.

It was the hour; nor night nor day,
When if you fail, as old Sheikhs say,
To tell the white horse from the grey,
It is the peep of dawn.
But Sheikh and steed had taken flight
To realms of neither day nor night,
And scoured the Desert out of sight
On dreamy pinions borne.

It was the hour; nor night nor day,
When these my feet conspired to stray
Along the pathless sacred way,
That girds dark Acheron;
And all my heart with half-hope beat,
That Memnon then might wake to greet,
With olden music, soft and sweet,
Once more the rising sun.

As o'er the unctuous flats I pressed,
A lark shot startled from her nest,
And lo! half-naked to the waist,
There came an Arab maid!
A maiden like the morning star,
With midnight eyes, and raven hair,
Erect, as Egypt's daughters are,
With lupins on her head.

And, as she neared, she seemed to me
The Genius of Antiquity,
A swarthy Venus from a sea
Of green; and, as we met,
She drew her kerchief, to deny
Her graces to a stranger's eye,
But hailed me with the ancient cry,
"Y' Howāga Salamèt."*

Then, o'er the East a roseate hue
Intense, and more intense grew,
Reflected in the splashing dew
Through which my ancles trod,
And as I laboured through the corn,
The silver spikes of headlong morn
Shot sudden up the world to warm:
It was the coming God.

There sat the everlasting Pair,
Full twenty cubits in the air,
Each on his monumental chair,
A superhuman pile!
A million morns had come and gone,
Since first those sentinels of stone
Kept guard upon the rising sun,
Beside the banks of Nile.

Graved on their massive feet were set
The marks of the departed great,
Who, ages back, stood here to wait
The strain, at morning-tide.
The asp of her that "most fair Queen,"
The quip of Grecian libertine,
And Cæsar's symbol, carved between
His freedman and his bride!

A spark upon an eagle's wing,
A palm-tree swiftly burnishing,
And, pregnant with the fulgent ring,
The heavenly gates flew wide.
Lift up their heads those heavenly gates,
And all the cliff, where Athor waits
To clasp the monarch when he sets,
Was in the radiance dyed.

Then, from that spacious brow, the cold
And dusky curtain downward rolled,
And all the statue, bathed in gold,
Sent forth a sound that day;
Whether my ears were sharply set,
Or Memnon did articulate,
These were the strains that haunt me yet
A thousand leagues away:—

"When Egypt's sun was on the wane,
And fierce Cambyzes strove, in vain,
To cleave my ponderous bulk in twain,
And pierce the warder's heart;
Then, first Aurora failed to fire
The golden sinews of my lyre,
But hope was tardier to expire
Than gladness to depart.

* Salutation, O traveller!

"No more my wounded crystals poured
Sweet numbers from the broken chord,
To greet the old ascending lord
That mock'd my scatter'd stones ;
Yet, though Despair was all around,
I watch'd and waited on the ground,
Still crouching, like the faithful hound
That guards its master's bones."

And so I hearken'd not in vain,
That morn on Tèbes' silent plain,
But learn'd the lesson to my gain,
Of watching, waiting, well !
To watch, with hope, what'e'er betide,
To wait, with patience, and abide,
How long so e'er, the sinking tide,
How late so e'er, the swell.

To watch, however Time may strip,
Whatever whirlwinds I may reap,
Whatever cause to wake and weep,
My mornings as they fly.
To wait, however friends may fail,
However hostile hands assail,
However desperate is the tale
Of my humanity.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH. THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

UNDER the roof of a widowed mother, Miss Mowlem lived humbly at St. Swithin's-on-Sea. In the spring of the year eighteen hundred and forty-four, the heart of Miss Mowlem's widowed mother was gladdened in the closing years of life by a small legacy. Turning over in her mind the various uses to which the money might be put, the discreet old lady finally decided on investing it in furniture, on fitting up the first floor and the second floor of her house in the best taste, and on hanging a card in the parlour window to inform the public that she had furnished apartments to let. By the summer the apartments were ready, and the card was put up. It had hardly been exhibited a week before a dignified personage in black applied to look at the rooms, expressed himself as satisfied with their appearance, and engaged them for a month certain, for a newly-married lady and gentleman, who might be expected to take possession in a few days. The dignified personage in black was Captain Treverton's servant, and the lady and gentleman, who arrived in due time to take possession, were Mr. and Mrs. Frankland.

The maternal interest which Mrs. Mowlem felt in her youthful first lodgers was necessarily vivid in its nature ; but it was apathy itself compared to the sentimental interest which her daughter took in observing the manners and customs of the lady and gentleman in their capacity of bride and bridegroom. From the moment when Mr. and Mrs. Frankland entered the house, Miss Mowlem began to study them with all the ardour of an industrious scholar who attacks

a new branch of knowledge. At every spare moment of the day, this industrious and inquisitive young lady occupied herself in stealing up-stairs to collect observations, and in running down-stairs to communicate them to her mother. By the time the married couple had been in the house a week, Miss Mowlem had made such good use of her eyes, ears, and opportunities that she could have written a seven days' diary of the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Frankland, with the truth and minuteness of Mr. Samuel Pepys himself.

But, learn as much as we may, the longer we live the more information there is to acquire. Seven days' patient accumulation of facts in connection with the honeymoon had not placed Miss Mowlem beyond the reach of further discoveries. On the morning of the eighth day, after bringing down the breakfast tray, this observant spinster stole up-stairs again, according to custom, to drink at the spring of knowledge through the key-hole channel of the drawing-room door. After an absence of five minutes she descended to the kitchen, breathless with excitement, to announce a fresh discovery in connection with Mr. and Mrs. Frankland to her venerable mother.

"What ever do you think she's doing now !" cried Miss Mowlem, with widely opened eyes and highly-elevated hands.

"Nothing that's useful," answered Mrs. Mowlem, with sarcastic readiness.

"She's actually sitting on his knee ! Mother, did you ever sit on father's knee when you were married ?"

"Certainly not, my dear. When me and your poor father married we were neither of us flighty young people, and we know better."

"She's got her head on his shoulder," proceeded Miss Mowlem more and more agitatedly, "and her arms round his neck—both her arms, mother, as tight as can be."

"I won't believe it !" exclaimed Mrs. Mowlem, indignantly. "A lady like her, with riches, and accomplishments, and all that, demean herself like a housemaid with a sweetheart ! Don't tell me, I won't believe it !"

It was true though, for all that. There were plenty of chairs in Mrs. Mowlem's drawing-room ; there were three beautifully bound books on Mrs. Mowlem's Pembroke table (the Antiquities of St. Swithin's, Smallridge's Sermons, and Klopstock's Messiah in English prose)—Mrs. Frankland might have sat on purple morocco leather, stuffed with the best horsehair, might have informed and soothed her mind with archeological diversions, with orthodox native theology, and with devotional poetry of foreign origin—and yet, so frivolous is the nature of women, she was perverse enough to prefer doing nothing, and perching herself uncomfortably on her husband's knee !

She sat for some time in the undignified position which Miss Mowlem had described with such graphic correctness to her mother, then drew back a little, raised her head, and looked earnestly into the quiet, meditative face of the blind man.

"Lenny, you are very silent this morning," she said. "What are you thinking about? If you will tell me all your thoughts, I will tell you all mine."

"Would you really care to hear all my thoughts?" asked Leonard.

"Yes; all. I shall be jealous of any thoughts that you keep to yourself. Tell me what you were thinking of just now! Me?"

"Not exactly of you."

"More shame for you. Are you tired of me in eight days? I have not thought of anybody but you ever since we have been here. Ah! you laugh. O, Lenny, I do love you so; how can I think of anybody but you? No! I shan't kiss you. I want to know what you were thinking about first."

"Of a dream, Rosamond, that I had last night. Ever since the first days of my blindness— Why, I thought you were not going to kiss me again till I had told you what I was thinking about!"

"I can't help kissing you, Lenny, when you talk of the loss of your sight. Tell me, my poor love, do I help to make up for that loss? Are you happier than you used to be? and have I some share in making that happiness, though it is ever so little?"

She turned her head away as she spoke, but Leonard was too quick for her. His inquiring fingers touched her cheek. "Rosamond, you are crying," he said.

"I crying!" she answered with a sudden assumption of gaiety. "No," she continued, after a moment's pause. "I will never deceive you, love, even in the veriest trifle. My eyes serve for both of us now, don't they? you depend on me for all that your touch fails to tell you, and I must never be unworthy of my trust—must I? I did cry, Lenny—but only a very little. I don't know how it was, but I never, in all my life, seemed to pity you and feel for you as I did just at that moment. Never mind, I've done now. Go on—do go on with what you were going to say."

"I was going to say, Rosamond, that I have observed one curious thing about myself since I lost my sight. I dream a great deal, but I never dream of myself as a blind man. I often visit in my dreams places that I saw, and people whom I knew when I had my sight, and though I feel as much myself, at those visionary times, as I am now when I am wide-awake, I never by any chance feel blind. I wander about all sorts of old walks in my sleep, and never grope my way. I talk to all sorts of old friends in my sleep, and see the expression in their faces which, waking, I shall never see again.

I have lost my sight more than a year now, and yet it was like the shock of a new discovery to me to wake up last night from my dream, and remember suddenly that I was blind."

"What dream was it, Lenny?"

"Only a dream of the place where I first met you when we were both children. I saw the glen, as it was years ago, with the great twisted roots of the trees, and the blackberry bushes twining about them in a still shadowed light that came through thick leaves from the rainy sky. I saw the mud on the walk in the middle of the glen, with the marks of the cows' hoofs in some places, and the sharp circles in others where some countrywomen had been lately trudging by on pattens. I saw the muddy water running down on either side of the path after the shower; and I saw you, Rosamond, a naughty girl, all covered with clay and wet—just as you were in the reality—soiling your bright blue pelisse and your pretty little chubby hands by making a dam to stop the running water, and laughing at the indignation of your nursemaid when she tried to pull you away and take you home. I saw all that, exactly as it really was in the bygone time, but strangely enough I did not see myself as the boy I then was. You were a little girl, and the glen was in its old neglected state, and yet, though I was all in the past so far, I was in the present as regarded myself. Throughout the whole dream I was uneasily conscious of being a grown man—of being, in short, exactly what I am now, excepting always that I was not blind."

"What a memory you must have, love, to be able to recal all those little circumstances, after the years that have passed since that wet day in the glen! How well you recollect what I was as a child! Do you remember in the same vivid way, what I looked like a year ago, when you saw me—O, Lenny, it almost breaks my heart to think of it!—when you saw me for the last time?"

"Do I remember, Rosamond! My last look at your face has painted your portrait on my memory in colours that can never change. I have many pictures in my mind, but your picture is the clearest and brightest of all."

"And it is the picture of me at my best—painted in my youth, dear, when my face was always confessing how I loved you, though my lips said nothing. There is some consolation in that thought. When years have passed over us both, Lenny, and when time begins to set his mark on me, you will not say to yourself, 'My Rosamond is beginning to fade; she grows less and less like what she was when I married her.' I shall never grow old, love, for you! The bright young picture in your mind will still be my picture when my cheeks are wrinkled and my hair is grey."

"Still your picture—always the same, grow as old as I may."

"But are you sure it is clear in every part? Are there no doubtful lines, no unfinished corners anywhere? I have not altered yet, since you saw me—I am just what I was a year ago. Suppose I asked you what I am like now, could you tell me without making a mistake?"

"Try me."

"May I? You shall be put through a complete catechism! I don't tire you sitting on your knee, do I? Well, in the first place, how tall am I when we both stand up side by side?"

"You are just up to my ear."

"Quite right, to begin with. Now for the next question. What does my hair look like in your portrait?"

"It is dark brown—there is a great deal of it—and it grows rather too low on your forehead for the taste of some people—"

"Never mind about 'some people,' does it grow too low for your taste?"

"Certainly not. I like it to grow low; I like all those little natural waves that it makes against your forehead; I like it taken back, as you wear it, in plain bands which leave your ears and your cheeks visible; and, above all things, I like that big glossy knot that it makes where it is all gathered up together at the back of your head."

"O, Lenny, how well you remember me, so far! Now go a little lower."

"A little lower is down to your eyebrows. They are very nicely-shaped eyebrows in my picture—"

"Yes, but they have a fault. Come! tell me what the fault is?"

"They are not quite so strongly marked as they might be."

"Right again! And my eyes?"

"Brown eyes, large eyes, wakeful eyes, that are always looking about them. Eyes that can be very soft at one time, and very bright at another. Eyes tender and clear, just as the present moment, but capable, on very slight provocation, of opening rather too widely and looking rather too brilliantly resolute."

"Mind you don't make them look so now! What is there below the eyes?"

"A nose that is not quite big enough to be in proper proportion with them: A nose that has a slight tendency to be—"

"Don't say the horrid English word! Spare my feelings by putting it in French. Say *retroussé*, and skip over my nose as fast as possible."

"I must stop at the mouth, then, and own that it is as near perfection as possible. The lips are lovely in shape, fresh in colour, and irresistible in expression. They smile in my portrait, and I am sure they are smiling at me now."

"How could they do otherwise when they are getting so much praise? My vanity

whispers to me that I had better stop the catechism here. If I talk about my complexion, I shall only hear that it is of the dusky sort; and that there is never red enough in it, except when I am walking, or riding, or confused, or angry. If I risk a question about my figure, I shall receive the dreadful answer, 'You are dangerously inclined to be fat.' If I say, how do I dress? I shall be told, not soberly enough; you are as fond as a child of gay colours—No! I will venture no more questions. But, vanity apart, Lenny, I am so glad, so proud, so happy to find that you can keep the image of me clearly in your mind. I shall do my best now to look and dress like your last remembrance of me. My love of loves! I will do you credit—I will try if I can't make you envied for your wife. You deserve a hundred thousand kisses for saying your catechism so well—and there they are!"

While Mrs. Frankland was conferring the reward of merit on her husband, the sound of a faint, small, courteously-significant cough, made itself timidly audible in a corner of the room. Turning round instantly with the quickness that characterised all her actions, Mrs. Frankland, to her horror and indignation, confronted Miss Mowlem standing just inside the door with a letter in her hand, and a blush of sentimental agitation on her simpering face.

"You wretch! how dare you come in without knocking at the door?" cried Rosamond, starting to her feet with a stamp, and passing in an instant from the height of fondness to the height of passion.

Miss Mowlem shook guiltily before the bright, angry eyes that looked through and through her, turned very pale, held out the letter apologetically, and said in her meekest tones that she was very sorry.

"Sorry!" exclaimed Rosamond, getting even more irritated by the apology than she had been by the intrusion, and showing it by another stamp; "who cares whether you are sorry or no? I don't want your sorrow—I won't have it. I never was so insulted in my life—never, you mean, prying, inquisitive creature!"

"Rosamond! Rosamond! pray don't forget yourself!" interposed the quiet voice of Mr. Frankland.

"Lenny, dear, I can't help it! That creature would drive a saint mad. She has been prying after us ever since we have been here—you have, you ill-bred indelicate woman!—I suspected it before—I am certain of it now! Must we lock our doors to keep you out?—we won't lock our doors! Fetch the bill! We give you warning. Mr. Frankland gives you warning—don't you, Lenny? I'll pack up all your things, dear; she shan't touch one of them. Go down-stairs and make out your bill, and give your mother warning. Mr. Frankland says he won't have his rooms

burst into and his doors listened at by inquisitive women—and I say so too. Put that letter down on the table—unless you want to open it and read it—put it down, you audacious woman, and fetch the bill, and tell your mother we are going to leave the house directly!”

At this dreadful threat, Miss Mowlem, who was soft and timid, as well as curious, by nature, wrung her hands in despair, and overflowed meekly in a shower of tears.

“O! good gracious Heavens above!” cried Miss Mowlem, addressing herself distractedly to the ceiling, “what will mother say! whatever will become of me now! O, Mam, I thought I knocked—I did, indeed! O, Mam! I humbly beg pardon, and I’ll never intrude again. O, Mam! mother’s a widow, and this is the first time we have let the lodgings, and the furniture’s swallowed up all our money, and, O, Mam! Mam! how I shall catch it if you go!” Here words failed Miss Mowlem, and hysterical sobs patetically supplied their place.

“Rosamond!” said Mr. Frankland. There was an accent of sorrow in his voice this time, as well as an accent of remonstrance. Rosamond’s quick ear caught the alteration in his tone. As she looked round at him, her colour changed, her head drooped a little, and her whole expression altered on the instant. She stole gently to her husband’s side with softened, saddened eyes, and put her lips caressingly close to his ear.

“Lenny,” she whispered, “have I made you angry with me?”

“I can’t be angry with you, Rosamond,” was the quiet answer. “I only wish, love, that you could have controlled yourself a little sooner.”

“I am so sorry—so very, very sorry!” The fresh, soft lips came closer still to his ear as they whispered these penitent words; and the cunning little hand crept up tremblingly round his neck and began to play with his hair. “So sorry, and so ashamed of myself! But it was enough to make almost anybody angry, just at first—wasn’t it, dear? And you will forgive me—won’t you, Lenny?—if I promise never to behave so badly again? Never mind that wretched whimpering fool at the door,” said Rosamond, undergoing a slight relapse as she looked round at Miss Mowlem, standing immovably repentant against the wall, with her face buried in a dingy-white pocket-handkerchief. “I’ll make it up with her; I’ll stop her crying; I’ll take her out of the room; I’ll do anything in the world that’s kind to her, if you will only forgive me.”

“A polite word or two is all that is wanted—nothing more than a polite word or two,” said Mr. Frankland, rather coldly and constrainedly.

“Don’t cry any more, for goodness sake!” said Rosamond, walking straight up to Miss Mowlem, and pulling the dingy-white pocket-

handkerchief away from her face without the least ceremony. “There! leave off, will you? I am very sorry I was in a passion—though you had no business to come in without knocking—I never meant to distress you, and I’ll never say a hard word to you again, if you will only knock at the door for the future, and leave off crying now. Do leave off crying, you tiresome creature! We are not going away. We don’t want your mother, or the bill, or anything. Here! here’s a present for you, if you’ll leave off crying. Here’s my neck-ribbon—I saw you trying it on yesterday afternoon, when I was lying down on the bed-room sofa, and you thought I was asleep. Never mind; I’m not angry about that. Take the ribbon—take it as a peace-offering, if you won’t as a present. You *shall* take it!—No, I don’t mean that—I mean, please take it! There I’ve pinned it on. And now, shake hands and be friends, and go up-stairs and see how it looks in the glass.” With these words, Mrs. Frankland opened the door, administered, under the pretence of a pat on the shoulder, a good-humoured shove to the amazed and embarrassed Miss Mowlem, closed the door again, and resumed her place in a moment on her husband’s knee.

“I’ve made it up with her, dear. I’ve sent her away with my bright green ribbon, and it makes her look as yellow as a guinea, and as ugly as —” Rosamond stopped, and looked anxiously into Mr. Frankland’s face. “Lenny!” she said, sadly, putting her cheek against his, “are you angry with me still?”

“My love, I never was angry with you. I never can be.”

“I will always keep my temper down for the future, Lenny!”

“I am sure you will, Rosamond. But never mind that. I am not thinking of your temper now.”

“Of what, then?”

“Of the apology you made to Miss Mowlem.”

“Did I not say enough? I’ll call her back if you like—I’ll make another penitent speech—I’ll do anything but kiss her. I really can’t do that—I can’t kiss anybody now, but you.”

“My dear, dear love, how very much like a child you are still, in some of your ways! You said more than enough to Miss Mowlem—far more. And if you will pardon me for making the remark, I think in your generosity and good-nature, you a little forgot yourself with the young woman. I don’t so much allude to your giving her the ribbon—though, perhaps, that might have been done a little less familiarly—but, from what I heard you say, I infer that you actually went the length of shaking hands with her.”

“Was that wrong? I thought it was the kindest way of making it up.”

“My dear, it is an excellent way of making it up between equals. But consider the

difference between your station in society, and Miss Mowlem's."

"I will try and consider it, if you wish me, love. But I think I take after my father, who never troubles his head (dear old man!) about differences of station. I can't help liking people who are kind to me, without thinking whether they are above my rank or below it; and when I got cool, I must confess I felt just as vexed with myself for frightening and distressing that unlucky Miss Mowlem, as if her station had been equal to mine. I will try to think as you do, Lenny; but I am very much afraid that I have got, without knowing exactly how, to be what the newspapers call, a Radical."

"My dear Rosamond! don't talk of yourself in that way, even in joke." You ought to be the last person in the world to confuse those distinctions in rank on which the whole well-being of society depends."

"Does it really? And yet, dear, we don't seem to have been created with such very wide distinctions between us. We have all got the same number of arms and legs; we are all hungry and thirsty, and hot in the summer and cold in the winter; we all laugh when we are pleased, and cry when we are distressed; and, surely, we have all got very much the same feelings, whether we are high or whether we are low. I could not have loved you better, Lenny, than I do now, if I had been a duchess, or less than I do now, if I had been a servant-girl."

"My love, you are not a servant-girl. And, as to what you say about a duchess, let me remind you that you are not so much below a duchess as you seem to think. Many a lady of high title, cannot look back on such a line of ancestors as yours. Your father's family, Rosamond, is one of the oldest in England—even *my* father's family hardly dates back so far; and we were landed gentry when many a name in the Peerage was not heard of. It is really almost laughably absurd to hear you talking of yourself as a Radical."

"I won't talk of myself so again, Lenny—only don't look so serious. I'll be a Tory, dear, if you will give me a kiss, and let me sit on your knee a little longer."

Mr. Frankland's gravity was not proof against his wife's change of political principles, and the conditions which she annexed to it. His face cleared up, and he laughed almost as gaily as Rosamond herself.

"By the bye," said he, after an interval of silence had given him time to collect his thoughts, "did I not hear you tell Miss Mowlem to put a letter down on the table? Is it a letter for you, or for me?"

"Ah! I forgot all about the letter," said Rosamond, running to the table. "It is for you, Lenny—and, goodness me! here's the Porthgenna postmark on it."

"It must be from the builder whom I sent

down to the old house about the repairs. Lend me your eyes, love, and let us hear what he says."

Rosamond opened the letter, drew a stool to her husband's feet, and, sitting down with her arms on his knees, read as follows;—

TO LEONARD FRANKLAND, ESQ.

Sir,—Agreeably to the instructions with which you favoured me, I have proceeded to survey Porthgenna Tower, with a view to ascertaining what repairs the house in general, and the north side of it in particular, may stand in need of.

As regards the outside, a little cleaning and new-pointing is all that the building wants. The walls and foundations seem made to last for ever. Such strong solid work I never set eyes on before.

Inside the house, I cannot report so favourably. The rooms in the west front, having been inhabited during the period of Captain Treverton's occupation, and having been well looked after since, by the persons left in charge of the house, are in tolerably sound condition. I should say two hundred pounds would cover the expense of all repairs in my line, which these rooms need. This sum would not include the restoration of the west staircase, which has given a little in some places, and the banisters of which are decidedly insecure, from the first to the second landing. From twenty-five to thirty pounds would suffice to set this all right.

In the rooms on the north front, the state of dilapidation, from top to bottom, is as bad as can be. From all that I could ascertain, nobody ever went near these rooms in Captain Treverton's time, or has ever entered them since. The people who now keep the house have a superstitious dread of opening any of the north doors, in consequence of the time that has elapsed since any living being has passed through them. Nobody would volunteer to accompany me in my survey, and nobody could tell me which keys fitted which room doors in any part of the north side. I could find no plan containing the names or numbers of the rooms; nor, to my surprise, were there any labels attached separately to the keys. They were given to me, all hanging together on a large ring, with an ivory label to it, which was only marked:—*Keys of the North Rooms*. I take the liberty of mentioning these particulars in order to account for my having, as you might think, delayed my stay at Porthgenna Tower longer than is needful. I lost nearly a whole day in taking the keys off the ring and fitting them at hazard to the right doors. And I occupied some hours of another day in marking each door with a number on the outside, and putting a corresponding label to each key, before I replaced it on the ring, in order to prevent the possibility of future errors and delays.

As I hope to furnish you, in a few days, with a detailed estimate of the repairs needed in the north part of the house, from basement to roof, I need only say here that they will occupy some time, and will be of the most extensive nature. The beams of the staircase and the flooring of the first story have got the dry rot. The damp in some rooms, and the rats in others, have almost destroyed the wainscottings. Four of the mantelpieces have given out from the walls, and all the ceilings are either stained, cracked, or peeled away in large patches. The flooring is, in general, in a better condition than I had anticipated; but the shutters and window-sashes are so warped, as to be useless. It is only fair to acknowledge that the expense of setting all these things to rights—that is to say of making the rooms safe and habitable, and of putting them in proper

condition for the upholsterer—will be considerable. I would respectfully suggest, in the event of your feeling any surprise or dissatisfaction at the amount of my estimate, that you should name a friend in whom you place confidence, to go over the north rooms with me, keeping my estimate in his hand. I will undertake to prove, if needful, the necessity of each separate repair, and the justice of each separate charge for the same, to the satisfaction of any competent and impartial person whom you may please to select.

Trusting to send you the estimate in a few days,

I remain, sir,

Your humble servant,

THOMAS HORLOCK.

"A very honest, straightforward letter," said Mr. Frankland.

"I wish he had sent the estimate with it," said Rosamond. "Why could not the provoking man tell us at once in round numbers what the repairs will really cost?"

"I suspect, my dear, he was afraid of shocking us, if he mentioned the amount in round numbers."

"That horrid money! It is always getting in one's way and upsetting one's plans. If we haven't got enough, let us go and borrow of somebody who has. Do you mean to despatch a friend to Porthgenna to go over the house with Mr. Horlock? If you do, I know who I wish you would send."

"Who?"

"Me, if you please—under your escort, of course. Don't laugh, Lenny. I would be very sharp with Mr. Horlock; I would object to every one of his charges, and beat him down without mercy. I once saw a surveyor go over a house, and I know exactly what to do. You stamp on the floor, and knock at the walls, and scrape at the brickwork, and look up all the chimneys and out of all the windows—sometimes you make notes in a little book, sometimes you measure with a foot-rule, sometimes you sit down all of a sudden and think profoundly—and the end of it is that you say the house will do very well indeed, if the tenant will pull out his purse and put it in proper repair."

"Well done, Rosamond! You have one more accomplishment than I knew of; and I suppose I have no choice now but to give you an opportunity of displaying it. If you don't object, my dear, to being associated with a professional assistant in the important business of checking Mr. Horlock's estimate, I don't object to paying a short visit to Porthgenna whenever you please—especially now I know that the west rooms are still habitable."

"O, how kind of you! how pleased I shall be! how I shall enjoy seeing the old place again before it is altered! I was only five years old, Lenny, when we left Porthgenna, and I am so anxious to see what I can remember of it, after such a long, long absence as mine. Do you know, I never saw anything of that ruinous north side of the house—and I do so dote on old rooms? We will go all

through them, Lenny. You shall have hold of my hand, and look with my eyes, and make as many discoveries as I do. I prophesy that we shall see ghosts and find treasures, and hear mysterious noises—and, oh heavens! what clouds of dust we shall have to go through.—Pouf! the very anticipation of them chokes me already!"

"Now we are on the subject of Porthgenna, Rosamond, let us be serious for one moment. It is clear to me that these repairs of the north rooms will cost a large sum of money. Now, my love, I consider no sum of money misspent, however large it may be, if it procures you pleasure. I am with you heart and soul—"

He paused. His wife's caressing arms were twining round his neck again, and her cheek was laid gently against his. "Go on, Lenny," she said, with such an accent of tenderness in the utterance of those three simple words, that his speech failed him for the moment, and all his sensations seemed absorbed in the one luxury of listening. "Rosamond," he whispered, "there is no music in the world that touches me as your voice touches me now! I feel it all through me, as I used sometimes to feel the sky at night, in the time when I could see." As he spoke, the caressing arms tightened round his neck, and the fervent lips softly took the place which the cheek had occupied. "Go on, Lenny," they repeated happily as well as tenderly now, "you said you were with me, heart and soul. With me in what?"

"In your project, love, for inducing your father to retire from his profession after this last cruise, and in your hope of prevailing on him to pass the evening of his days happily with us at Porthgenna. If the money spent in restoring the north rooms, so that we may all live in them for the future, does indeed so alter the look of the place to his eyes as to dissipate his old sorrowful associations with it, and to make his living there again a pleasure instead of a pain to him, I shall regard it as money well laid out. But, Rosamond, are you sure of the success of your plan before we undertake it? Have you dropped any hint of the Porthgenna project to your father?"

"I told him, Lenny, that I should never be quite comfortable unless he left the sea, and came to live with us—and he said that he would. I did not mention a word about Porthgenna—nor did he—but he knows that we shall live there when we are settled, and he made no conditions when he promised that our home should be his home."

"Is the loss of your mother the only sad association he has with the place?"

"Not quite. There is another association, which has never been mentioned, but which I may tell you, because there are no secrets between us. My mother had a favourite maid who lived with her from the time of her marriage, and who was, accidentally, the

only person present in her room when she died. I just remember this woman, in a dim childish way, as being odd in her look and manner, and no great favourite with anybody in the house but her mistress. Well, on the morning of my mother's death, she disappeared from the house in the strangest way, leaving behind her a most singular and mysterious letter to my father, asserting that in my mother's dying moments, a secret had been confided to her which she was charged to divulge to her master when her mistress was no more; and adding that she was afraid to mention this secret, and that, to avoid being questioned about it, she had resolved on leaving the house for ever. She had been gone some hours when the letter was opened—and she has never been seen or heard of since that time. This circumstance seemed to make almost as strong an impression on my father's mind as the shock of my mother's death. Our neighbours and servants all thought (as I think) that the woman was mad; but he never agreed with them, and I know that he has neither destroyed nor forgotten the letter from that time to this."

"A strange event, Rosamond,—a very strange event. I don't wonder that it has made a lasting impression on him."

"Depend upon it, Lenny, the servants and the neighbours were right—the woman was mad. Any way, however, it was certainly a singular event in our family. All old houses have their romance—and that is the romance of our house. But years and years have passed since then; and, what with time, and what with the changes we are going to make, I have no fear that my dear, good father will spoil our plans. Give him a new north garden at Porthgenna, where he can walk the decks, as I call it,—give him new north rooms to live in—and I will answer for the result. But all this is in the future; let us get back to the present time. When shall we pay our flying visit to Porthgenna, Lenny, and plunge into the important business of checking Mr. Horlock's estimate for the repairs?"

"We have three weeks more to stay here, Rosamond."

"Yes; and then we must go back to Long Beckley. I promised that best and biggest of men, the vicar, that we would pay our first visit to him. He is sure not to let us off under three weeks or a month."

"In that case, then, we had better say two months hence for the visit to Porthgenna. Is your writing-case in the room, Rosamond?"

"Yes; close by us, on the table."

"Write to Mr. Horlock then, love—and appoint a meeting in two months' time at the old house. Tell him also, as we must not trust ourselves on unsafe stairs—especially considering how dependent I am on banisters—to have the west staircase repaired imme-

diately. And, while you have the pen in your hand, perhaps it may save trouble if you write a second note to the housekeeper at Porthgenna, to tell her when she may expect us."

Rosamond sat down gaily at the table and dipped her pen in the ink with a little flourish of triumph.

"In two months," she exclaimed joyfully, "I shall see the dear old place again! In two months, Lenny, our profane feet will be raising the dust in the solitudes of the North Rooms."

THE STOKER'S POETRY.

POETRY used to sing in the hedge and on the roof-top—now it hisses in the boiler of Number Three engine, Slough station, and is audible in that demon scream, terrible as the shriek of death to tardy pointsmen and blundering old men, with shaky hands or rusty switches. "Voices of steam," I burst out, as I unconsciously seized an angry stoker's hand at the Didcot junction the other day, "ye are many-tongued prophecies of a coming age—perhaps a golden one, perhaps, rather, one dyed all crimson with the blood of nations." I might have gone further, had not my sable friend's "Darn your nonsense, here's the three-fifteen starting!"—cut me short.

If my friend had remained, I should have questioned him of many things of much importance to transcendental poets, but not much so to the railway share market. However disgusted with the world in general, and stokers in particular, I ran for a ticket, which the angry tooth of the clerk's cork-presser only bit a hole in, and tumbled, meditative and poetical, into the stuffed and wadded chair of a first-class carriage.

Before me sat an old port-wine-coloured gentleman, with a bow-window stomach, and a bunch of watch-seals as large as a baby's head; said old gentleman being wrapped up as if for a north-pole voyage, and having an apoplectic voice that forbade all conversation as at once presumptuous and dangerous. After a treaty of legs, I fell a-musing on poetry, bygone and present. You may talk as you like, I said to myself, I believe it is all here, just as much as ever it was; for look you, call the world a boia, and the poetry so much gold, it doesn't matter whether I have it in gold or copper or paper—it is still the same five pounds ten and of the same value; or call it, mind you, a close drawer and the poetry a grub I put in; whether it is cocoon, chrysalis, or black and yellow moth, still there's the thing safe. It's like a plant, this poetry—now leaves, now mist and gases—now away in the clouds, now down again to rain. It can't escape; there's the same amount of matter. And so in poetry. The poetry's here still; and if I were to cut

open a hole in the floor of my friend Nallin's shop and show him Erebus, he would believe it: as for volcanic sunsets and colour feasts of sunrises, he doesn't see much in them. So it is with railways. Men see no poetry in being shot as from a cannon, or passing from Bath to Bristol, with the speed of a planet on a tour or a fallen star bent on pleasure.

Listen, friend of the port-wine countenance and the redundant stomach!

"O! curse the noise, I want to go to sleep. Here's the Times; wonderful article on Palmerston!—great man, Palmerston!—great age, Palmerston!—great man of a great age!"

Very well for to sleep. O! snore as thou wert wont to snore! But know, O! insensate man, that that sound of the engine is like the champ and trample of a thousand horse: it might be Tamerlane riding to conquest; it might be Alaric thundering at the gates of Rome.

Dear me, that shutting off steam, do you know, sir, always suggests to me the sudden hissing simmer of a piece of cold lard in a hot frying-pan. It may be I am hungry, but deuce take me if I thought of anything else but a tremendous stew in a gigantic pan. Look out now, friend of the exuberant bowels, and tell me what thou seest.

"A confounded ugly country and six iron rails; like six black lines ruled in my ledger."

Behold, then, the vision of the son of faith. We are gliding on golden rails that the sunset shines on, and are just about to thread an arch. When we lean back, and the great smoke-clouds that roll round us grow crimson in the sunlight, we shall seem as if we were in the car of the Indian mythology, and were gliding away to Paradise.

My friend suggests that I am a Londoner, and the fresh country air has rather got into my head.

Insulted at this, I leave him to apoplexy and the Times newspaper, and at the next station change to a coupé-carriage close by the stoker and watch him blaze the red furnace till it roars again. I mark, when he opens the door with a sudden, rough hastiness, the great orange-like flame shine out upon his Othello-like face, and turn him into the semblance of a ministering demon. Stirring up a kettle of stewed stock-brokers in a purgatory kitchen, I hope to see him roll in the gig, shingle-like, and turn and twist the taps as if they were as many organs.

Away with a battling tramp, and scurry, and whistle, and whiz, we go, past astonished labourers in green meadows, past telegraph-wires on which as on interminable washing-houses sit wry-necked sparrows, who look at us as we fly past, as much as to say, "that's an odd sort of bird, but I don't think much of his plumage;" for critics who praise, have generally some compensating clause by which

to make up for their moment of good-nature. Like a white banner flies the engine's smoke, —and away it rolls—stoops to join the great white fog that has no wings, and sits and broods about the damp autumn-fields. Through dark caves of the tunnels—through the dull barrennesses of high and bare embankments we rush with the force of a steam-catapult or a huge case-shot that is never spent—like a battering-ram—taking a long race, for this steam-horse, with fire for blood, never wearies, never tires. Swift round curves, and swift up low hills—swift past village church and park, and farm-house, and wood—over river—along the moor—through fat and lean, rich and poor—rock and clay—meadow and street; for this mad horse never wearies—never tires.

I try second-class, and find much eating and much merriment. They are more easily amused than the more conceited first, and are less afraid to show their honest feelings. Perhaps they have more feeling—who knows? Do they see more of the poetry of the railroad? are they listening with rapt ears, gazing with steadfast eyes—not a whit! No, a gentleman with a brick-red colour on his high cheek-bone, a hard pincher-mouth, red hungry whiskers, and a strong whining Aberdeen accent of, "Dreadful railway accident near Lewes—fourteen lives lost—list of sufferers." I look out and wonder at the horizontal lightning-fashion in which we tore into the tunnel and dig into the viaduct's doorways.

"First-class, ma'am, this way. No second-class."

"Why did you say first, then?"

"There's the bell!"

"O my box!—where's my luggage? Porter!"—(in a tone of hysterical anguish)—"give me my box."

"Too late marm—next train at 4.32,—five hours to wait marm. Waiting-room?—yes, this way."

That is a lady's ideal of railway-poetry.

"Damp seats! oh dear,—why don't they wipe the seats? this a carriage—it's a horse-box. Here, guard! do you call this a carriage? Infernal line—give me the broad gauge! Window won't go up. D—n the window—door won't shut—curse the door! wish! here's a draught enough to cut your head off. Guard! what does the company mean by this draught? Won't let a man smoke!—give me coach travelling, say I."

That is the commercial gentleman's ideal of the poetry of railroads.

"O Lor! such a hissing, and squeaking, and clatter, and then that whistle—like a devil's baby! O dear, law, it went through my poor head. And then the getting out at the wrong station to wait five hours for the next train. What I say is, Betty, give me a good jogging market-cart."

That is the country-woman's ideal of railway poetry.

"Why, I remember, sir, when I was a boy, being three days and nights on a journey that you do now in four hours. Those were the times; no hurry-scurry, helter-skelter—no chopping up decent people with trains, and no gambling shares, and rascally share-market, with all the bullying and overbearing you hear of."

That is the old gentleman's ideal of railway-poetry.

None of these, I am afraid, would listen to me were I to say I saw poetry in a stoker's life. On rough days, for instance, when he cowers behind his screen of spectacle, and looks out long and steadily through the sand and mist.

He is no divinity, bless you, no! Lord bless you! Nor no Diomed nor Hector, but Jack Watford, of Number four, Blue Anchor. He knows every crimson star that shines at stations, and every emerald fire, and every white circle and red globe that stare at you for a hundred miles of line. He grasps that handle there, when the great wind blows enough to lift the train in the air like a feather, only it doesn't. Firm he holds that helm on those noisy nights, and drives his strong, swift steam-ship on its flaming path, scattering the red-hot ashes of its rage as it ploughs on. And when the rain drives its liquid arrows at him, he only wipes his great eyeglass, and looks out a-head, or screws the engine up till it gives a long startling shriek of pain, that wakes up the sleepers in the next town, and makes them mutter, and turn again to sleep.

Another generation, and the sense of novelty and poetry will have left railroads for ever. The long tearful stare of wonder as the train grows small as a fly, or a black caterpillar in the distance will be no more observed.

The sight of a train growing out of a cloud of smoke, the terror of its march, and the rumour and battling of its rush, will have grown as familiar as the careening and rumble of the Royal Blue, bound to 'Ornsey or 'Ighgate. The instantaneousness, the obedient readiness of a train, already seem things of course. The propulsion of lightning, the comet speed, the strange contrast, of such spiritual power controlled by a black fellow in fustian, Caliban ruling Ariel, is never thought of by such turtle-eating materialists, so grossly sunk in dirty three per cents are we. How many steps must we go back before we can return to our childish wonder at the crimson drop in a cowslip-cup, at a dark green fairy ring, or the dead men's flesh that has turned to mushrooms. As for Dryads, you can still hear their voices in windy nights, even in Kensington Gardens,—when the rooks caw restlessly in their sleep, as if a worm had turned cold on their stomachs, and when the black leaves of Hyde Park elms flutter and talk of what they shall do in the merry

autumn time, when they once get loose from their governors, and start in life on their own account, these young things, not believing in winter,—not they.

What do we believe in? Look you here, friend, great on 'Change,—three weeks hence, you'll drop down at the Mansion House turtle-feast, and the alderman next you absorbed in green fat will not observe you taken out when he calls for a clean plate and a cold chair, to give him a zest for his sixth course. You will soon after, when a certain gentleman shakes his head, turn thin, and in fact die. A week later, after a week's silence in a room with the blind down, you will be carried out after a jostle down stairs to that dull Kensington churchyard, where an epitaph recording your mayoralties is already cut, to put over your head. Of what use, then, the snug detached villa, the crusty port, and the natty phaeton—olive green picked out with white—Answer, fool, of what use?

Had it not been better to have done good, and been kindly and open-hearted, and to have seen some poetry in life, and not called the air blue fog, and the rose a vegetable? Why, if that railway whistle could have been interpreted to you by an angel, you might have known that it had a meaning prophetic and dreadful as the Judgment trumpet. That nettle your Malacca cane cut in two yesterday was a beautiful thing God made. No, man! 'Change is not the end of life, and gold is not the old road-dust of Eden, and by no means the thing Apollyon lost Heaven for. Wake up, then! unlock your cellar, send a dozen of port to poor old Binns, the poor old head-clerk, who is so weak and threadbare. Release the orphan from Chancery, and do something for the widow's son you ruined,—above all, look reverently henceforth at all stokers and all humanity,—and peace be with you.

A JOURNEY DUE NORTH.

HIGH JINKS AT CHRISTOFFSKY.

PERHAPS Xhristovskoi—perhaps Cristofski; but, that it is an island in the Neva, and that there are high jinks there, I know. When the lexicological and harmonic value of the thirty-six letters in the Russian alphabet shall find a compensating equivalent, and shall be adequately represented by the poverty-stricken twenty-six we Western barbarians possess, I shall be able I hope to get on better with My Slavonic orthography; and philologists will cease to gird at me for not spelling correctly, words for which there is no definite rule correctly to spell—will cease to denounce me for violating the law, when that law is yet a *Lex non scripta*.

This is the twenty-first of June—old, or Russian style; and Saint John's Day—Midsummer, in fact. Even as the little boys in

England have by this time come home for the holidays; so have the big and little boys who wear the spiked helmets, and swords, and cocked-hats, before their time in St. Petersburg, come home for their Midsummer holidays. From the first, and second, and third cadet corps; from the school of imperial pages, and the corps des Porte-Enseignes de la Garde; from the School of Mines, and the School of Forests, and the School of Roads and Bridges, and the School of Artillery, and the School of Fireworks and Blue Blazes (which last educational establishment I have been led impatiently to surmise, so numerous are the military schools in Russia), from all these gymnasia, teeming with future heroes burning to be thrashed at future Inkermans, have come the keen-eyed, multi-faced, multi-langued (which is heraldic, though scarcely Johnsonian, as an epithet) Russians. I have scratched the Russ thoroughly to-night, and have found an immense quantity of tartar beneath his epidermis. Alexis Hardshellovitch is here, home for the holidays, his head bigger than ever, and as few brains as ever inside it. Genghis Khan is here with his white-kid gloves, his Parisian accent, and his confounded mare's-milk and black sheepskin tent countenance. There is, to be brief, a mob of lads in uniform, to tea this Midsummer night; the ante-chamber is full of helmets and cocked-hats, undress caps and swords, belts and sashes, and marine cadets' dirks; while the outer atrium or vestibule is a perfect grove of cloaks with red collars, and grey capotes with double eagle buttons.

For, the kindest lady in the world is samovarising, otherwise, entertaining us at tea to-night in her mansion in the Mala Millionnaia—otherwise La petite Millionne—why million, why little—for it is a much broader street than Portland Place—I know not. The windows are all open; and as there are a good many apartments en suite, and a good many windows to each, no man has as yet been suffocated; though the heat of the day last past was full of promise that the desirable asphyxiating consummation in question would occur somewhere or to somebody before midnight. We have made a famous tea; and one marine cadet has consumed, to my knowledge, twelve tumblers-full of that cheering, but not inebriating beverage. Alexis Hardshellovitch has overeaten himself us usual, on raspberries and cream,* and

a professor of natural history in the University of Moscow—a tremendous savant, but strangely hail fellow well met with these school lads—has been cutting thin bread and butter since ten p.m. The samovar has grown so hot that it scorches those who approach it, and blights them like an upas tree; so the guests give it a wide berth, and form a circle round it; though the heroic lady of the house still continues to do battle with it, at arm's length, and keeps up filling tumblers of tea and slicing lemons thereinto, regardless of trouble or expense. There are so many guests, and they are distributed in such an eccentric manner, that the two servants in waiting have long since abandoned—as a thing impossible of accomplishment—the practice of handing each visitor his own particular cup of tea. They come round with the tray and the tumblers; and the noble Russians make Cossack forays upon them. It is every man for himself, and tea for us all.

Start not, reader, nor, deeming our spirits fled, think that we are all men-folk in the suite of apartments in the Mala Millionnaia, samovarising on the bounty of the kindest lady in the world. Besides that good soul, who has lived for others all the days of her life, and shall assuredly continue to live for others when this turbid phantasm is over—but those others shall be angels for whom she shall live to be loved by them, and who will keep time to her cloud-pressing footsteps with harps of gold—besides the good woman, we are sanctified, this Midsummer night, by the presence of wise, and good, and beautiful women. We have the Queen of Sheba, radiant in the majesty of her haughty comeliness, proud, defiant, outwardly, but, ah! so tender, so loving within—a warrior's cuirass filled with custard (this is the same Queen of Sheba you heard about in connection with the Nevskoi perspective, a late interview, and a certain gent in a white top-coat); we have this fair woman, to whom Minerva stood godmother, but whom Venus stole away in her infancy, like a gipsy as she is, to adopt her, practising the trill at an Erard's grand pianoforte, under the guidance of the famous St. Peterburgian Italian music-master Fripanelli (this is not the etiolated old Fripanelli you wot of in Tatty-boy's rents, but his prosperous brother Benedetto Fripanelli, who emigrated from the Lombardo-Veneto kingdom soon after some carbonari troubles in eighteen hundred and twenty-two—ostensibly because he was politically compromised, actually because he could not gain bread, olives, or rosolio—nay, not in Milan—nay, not in Bergamo—nay, not in Venice; and makes his six thousand roubles per annum in Petersburg now by persuading princesses that they can sing.)

The Principle of Evil, if we are to believe the old legends, suffers, among other depri-

* The Russian raspberries are delicious, full-sized, juicy and luscious, and devoid of that curious furry dryness, that to me make western raspberries as deceptive and annoying to the palate as the apples of the Dead Sea. In England, a raspberry, to my mind, is only to be tolerated—like the midshipman who was hated by the pursor—in a pie; but in Russia it is a bulb of thirst-allaying delight. The Russian strawberries, on the other hand, are execrable—little niminy-piminy, shrunken, weazened atoms, like number-six shot run to seed and blushing at their own decrepitude. I have seen hot-house strawberries, not in the fruit-markets, but in the great Dutch fruiterers' shops in the Nevskoi. Three roubles, sixteen shillings, was the moderate price asked for a basket containing half-a-dozen moderately-sized strawberries.

vations, under the curse of banishment from HARMONY. The devil has no ear. He cannot sing second. Counterpoint is a dead-letter to him. Base as he may be, thorough bass is a sealed book to him. He is never more to hear the music of the spheres. Goethe has wonderfully implied this in the discordant jangling of the sound of Mephistophiles' speeches. After the Spirit of Negation has spoken one of his devilish diatribes, the accents of Faust fall upon the ear like honey. Humanum est errare in the case of Faust; but the devil cannot err, because he cannot, in any case, be right. He who commences nothing, cannot be tardy in finishing his work. It seems a certain curse upon the Russian aristocracy that they too have no ear. They cannot sing in tune: the only melody they are capable of accomplishing, is the tune the cow died of. I happened to mix much, while in Russia, in musical and operatic circles—of which, specially I shall have to say something in the course of this wayward journey. The Russian ladies insist upon learning the most difficult morceaux from the most difficult operas. Where an angel would fear to tread in the regions of Wapping Old Stairs, the Princess Piccoliminkoff will rush in with Casta Diva. They (the ladies) are admirable, nay, scientific, musicians. They are wonderful pianistes—but always in a hard, ringy, metallic manner, without one particle of soul; they are marvellous executants vocally, and can do as much perhaps, in the way of roulades and floriture, as the almost unapproachable Miss Catherine Hayes; but sing in time, or tune (especially), they cannot. "Tout ça chante faux" ("They all sing false"), a music master told me at Count Strogonoff's, pointing to a whole cohort of musical ladies gathered round a pianoforte. On the other hand the brutish, enslaved, un-music-mastered people are essentially melodious. I have heard, in villages, Russian airs sung to the strumming of the Balalaïka, or Russian lute, with a purity of intonation and truth of expression, that would make many of our most admired ballad-singers blush.

To the Queen of Sheba is joined a timid little fluttering fawn of a thing—one Mademoiselle Nadiejda. Nadiejda what? Well, I will say Dash. Mademoiselle Dash (the Christian name is a pretty and tender one, and signifies, in the English language Hope) is one, well, not of those rare aves, but certainly of those pearls beyond price, Russian pretty girls. She is not beautiful; the Russian beauties are either of Circassian, Georgian, or Mingrelian origin—dark-eyed, dark skinned, full bee-stung lipped, and generally Hourii-looking; or they are the rounded German-Frauleins—from Esthonia, Livonia, and Courland: north German beauties in fact, and you must have travelled with me, unavailingly, all this way Due North, if you do not know, by this time,

what a handsome young German lady is like. Nadiejda is a pretty girl—a white one. She was not printed in fast colours, and has been washed out. Do you know what simply colourless hair is?—she has it. Do you know the eye, that although you may be as innocent as the babe unborn, looks upon you mournfully, reproachfully, till you begin to have an uneasy fancy of the possibility of the metempsychosis, and wonder whether you ever saw that eye before—thousands of years since—or did its possessor some grievous wrong? Nadiejda's lips are not red—the colour seems all kissed out of them. Her cheeks are deadly pale, as though she were so timid that she had blushed, and blushed till she could blush no more, and so turned to Parian marble.

Then we have some ladies who certainly might be a little younger than they look (the atrocious climate, fatal to every complexion, being considered), but who are decidedly much older than they wish to look. Then we have some old ladies (very few—old ladies are not plentiful in St. Petersburg; if you wish to see venerable age you must go into the provinces), and we have a few little girls of the bread and butter eating school-girl genus, who sit silent and demure in corners, and only speak when they are spoken to: which is very seldom indeed.

I have had occasion, speaking of the "Baba" in the pictures of Russian village life, to remark upon the general hideousness of the purely Russian peasant woman. A girl of "sweet sixteen" is a loutish wench, a woman of thirty is a horrible harridan. The only comely exception is to be found in villages partially femini-colonised by Turkish women. In the Russo-Turkish campaign of eighteen hundred and twenty-nine, very large numbers of Turkish ladies became, on a truly Sabine or nolens volens willy nilly principle, the spouses of Russian soldiers; they were brought to the native villages of their impromptu husbands, and there reared progeny, which, in the female line at least reminds the traveller of the agreeable fable of Mahomet's Paradise. It is not very conclusive evidence in favour of the innate fanaticism of the followers of Islam, that these Turkish women consented with scarcely an exception to be baptised, and received into the Greek church, and subsequently cheerfully performed all the religious duties required by that exigent communion.

Grown-up young ladies with no doughtier cavaliers than cadets and imperial pages—beardless, albeit brave, in spiked helmets and gold lace—would form but an insipid and juvenile-party sort of gathering round the social samovar; but the fact is, that the great majority of the boys in uniform have brought their big brothers with them, who now, in all the glories of their hussar, and

cuirassier, and Cossack of the Guard uniforms, lounge upon ottomans and hang over pianofortes, and peg at the polished flooring with their spurs, and twirl their moustaches, and pervade the salons of the kindest lady in the world with a guard-room and mess-room flavour, generally. The bond of union between all these dissimilar elements—ladies, schoolboys, and dragoons—is the gentle Turki-krepi-Tabak, or Turkish tobacco, which, rolled into little paper cigarettes (called papiros) by the fair hands of ladies, is being complacently exhaled by nearly every one present. The little school-girls, it is true, refrain from the weed; but the officers and the cadets, and—I blush to write it—the majority of the grown-up young ladies—yea, even the Queen of Sheba—are all puffing away, consistently and complacently, at their papiros. As to the old ladies, there is no exaggeration in saying they are smoking like lime-kilns; and tobacco-ash is abundant on the furniture, and the floor, and the keys of the pianoforte. I am not great at the papiros myself, ordinarily regarding it as a weak figment—a tiny kickshaw or side-dish, unworthy the attention of a steady and serious smoker, and am, besides, afraid that I shall some day swallow the flimsy roll by a too vigorous inhalation. For this reason perhaps it is, or may be because I am naturally modest, not to say awkward, clumsy, and born with two left hands and two left feet, I do not mingle much with the gay throng, but retire within myself and a powerful Havannah cigar behind the window curtain. I miss nothing, however, either of the conversation or of the music: I have my full and proper allowance of tumblers of tea; nay, the kindest lady in the world is good enough, from time to time, to convey me almond cakes in the smoky seclusion I have chosen for myself.

We go on chatting, pianoforte-tinkling, French romance telling, smoking, and samovarising, till past one in the morning. There is an apology for illumination in the shape of a moderator lamp on a guédiron in one corner; but nobody minds it: nobody has need of it. The night-daylight in the sky is quite sufficient for us to smoke and chat—and, shall I say it?—make love by.

It is quite time I think that I should explain to you why there should be high jinks at Christoffsky to night (the height of those jinks is the cause of our samovarising, this twenty-first of June, so late or early), where Christoffsky itself is, and what the jinks I have entitled high, are like.

Christoffsky is one of the many beautiful islands that jewel the bosom of the Neva; and every year, on the Eve of Saint John, the whole German population of St. Petersburg, rich and poor, men, women, and children, emigrate in steamers, and gondolas, and cockboats to Christoffsky, and there picnic, or bivouac, for three days and nights.

They snatch odd instalments of forty winks during this time, but the vast majority of it is devoted to the congenial task of "keeping it up," and this they do with a vigour of conviviality approaching the ferocious. To tell the honest truth, the German bivouac at Christoffsky is an unmitigated saturnalia, and my pen will require a great amount of reining up and toning down while I attempt to describe its Teutonic eccentricities.

The noble Russians, who despise the German nation and hate the German language (whose acquirement to perfect fluency is compulsory to all candidates for the military service, even to nous autres), and loathe the Russo-German nobility, condescend on this twenty-first of June to cross in gondolas to Christoffsky, and there to watch the bacchanalian orgies of the Germans, with the same sort of sneering contempt that might have moved an educated Lacedemonian of the old time at the sight of a drunken Helot; but with the same half-pleased, half-scornful interest that flickers on Mephistopheles's visage when he sees the piggish revelries of the students in Auerbach's cellar.

We have made up a party (of gentlemen, be it understood) to go see the high jinks at Christoffsky. We are about eight for one gondola load; among them there are but two civilians: myself—if a member of the press militant can be called a civilian—and a distinguished young and closely-shaven Tehinovnik, who has a startling resemblance to the mind-picture I had formed of what Ignatius Loyola, formerly a soldier, and afterwards a Jesuit, was like in his youth. This Tehinovnik—I will call him Fedor Escobarovitch—though barely twenty-three, is high up in the department of foreign affairs; in the secret department, where the archives are, and the pretty little notes are concocted, and the fat is extracted from the otherwise dry bones of diplomacy, which afterwards falls into the political fire, and sets all Europe in a blaze.

We bid the ladies good night, and setting forth, well wrapped up in coats and capotes, you may be sure, gain the Troitzta-most, or Great Timber Bridge of the Trinity. I ought to have mentioned that cadets have been rigorously—with but one exception—excluded from our party, on the motion of an exceedingly impertinent cornet of light cavalry, with a cherry-coloured cap, a braided surtout—like that of M. Perrot in the Varsovia—*a* very sunburnt face and a very white forehead (he has been down to his terres or estates lately). This young Tartar, who has not possessed a commission three months yet, says that it will compromise his uniform to be seen, publicly, in company with a cadet. To samovarise, or play cards with him—*bon!* but to be seen with him in a gondola, or at the High Christoffian Jinks—that

would never do. The exception at last in favour of a very mild, inoffensive, blue-eyed pupil of the engineer corps is made; ostensibly on the ground of the cherry-coloured cornet waiving his objections, on the score of not wishing to disturb the harmony of the evening—which was the morning of the next day. Nobody makes any objection to me, though I am in plain black, am not a Tchinovnik—nay, not even a cadet in the engineer corps; but I am simply an Angliiski who can talk and smoke with, and be asked questions by them. So we go away gaily in a gondola (for which we have to pay an enormous fare), and in due time land at Christoffsky, I sitting among these jovial young nobles, as Gubetta sat among the Orsinis and Gazellas in the play—they little wotting that Donna Lucrezia Borgia was waiting for me, in the shape of a printing-press at home. They would have thrown me out of the boat had they known that, I think.

The high jinks fully answer our expectations: they are exceedingly high. The immense expanse of green sward is covered with an encampment of gipsy-like tents—some white, some black, some red, some striped in white and blue. There are other tents, or rather wigwags, constructed of branches covered in with green leaves, beneath whose verdant covering some fat German children in the wood are smoking and drinking and snoring. There are some more fortunate members of the class the Russians so contemptuously designate as “Ganz Deutsch,” who display a degree of luxury, almost amounting to ostentation, in the temporary edifices they have erected to have their orgies and their Midsummer madness in. These are quite pavilions; the canvas of gay colours, looped and fringed, and banners waving from the apex of the conical roof. There are many simple bivouacs, belonging probably to artisans too poor to have tents; and who squat in a circle—always smoking, drinking, and occasionally howling, round a tremendous bonfire of green wood, which crackles and blazes and fumes in approved gipsy fashion. But, in place of the time-honoured pot containing the surreptitiously-obtained supper of the Zingari—the stolen fowls, the purloined turkeys, the snared pheasants, and the ill-gotten rabbits, with other dishonestly-annexed addenda in the way of vegetables, which go towards furnishing forth the hot supper of a British Bohemian,—instead of the pot, suspended by a triangle and a hook over the blaze, we have here in every case the samovar: big, brazen, and battered. As to its serving for purposes of tea-making at this German carousal, I strenuously and determinedly disbelieve it. It is punch, sir—hot punch—punch, made not of cognac, made not

of Jamaica rum or Irish whisky—though both are to be obtained (at an enormous price) in Russia—made not even from the native Vodka; but, brewed from the hot, potent, dark-coloured Brantwein of Deutschland and the beloved; especially imported, or smuggled, through the custom-house, which comes in the main to the same thing, for the festivities, otherwise high jinks, of Christoffsky.

To give you a notion of the crowds of persons of both sexes, of all ages, and, apparently of all conditions, who are sprawling, or tumbling, or leaping, or dancing about this “green isle,” would be difficult, if not impossible. To give you a notion of the great circles, formed, I thought at first, for kiss-in-the-ring, but, I soon discovered, for waltzes and quadrilles; of the debauched Germans lying about, dead drunk, or rushing about mad drunk; of hunchbacks, with bottles of liquor, capering up to you, with strange mouthings and writhings; of the roaring choruses, the discordant music, the Punch's shows—Punch's shows in Russia!—the acrobats, the dancing dogs and monkeys, the conjurors, the gambling tables, the Russian moujiks, not mingling among the revellers to revel with them, but to sell quass, tea, meat pies, hard eggs, and salted cucumbers; to see all this made you dizzy, almost drunk. And the swings, and the roundabouts, and the grey-coated Polizeis, ever watchful, ever ruthless, making savage forays on the revellers, and conveying them to prison, there to learn that their evening's amusement would not bear the morning's reflection.

We did not return from Christoffsky by water, but in several droschkiess—there is a bridge uniting the scene of the high jinks to Wassily Ostrow—and for which droschkiess, in their severity, we had to pay several roubles. Going to bed at about six o'clock, very tired and worn out, I fell into a weary sleep, and dreamt that I had been to Greenwich Fair at night, having been at the Derby all day, and having seen the masque of Comus the night before. Which is about the best notion I can give of the high jinks at Christoffsky.

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A TESTIMONY IN PRAISE OF TESTIMONIALS.

PART THE FIRST.

A RESIDENCE for a week in Paris gave me ample time for the study of the character and position of the French nation. If a man can't make up his mind on any subject, or all subjects, in the course of seven days, he had better close his eyes at once, cease to have any opinions, and retire to the monastery of La Trappe. At all events, don't let him attempt to compete with the really enlightened observers and travellers of the present day; gentlemen—and ladies, too—who settle the past and present and future of great states by means of a three months' tour, and in Glances at Europe, Glimpses of Asia, Peeps at Africa, and Squints at America, dispose of all the differences of manner, policy, religion, and government which have agitated the four quarters of the globe. Why not employ one of those rapid observers to arrange the transportation question by A Day at Portland, or the currency question by A Half-hour at the Bank?

I myself, as you may gather from the commencing paragraph, am a slow coach. I took a whole week to master the intricacies of French politics and the state of public feeling from Brest to Marseilles: others I know would have rattled you off all the involutions of crime and character, from Clovis to Louis Napoléon, almost extempore; for is not the Rue de Rivoli a kind of telescope three miles in length, through which you can get views of all parts of Europe and all portions of history, leaving you nothing to do but dot down your observations of men and things, as Airy or Smyth secures the jottings of Neptune or Orion? But all these advantages I neglected. History I ignored; politics I did not meddle with (being informed by one of the waiters at the hotel that several friends of his were on their way to Cayenne for a little discussion on the liberty of the subject); and, as I discarded all these external aids and took my stand merely as a disinterested recorder of what came visibly before my eyes, I was enabled to come to a full understanding of the whole complex machinery by which France is regulated, sustained, and glorified.

The entire secret of the power and dignity

of that great and ancient nation, consists in its possession of an infinite number of great and distinguished men. The crowds of those ornaments of the country who encounter you in the street are a most exhilarating sight to the desponding persons who have begun to entertain fears for the degeneracy of the human race. How can a race be degenerate which, in past centuries, struggled and toiled to produce, perhaps, a solitary specimen of its perfection in a Du Guesclin or a Bayard, a De l'Hôpital or a Montesquieu, and at the present moment sends forth into every alley and boulevard, and shop and coffee-room, thousands and tens of thousands of knights and chevaliers of the Legion of Honour? "Nor," says an old author, "doth a region, or state, or kingdom, derive its strength from its rich soil or benignant air—neither from its potent trade or much affluence of the common, but solely from the number, power, and eminence of its wise and honourable men." Think of that; ye wretched mobs of Manchester and dusky workers of Birmingham! Wealth, energy, thews, sinews, clear eyes, gallant hearts you have, but where are your honourable ornamented, cordoned, medalled, wise and honourable men? You have but much affluence of the common, and have no chance of coloured bits of tape at your button-holes, to be the ostensible sign and sure guarantee of your superiority in skill and wisdom, rank and power. Why, the "silver" medals worn on the pre-eminent bosoms which I met with, puffed out with conscious worth, in the course of an hour's stroll in the Tuileries' gardens, would make a pewter dome the size of St. Paul's; and I am credibly informed by a distinguished member of the Statistical Society that the ribbons, if carefully tacked together and stretched out in a line, would reach from the Column in the Place Vendôme to the statue of Washington of that ilk, going round and round the body of the republican impostor till not a portion of him was visible, and strangling him with the involutions of the tri-color, like Laocœon in the writhings of the snake. Every third man you meet has a little red excrescence on the breast of his coat (the coat shabby enough, and evidently turned half-a-dozen times; the shirt, when present, rather ferruginous in aspect, as if it

were anxious to replace the ancient coat of mail which it has superseded on that chivalrous bosom); and when you recover from your first impression that it is a red, red rose, or rose-bud more in fashion, you glow with a perfect flush of satisfaction when you find out, on closer inspection, that it is the ribbon of the order, and that the dirty-looking, haggard-faced, long-bearded, straggling-haired wearer thereof is one of the celebrities of France—a man honoured by a grateful land—the prop and ornament of a loved and patriarchal throne. Pewter and tape are the two foundations on which the greatness of our estimable neighbour is built; and while these rather plentiful objects are obtainable by payment or on credit, the prosperity of the government is assured. The limited number of the privileged orders has hitherto in all countries been the source of their danger. The thinly-spread planters in Jamaica were at the mercy of their multitudinous slaves; the few thousands of Spartans secretly murdered their Helots, when those oppressed individuals began to perceive that their masters were not more than one to ten; the cities of Italy looked daggers at the high-nosed inhabitants of the Seven Hills, who refused them—the millions—the right of Roman denizenship. I myself was once present at a country theatre where there were only fourteen spectators in boxes, pit, and gallery. The play was Julius Caesar, and at the speech of Antony there were eight-and-twenty indignant plebeians on the stage. A slight sign of sibilation was made by a drunken gentleman in the pit, and Cassius came forward and said he and his companions being evidently the majority, would certainly not submit to the minority's impertinence; whereupon, we yielded, and applauded with all our might. Examples of this self-evident fact might be heaped up from all history, sacred and profane; but the trouble is needless. When the majority, in addition to physical force, has all the intellect and virtue of the country on its side, it is the only legitimate depository of power. The wearers of the ribbon are the great majority in France—they are all personages of intellect and virtue; therefore, they are the legitimate depositories of power. Not that in this category I include the gallant little fellows who have earned the military medal by night-watches at Kamiesch and heroic rushes at Alma and Inkermann. These are but proofs that the old Gallic and Frankish blood flows as hot and as freely as ever, and add nothing (dangling on the breast of Zouave or chasseur) to the political or intellectual catalogue of France. No; it is our friends in seedy black coats, or close-buttoned brown surtouts: the pamphleteer (on the right side), the rentier, the horse-owner, the agent of the bourse, the dealer in pickles and wax, the hackney-coach proprietor, the speculator in cast-off habiliments—in short, all the brain

and sentiment of the land which I allude to—the grand civilian army of Aristideses and Phocians, whose merits have been recognised and rewarded by such an unmistakable outward and visible sign of superiority to all their fellow-men.

I despond for England. I despond for Europe—for what combination of states and nations can resist an army as numerous as that of Xerxes, and as self-devoted as Cocles or Scævola?

Such, O reader! was the sad and humiliating result of a week's residence in the Hôtel de Louvre. France is the country of great men. They encounter you everywhere. I was received on my arrival by a condescending gentleman who showed me into the coffee-room, and, as he stepped forward in a smiling manner to point to the bill of fare, I perceived at the button-hole of his coat—the mark, that he was not the representative merely of the landlord of an inn, but of the power and dignity of a nation. This was my reception. On going away I was politely accompanied into the court by the chamberlain,—and modestly protruding from his sinister bosom, there was also the sign and seal of his country's admiration. At Havre I was presented with my luggage-ticket by a nobleman behind the counter, from whose breast swung the same exalted ensign,—and, with a feeling of dismay and self-abasement, I took off my hat as I stepped into the boat to the deputy-assistant-harbour-master pro tem.—For on his expansive frontage was also visible the token of virtue rewarded.

PART THE SECOND.

I HAVE been six months in England—whereof two in London, two at Bath, the fifth at Snobston Priors, and the last at Stoke Slavers,—and I am nearly ruined; but never man was reduced to indigence in so noble a cause. Patriotism is my weakness: England with all thy faults I love thee still: but, if advancement is made in the future, equal to the progress thou hast achieved in the last few years, thou wilt have no faults at all. I—but that is nothing—shall be in the poor house; my last shilling will have been expended in the enlargement of thy glory, and how sweet will the parish bread be to me, when I reflect upon the majestic manner in which my goods were spent! They were spent in Testimonials.

Yes! tea-services by Hunt and Roskell; portraits by Grant; bibles and prayer-books; footstools embroidered in gold; pearl-studded slippers; stop-watches and massive seals; silver pencil-cases, writing-desks, and library-tables; tankards with fifty guineas in a purse; scholarships at schools and colleges; portions of almshouses, and wings of hospitals; marble busts, and even good-sized estates in agricultural districts—to all these I have contributed, and have had

proof positive that the decorated men of France are not to be compared, either in number or qualifications, with the testimonial men in England. You go into an omnibus, and think perhaps the flat-faced individual sitting opposite—who insists on having all the windows closed though the heat is stifling—is some vulgar fellow of no consideration, whom it would be a sort of compliment to mistake for a scavenger retired from trade—tremble, O foolish passenger—you are sitting face to face with Muggins of Bolton Ditches, in Suffolk, who was presented with a Steel, inlaid with silver, and a velvet scabbard for the same, by his appreciating townsmen and friends on the fiftieth anniversary of his first slaughtering day. He is a carcase-butcher. I subscribed to the testimonial.

Farther up in the omnibus is a thin-faced man in spectacles—silent, and apparently thinking of nothing but the three-pence which he holds in his hand. Wrong again! He started nine years ago as apothecary in Snobston Priors, in Essex, sold very little medicine, dabbled in the tobacco and meerschaum trade, got into bad health, failed, and was presented by his neighbours and customers with a silver pestle, with a glowing inscription on the handle, in which his nine years' residence and rheumatic gout were duly commemorated. I subscribed to the testimonial.

The county of Wilts was unanimous on the merits of Sir Barber Shooks. He had been a distinguished hero in the Russian war, and exceedingly anxious to storm Sebastopol by himself; but had been prevented from doing so by a violent cold in the head, which confined him to his villa on the Bosphorus, while the siege was going on. He had at one time so far recovered that he was able to join a commander, such as is not often met with in the pages of Plutarch, in nursing their respective snuffles in a yacht in Balaclava harbour. The fate of the beleaguered city was now close at hand, and would have been decided long before the attack on the Malakhoff was thought of; but the obstinate defluxion would not disappear, and Sir Barber and his noble friend were left to lament the state of their health, and return thanks at triumphant dinners on their return, for the enthusiasm with which their humble efforts had been received. We presented him with a sword—the handle of polished steel, the blade of frosted silver, with an inscription recording his gallantry and zeal. I subscribed to the testimonial.

There were two clergymen at Stoke Slavers, both exceedingly sincere preachers of the religion of love and charity, who hated each other to such a degree that they disturbed the whole town with their mutual criminations. I don't understand much about doctrines; being satisfied that, on the whole, the intention of the Good News was to cheer and

elevate the hearts of men; so that I confess I was rather surprised to hear Mr. Ogle Small maintain, apparently to the great edification of the congregation, that he was all right, but that they (except one or two) were in a far more hopeless state than pagans or heathens; and the clearer his proofs were of this appalling state of affairs, the greater the pleasure of the audience seemed to be. He distinctly told the two Miss Paragons (two of the nicest girls you ever saw, generous as Jenny Lind, and self-devoted as Miss Nightingale), that their hearts were unfathomable receptacles of vice and every wicked thought; and the blushing pair hung upon the thin bloodless lips of the liberal-minded preacher as if his accusation was all true. He said at the same time (which was highly consoling to us), that purity, loving-kindness, charity, and all the virtues, were seated for ever in his revived nature; and of course in a short time he was presented with a teapot and pair of goloshes, a Bible and a dozen of dessert spoons, a Life of Calvin, three pairs of flannel drawers, and a very slim umbrella. An address was likewise drawn up, highly complimentary of his eloquence and zeal in rescuing his flock from the machinations of the enemy, and congratulating the parish on the possession of so earnest a professor. I subscribed to the testimonial.

I changed my lodging, and carried with me all my chattels. I thought it right, therefore, as I put trunks and boxes into the care of my landlady, to place my parochial instruction in charge of the Reverend Hildebrand Strong. His congregation were still more attached to their pastor than the other. He walked up the aisle, followed by the clerk, as if he were at the head of a regiment of soldiers. Then he was incredibly polite, and performed such a series of bows as he got up to the desk, that you thought he had mistaken his profession, and should have been M.C. at Bath or Cheltenham. Then he brought in such irresistible names in his discourses—martyrs, and saints, and fathers, and Nicene, and Antenicene, and showed such contempt for the lank-haired ascetic Pharisees, who rejected the authority of the wise of old, that of course he was presented with pulpit cushions and vestry carpets, vast candelabra which were never to be used, and a silver salver and six dozen of Lafitte's finest claret; for he was rich and social, gave good dinners and fed the poor—was liberal in purse and person—advised, aided, comforted all the friendless and afflicted—and was one of the best cricketers I ever knew. I subscribed to the testimonial.

The sagacious reader will perhaps ask, why I am always called upon on these interesting occasions, and what connection I had with carcase-butchers, or apothecaries, or Crimean heroes, or contending churchmen. Why, what connection has anybody with the hundredth part of the recipients of all these friendly

and adoring demonstrations? I lived, I tell you, for a month in Snobston Priors. From that hour, there is no subscription or testimonial for any object, or any man, which is not submitted to my good feeling as an old inhabitant of the village. The same with Stoke Slavers—the same with Bath; and now it is growing the custom, I am happy to say, to localise London, and give testimonials as letters are delivered, according to districts. If Pimlico, W., has its portrait, why shouldn't Whitechapel, E. have its ornamented pipe and backy-box? Yes; these are great national efforts for the discovery and reward of the men who do honour to their country. The time is not far distant when there will be as many statues as men in London; when for every medal of honour in the Rue de Rivoli there will be testimonial walking-sticks and silver spectacles in the Strand; when a man's daily life will be through a succession of gratifying tokens of regard; when he will pour his tea from a testimonial pot, swallow his soup from a testimonial spoon, drink testimonial rum-punch from a testimonial bowl, stagger up stairs in his testimonial slippers, and snore—gratified yet oblivious—in his testimonial nightcap.

WOLVES.

"GIVE a dog an ill name,"—we know the proverb. Well, you can't call him anything worse than a wolf; a name which is, indeed, his own—in Latin—the genus *Canis* comprising a tolerably wide range of the carnivorous mammalia, from the little King Charles in your wife's work-basket to the prowling hyena in the Libyan waste. The wolf and the dog belong to the same family. The close resemblance between their general anatomy; their mutual proneness to go mad; and the ridiculous blindness which affects them on entering the world, and which terminates simultaneously in each, establish a popular as well as a scientific identity.

Morally, however, the two animals are as distinct as possible. The dog is the Tom Jones of the canine world; the wolf its Bliffl, with ferocity superadded. Buffon, who sometimes allows his antipathies to get the better of his philosophy, calls the wolf a felon animal: a brute capable of committing the most cowardly crimes, such as frightening children to death and eating them afterwards; or following a tired horse till he drops, and then remorselessly dining on the unresisting carcase. I, too, may be prejudiced, without being a philosopher; but I confess that I agree with Buffon; who observes in another place: "There is nothing good in the wolf; he has a base, low look, a savage aspect, a terrible voice, an insupportable smell, a nature brutal and ferocious, and a body so foul and unclean that no animal or reptile will touch his flesh. It is only a wolf

that can eat a wolf." This opinion is endorsed by Cuvier, who gives the wolf his coup de grace: "No animal," he declares, "so richly merits destruction as a wolf." He is, in fact, the Ishmael of the carnivora.

"The aspect of the wolf," says a recent French writer, a sportsman in the district of Le Morvan, in the middle of France, "has in it something sinister and terrible, which his sanguinary and brutal disposition does not bely. His head is large, his eyes sparkle with a diabolical and cannibal look, and in the night seem to burn like two yellow golden flames." This lurid light, in all probability, suggested the belief in a strange beast which William Finch, merchant, who, in sixteen hundred and seven, set down his Observations on Sierra Leone, says is found in the neighbourhood of that settlement. "The negroes told us," he says, "of a strange beast" (which the interpreter called a *Carbuncle*) "oft seene, yet only by night; having a stone in his forehead incredibly shining, and giving him light to feed, attentive to the least noyse, which he no sooner heareth but he presently covereth up the same with a filme or skinne, given him as a natural covering, that his splendour betray him not."

To continue the description of the wolf proper. It is omnivorous; but so, indeed, are they all. "He attacks," says the above sportsman, "not only cows, oxen, horses, sheep, goats and pigs, but also fowls and turkeys, and especially geese, for which he has a great fancy" (trenching here on the rights of the fox), "game, fawns, roe-bucks, and even wild boars." D'Aubenton affirms that the wolf eats frogs. We know, from Shaw and others, that he stays his stomach with mud; and it would not surprise me to hear that he dined occasionally on whelks and winkles, if he only knew how to get at them. Not that he is devoid of ingenuity, if we are to believe what is told of one of the family, as it is narrated in a Report of the African Kingdom of Congo, gathered by Philippo Pigafetta, out of the Discourses of Master Edward Lopez, a Portugall, translated out of Italian into English, by Master Abraham Hartwell, and here abbreviated. Senhor Lopez vouches for the following: "There are wolves also which love the oyle of palmes" (a love not unknown to some men, as Mr. Coppock, perhaps, can testify) "beyond all measure. They will smell this oyle afarre off, and steal it in the night time out of their" (the negroes') "houses of straw, and sometimes from those that carrie it by the way, whiles the poore soules doe rest themselves and sleepe. The oyle is made of the palm-tree; it is thicke and hard, like butter. And it is a marvell to see" (I should think so) "how these wolves doe take a bottle that is full of this liquor between their teeth, and so cast it on their shoulders, and runne away withall, as our wolves here doe with a sheepe." It would have been an agreeable pendant to

this story, had Senhor Lopez described the way in which the wolf lubricated his lank chaps when at home with his bottle. Another ingenious expedient of this same Congo wolf is told by Father Jerome Merolla of Sorrento, a Capucin missionary, who made a voyage to that part of Southern Affrick in the year sixteen hundred and eighty-two. "The wolves," he tells us, "that infest those parts, are so very subtil, that they will scratch through the walls of the houses, built here with palme leaves, on purpose to come at the people, whom having found, they incontinently devour, or tear to pieces. A certain woman," he goes on to say, "once happening to go a little further from her house than ordinary, left her child within asleep; whilst she was gone, a wolf broke in and lay down close by the child that was asleep. The mother coming soon after, went in to feed her child, and spy'd the wolf; who seeing himself discovered, immediately fled." With all submission to Father Merolla, this wolf was an ass.

Authors differ very much about the properties of these African wolves; but my opinion of the wolf, based on the authority of observers in all parts of the globe, is, that—*Cœlum, non animum, mutat*; in other words, that a wolf is a wolf all the world over, whether he be white, as in the Arctic regions—"grey-headed" (the hypocrite) "and speckled with black spots like the tyger," as in Ethiopia—black, as in the North American prairies, or striped with grey and black, as at the Cape of Good Hope. Look for the wolf in the very Antarctic regions, and you will find no improvement in his character, though he occupies an intermediate position, with respect to his general habits, between the *Canis lupus* and the *Canis vulpes*. Mr. Waterhouse, in his *Zoology of the Voyage of the Beagle*, under Captain Fitzroy, says he was assured by several of the Spanish countrymen, at the Falkland Islands, that they used repeatedly to kill wolves by means of a knife held in one hand, and a piece of meat to tempt them to approach them in the other. The Falkland Islands wolves subsist almost exclusively on the up-land geese; which, from fear of them, like the eider-ducks of Iceland, build only on the small outlying islets. "These wolves," observes Mr. Waterhouse, "do not go in packs; they wander about by day, but more commonly in the evening; they burrow holes; are generally very silent, excepting during the breeding-season, when they utter cries which were described to me as resembling those of the *Canis Azaræ*."

Commodore Byron (in seventeen hundred and sixty-five) describes the fierceness of the Antarctic wolves in the following terms: "The master having been sent out one day to sound the coast upon the south shore, reported at his return that four creatures of great fierceness, resembling wolves, ran up to their bellies in the water to attack the people in

his boat, and that, as they happened to have no fire-arms with them, they had immediately to put the boat off in deep water." Byron adds, that "when any of these creatures got sight of our people, though at ever so great a distance, they ran directly at them; and no less than five of them were killed this day. They were always called wolves by the ship's company, but, except in their size and the shape of the tail, I think they bore a greater resemblance to a fox. They are as big as a middle-sized mastiff, and their fangs are remarkably long and sharp. There are great numbers of them upon the coast, though it is not perhaps easy to guess how they first came hither, for these islands are at least one hundred leagues distant from the main. They burrow in the ground like a fox, and we have frequently seen pieces of seals which they have mangled, and the skins of penguins lie scattered about the mouths of their holes. To get rid of these creatures, our people set fire to the grass, so that the country was in a blaze as far as the eye could reach, for several days, and we could see them running in great numbers to seek other quarters."

The early adventurers in New England had also their experience of wolves. One of the party of Captain Miles Standish, who, in the year sixteen hundred and twenty, founded the settlement of Plymouth, thus describes a pleasant interview with two of these worthies: "This day, in the evening, John Goodman went abroad to use his lame feet, that were pittifully ill with the cold hee had got, having a little Spannell with him; a little way from the Plantation two great Wolves ran after the Dog, the Dog ran to him, and betwixt his legs for succour; he had nothing in his hands, but tooke up a sticke, and hit him, and they presently ran both away, but came againe; he got a Paile boord in his hand, and they sate both on their tailes, grinning at him a good while and went their way and left him." One of the wolves described by Captain Sherrard Osborne, in his recent account of Sir R. M'Clure's successful voyage of discovery, did something more than grin on a similar occasion; for a deer being killed, there was a regular tussle between a wolf and a serjeant of marines which should have the animal, each holding on by opposite legs till the wolf was scared away.

Amicable relations may, however, be established with wolves as well as with other animals usually untameable. Captain Richard Whitburne, in his description of Newfoundland, in the year sixteen hundred and fifteen, gives us an instance. "It was well knowne to eight and fortie persons of my companie, and divers other men" (plenty of witnesses), "that three generall times, the wolves of the countrie came downe neere them to the sea-side, where they were labouring about their Fish, howling and making a noise: so that each time my Mastiffe Dogge

went unto them (as the like in that countrie hath not been seene), the one began to fawne and play with the other, and so went together into the woods and continued with them, everie of these times, nine or ten daies, and did return unto us without any hurt."

But to do the wolf "a shrewd turn," as old English writers have it, is undoubtedly the general rule: "There seems," says Audubon, "to be a universal feeling of hostility of men against the wolf." It rarely happens that wolves begin the fray with man, and only one instance of their doing so occurred within his knowledge, which he thus describes: "Two young negroes, who resided on the banks of the Ohio, in the lower part of the State of Kentucky, about twenty-three years ago" (he is writing in eighteen hundred and thirty-five) "had sweethearts living on a plantation ten miles distant. After the labours of the day were over, they frequently visited the fair ladies of their choice, the nearest way to whose dwelling lay directly across a great cane brake. As to the lover every moment is precious, they usually took this route to save time. Winter had commenced, cold, dark, and forbidding, and after sunset scarcely a glimpse of light or glow of warmth, one might imagine, could be found in that dreary swamp, excepting in the eyes and bosom of the ardent youths, or the hungry wolves that prowled about. The snow covered the earth, and rendered them more easy to be scented by the famished beasts. Prudent in a certain degree, the young lovers carried their axes on their shoulders, and walked as briskly as the narrow path would allow. Some transient glimpses of light now and then met their eyes, but so faint were they that they believed them to be caused by their faces coming in contact with the slender reeds covered with snow. Suddenly, however, a long and frightful howl burst upon them, and they instantly knew that it proceeded from a troop of hungry, perhaps desperate, wolves. They stopped; and, putting themselves in an attitude of defence, awaited the result. All around was dark, save a few feet of snow, and the silence of night was dismal. Nothing could be done to better their situation; and, after standing a few minutes in expectation of an attack, they judged it best to resume their march. But no sooner had they replaced their axes on their shoulders and begun to move, than the foremost found himself assailed by several foes. His legs were held fast as if pressed by a powerful screw, and the torture inflicted by the fangs of the ravenous animals was for a moment excruciating. Several wolves in the meantime sprang upon the breast of the other negro, and dragged him to the ground. Both struggled manfully against their foes; but in a short time one of them ceased to move, and the other, reduced in strength, and perhaps despairing of maintaining his ground,

sprang to the branch of a tree, and speedily gained a place of safety near the top. The next morning, the mangled remains of his comrade lay scattered around on the snow, which was stained with blood. Three dead wolves lay around, but the rest of the pack had disappeared, and Scipio, sliding to the ground, took up the axes, and made the best of his way home, to relate the sad adventure."

It is by means of pitting, that the American farmers get the better of these marauders. Audubon tells us how, while between Henderson and Vincennes, he chanced to stop for the night at a farmer's house by the side of the road. "After putting up my horse and refreshing myself, I entered into conversation with mine host, who asked if I should like to pay a visit to the wolf-pits, which were about half a mile distant. Glad of the opportunity, I accompanied him across the fields to the neighbourhood of a deep wood, and soon saw the engines of destruction. He had three pits, within a few hundred yards of each other. They were about eight feet deep, and broader at bottom, so as to render it impossible for the most active animal to escape from them. The aperture was covered with a revolving platform of twigs, attached to a central axis. On either surface of the platform was fastened a large piece of putrid venison, with other matters by no means pleasant to my olfactory nerves, although no doubt attractive to the wolves. My companion wished to visit them that evening, merely as he was in the habit of doing so daily, for the purpose of seeing that all was right. He said the wolves were very abundant that autumn, and had killed nearly the whole of his sheep and one of his colts, but that he was now paying them off in full; and added that if I would tarry a few hours with him next morning, he would beyond a doubt show me some sport rarely seen in those parts. We retired to rest in due time, and were up with the dawn. 'I think,' said my host, 'that all's right, for I see the dogs are anxious to get away to the pits, and although they are nothing but curs, their noses are none the worse for that.' As he took up his gun, an axe, and a large knife, the dogs began to howl and bark, and whisked around us, as if full of joy. When we reached the first pit we found the bait all gone and the platform much injured, but the animal that had been entrapped had scraped a subterranean passage for himself, and so escaped. On peeping at the next, he assured me that three famous fellows were safe enough in it. I also peeped in and saw the wolves, two black and the other brindled, all of goodly size, sure enough. They lay flat on the earth; their ears lay close over their head; their eyes indicating fear more than anger.

"But how are we to get them out?"

"How, sir?" said the farmer. "Why, by

going down, to be sure, and ham-stringing them.

"Being a novice in these matters, I begged to be merely a looker-on.

"With all my heart," quoth the farmer: 'stand here and look at me through the brush.'

"Whereupon he glided down, taking with him his axe and knife, and leaving his rifle to my care. I was not a little surprised to see the cowardice of the wolves. He pulled out successively their hind legs, and with a side stroke of the knife cut the principal tendon above the joint, exhibiting as little fear as if he had been marking lambs. 'Lo!' exclaimed the farmer, when he had got out, 'we have forgotten the rope; I'll go after it.' Off he went, accordingly, with as much alacrity as any youngster could show. In a short time he returned out of breath, and wiping his forehead with the back of his hand, 'Now for it.' I was desired to raise and hold the platform on its central balance, whilst he, with all the dexterity of an Indian, threw a noose over the neck of one of the wolves. We hauled it up motionless with fright, as if dead, its disabled legs swinging to and fro, its jaws wide open, and the gurgle in its throat alone indicating that it was alive. Letting him drop on the ground, the farmer loosened the rope by means of a stick, and left him to the dogs, all of which set upon him with great fury, and soon worried him to death. The second was dealt with in the same manner; but the third, which was probably the oldest, as it was the blackest, showed some spirit, the moment it was let loose to the mercy of the curs. This wolf, which we afterwards found to be a female, scuffled along on its forelegs at a surprising rate, giving a snap every now and then at the nearest dog, which went off howling dismally, with a mouthful of skin torn from its side. And so well did this ferocious beast defend itself, that apprehending its escape, the farmer levelled his rifle at it, and shot it through the heart, on which the curs rushed upon it, and satiated their vengeance on the destroyer of their master's flock."

To imitate a wolf—or rather, to personate one—is sometimes found advantageous. The Black Foot Indians, on the Upper Missouri, do this, Mr. Catlin tells us. "There are several varieties of the wolf species in this country, the most formidable and most numerous of which are white, often sneaking about in gangs or families of fifty and sixty in number, appearing in the distance on the green prairies like nothing but a flock of sheep. Many of these animals grow to a very great size, being, I should think, quite a match for the largest Newfoundland dog. At present, whilst the buffaloes are so abundant, and these ferocious animals are glutted with the buffalo's flesh, they are harmless, and everywhere sneak away from man's presence. . . .

They always are seen following about in the vicinity of herds of buffaloes, and stand ready to pick the bones of those the hunters leave on the ground, or to overtake and devour those that are wounded, which fall an easy prey to them. While the herd of buffaloes are together, they seem to have little dread of the wolf, and allow them to come in close company with them. The Indian then has taken advantage of this fact, and often places himself under the skin of this animal, and crawls for half a mile or more, on his hands and knees, until he approaches within a few rods of the unsuspecting group, and easily shoots down the fattest of the throng." But the white wolf occasionally attacks the buffalo in propria persona; always, however, with great odds in his favour, for he is a wary gamester. "A short time since," says Mr. Catlin, "as one of my hunting companions and myself were returning to our encampment with our horses loaded with meat, we discovered, at a distance, a large bull encircled with a gang of white wolves. We rode up as near as we could without driving them away, and, being within pistol-shot, we had a remarkably good view, where I sat for a few moments and made a sketch in my note-book; after which, we rode up and gave the signal for them to disperse, which they instantly did, withdrawing themselves to the distance of fifty or sixty rods, when we found, to our great surprise, that the animal had made desperate resistance, until his eyes were entirely eaten out of his head, the grizzle (gristle) of his nose mostly gone, his tongue was half eaten off, and the skin and flesh of his legs torn literally into strings. In this tattered and torn condition, the poor old veteran stood bracing up in the midst of his devourers, who had ceased hostilities for a few minutes, to enjoy a sort of parley, recovering strength, and preparing to resume the attack in a few moments again. In this group some were reclining to gain breath, whilst others were sneaking about and licking their chaps in anxiety for a renewal of the attack; and others, less lucky, had been crushed to death by the feet or horns of the bull. I rode nearer to the pitiable object as he stood bleeding and trembling before me, and said to him, 'Now is your time, old fellow, and you had better be off.' Though blind and nearly destroyed, there seemed evidently to be a recognition of a friend in me, as he straightened up, and, trembling with excitement, dashed off at full speed upon the prairie, in a straight line. We turned our horses and resumed our march, and when we had advanced a mile or more we looked back, and on our left, when we saw again the ill-fated animal surrounded by his tormentors, to whose insatiable voracity he unquestionably soon fell a victim."

We need no later instances than these to satisfy us of the cruel nature of the wolf, even if the terrible legend of Little Red Riding

Hood had not been fixed in every one's mind from infancy. Pliny, however—who is always finding out something unknown to everyone else—discovers certain valuable qualities in the wolf, though, to be sure, their effect is somewhat neutralised by their being only applicable after his death. "It is a common saying," he writes, "that the muffle or snout of a Wolfe, kept long dried, is a counter-charme against all witchcraft and sorcerie; which is the reason they usually set it upon the gates of country-fermes. The same force the very skin is thought to have which is flaid whole of itself, without any flesh, from the nape of the necke. And, in truth, over and above the properties which I have reported already of this beast, of such power and virtue is it, that if horses chauce to tread in the tracks of a Wolfe, their feet will bee immediately benumbed and astonied." (To astonish a horse's foot must be something.) "Also their lard is a remedie for those who are empoysoned by drinking quicksilver." (According to Buffon, the remedy would be worse than the disease.) "As touching the fat or grease of a Wolf," continues Pliny, "Massarius writeth, that in old time it was much esteemed before any other, and had the price above all. And hee saith that new wedded wives are wont upon their marriage day to anoint the side parts of their husband's houses therewith at their first entrance, to the end that no charmes, witchcrafts, and sorceries might have power to enter in." Pliny even discovers something better than a remedy against witchcraft. "It is commonly thought and verily believed, that in the taile of this beast there is a little stringe or hair that is effectuell to procure love, and that when he is taken at any time" (this is considerate of him) "he casteth it away from him, for that it is of no force and vertue unless it be taken from him whiles he is alive." The cure of bodily ailments also comes within the scope of a dead wolf's capacity. "A wolfe's liver taken in a draught of wine, warme, cureth the cough! For a griefe of the liver, caused by obstructions, the liver of a Wolf, dried and taken in honeyed wine, is a proper recit." Amongst the occult properties possessed by wolves is one about the Evil-eye. Pliny says: "It is commonly thought in Italie, that the eyesight of wolves is hurtfull; inasmuch as if they see a man before he espie him, they cause him to lose his voice for a time." Virgil tells the same story respecting Moeris, and, indeed, it was a generally received tradition with the Romans. I almost incline to think it a pity that wolves are not occasionally introduced (with the bears) into the House of Commons; if certain orators lost their voices there, for a time, the public would be great gainers.

I have cited Audubon to show one way in which wolves, when troublesome (as they always are), may be got rid of. Here are

three other methods. The first is that of the Swedes (whose acquaintance with wolves is comparatively recent, they being a rarity in Sweden in the year seventeen hundred and twenty), who destroy them by stuffing the carcase of a sheep with a species of lichen or tree-moss, which is considered a certain poison; but it must be observed that the lichen is mixed with powdered glass, which would kill anything—even an old uncle from whom one had expectations. The second method is described by Shaw, as follows: "In the northern parts of the world the wolves, during the spring, get on the ice of the sea in order to prey on the young seals, which they catch asleep; but this repast sometimes proves fatal to them, for the ice, detached from the shore, carries them to a great distance from land before they are sensible of it. It is said that, in some years, a large district is, by this means, delivered from these pernicious beasts, which are heard howling in a most dreadful manner far in the sea." The knowledge of this incident may have suggested these lines of Campbell:

And waft across the waves' tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore!

The third and last method is taken from Pliny, who says, "Wolves will not come into my lordship or territory, if one of them bee taken, and when the legs are broken, bee let blood with a knife by little and little, so as the same may be shed about the limits or bounds of the said field, as he is drawne along, and then the bodie buried in the very place where they began first to drag him."

Having fairly buried the wolf, I leave him. If he be resuscitated in these columns, it will be as the Were-wolf, respecting whom there is much to be said.

OUR SPECIALITIES.

WE are the drollest little town in France; at least, if there be other as droll little towns, they are not droll in the same way. We number about four thousand souls; and of course, each soul knows every other soul's business. Defy, not public opinion, but public curiosity, and you are undone. Any soul or body whose business were not known, would be looked upon as a suspicious person, a bad subject, a mysterious monster, a helot to be trampled on, a pariah to be cast out, a cagot to be excommunicated, a not-one-of-us to be unfraternised with, and to be had nothing to do with by our whole municipal and communal indigenous population. If your business—that is, your goings-in, your comings-out, your café-frequentings or non-frequentings, your usual choice of beverage in respect to milk, beer, tea, café-au-lait, café-noir, eau-de-vie, tisane, and at what hours you take them, and at what hours you don't; the approximate amount of your means, or your want of means (for it is all one, so long

as no impenetrable veil darkens your affluence or your indigence); your preference for such persons, your dealing with such shops, your daily pursuits, the direction of your country walks, the end of your journeys, and their expected duration, and whether they have turned out satisfactorily or otherwise;—if all this, and twenty times more, be known or knowable to our four thousand souls, you will do, you pass muster, you are a sort of bourgeois of the place; one of the pays, a bon garçon, and a person comme il faut. To be thus accepted as an adopted citizen, it is far from necessary that you be enormously rich, highly moral, nobly virtuous, or fascinatingly amiable—which is fortunate for some folks, myself included; but it is obligatory that you appear before our world with a clear individuality which may be discussed and gossiped about, and not with an inscrutable intangibility which would pretend to set at defiance our keen Paul and Pauline Prys. I mean, which would put our Pauls Pry into a sleepless rage, and burn them to a cinder with insatiable thirst, till they had found you out, and all about it. Therefore, instead of making a secret of anything, I communicate multifarious information before people have had time to ask it by question direct: where I bought this new redingote, and had that old cloak re-dyed and re-frogged; how much they cost respectively for material and fashion; what I am going to have for dinner to-day and to-morrow; where I am going next week; for which determinate spot on the globe—la bas, the other side of Paris, and by the chemin de fer, are very convenient phrases; from whence I have just received a letter, for which Londres is of frequent utility; who told me such and such scraps of latest intelligence—for which Monsieur Chose-chose is a constant authority. Whenever I make up my mind to marry, I shall ask the town's consent before the lady's. When I change my maid (which is not often), I give the town warning first, and then the domestic; and I further inquire of the town the monthly wage to be paid to, and the service to be rendered by, the new in-comer. I assure you the town is not pleased at all if I give my Clementine a franc more per annum than the town gives to her Rosalie. For inquisitiveness, I repeat, we may challenge a rigid comparison with the inhabitants of every other small town in Europe. There is none to surpass us. We know precisely what you are going to do, as soon as you have entertained the slightest notion of doing it; we know exactly what you think, before the first vague thought has entered your own head.

We are a capable place, too, as Browne, the skilful landscape-gardener, would have said. A brilliant future awaits us, one of these days. We shall be a Cheltenham of villa residences, perhaps, when tenants will take a lease of them before they are built, and will wait patiently all the while they are building.

We have some beautiful promenades, when the mud is not too deep, and the cuckoo has picked up all the dirt. At night, our streets are brightly lighted, when the full moon rides high in the cloudless firmament. We have a Grande Rue, which would be a standing lesson of the vanity of all earthly titles, if we did not remember that with money, skill, and taste, nothing is impossible. We have a Grande Place, which will be a pretty Little Square when the new Mairie is built, three-fourths of the houses new-fronted, a foot-pavement laid down before those houses, the inclosed area re-paved, a fountain playing in the middle, and a row of trees planted at the edge of the trottoir, with benches beneath them for idlers to sit on. We have had antiquities and a history. The possession of us has given rise to a very much longer-protracted warfare than the charms of Helen excited in the siege of Troy. Generations of us have been born, reared our offspring, and died, before our English lords and masters would yield us up to our French ones, or our French claimants would withdraw their pretensions to our allegiance. For two hundred and ten long years we had the honour to be a bone in a savoury and attractive carcase of contention. But our antiquities have been long blown up into the air, and are only to be discovered in the copies of maps and plans whose originals are destroyed. Our history lies buried in mediæval Latin and sapless French, under a thick stratum of dates, mouldiness, and county genealogies. We must now set to work to make antiquities and a history for our great-grandchildren to study. We have a railway, somewhere at the bottom of the English iron mines. Finally, we have an electric telegraph, with which one of our noblesse (an estimable savant and a worthy man; for we have savans and worthy men and women) communicates from his laboratory to his living apartments, by a cable which crosses the immense aerial expanse of his front flower-garden, runs for the distance of several mètres along the top of a pear-tree wall, and darts suddenly into the dark recesses of the kitchen, to emerge on a dial-plate at the side of the dresser. Our wizard thus transmits to his retainers mysterious orders, such as, "Bring hot water," "Harness the horse." They, in turn, can cause a little bell to ring, which says, "Ting, ting, ting! Some visitors have called." But, in bell-ringing, the seigneur has more than his revenge. He has the means of waking up his domestic by an electric alarum, which never ceases its crazing din (unless the battery is exhausted) till the poor fellow jumps out of his warm bed and unhooks the wire of communication.

Change suits us not; the innovations of the day don't agree with our constitution. Our bookseller, with a pious respect for age, adorns his windows with last year's almanacs, and is rich in editions that have bidden adieu

to the follies of youth. Crinoline will have risen, triumphed, and fallen, without having blockaded our thoroughfares or burst our public vehicles. An Englishwoman once made a desperate attempt to get a baby-perambulator pushed along by her side; but the very stones rose in indignant protest against such a revolutionary movement. Our cows and cattle are safely housed at night within the town; our corn and hay are stored inside the circuit of what were once our walls; and our farmyard manure has to be carted out of it exactly as if our governor were still at mortal feud with the Governor of St. Omer; or as if we might any day have to stand a siege at the will of Edward the Second or the Duc de Guise.

WE HAVE NO GREAT CRIMES. Sadleirs and Doves; masked and black-faced burglars, who bind their victims to their beds (when they spare their lives), and jeeringly feast in their presence; Notting Hill miscreants, who defy a neighbourhood, and laugh at a body of police; adorn the pages of our romances, the small-sheeted newspapers, and frighten us pleasantly on November evenings, as we read of them with an incredulous stare. It is the same with American difficulties, and revolver encounters. We have no Royal British Banks; we prefer a coffee-cup in a closet, a stocking hid under the mattress, a seed-sack in the attic, or even the purchase of a cottage and garden. We have no Funeral Clubs or Burial Societies, to tempt us to domestic assassination, but are content, when needs must, with a deal-plank coffin, and the regulation grave in the cemetery which the law accords to every one. I close my shutters when candlelight comes, for a little privacy, although it is running counter to the spirit of the place; most other householders leave theirs open,—probably to help to light the streets. I fasten the said shutters before retiring to rest, only when the wind is high and I expect to be disturbed by their clapping to and fro. Petty offences are not unfrequent; such as destroying a young growing tree in the forest (which is equivalent to murdering a codling in the ocean), in the winked-at act of gathering firewood, or gleaning potatoes before the farmer has completed the carting away of his crop, and similar grave misdemeanours, punishable by fine and imprisonment. The time at which the latter penalty is inflicted, after sentence, is considerably made to fall in with the convicted person's private convenience. Has he family affairs to settle, a pig to kill, or carrots to store? Well and good; let him finish his task, and then swallow his dose of imprisonment. A groceress, condemned to twenty-five francs fine and six days of prison, for selling drams across her counter under aggravated circumstances, has just returned from the Palace of Justice to her household gods, and will put herself into durance when her Penates can best spare

her. Nevertheless, we have a determined and unscrupulous band of garden-robbers, who prowl by day, disguising themselves under the form of cocks and hens. If caught in the fact, the law visits them severely. A private mode of revenge is to set hempen snares for them, to catch the hen-like thieves by the leg; to keep them without victuals and drink for four-and-twenty hours, and not to permit their return to their disconsolate families till they have paid for their ransom an egg or two each.

It is only consistent with the universal knowledge of passing events, which pervades, like a subtle creeping mist, every street, lane, and cottage of our town, that we should dispense in a great measure with inscriptions and signs over shops and doorways. Of what use to publish a fact of which every soul is cognisant?—that M. Grattebarbe shaves by the month or the year; that Mademoiselle Ferafeu goes out ironing, and takes in fine linen? To compensate for the general absence of such things, some of the signs that do start forth, are wonders. A shoemaker's tawny lion (with a countenance bearing a happy resemblance to its owner's,—and which, indeed, might pass for a flattering likeness) is running away with a red morocco boot, beneath a rainbow-shaped legend, "He may tear it, but he can't un-stitch it." An enormous wooden shoe, hung out in mid air, plays the part of Hen and Chickens; for, it is surrounded by a family of little sabots, whom you expect every minute to see nestle beneath their mother's instep. But, these are exceptions: the displays of sanguine, enterprising, over-anxious young tradesmen. In general, "Maison à louer presentement" remains stuck on the shutter of a tenement, after the house has been occupied, for a lease of three, six, or nine (years), at the pleasure of either party. "Marchand de grains," which is matter of history only to be verified in our town archives, continues to decorate the frontispiece of a shop devoted solely to hardware and tin. "Epicerie," announcing grocery to sustain the inner man, overhangs a tailor, who confections clothes to warm the outer man. Still more important luminaries are hidden under the bushel of obscurity; that is, not hidden—only un-placarded. A dame, mostly known by a *soubriquet* meaning, "Wisp-of-fish-straw," has epicurean treasures in store—wild-duck, woodcock, snipe, partridge, hare, and every furred and feathered game, except pheasant, you can think of—without the slightest external indication of what she sells, or that she sells anything. Why should she be expected to take the trouble of hanging a brace or two of birds outside her door? Where were you born, if you don't know that Wisp buys the contents of the *chasseur's* gamebags after his day's pleasure; that wild fowl from the hut-shooters in the *marais* come to her by the dozens and the scores? that she travels three

or four nights in the week to markets far and near? and that she turns more pennies than she can tell? When you want fruit, I presume you know, without being told, the narrow street where Celestine, alias the widow Grandbeau, keeps select grapes, peaches, and pears, closely packed from vulgar gaze in an unsuspected outhouse in her back yard. If she displayed them obtrusively in her front window, they would only get dusty, and passing children would cry for them. I suppose you would require Leonard, our principal butcher, to put his surname over his shop-door! You can see the meat within, that it is of first-rate quality,—and isn't that enough for any one? Still, when we do proclaim our names, we do it in a way that you are not used to at home. Occasionally we put our titles—as the last-come stranger is served at an overflowing inn—into a bed that is much too small for them. We begin with colossal letters on a narrow board, and are obliged to taper off with little ones. LEFÈvre Vend à MANGER ET A BOIRE, is as much as to say that Mr. THE FEVER sells VICTUALS AND DRINK. On seeing the words LEVEQUE-DUMONT over an earthenware-shop, you might imagine that M. Dumont was the dealer in crockery, and that Leveque was the Christian-name given him in baptism by his godfather and godmother; whereas it implies that a Mr. Leveque is married to a Miss Dumont, and that the lady's relations, to her fiftieth cousins, are thereby strictly charged to buy their fragilities of the aforesaid partnership concern, Leveque-Dumont, and nowhere else. French women don't surrender their maiden-names so tamely as is the wont with English women. They never part with them entirely, —not even in death. English ladies are content to appear as relicts of Soandso, Esquire; but English gentlemen are not prepared to be described as relicts too. John Bull himself, were he married to a Frenchwoman, would be designated in legal documents, after her decease, as the widower of Marie Jeanne Vache. But, we ask ourselves stoically, "What's in a name?" Some of our grandest houses have names; but they are evanescent, fitting with their occupiers or owners, transferable by the removal of a brass-plate and three or four screws. Sic transit gloria. The tenant of Britannia House removes to the Château de Beaupré; by the agency of the brazen talisman, Britannia takes possession of the field, and the Château de Beaupré vanishes, to be henceforth a castle in the air, or flies off further still, to become a Château en Espagne. But tchut!—silence! Mum's the word! I shall be letting my pussy out of her bag too soon, if I drop a hint, as yet, that we have Britannia or other houses; so pray consider the preceding sentence as words whispered to the wind,—as unsaid, and non arrivées.

Marriages amongst us,—and everybody gets

married, unless strictly-financial reasons counsel celibacy; brothers and sisters will agree to remain single in a body, to avoid splitting a lucrative business into worthless fragments on the death of their parents—marriages are contracted on the grand principle of equality, or equal nullity, of worldly goods. It is no objection to a match's turning out happy, that the contracting parties are possessed simply of a petticoat, a pair of pantaloons, a flannel vest (for the bride), a patched blouse (for the bridegroom), and a couple of pair of wooden shoes; but, if N. has a dowry of a hundred francs, while M. can only muster a hundred sous, it is a just cause and a lawful impediment why those two persons, so unequally gifted by fortune, should not be joined together in holy matrimony, until the disparity of means has been fairly adjusted. If both parties may be regarded as negative quantities in certain respects; if the algebraical sign minus (—) may be supposed to stand before the names of both lady and gentleman; then N. may wed with M. Thus, a man whose right arm is lame and useless, may address, with serious intentions, without impropriety, a lady whose left visual organ is defective; the halt may marry with the deaf, the pock-marked with the bald, the asthmatic with the slightly-crippled, the shaky with the stuttering of speech.

A stout young widow of thirty, without a liard of fortune, except her energy, her experience, her effects or bundles, and her child, gives herself to, and takes for better and for worse, an old bachelor, whose year-clock has distinctly struck half-past fifty-one, and who has a hale constitution, a sack of ecus, a sound set of teeth, a measure of market-garden, a bushy head of crisp grey hair, a weather-tight cottage, a roomy barn,—all his own property. That is as it should be; an equal match. Nobody has a word to say against it. Julie's labour-fund, and comparative youth, which she brings to the house-keeping stock, is a fair equivalent to Pierre's land and money capital; not that he, on his part, proposes to lead an idle life. And then, that notion of his for a drop—say a series of drops—of eau-de-vie, at uncertain intervals of time—Julie won't allow that; though she will give him a petit verre when he comes home benumbed from market, and a gloria in his coffee at their half-yearly or yearly feast, when the pig is killed, to furnish bacon for their soupe-au-lard. He is quite aware of the impending privation; and his rational man approves of it, though his sensual man is inclined to rebel. But reason gets the better of appetite, because he has calculated, roughly, the saving it will effect.

Again, Julie's daughter, Ferdinaude, is far from a burden; she is growing tall and robust; she will soon be able to weed, and work in the garden, and even go to market, to sell, like a woman. She will nurse the baby, should one take

it into its head to come; she can do the housework—approximately to its normal style—during any business absence on the part of her mother; for, as to giving birth to a child, that would be an affair of three or four days, at the most. In short, young Ferdinaude's present and contingent value has been appraised—like everything else—before the hymeneal chain was riveted. The notary made all right first, in black and white, with proper stamps and signatures. In the event of Pierre's regrettable decease (the twenty years' difference is not forgotten by either party as an element in their estimates), Julie is to enjoy all Pierre's heritable possessions for the term of her natural life, even if she do not present him with an heir; and if she do, things of course will go on smoothly. See Articles numbered with various integers in the Code Napoléon. I don't know, but it strikes me that Pierre and Julie have just as fair a prospect of worldly happiness as the romantic youth and maiden who got married at Gretna Green before their united ages amounted to thirty-nine,—or as the still more romantic Parisian pair who, because their several parents could not agree about dots, and because no marriage could take place without dots, bought fifty centimes worth of charcoal, and stifled themselves in a close chamber. I mean shortly to visit Pierre and Julie, to see how prudential matrimony works; besides, it is understood that I am to set up the young beginners with a plantation of that precocious rhubarb whose produce sells so well in the neighbouring well-frequented watering-place. Surely it conduces to happiness to find, as Pierre and Julie will, your substance increasing from day to day.

As I said, not only portionless couples, or those whose propertyometer stands at zero, marry, after their kind, but even those negatived-quantified individuals whose personal and possessive qualifications place them at several degrees below zero. And they increase and multiply. What is it to them, how many children they have? When there is bread in the house, the youngsters eat it; when there is none, they go round the town, at soup-and-supper-time, with a little earthen pot or begging-jug, to receive a cupful of broth, or a cold potato, or a boiled carrot, or a bit of bread; it is of no use giving them sous, for the urchins love lollypops and gingerbreads, as well as their richers; and that is the way hundreds of French children are brought up elsewhere, and not here alone. At the age when babes take to running under horses' heels and cart-wheels, they are sent for a portion of the day to the Salle d'Asile or Infant School; when a little older, it is their fault, or that of their parents, if they do not get some little schooling and preparatory rasping off of their roughest outside husk, from the Sœurs and the Frères, whose merits—those of the

former especially—demand in justice a tribute of respect, though a Protestant Englishman will not accord with all their tendencies. As to the lodging and wardrobe of these Champis children—these sons and daughters of the town, whose maintenance is that of the sparrow or the houseless cur—their sleeping-holes and their attire of rags are often and often such as a lady would weep to see her lap-dog, her pig, or her monkey, condemned to. "A good, hardy mode of bringing up!" old-fashioned nurses may think fit to observe. Many die, needs not to be said; those that survive are as tough as rhinoceros'-hide. When they make their first communion, at about the age of ten or twelve, they put on a decent dress for the first time in their lives—little coats and trousers for the boys, white frocks and veils for the girls, given by the town and by charitable individuals. Old clothes devoted to smarting-up indigent juvenile communicants, are regarded as a Catholic oblation and sacrifice, from however heretical a donor they may come. It was certainly worth the value of one of my faded and threadbare waistcoats (converted into a jacket by the addition of sleeves), to observe which of the two, himself or his mamma, most admired a certain youngster's appearance, as he strutted off in file to church. After the first communion comes work, work, work; with bread when it can be had, and no bread when it cannot. At twenty-one follows the conscription. Those who are not drawn, or rather who do not draw themselves, may sell themselves as substitutes. What hardship is there in a soldier's life (putting out of sight the chance of being killed) for such a set of conscripts as these? With two unailing meals a day, besides coffee, sugar, and other little extras, with a warm smart uniform, with a lodging in a solid roomy barrack, or even in a snug hut at the now-demolished camp of Boulogne, our providence-fed lad is a prince to what he has been. Can we wonder that his military reminiscences linger pleasantly in after days, if he quit the service when his term is expired? If he has ambition, good conduct, and a mastery of the alphabet and the Arabic numerals, he has a career before him. The rank of corporal and serjeant will lead him upwards. Is it not an incalculable element in the military strength of France that she thus opens a free field to every capacity? The ragamuffin boy, the sou-less bread-less, shirt-less progeny of our town—for his actual parents have only a fractional right to property in him—our scrap-fed child whom we have nurtured on offal odds and ends, and christianised in apparel with cast-off vestments, may one day return with glittering epaulettes, a cross on his breast, and a mounted orderly behind him. Such are our contributions towards the maintenance of the national military glory.

But I must add that our well-to-do people

marry too, though with considerably greater difficulty, and after longer consideration. The indispensable conditions are the same: the lady must have as much as the gentleman, and the gentleman must be on a property-par with the lady. In short, it is the shops, money-bags, breweries, farms, mortgages, coke-barges, turf-bogs, pastures, professions, and inheritances in prospect, which get married, quite as much as the persons who belong to them.

We don't travel much—at least, those of us who have not been in the army. We have heard of Paris and Lyons as immense cities with broad rivers rushing past them, a long way off in the central parts of the empire. No doubt, they must be four or five times as big as our town is. Reports of an English city called Douvres, beyond the sea, on the other side of The Sleeve, have also reached us; one douanier went so far as to say that he had seen it from the top of the Blanez cliffs. Marseilles and Toulon we regard as next door to the Crimée, and a considerable step in the direction of the Grandes Indes.

"And how is that eaten?" asked a wondering maid-of-all-work, when I brought home a dish of periwinkles. And yet, by mounting the hills at the back of our town, you catch the blue horizon of the English Channel, and on calm frosty days you can hear the roar of the waves.

"Bring in the oysters I told you to open," said the head of a household, growing impatient.

"Les voilà," replied the cook, proudly. "It took me a long time to clean them, but I have done it at last, and have thrown all the nasty insides into the street." The same kitchen-familiar spirit, having seen asparagus eaten by commencing with a bite at the green end, pursued the same plan with an artichoke that was offered to her, and remarked, when her mastication was concluded, that she did not like that vegetable much!

"Why are you putting the three-minute sand-glass into the saucepan with the eggs you are boiling? You'll crack the glass if you serve it so. Did you never see an hour-glass or a three-minute-glass before?"

"Never, never," she replied; "but Madame told me to boil the eggs with that."

Still, we enjoy many of the results of civilisation which are common to France in general. We have a permanent Maire, who retains office from year to year, sparing us the nuisance of annual turns-out and ward elections—not a village Maire like those of whom so many funny stories are told; not like him who gravely registered the death of a month-old baby, as a célibataire and sans profession; nor like him who, when one rustic broke a rake across another rustic's back, sentenced the owner of the back to pay the value of the rake it had broken; but an old soldier, a décoré, of gentlemanly address,

conservative opinions, and thoughtful mien, who paces our Grand Square to and fro, as if the weight of empire rested on his shoulders.

In the street, our houses play at even-and-odd, ranging themselves on either side, like schoolboys at a game of French and English, or prisoners'-base. I belong to the even party. We have our innings all at once, when we are all at home in bed. I don't know how we manage about odd or even houses which have no opposite partners to correspond to them in the edificial country-dance. Perhaps they have a depôt at the back of the Mairie, where unmatched houses are kept in limbo till called for.

A few of our other specialities are our springs of sweet water, our bleaching establishments, our canal and its dependencies, our quarries, mines, woods, hills, marshes, corn-lands, pastures, flax-fields, and fisheries, hard by. In fact, we are somebody, with something to boast of. But, the grand speciality, on which I propose further to dilate, is—what there is not room for to-day.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH. TIMON OF LONDON.

TIMON of Athens retreated from an ungrateful world to a cavern by the sea-shore—Timon of London took refuge from his species in a detached house at Bayswater. Timon of Athens vented his misanthropy in magnificent poetry—Timon of London expressed his sentiments in shabby prose. Timon of Athens had the honour of being called "My Lord"—Timon of London was only addressed as "Mr. Treverton." The one point of resemblance which it is possible to set against these points of contrast between the two Timons consisted in this: that their misanthropy was, at least, genuine. Both were incorrigible haters of mankind.

From his childhood, Andrew Treverton's character had presented those strong distinguishing marks of good and bad, jostling and contradicting each other, which the language of the world carelessly expresses and contemptuously sums up in the one word—eccentric. There is probably no better proof of the accuracy of that definition of man which describes him as an imitative animal, than is to be found in the fact, that the verdict of humanity is always against any individual member of the species who presumes to differ from the rest. A man is one of a flock, and his wool must be of the general colour. He must drink when the rest drink, and graze where the rest graze. When the others are frightened by a dog, and scamper, starting with the right leg, he must be frightened by a dog, and scamper, starting with the right leg also. If he is not frightened, or even if, being frightened, he scampers and starts out of step with the rest, it is a proof at once that there is something not right about him. Let a man walk at

noonday with perfect composure of countenance and decency of gait, with not the slightest appearance of vacancy in his eyes or wildness in his manner, from one end of Oxford Street to the other, without his hat, and let every one of the thousands of hat-wearing people whom he passes be asked separately what they think of him, how many will abstain from deciding instantly that he is mad, on no other evidence than the evidence of his bare head? Nay, more: let him politely stop each one of those passengers, and let him explain in the plainest form of words, and in the most intelligible manner, that his head feels more easy and comfortable without a hat than with one, how many of his fellow mortals who decided that he was mad on first meeting him, will change their opinion when they part from him, after hearing his explanation? In the vast majority of cases, the very explanation itself would be accepted as an excellent additional proof that the intellect of the hatless man was indisputably deranged.

Starting at the beginning of the march of life out of step with the rest of the mortal regiment, Andrew Treverton paid the penalty of his irregularity from his earliest days. He was a phenomenon in the nursery, a butt at school, and a victim at college. The ignorant nursemaid reported him as a queer child; the learned schoolmaster genteelly varied the phrase, and described him as an eccentric boy; the college tutor, harping on the same string, facetiously likened his head to a roof, and said there was a slate loose in it. When a slate is loose, if nobody fixes it in time, it ends by falling off. In the roof of a house we view that consequence as a necessary result of neglect; in the roof of a man's head we are generally very much shocked and surprised by it.

Overlooked in some directions and misdirected in others, Andrew's uncouth capacities for good tried helplessly to shape themselves. The better side of his eccentricity took the form of friendship. He became violently and unintelligibly fond of one among his schoolfellows—a boy, who treated him with no especial consideration in the playground, and who gave him no particular help in the class. Nobody could discover the smallest reason for it, but it was nevertheless a notorious fact that Andrew's pocket-money was always at this boy's service, that Andrew ran about after him like a dog, and that Andrew over and over again took the blame and punishment on his own shoulders which ought to have fallen on the shoulders of his friend. When, a few years afterwards, that friend went to college, the lad petitioned to be sent to college too, and attached himself there more closely than ever to the strangely-chosen comrade of his schoolboy days. Such devotion as this must have touched any man possessed of ordinary generosity of disposition. It made no impression whatever on

the inherently base nature of Andrew's friend. After three years of intercourse at college—intercourse which was all selfishness on one side and all self-sacrifice on the other—the end came, and the light was let in cruelly on Andrew's eyes. When his purse grew light in his friend's hand, and when his acceptances were most numerous on his friend's bills, the brother of his honest affection, the hero of his simple admiration, abandoned him to embarrassment, to ridicule, and to solitude, without the faintest affectation of penitence—without so much, even, as a word of farewell.

He returned to his father's house, a soured man at the outset of life—returned to be upbraided for the debts that he had contracted to serve the man who had heartlessly outraged and shamelessly cheated him. He left home in disgrace, to travel, on a small allowance. The travels were protracted, and they ended, as such travels often do, in settled expatriation. The life he led, the company he kept, during his long residence abroad, did him permanent and fatal harm. When he at last returned to England, he presented himself in the most hopeless of all characters—the character of a man who believes in nothing. At this period of his life, his one chance for the future lay in the good results which his brother's influence over him might have produced. The two had hardly resumed their intercourse of early days, when the quarrel occasioned by Captain Treverton's marriage broke it off for ever. From that time, for all social interests and purposes, Andrew was a lost man. From that time, he met the last remonstrances that were made to him by the last friends who took any interest in his fortunes, always with the same bitter and hopeless form of reply: "My dearest friend forsook and cheated me," he would say. "My only brother has quarrelled with me for the sake of a play-actress. What am I to expect of the rest of mankind, after that? I have suffered twice for my belief in others—I will never suffer a third time. The wise man is the man who does not disturb his heart at its natural occupation of pumping blood through his body. I have gathered my experience abroad and at home; and have learnt enough to see through the delusions of life which look like realities to other men's eyes, but which have betrayed themselves years ago to mine. My business in this world is to eat, drink, sleep and die. Everything else is superfluity—and I have done with it."

The few people who ever cared to inquire about him again, after being repulsed by such an avowal as this, heard of him, three or four years after his brother's marriage, in the neighbourhood of Bayswater. Local reports described him as having bought the first cottage he could find, which was cut off from other houses by a wall all round it. It

was further rumoured that he was living like a miser; that he had got an old man-servant, named Shrowl, who was even a greater enemy to mankind than himself; that he allowed no living soul, not even an occasional charwoman, to enter the house; that he was letting his beard grow, and that he had ordered his servant Shrowl to follow his example. In the year eighteen hundred and forty-four, the fact of a man's not shaving was regarded by the enlightened majority of the English nation as a proof of unsoundness of intellect. At the present time, Mr. Treverton's beard would only have interfered with his reputation for respectability. Thirteen years ago, it was accepted as so much additional evidence in support of the old theory that his intellects were deranged. He was at that very time, as his stockbroker could have testified, one of the sharpest men of business in London; he could argue on the wrong side of any question with an acuteness of sophistry and sarcasm that Doctor Johnson himself might have envied; he kept his household accounts right to a farthing, his manner was never disturbed in the slightest degree from morning to night, his eyes were all quickness and intelligence—but what did these advantages avail him, in the estimation of his neighbours, when he presumed to live on another plan than theirs, and when he wore a hairy certificate of lunacy on the lower part of his face? We have advanced a little in the matter of partial toleration of beards since that time; but we have still a great deal of ground to get over. In the present year of progress, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, would the most trustworthy banker's clerk in the whole metropolis have the slightest chance of keeping his situation if he left off shaving his chin?

Common report which calumniated Mr. Treverton as mad, had another error to answer for in describing him as a miser. He saved more than two-thirds of the income derived from his comfortable fortune, not because he liked hoarding up money; but because he had no enjoyment of the comforts and luxuries which money is spent in procuring. To do him justice, his contempt for his own wealth was quite as hearty as his contempt for the wealth of his neighbours. Thus characteristically wrong on both points, in endeavouring to delineate his character, report was, nevertheless, for once in a way, inconsistently right in describing his manner of life. It was true that he had bought the first cottage he could find that was secluded within its own walls—true that nobody was allowed, on any pretence whatever, to enter his doors—and true that he had met with a servant, who was even bitterer against all mankind than himself, in the person of Mr. Shrowl.

The life these two led approached as nearly to the existence of the primitive man (or

savage) as the surrounding conditions of civilisation would allow. Admitting the necessity of eating and drinking, the first object of Mr. Treverton's ambition was to sustain life with the least possible dependence on the race of men who professed to supply their neighbours' bodily wants, and who, as he conceived, cheated them infamously on the strength of their profession. Having a garden at the back of the house, Timon of London dispensed with the greengrocer altogether by cultivating his own vegetables. There was no room for growing wheat, or he would have turned farmer also on his own account; but he could outwit the miller and the baker, at any rate, by buying a sack of corn, grinding it in his own hand-mill, and giving the flour to Shrowl to make into bread. On the same principle, the meat for the house was bought wholesale of the City salesmen—the master and servant eating as much of it in the fresh state as they could, salting the rest, and setting butchers at defiance. As for drink, neither brewer nor publican ever had the chance of extorting a farthing from Mr. Treverton's pocket. He and Shrowl were satisfied with beer—and they brewed for themselves. With bread, vegetables, meat, and malt liquor, these two hermits of modern days achieved the great double purpose of keeping life in, and keeping the tradesmen out.

Eating like primitive men, they lived in all other respects like primitive men also. They had pots, pans, and pipkins, two deal tables, two chairs, two old sofas, two short pipes, and two long cloaks. They had no stated meal-times, no carpets and bedsteads, no cabinets, book-cases, or ornamental knick-knacks of any kind, no laundress, and no charwoman. When either of the two wanted to eat and drink, he cut off his crust of bread, cooked his bit of meat, drew his drop of beer, without the slightest reference to the other. When either of the two thought he wanted a clean shirt, which was very seldom, he went and washed one for himself. When either of the two discovered that any part of the house was getting very dirty indeed, he took a bucket of water and a birch-broom, and washed the place out like a dog-kennel. And, lastly, when either of the two wanted to go to sleep, he wrapped himself up in his cloak, and laid down on one of the sofas and took what repose he wanted, early in the evening or late in the morning, just as he pleased.

When there was no baking, brewing, gardening, or cleaning to be done, the two sat down opposite each other and smoked for hours, generally without uttering a word. Whenever they did speak, they quarrelled. Their ordinary dialogue was a species of conversational prize-fight, beginning with a sarcastic affectation of good-will on either side, and ending in hearty exchanges of violent abuse—just as the boxers go through the feeble formality of shaking hands before they

enter on the serious practical business of beating each other's faces out of all likeness to the image of man. Not having so many disadvantages of early refinement and education to contend against as his master, Shrowl generally won the victory in these engagements of the tongue. Indeed, though nominally the servant, he was really the ruling spirit in the house—acquiring unbounded influence over his master by dint of out-marching Mr. Treverton in every direction on his own ground. Shrowl's was the harshest voice; Shrowl's were the bitterest sayings; and Shrowl's was the longest beard. If anyone had accused Mr. Treverton of secretly deferring to his servant's opinions, and secretly fearing his servant's displeasure, he would have repudiated the imputation with the utmost bitterness and wrath. But it was not the less true that Shrowl's was the upper hand in the house, and that his decision on any important matter was, sooner or later, certain to be the decision at which his master arrived. The surest of all retributions is the retribution that lies in wait for a man who boasts. Mr. Treverton was rashly given to boasting of his independence, and when retribution overtook him, it assumed a personal form, and bore the name of Shrowl.

On a certain morning, about three weeks after Mrs. Frankland had written to the housekeeper at Porthgenna Tower to mention the period at which her husband and herself might be expected there, Mr. Treverton descended, with his sourest face and his surliest manner, from the upper regions of the cottage to one of the rooms on the ground-floor, which civilised tenants would probably have called the parlour. Like his elder brother, he was a tall, well-built man; but his bony, haggard, sallow face, bore not the slightest resemblance to the handsome, open, sunburnt face of the Captain. No one, seeing them together, could possibly have guessed that they were brothers—so completely did they differ in expression as well as in feature. The heart-aches that he had suffered in youth; the reckless, wandering, dissipated life that he led in manhood; the petulance, the disappointment, and the physical exhaustion of his later days, had so wasted and worn him away that he looked his brother's elder by almost twenty years. With unbrushed hair and unwashed face, with a tangled grey beard, and an old patched, dirty flannel dressing-gown that hung about him like a sack, this descendant of a wealthy and ancient family looked as if his birth-place had been the workhouse and his vocation in life the selling of cast-off clothes.

It was breakfast-time with Mr. Treverton—that is to say, it was the time at which he felt hungry enough to think about eating something. In the same position, over the mantel-piece, in which a looking-glass would have been placed in a household of ordinary refinement, there hung in the cottage

of Timon of London a side of bacon. On the deal table by the fire, stood half a loaf of heavy-looking brown bread; in a corner of the room was a barrel of beer, with two battered pewter pots hitched on to nails in the wall above it; and under the grate lay a smoky old gridiron, left just as it had been thrown down when last used and done with. Mr. Treverton took a greasy clasp-knife out of the pocket of his dressing-gown, cut off a rasher of bacon, jerked the gridiron on to the fire, and began to cook his breakfast. He had just turned the rasher, when the door opened, and Shrowl entered the room, with his pipe in his mouth, bent on the same eating errand as his master.

In personal appearance, Shrowl was short, fat, flabby, and perfectly bald, except at the back of his head, where a ring of bristly iron-grey hair projected like a collar that had got hitched out of its place. To make amends for the scantiness of his hair, the beard which he had cultivated by his master's desire, grew far over his cheeks, and drooped down on his chest in two thick jagged peaks. He wore a very old long-tailed dress-coat, which he had picked up a bargain in Petticoat Lane—a faded yellow shirt, with a large torn frill—velveteen trousers, turned up at the ankles—and Blucher boots that had never been blacked since the day when they last left the cobbler's stall. His colour was unhealthily florid, his thick lips curled upward with a malicious grin, and his eyes were the nearest approach, in form and expression, to the eyes of a bull-terrier which those features are capable of achieving when they are placed in the countenance of a man. Any painter wanting to express strength, insolence, ugliness, coarseness, and cunning, in the face and figure of one and the same individual, could have discovered no better model for the purpose, all the world over, than he might have found in the person of Mr. Shrowl.

Neither master nor servant exchanged a word, or took the smallest notice of each other, on first meeting. Shrowl stood stolidly contemplative, with his hands in his pockets, waiting for his turn at the gridiron. Mr. Treverton finished his cooking, took his bacon to the table, and cutting himself a crust of bread, began to eat his breakfast. When he had disposed of the first mouthful, he condescended to look up at Shrowl, who was at that moment opening his clasp-knife and approaching the side of bacon with slouching steps and sleepily greedy eyes.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mr. Treverton, pointing with indignant surprise at Shrowl's breast. "You ugly brute, you've got a clean shirt on!"

"Thankee, sir, for noticing it," said Shrowl, with a sarcastic affectation of extreme humility, "This is a joyful occasion, this is. I couldn't do no less than put a clean shirt on, when it's my master's birthday. Many happy returns, sir. Perhaps you thought I should

not remember that to-day was your birthday? Lord bless your sweet face, I wouldn't have forgot it on any account. How old are you to-day, sir? Long time ago, sir, since you was a plump smiling little boy, with a frill round your neck, and marbles in your pocket, and trousers and waistcoat all in one, and kisses and presents from Pa and Ma and uncle and aunt, on your birthday. Don't you be afraid of me wearing out this shirt by too much washing. I mean to put it away in lavender against your next birthday; or against your funeral, which is just as likely at your time of life—isn't it, sir?"

"Don't waste a clean shirt on my funeral," retorted Mr. Treverton. "I hav'n't left you any money in my will, Shrowl. You'll be on your way to the workhouse, when I'm on my way to the grave."

"Have you really made your will, at last, sir?" inquired Shrowl, pausing, with an appearance of the greatest interest, in the act of cutting off his slice of bacon. "I humbly beg pardon, but I always thought you was afraid to do it."

The servant had evidently touched intentionally on one of the master's sore points. Mr. Treverton thumped his crust of bread on the table, and looked up angrily at Shrowl.

"Afraid of making my will, you fool!" said he. "I don't make it, and I won't make it, on principle."

Shrowl slowly sawed off his slice of bacon, and began to whistle a tune.

"On principle," repeated Mr. Treverton. "Rich men who leave money behind them are the farmers who raise the crop of human wickedness. When a man has any spark of generosity in his nature, if you want to put it out, leave him a legacy. When a man is bad, if you want to make him worse, leave him a legacy. If you want to collect a number of men together for the purpose of perpetuating corruption and oppression on a large scale, leave them a legacy under the form of endowing a public charity. If you want to give a woman the best chance in the world of getting a bad husband, leave her a legacy. If you want to send young men to perdition; if you want to make old men loadstones for attracting all the basest qualities of mankind; if you want to set parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, all together by the ears, leave them money. Make my will! I have a pretty strong dislike of my species, Shrowl, but I don't quite hate mankind enough yet, to do such mischief among them as that!" Ending his diatribe in these words, Mr. Treverton took down one of the battered pewter pots, and refreshed himself with a pint of beer.

Shrowl shifted the gridiron to a clear place in the fire, and chuckled sarcastically.

"Who the devil would you have me leave

my money to?" cried Mr. Treverton over-hearing him. "To my brother, who thinks me a brute now; who would think me a fool then; and who would encourage swindling, anyhow, by spending all my money among doxies and strolling players? To the child of that player-woman, whom I have never set eyes on, who has been brought up to hate me, and who would turn hypocrite directly by pretending, for decency's sake, to be sorry for my death? To *you*, you human baboon!—you, who would set up an usury-office directly, and prey upon the widow, the fatherless, and the unfortunate, generally, all over the world? Your good health, Mr. Shrowl! I can laugh as well as you—especially when I know I'm not going to leave you sixpence."

Shrowl, in his turn, began to get a little irritated now. The jeering civility which he had chosen to assume on first entering the room, gave place to his habitual surliness of manner and his natural growling intonation of voice.

"You just let me alone—will you?" he said, sitting down sulkily to his breakfast. "I've done joking for to-day; suppose you finish, too. What's the use of talking nonsense about your money? You must leave it to somebody."

"Yes, I will," said Mr. Treverton. "I will leave it, as I have told you over and over again, to the first Somebody I can find who honestly despises money, and who can't be made the worse, therefore, by having it."

"That means nobody," grunted Shrowl.

"I know it does!" retorted his master.

"But you can't leave it to nobody," persisted Shrowl. "You must leave it to somebody. You can't help yourself."

"Can't I?" said Mr. Treverton. "I rather think I can do what I please with it. I can turn it all into bank-notes, if I like, and make a bon-fire with them in the brew-house before I die. I should go out of the world then, knowing that I hadn't left materials behind me for making it worse than it is—and that would be a precious comfort to me, I can tell you!"

Before Shrowl could utter a word of rejoinder, there was a ring at the gate-bell of the cottage.

"Go out," said Mr. Treverton, "and see what that is. If it's a woman-visitor show her what a scarecrow you are, and frighten her away. If it's a man-visitor—"

"If it's a man-visitor," interposed Shrowl, "I'll punch his head for interrupting me at my breakfast."

Mr. Treverton filled and lit his pipe during his servant's absence. Before the tobacco was well a-light, Shrowl returned, and reported a man-visitor.

"Did you punch his head?" asked Mr. Treverton.

"No," said Shrowl, "I picked up his letter.

He poked it under the gate, and went away. Here it is."

The letter was written on foolscap paper, superscribed in a round legal hand. As Mr. Treverton opened it, two slips cut from newspapers dropped out. One fell on the table before which he was sitting; the other fluttered to the floor. This last slip Shrowl picked up, and looked over its contents, without troubling himself to go through the ceremony of first asking leave.

After slowly drawing in and slowly puffing out again one mouthful of tobacco-smoke, Mr. Treverton began to read the letter. As his eye fell on the first lines, his lips began to work round the mouth-piece of the pipe in a manner that was very unusual with him. The letter was not long enough to require him to turn over the first leaf of it—it ended at the bottom of the opening sheet. He read it down to the signature—then looked up to the address, and went through it again from the beginning. His lips still continued to work round the mouth-piece of the pipe, but he smoked no more. When he had finished the second reading, he set the letter down very gently on the table, looked at his servant with an unaccustomed vacancy in the expression of his eyes, and took the pipe out of his mouth with a hand that trembled a little.

"Shrowl," he said, very quietly, "my brother is drowned."

"I know he is," answered Shrowl, without looking up from the newspaper-slip. "I'm reading about it here."

"The last words he said to me when we quarrelled about the player-woman," continued Mr. Treverton, speaking as much to himself as to his servant, "were, that I should die without one kind feeling in my heart towards any living soul."

"So you will," muttered Shrowl, turning the slip over to see if there was anything worth reading at the back of it.

"I wonder what he thought about me when he was dying?" said Mr. Treverton, abstractedly taking up the letter again from the table.

"He didn't waste a thought on you or anybody else," remarked Shrowl. "If he thought at all, he thought about how he could save his life. When he had done thinking about that, he had done living, too." With that expression of opinion Mr. Shrowl went to the beer-barrel, and drew his morning draught.

"Damn that player-woman!" muttered Mr. Treverton. As he said these words his face darkened and his lips closed firmly. He smoothed the letter out on the table. There seemed to be some doubt in his mind whether he had mastered all its contents yet—some idea that there was more in it—or that there ought to be more in it—than he had yet discovered. In going over it for the third time,

he read it to himself aloud and very slowly, as if he was determined to fix every separate word firmly in his memory.

"Sir (he read),—As the old legal adviser and faithful friend of your family, I am desired by Mrs. Frankland, formerly Miss Treverton, to acquaint you with the sad news of your brother's death. This deplorable event occurred on board the ship of which he was captain, during a gale of wind in which the vessel was lost on a reef of rocks off the island of Antigua. I enclose a detailed account of the shipwreck extracted from the Times, by which you will see that your brother died nobly in the performance of his duty towards the officers and men whom he commanded. I also send a slip from the local Cornish paper, containing a memoir of the deceased gentleman.

"Before closing this communication, I must add that no will has been found, after the most rigorous search, among the papers of the late Captain Treverton. Having disposed, as you know, of Porthgenna, the only property of which he was possessed at the time of his death was personal property, derived from the sale of his estate; and this, in consequence of his dying intestate, will go in due course of law to his daughter, as his nearest of kin.

"I am, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"ALEXANDER NIXON."

The newspaper-slip, which had fallen on the table, contained the paragraph from the Times. The slip from the Cornish paper, which had dropped to the floor, Shrowl poked under his master's eyes, in a fit of temporary civility, as soon as he had done reading it. Mr. Treverton took not the slightest notice either of the one paragraph or the other. He still sat looking at the letter, even after he had read it for the third time.

"Why don't you give the strip of print a turn, as well as the sheet of writing?" asked Shrowl. "Why don't you read about what a great man your brother was, and what a good life he led, and what a wonderful handsome daughter he's left behind him, and what a capital marriage she's made along with the man that's owner of your old family estate? *She* don't want your money now, at any rate! The ill wind that blowed her father's ship on the rocks has blowed forty thousand pound of good into her lap. Why don't you read about it? She and her husband have got a better house in Cornwall than you have got here. Ain't you glad of that? They were going to have repaired the place from top to bottom for your brother to go and live along with 'em in clover when he come back from sea. Who will ever repair a place for you? I wonder whether your niece would knock the old house about for your sake, now, if you was to clean yourself up and go and ask her?"

At that last question, Shrowl paused in the work of aggravation—not for want of more words, but for want of encouragement to utter them. For the first time since they had kept house together, he had tried to provoke his master and had failed. Mr. Treverton

listened, or appeared to listen, without moving a muscle—without the faintest change to anger in his face. The only words he said when Shrowl had done, were these two—

“Go out!”

Shrowl was not an easy man to move, but he absolutely changed colour when he heard that unprecedented and uncompromising command. After leading his master, from the first days of their sojourn together in the house, just as he pleased, could he believe his ears when he heard himself suddenly ordered to leave the room?

“Go out!” reiterated Mr. Treverton. “And hold your tongue henceforth and for ever, about my brother and my brother’s daughter. I never have set eyes upon the player-woman’s child, and I never will. Hold your tongue—leave me alone—go out!”

“I’ll be even with him for this,” thought Shrowl, as he slowly withdrew from the room. When he had closed the door, he listened outside it, and heard Mr. Treverton push aside his chair, and walk up and down, talking to himself. Judging by the confused words that escaped him, Shrowl concluded that his thoughts were still running on the “player-woman” who had set his brother and himself at variance. He seemed to feel a barbarous sense of relief in venting his dissatisfaction with himself, after the news of Captain Treverton’s death, on the memory of the woman whom he hated so bitterly, and on the child whom she had left behind her. After a while, the low rumbling tones of his voice ceased altogether. Shrowl peeped through the keyhole, and saw that he was reading the newspaper-slips which contained the account of the shipwreck and the Memoir of his brother. The latter adverted to some of those family particulars which the vicar of Long Beckley had mentioned to his guest; and the writer of the Memoir concluded by expressing a hope that the bereavement which Mr. and Mrs. Frankland had suffered would not ultimately interfere with their project for repairing Porthgenna Tower, after they had gone the length already of sending a builder to survey the place. Something in the wording of that paragraph seemed to take Mr. Treverton’s memory back to his youth-time, when the old family house had been his home. He whispered a few words to himself which gloomily referred to the days that were gone, rose from his chair impatiently, threw both the newspaper slips into the fire, watched them while they were burning, and sighed when the black gossamer ashes floated upward on the draught, and were lost in the chimney.

The sound of that sigh startled Shrowl as the sound of a pistol-shot might have startled another man. His bull-terrier’s eyes opened wide in astonishment, and he shook his

head ominously as he walked away from the door.

HOVELLING.

It is a dark night in December, and it blows a gale of wind. The hovelling world of Broadstairs is on the alert, for somebody has heard a gun, and it is expected that a ship is on shore on the Godwin Sands.

Some five-and-twenty men, all hovellers, are now congregated on the pier. Both lifeboats are in readiness, and so are the three luggers. How impatiently some of the men walk to and fro! That tall and strongly-built man with the handsome features and open countenance is old Jem Taylor. It asked to guess his age, you would say five-and-forty; but to my knowledge he is over sixty-six. He served his thirty years in the Royal Navy, and was a quartermaster for twenty-two years of the period. He is now an out-pensioner of Greenwich Hospital, and draws his twenty-nine pounds per annum. There is scarcely a port in the world that he has not visited—East and West Indies, China, South America, Africa, Australia. He has served in fourteen of her Majesty’s ships, and from every captain has a certificate that his conduct was very good, and that he was always obedient to command. Taylor has seen some hard fighting in his day, and wears upon his Sunday jacket several silver medals; but the medal of which he seems the most proud is the one awarded him for saving life.

If you ask Taylor why, at his time of life, and now that he is provided for by his pension, he engages in the dangerous business of hovelling, he will tell you that he feels a young man still; that he likes a life of adventure, and that idleness would drive him mad.

Near to Taylor stands a short and thickset man, named Thompson. He is past sixty, but he does not look anything like so old. To see that man crawl about the pier, with his hands in well-patched trousers, you would scarcely credit that on board a boat he is as active as a squirrel and as brave as a lion. He, too, has served in a man-of-war. Forty years ago he was caught smuggling, and had to pay the penalty of serving for five years.

To the right of Thompson stands young Bruce, who is conspicuous for his daring, even among his conspicuous companions. In the hour of danger, he is always the first to jump into the boat. There is not a man among those now assembled who has not assisted in saving the crew of some vessel or other. I miss the dauntless Edward Chattenden in that group. Poor fellow! he was drowned last year, by the capsizing of his boat in a heavy squall.

I have mentioned that we have two lifeboats at Broadstairs; the favourite is the small one, the Mary White. She was pre-

sented, on the eighteenth of July, eighteen hundred and fifty, to the boatmen, by Mr. Thomas White, of the Isle of Wight, a boat-builder; in memory of this his native place. The *Mary White* is thirty feet long, six feet four across her beam, and twenty-eight inches deep. She pulls six oars. Upon a brass plate screwed to her stern locker are the following words: "To the Crew.—Put your trust in God, and do your best."

In the winter of eighteen hundred and fifty, a new vessel, a brig, was wrecked on the Godwin Sands. The *Mary White*, manned by eight men—poor Chattenden among the number—went to her assistance. This was the first occasion on which the *Mary White* was used. Seven of the brig's crew were saved. Three were washed overboard. Strange to say, the name of the wrecked vessel was the *Mary White*! The gallant conduct of the Broadstairs boatmen on this occasion was spread far and near; and it is pleasing to reflect that Mr. Thomas White has made a small fortune by building boats on the model of the one which he presented to the boatmen of his native place. Reader, have you ever felt something like a respect for a thing inanimate? I confess that I never pass the *Mary White*, as she stands upon our pier, without patting her on the bow, just as one pats the neck of a favourite horse. The men who put to sea in her appear to love her: "She is such a darling, and always behaves so well," they say.

But hark! There is the report of a gun; and, behold! a rocket ascends.

"There is a ship on shore, safe enough."

"Jump in, my lads—out oars! Now then—off she goes!"

There is a heavy sea running into the little bay, and the surf breaks over the *Mary White*; but she plunges through it, and presently we hear them setting the sail. The second life-boat follows the *Mary White*; and now the luggers are under weigh. Save those laid up with rheumatism, there is not a hoveller left in Broadstairs. Why the men employed in saving life and property are called hovellers, I know not, and no one here can inform me.

God speed them on their way! While they are absent, let us afford a few particulars touching these venturesome men. They are, for the most part, married, and have large families. The wives, in their way, work as hard on shore as their husbands work on the sea. One takes in washing and ironing; a second, needlework; a third keeps a small shop for the sale of ginger-bread, ginger-beer, lollypops, &c., all of which she makes herself; a fourth has a fruit and vegetable shop; a fifth binds shoes; and so on.

When at home, on shore, the hoveller leads a rather lazy life. You may see him leisurely strolling about the pier, or up and down Albion Street, smoking; and now and then you may observe him slanting into the Tartar

Frigate or the Dolphin, and coming out again after partaking of some liquid refreshment. But, you rarely see a hoveller drunk or noisy. The truth is, a hoveller can carry a great deal without feeling it; and, like a prudent man, he knows pretty well when to bring himself up. Some of the youngsters, after a good haul, go away, and are no more heard of until their money is expended; but, the bulk are men who drink as much as they can afford at home, and are seldom out of their houses after half-past eight or nine o'clock, at which time, during the winter months, they usually go to bed. The hoveller, in short, is, to all intents and purposes, a good member of society. He is almost invariably a kind and affectionate husband, an indulgent and good father, and anything but a bad friend. As far as I can see (and I have a very large acquaintance with our hovellers), the wife, in nine cases out of ten, rules the roast, manages the household, and takes care of the bulk of the money received for a prize.

If a hoveller has a son, he is anxious that he should learn a trade, although he may intend the boy for the sea eventually. One hoveller whom I know, is by trade a butcher; a second, a baker; a third, a blacksmith; a fourth, a carpenter. From childhood up, the sons of a hoveller know all about boats, and how to manage them.

The daughters of a hoveller, as soon as they are old enough, go into service, and are for the most part very steady and industrious girls.

The house of a hoveller is a curious place. It is very clean and comfortable, but lined with tarpaulin garments—coats, jackets, trousers, caps. And then he has such a propensity to pitch every outside wall and railing, that the smell, albeit it is very wholesome, is nevertheless overpowering. The back-yard is even more curious than the house. Bits of panelling from wrecked vessels, bottles and jars of every nation—and of every size, shape, and colour—cooking utensils, bits of old iron, a broken boat, an odd oar or two: each telling a tale of some disaster on the "Gooden," where these matters are mostly picked up. A hoveller found there, the other day, several vases of the best Bohemian glass and workmanship. Sometimes a watch, or a pencil-case, will be picked up on the sand, at low water. But amongst the most extraordinary things found by our hovellers on or near the Godwin Sands was an anchor, which must have belonged to one of the largest vessels of the Spanish Armada. The men were out, about two years and a half ago, grappling for a chain-cable belonging to a ship that had gone to pieces, and they got hold of something uncommon heavy. They got it to the surface with great difficulty, and, finding it covered with shell-fish and seaweed, fancied that it was a piece of rock. On clearing away the sea-

weed, the huge mass presented the form of an anchor. It was accordingly shipped on the lugger, and brought to Broadstairs, where it now lies near the flagstaff. A gentleman in the neighbourhood gave the boatmen five pounds for this curiosity, and offered it to the British Museum; his offer was declined on the ground that room could not be found for it.

My reasons for concluding that this anchor belonged to one of the ships of the Spanish Armada, are, that no one ever saw an English anchor of the same peculiar shape, and that for many years past the anchors of foreign ships have not resembled this anchor, which is a mass of stone, containing but a very small quantity of iron. It must have lain in the spot whence it was removed, for more than two hundred years. The length of the shank is fifteen feet. The width from flue to flue only seven feet; the circumference of the ring, to which the help-cable was attached, seven feet. The opinion of several naval officers, who have seen the anchor, is, like mine, that it belonged to one of the large ships of the Spanish Armada. Its weight is about a ton and a half.

But, where are our life-boats and the luggers? They have returned—safe, but not sound. All of them have been damaged in saving the ship's company, and conveying them to Ramsgate. The Mary White has a large hole in her bow. A sea threw her against the wreck. An ordinary boat would have gone down immediately; but the Mary White was not built to sink. She was the first to board the wreck, and her crew will get a larger share of the prize. The reader must understand that when a ship gets ashore, boats from Deal and Ramsgate, as well as from Broadstairs, put off to her assistance, and there is in consequence a race to be first.

The wrecked ship is a Prussian vessel of about seven hundred tons. She is laden with timber—spars and oak planks, and staves: a very valuable cargo—but the hovellers despair of saving it—the weather is so bad, and the chances are the ship will go to pieces. Two young men offer to sell their shares for five shillings each; no one accepts the offer.

On the following day the weather is comparatively fine, though there is still a strong breeze. The luggers are going off to the wreck. Having nothing better to do, I go in one of them—old Taylor having promised me, on his solemn word and honour, that he will bring me back again. It is dead low water, and there is the Prussian ship high and dry upon the sands. What a scene! In all, some eighty men are swarming round the wreck. Some from Broadstairs, some from Ramsgate, some from Deal. They have cut away the masts, in order to lighten her, and in the hope of eventually saving the hull of the vessel. And

now they cut a large hole in her starboard bow, and begin to pull the timber through it. How jauntily they work, and how willingly the different sets of men respectively help each other. Thus they labour until the tide rises, and the sea gets up, when all the boats return to their respective ports, laden with as many planks as they could get hold of.

Day after day for twelve days this scene is repeated. The ship holds together, but her back is broken. She is now much lighter, and a hope springs in every breast, that at the full of the moon, when the tides are at their height, they will get her off, and save, not only the hull, but the great bulk of her cargo, which is still in her. Should this hope be realised, it is computed that each man will get twenty pounds for his share; no insignificant sum for a hoveller, in these hard times. If she cannot be got off, the boats employed will not pay their expenses.

The moon is at her full. It is a fine clear night; but there is a stiff breeze. All the boats are out watching the wreck. Hurrah! Off she comes by herself, and, being water-logged and full of timber, she floats! An anchor and chain are all ready for her, and there she rides, snugly enough.

The next morning a steamer comes from Ramsgate, and takes the wreck in tow. As soon as she struck on the sands, her rudder was wrenched off and carried away; but, one of the Broadstairs luggers, towed astern, acts as a helm upon her. The little steamer tugs away with all her might and main, but her burden is so heavy, that her progress is very slow.

It is eleven o'clock at night, and the steamer and the wreck are within a mile of Ramsgate harbour. The tide is nearly at its height, and all promises well. Suddenly the wind increases, and in a few minutes it blows a perfect hurricane. The little steamer tugs away, and gets within the mouth of the harbour—the wreck is still outside. A sea strikes her. She touches the pier head. The warp snaps asunder, and the wreck comes round to the back of the pier, and drifts upon the Ramsgate Sands. She lies on the very spot where the visitors in summer, at low water, sit upon benches and chairs, and where the little children dig holes and form castles. No vessel of that size was ever before so close to the shore as that large Prussian ship; and the chances are, that no vessel of her size will ever be there again.

The sea breaks over the wreck. And now there is a great commotion amongst the Broadstairs hovellers. It seems that five of their number are on board the wreck! And their situation is awfully perilous. Some twenty men lift the Ramsgate life-boat, and carry it to the beach. Scarcely able to stand—so violent is the tempest—they launch the life-boat, and pull for the wreck. In twenty minutes they return with the five hands, saved.

It has been decided that half the value of the ship, and her cargo (the latter will all be saved), shall be divided among the hovellers employed. This will yield each man a dividend of about twelve pounds. Considering the dangers they have encountered, and the fatigue they have undergone, few will think the amount of remuneration excessive.

CRUMPLED ROSE-LEAVES AT ST. BONIFACE.

"For he's a jolly good Fellow, For he's a jolly good Fellow, Which nobody can deny," were the appropriate words that rang like joy-bells in my ears, one Christmas time, at the conclusion of my own Fellowship dinner at St. Boniface. They were chorused by two dozen of as pleasant companions as ever scholar had—men, for the most part, who had lately arrived, or who were about to do so, at the same wished-for goal as myself; friends whom, for the future, instead of being separated from, I should be still more closely connected with; in-dwellers of the same old walls, sympathisers in the same audits, diners at the same high-table, players at the same social rubber, for ever. A morbid desire to be original prevented me from saying in acknowledgment that this was the proudest moment of my life—but it really was. I had reached the summit of the slippery collegiate pole, and the fat of the land was fairly within my grasp. I had only to keep myself alive and pure from the deadly sin of matrimony, in order to move slowly, glacier-like, increasing as I moved, to the awful throne of wardenship itself. Think of me, John Jones of Llangothlen, being translated even to the same sphere as that wherein that monarch of his species sat, sublime! And so it was now become possible that I might be king myself; that I, too, might ask undergraduates to evening parties at the wardenry, and look them out of their chairs should they venture to sit down!

Nor even the next morning did my position appear less enviable. The sun came streaming through the mighty window of my college rooms on dark oak panelling and chairs of oak, shining on many a volume with the college arms in gold, and on the massy candlestick, the college plate, given for a gift to me and the like of me three centuries ago. The huge room communicated with a lesser one, and that with a lesser still, and on the other side lay the bed-chamber, a Fellow's bedchamber, for one. Without was the pillared court, silent except for dreamy echoes from the cloisters that ran round it; and in the centre a plot of greenest grass on which no foot except a Fellow's or a lord's might dare to tread; an unseen fountain murmured somewhere by; a score of clocks, half-way to heaven, gave quarter to the hours—though time was a good deal

killed in college, too—and near and far over the ancient town the bells seemed pealing: "Well done, young Johnny Jones, Don of St. Boniface," for ever. "I congratulate you, Jack," or, "Mr. Jones, this is nothing more than I expected," were the salutations of comrades and waiters for a month to come; and our great cousin Griffith-ap-Jones, lineally descended from Cadwallader-ap-Jones, the original bard of Mr. Gray, and who had sworn never to forgive my father for teaching me English, wrote me a letter with his own hand, all consonants, to give me good luck in Welsh.

That what is called public opinion—the ideas, that is, of people who have not got Fellowships—rather underrated my good fortune, was nothing to me. I had been long enough at an university where honorary degrees are conferred upon hereditary titles with despatch, and rat-killing young noblemen take precedence of the wisest and most reverend, at hall and chapel, to know very well how to despise the radicals; while, as for getting servile or forming too humble an opinion of myself, that, the example of his warden, and the comparison of his own phrenological developments and facial angles with those of the aristocracy who year by year and cheek by cheek should sit by him at the same high-table, would, I knew, prevent any Fellow of St. Boniface from becoming.

When I stepped down-stairs on that first morning, and read my name, swollen to twice that of a simple scholar's, painted up on the doorway, with the collegiate title of Mr. grandly before it, perhaps I needed something to take me down a peg or two; at all events, I got it. I was reading these pregnant words again and again, for they sounded just like poetry, when I heard a couple of voices in the next rooms discoursing upon me and my good fortune.

"Poor Jenny Jones!" said one. "Well, I'm glad they gave it him, after all."

"Yes, the dear old leek, and so am I," rejoined the other; "but they do say it was the nearest shave for it that ever Fellow had."

There were no more real steps to descend, but I felt about thirteen inches shorter as I took my way along the cloisters, without having the heart to cross the grass-plot. That second voice was my own familiar friend's; the voice which, in proposing my health the evening before, had said that everybody knew how his talented friend had distinguished himself in the late examination, and that any eulogium upon my mathematical genius would be superfluous. Everybody knew, did they? I protest I felt like Mr. Pope's celebrated liquor with the pop out of it. "How vain are all the distinctions of this world!" thought I, as I walked with heavy step into the Fellow's bowling-green. "Alas! this Garden of Eden, which I have

so looked forward to disporting myself in, has the trail of the Serpent over it all."

After a few terms, however, I was raised from my dejection and reinstated in my own good opinion by being made one of the mathematical lecturers. The owner of the voice before alluded to was passed over, so that his talented friend experienced, not unnaturally, a double satisfaction. Nevertheless, the appointment had its dark side; the primary harangues of a nervous mathematician, who lisps, are as trying to himself as to an audience, very many of which come to scoff and remain for the same purpose. I had prepared a preface at first somewhat humorous, as is the usual custom, but they missed all the points through a mistaken notion of respect, and reserved their risibility for the serious part of my subject. I persuaded the college to procure a quantity of models, in order to interest the class with practical illustrations in statics, but my scientific fantoccini refused to act. When I had my system of pulleys quite complete, with the ratios satisfactorily explained, the one that should have got up quickest stayed where he was, and the pulley whom all the laws of motion and sense of gravity ought to have restrained, ran up like a rocket. I got on very well with my class, in time, with the exception of two young gentlemen who were habitually absent from it, and whom, being Spangles, I was anxious to retain in my lecture-room, as sunshine in that shady place. I presented my compliments to them, therefore, in the usual form, and requested their attendance at my rooms on the ensuing morning. It happened to be a saint's day, on which there is no lecture, and I took my horizontal refreshment so much later than usual that the youths were in my reception-room before I was out of bed. The Gyp, with admirable sagacity, informed them that Mr. Jones would soon be in, adding, with reprehensible inaccuracy, "from his morning walk after chapel." There was another door by which I could make my exit and enter from the stairs, but in the meantime, while getting up, I had to listen to the young men's conversation.

"Chapel!" said one, "think of Sinner Jones going to chapel!"

"Why sinner?" said the other. (Ah, why indeed?)

"O, don't you know?" resumed the first; "why, one of the Deans was rather hard upon the men a year or two ago, and kept them very strict to their chapels; so some undergraduates, in revenge, took account of how the Fellows conducted themselves in that way, pricking their names down with great accuracy when they attended, and animadverting on them in print, at each week's end, in the form of regular notices, when they shirked; half of them got nominally gated and fined too by this Society for the Promotion of Chapel-keeping amongst the Dons; and, in particular, our friend Jenny

Jones here was severely punished, and received the appellation of Sinner—in contradistinction, that was, to the other Jones, who was very regular; and, besides being called Saint in his own lifetime, was presented by the Society with a little mug with an appropriate device."

"Poor Jenny," said the retailer of this infamous story, after a pause, "shall you ever forget him in that lecture of his on optics? Drawing a very crooked line upon the board, like this" (here there must have been some abominable pantomime), "and saying, 'Now suppose that is a way from the sun'—he meant a ray, you know; then, having walked backwards to the end of the lecture-room, how he exclaimed, 'But it isn't stwaight,' and so rubbed it all out again."

Amidst a peal of laughter, I walked in, very red in my cap and gown, as if from an excursion; and informed them that I did not require their attendance at my lectures any longer.

These things are annoying enough, my sensitive public, but they are nothing to some other matters which have to be done and suffered by a Fellow of a college. An university syndicate three times a-week, for instance, is much less like a crumpled rose-leaf than a very considerable thorn; continual attendance at the senate-house or on the vice-chancellor, and the repeating everlasting Latin oaths about the Fitzwilliam Museum, even if one does know how to accent *Academiæ*, is not refreshing. I am not one of those masters of arts who are desirous of melting the silver pokers, and of keeping a sort of Baron Nathan at half-a-crown a-day to conduct our most imposing ceremonials; but I do think there's a little too much of the "slow music, lights half down" about them, too.

The incurring of the hatred of a score of your fellow-creatures, and the hostility of hundreds, by becoming an university examiner, is scarcely made up to one by twenty pounds; far less are the letters from Investigator, in the Radical organ, which dilate for weeks to come upon the singularity of no nobleman having ever been plucked by Mr. Jones. It is not such fun, as undergraduates think, to have, to walk the streets on a wet night, like an animated curfew, extinguishing cigars and pipes, with a couple of human dogs at heel; sometimes the accused party is off like a hare, and the proctor and his little pack have to pursue his devious course for many minutes before they can come up with him; the chase is then found to be intoxicated, and refusing to show his colours and reveal his name and college, is led half over the university to be identified by the several gate-keepers, without success; finally, perhaps, he turns out to be a hair-cutter of revolutionary opinions, and we have to compound an action for false imprisonment by paying him our whole proctorial income. We have

the credit of making an immense revenue out of the fines we impose; whereas, we really receive less than the office costs us in doctors' bills, consequent upon our exposure to the night air, for being laughed at in combination-rooms, exposed in the papers, and hissed in the senate-house.

These are evils which Fellowships are heirs to from time to time only; but, there are others which are chronic, and never leave us. All charitable institutions, all begging clergymen, all conservative associations, all starving intelligences whatsoever, consider themselves to have a moral pull upon our purse-strings. No sooner have we subscribed to the Articles of the Church, and the regulations of our college, than we have to subscribe to these: "It is only necessary, the rector and churchwardens of St. Anthony the Bigger are aware, that a Fellow of St. Boniface be informed that their Reredos requires fresh gilding, in order that that indispensable Christian work may be assisted to the utmost of his means;" or, "Mr. Jones is respectfully apprised that the Defence List in the great cause of Mole versus Blind-worm, now pending before the ecclesiastical tribunals, is still open: good churchmen are entreated to give abundantly; 'Ye shall know them by their fruits.' Please to cross your cheques." And, on the other hand, "A charity (sic) school has been recently established in my parish by a confirmed heretic; the girls are now embracing the very worst errors of Pelagianism. What is an evangelical minister of restricted means to do? A stamped envelope with direction (Rev. Jog Trotter) is enclosed, and will be inquired after. Bankers, Takit and Kepit, Poultry;" or, "A few crumbs urgently needed at Much-Stick-in-the-Mud. Atheism is there awfully prevalent: the leader of the party cannot read, but, having made a good deal of money, will pay any one else for reading (aloud) his horrid books in the public-house, nearly all of which are in his hands. They bullied my predecessor to death: having defeated him in a beer-house case, they got his portrait taken on a very large scale, in his robes, with Satan on one side of him, and a policeman on the other; this, having been carried about the parish for several days, drove him mad, and he died in a paroxysm of raving. Many other facts might be mentioned which would seem fabulous." To which statement the vicar's name is appended, with that of three other respectable referees.

Now and then, a parliamentary contest arises, which tears asunder very lecturers, and sets dean against dean; when Tweedledum, M.A. and Q.C., promises to sacrifice his all upon the opposition benches rather than suffer the slightest hint of the intentions of our beloved founders (pocket-handkerchief,

as in the criminal courts) to be overlooked, or their least venerable injunctions to be infringed upon, by an infidel parliament: which is the more creditable, inasmuch that Tweedledum has forgotten his (Poll) Latin, and could not read them to save his life.

While Tweedledee, M.A. and sergeant-at-law, entreates us not to underrate his devotion to our ancient benefactors when he proposes that we should so far bend to the popular will as to make public our charters and regulations; that is to say, at least (wink as to too voluminous witness) so much of them as is expedient.

One great inconvenience, and even difficulty, of our exalted position, is the having perpetually to sign testimonials for our old acquaintances; to attest the religious education, unblemished morals, perfect orthodoxy, and virtues enough to suffice two benches of bishops, of some Dick, Tom, or Harry, whom we have not seen this twenty years. Dear Jack Wildotes, who had a most excellent judgment at loo, and cut the red ball in from the spot better than any man at St. Boniface of his day, is now a candidate for the head-mastership of a clerical training college, and requires my certificate of fitness. "I am sure, old cock," he writes, with a charming frankness, "that you remember nothing against me in the ancient days to prevent your serving your old friend at a pinch like this;" and indeed I envy no man the courage which can resist such an appeal.

Lastly, every term, and especially in the May term, we are subject to the incursions of strangers with letters of introduction from these good folks. They come to be lionised, and insist upon seeing me eat my food in Hall—from a raised gallery which is founded for that purpose—upon accompanying me to chapel, upon saying precisely the same things that everybody else has said about it all, ten thousand times. It is positively taken ill by some of my old college friends who live a long way off, and use this ingenious means of reminding me of them, that I have never fallen a victim to the charms of their sisters or other female relatives. "This must be a very lonely life of yours, Mr. Jones," is a remark that has been made to me by my old friends' dearest Carolines, with meaning, more than once.

It was only this last summer that the mother of a grown-up family, visiting St. Boniface, observed, "How you must all feel the want of female society here, Mr. Jones! why, even old ladies (and shew as a very fine one herself, and knew it) must be quite at a premium here!"

"Madam," said I—and it was a repartee of which I am rather proud—"Madam, they are indeed; and we testify our sense of their value by making them the Heads of Houses."

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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THE LOST ENGLISH SAILORS.

IT has been said, "There is an end to all things. We have paid our debt to Sir John Franklin and his missing crews." The truth is, that we have but just earned the means of paying it. Any question that may now arise as to the propriety of making final search for the survivors or remains of the lost expedition, all knowing at last distinctly where to seek, is simply the question whether, now that we are able to pay in full our debt of honour—and of more than honour, of the commonest humanity—we are to leave it undischarged upon some plea of a statute of limitations.

Sir John Franklin, one of a gallant company of one hundred and thirty-eight men, sailed for the polar seas in the spring of the year eighteen hundred and forty-five. He was heard of the next summer, and then never more. As one result of search, however, it was found that his ships had entered Barrow's Strait, where there were distinct traces of their having been laid up for winter in the neighbourhood of Cape Riley and Beechey Island. An active search for further vestiges of the course these travellers had taken, and for exact tidings of their fate, has since been carried on at sundry times by twenty vessels and more than a thousand men. The searches had already shown where they are not, when from the borders of almost the sole remaining spot in which a search was possible, came startling intelligence that *There they are*. Hereupon, there are some people who profess that they are satisfied. Now, they say—now that we know where to find what we have been seeking, we still think the man a mere enthusiast who would require that we should take a step towards it. Let it lie. Sir John Franklin and his companions were declared dead in the London Gazette nearly three years ago. It is almost twelve years since the men thus officially extinguished, left our shores. They are all bound to be dead. Why should we look for them? We care not that posterity should be told how they died. Dr. Rae tells us that they died cannibals, and he says he repeats this statement on the authority of Esquimaux who say they got it by report from other Esquimaux. Other searches have shown reason to suspect that

some of our missing friends were murdered. Others, again, have reason for believing that a few of the lost voyagers may still be alive, as preferring to starvation, the companionship of the poor savage tribes. They may be living in their snow huts, eating seal and walrus; never losing the belief that England seeks, and will not seek in vain, to rescue them, and will, although it may be after many years, bring them back to their homes. What does it matter? That there can be any such men we do not believe, or, if there be, we care not for them, and we care not for what they could disclose. There is an end to all things. We have paid our debt to Sir John Franklin and his missing crews. The search is perilous, and we will have no more of it.

We hold this line of reasoning to be unsound in every particular. Let us begin with the peril that is to deter us from the sending out of that small band of volunteers whose labour for a single season would most probably suffice to bring our long search to a proper end. What is this peril, that it should scare us? During the last year or two we have been accustomed to hear, without flinching, of as many men killed in a day by battle and by blunder as have perished in pursuit of knowledge or on missions of humanity at either pole, for aught we know, since the creation of the world. But for the result of the Franklin expedition we should have had reason to consider Arctic voyages not very dangerous to life, though no doubt sharp tests of human wit, and skill, and powers of endurance. Not a few ships have been lost; but, of the crews that have gone out—except the one catastrophe that closes, and a lesser one that opened the long story of adventure at the Pole—more men have lived than might have lived had they remained at home; and they have lived and learnt what they could not have learnt at home. Shut up in Arctic monasteries, with no monkish souls, men have learnt energetically to respect and help each other, to trust in each other, and have faith in God. The entire series of books written by Arctic sailors, except only one or two, bears most emphatic witness to the fine spirit of manhood nourished among those who bear in company the rigours of the frozen sea. Of all the brave men who have left our shores

to seek the lost crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, there have died no more than by disease or casualty would have died had they been during the same length of time living quietly in London. There has been lost, by accidental death, only a single officer, Lieutenant Bellot. All England grieved for him; and by the common mourning for his death England and France were knit in closer brotherhood. We have lost several vessels, chiefly because we sent out five under a commander who has since proclaimed in a book that he was unable to apply himself to work in the true Arctic temper. But, even for the lost wood and iron we have compensation. One of the deserted ships, the *Resolute*, drifted to sea, and, having become an American prize, gave to the United States an opportunity of doing a right deed so thoroughly, and with so gallant a courtesy, that, at a time when vexed topics were chafing the two brother nations against one another, the ship became the means of showing both how truly they are friends. The very accidents of Arctic enterprise have thus tended to promote peace on earth as surely as its daily effort strengthens goodwill among men.

We need say no more, then, of the dread of peril. A thousand sailors have gone out in search of Franklin, and have come home again. But, they had narrow escapes. Truly, they had. They went out to face peril, and they faced it. Between narrow escape and no escape there is all the difference that there is between life and death. Surely we are not to be scared, by escapes from danger. Probably, there is no man forty years of age who has not, at least five or six times in his life, narrowly escaped being killed. The instinct of self-preservation, with the help of his five wits, has brought him through them all. Take that instinct away, and there is as much peril of death to the landsman, from the omnibuses in Cheapside, as to the seaman from the flocks in Barrow's Strait. Where the peril is more certain, the guard is the more constant,—there is more presence of mind; and so it is that great risks often prove less dangerous than little risks. And all this while we talk of death as if it were extinction; as if Christian men might reasonably turn back through fear of being overtaken by it, while engaged in the performance of their duty!

The peril talked about is not, therefore, too great; and, were it greater, should not daunt us if it be a duty to complete—as we now can—the search for Franklin. That this is a duty we, for our own parts, cannot hesitate to think. When Franklin and his companions had been five years from England a body of about forty Europeans, who must have been part of their little band—the ships then lost—were seen by Esquimaux near the north shore of King William's Land, travelling south. They were then making for the continent of America. That

this or another party reached land near the mouth of Back (or the Great Fish) River, relics brought home by Dr. Rae—if we reject Esquimaux testimony—are sufficient evidence. Captain McClure gives some slight evidence of Esquimaux, leading us to imagine that another party from the ships landed, perhaps, on the mainland at Point Warren, farther west. He saw an old, flat brass button hanging from the ear of a chief, who said that it was taken from a white man killed by one of his tribe. The white man had strayed from a party which, having landed at Port Warren, built a house there, and went afterwards inland. The Esquimaux, who supplied Dr. Rae with information, said,—as we need hardly remind any one,—that thirty white bodies had been found dead on the mainland at the mouth of Back River, and five on Montreal Island; that there were stores also; and that the men had fed upon each other before they died. "None of the Esquimaux with whom I conversed," said Dr. Rae, "had seen the whites, nor had they ever been at the place where the bodies were found, but had their information from those who had been there, and who had seen the party when travelling." Dr. Rae's interpreter became anxious to join his brethren, and did afterwards escape to them. Mr. Anderson, who was sent out to confirm Dr. Rae's report, found, on the ground indicated, so far as he searched it, during a too hurried visit, more evidence that men belonging to the lost crews had been there, but no bodies or graves. He supposed the bodies to have been covered by drifting sand, on which Lieutenant Pim observes, "How was it then the drifting sands did not enshroud such small articles as pieces of rope, bunting, a letter-clip, &c. &c., picked up by him?" And Mr. Pim remarks further, that when he crossed Melville Island in eighteen hundred and fifty-three, he found, at Point Nias, the bones of ptarmigan and other remnants of a meal left by Sir Edward Parry three-and-thirty years before. We put no faith in the drift of sand.

Thomas Mistigan, one of Dr. Rae's exploring party, came home with the impression that "perhaps one or two of Sir John's men may be still alive and among the Esquimaux." That Sir John Franklin himself lives, it is too much to hope. That all struggled to live on anything rather than die by starvation or suicide, is certain.

That some may be still living, we deliberately hold to be as likely as that all are dead. Sir John himself has said in words which Lieutenant Pim aptly takes as the motto to An Earnest Appeal to the British Public on behalf of the Missing Arctic Expedition—"Where Esquimaux do live out a fair period of life, it is but reasonable to suppose that Europeans may subsist and survive for many years."

Dr. Kane when, in his own day of Arctic

peril, hope of release seemed to be gone, was actually on the point of doing what many of our countrymen may probably have done. "I well know," writes the brave American, "how glad I would have been, had my duties to others permitted me, to have taken refuge among the Esquimaux of Smith's Straits and Etah Bay. Strange as it may seem to you, we regarded the coarse life of these people with eyes of envy, and did not doubt that we could have lived in comfort upon their resources. It required all my powers, moral and physical, to prevent my men deserting to the Walrus settlements; and it was my final intention to have taken to Esquimaux life, had Providence not carried us through in our hazardous escape."

There are grounds not yet stated here, for believing that the Esquimaux for many miles round the mouth of Back River know more about the white men than they wish to tell us. Captain Penny, who has intimate knowledge of these people and their ways (and who, by the bye, states that accusation of cannibalism is one of their common forms of reproach against persons with whom they are offended), Captain Penny was told by them that a large party of white men had been seen and visited some years previously, when they inhabited a large round tent (the Franklin expedition had been furnished with such a tent), and were living upon deer. Several months afterwards, the Esquimaux went to the tent again and found only two men in it. Made talkative with brandy, one of the tribe said afterwards that those white men had been murdered; but, next day retracted in the presence of his sister. The Esquimaux who carried this report to Captain Penny were said afterwards to have been taken away by eight sledges to a distance of five hundred miles, and the natives who had been for twenty-eight years on the friendliest terms with the captain, and had obtained great advantage from his trading, absented themselves in an unaccountable way last season.

So the case stands, and so we cannot leave it. With the more than possibility that some of our lost seamen are yet living, with dark hints of murder against Esquimaux which may have no foundation, and with darker hints of cannibalism against some of the bravest sailors and the truest men that ever perished in the service of their country—hints which are in direct opposition to just analogy and experience, and which assuredly have no foundation—with such questions raised, and with a distinct knowledge of what must be done to set them all at rest, we cannot surely leave that one thing undone, and so blot as we turn over, the best page of all our history.

This last effort may be made by volunteers, who are already eager for permission to proceed upon their way. There are no unknown seas to penetrate, there is no wide stretch of

unknown coast to explore, few men are needed for a simple and sufficient undertaking. Lieutenant Bedford Pim volunteers, on the one part, and Dr. King, who from the very first has been pointing in vain to the right course of search, and whose neglected counsels time has justified, volunteers on the other part. One is prepared to go with a small screw-steamer, by sea, through Barrow's Strait and down Peel's Sound; the other, upon a land journey across North America with bark canoes, and down Back River; the two leaders acting in concert and agreed to meet in the immediate neighbourhood of the space to be searched, at the magnetic pole. The proper time for starting upon the land journey would be towards the end of February; the sea expedition should start at the end of June. Each party will be small, and, as they act in concert, both the completeness of the search and the safety of each set of men will be to the utmost possible degree ensured.

Of other searching parties it is to be regretted that they have gone out together, but without being united by a common plan. The first search for Franklin was by three expeditions. Two of them—one descending the Mackenzie River, and the other entering the Polar Seas by Barrow's Strait—were to have been united by sledge journeys. The distance between the Mackenzie and Barrow's Strait made this impracticable. Had the two parties met, the land party from the Coppermine would have been acquainted with the movements of both the eastern and the western ships. As it was, sledge parties from different expeditions passed unconsciously within forty or fifty miles of one another; and, at last, two of the expeditions came back safely, bringing no tidings whatever of the third, which for some time was almost given up for lost. In those days, also, the party of forty men seen travelling southward by the Esquimaux must have passed within a few miles of a sledge party from the sea expedition. Had the land party descended Back River instead of the Mackenzie, it would have fallen in with those men of whom now we ask to know the fate.

A JOURNEY DUE NORTH.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN BOGUEY (THE POLICE).

DROSHKYING one day along the Gorokhovaia, or Street of the Peas, there passed me, darting in and out of the usual mounted escort of dust, one of the neatest turn-outs in the way of a private droshky that I had seen since my arrival in St. Petersburg. The horse was a magnificent Alézan, worth from eight hundred to a thousand roubles probably—an arched-necked, small, proud, wicked-headed brute. The Ischvostchik was a picture—stalwart, well-proportioned, full-bearded and white-teethed; his caftan well-fitting, his sash resplendent, his neckcloth so snowy in its hue, so irreproachable in its

uncreasiness, that it might have shone to advantage at a Sunday-school revival—nay, might have been thought not unworthy to gleam with a sanctified shimmer on the platform of Exeter Hall the Great, Itself. He held his reins delicately, and dallied with them digitally, more as though he were playing on the harpsichords than guiding a vicious horse. Behind this grand-ducal-droschky-looking charioteer, there sat a stout man with a stouter, flabbier, and very pale and unwholesome-looking visage. It was the reverse of good to see those pendant cheeks of his, gelatinising over the choking collar of his uniform. Moreover, he wore gold-rimmed spectacles; moreover, his shiny black hair was cropped close to his head, much more in a recently-discharged English ticket-of-leave than in a Russian and military fashion; moreover, he had not a vestige of moustache about him; and this last circumstance, combined with a tiny equilateral triangle of turn-down collar that asserted itself over each side of his stock below where his cheeks were wagging, puzzled me mightily, mingling as both together did a dash of the civil with the military element in him. For, as to the rest of his attire he was all martial—coat buttoned up to here, spiked and double-eagled helmet, grey capote, buckskin gloves, and patent-leather boots. Could this be the Czar himself? I asked myself. I had heard of the studiously unostentatious manner in which the autocrat perambulates the streets of his capital; but then I knew also from the columns of that morning's Journal de St. Petersburg that the Gossudar was at Revel, indulging in the innocent delights of sea-bathing with his wife and family. Who could this be—the governor of St. Petersburg? Count Nesselrode? Say.

Let me here remark that the Russians, who are the cutest sophists, if not the closest reasoners, to be found in a long life's march, frequently allude with exulting complacency to the quiet, modest, and on-his-people-confiding manner in which the emperor goes about. "We have no walking on jealously-guarded slopes in Russia," they say; "our emperor takes his morning walk from nine to ten on the Quay de la Cour, in front of the Winter Palace, where the poorest moujik or gondola boatman can salute him. We have no barouches-and-four, no glass coaches with cuirassiers riding with cocked pistols at the windows, or escorts of Cent Gardes, or hussars, or lancers following behind. We have not even outriders or equerries—nay, not a single footman nor groom. The Czar is driven about in a one-horse chaj, an Ischvostchik to drive him, just as you may have one, only a little dirtier, for your five-and-twenty copecks; and that is all. Our Czar's escort is in the people he loves so well; his greatest safeguard is in their unalterable veneration and affection for him." Unto such Russians I have ordinarily answered,

True, O king! but what needs your master with an escort when St. Petersburg is one huge barrack, or rather one huge police station? What need of Cent Gardes when there are thousands of police guards walking within the Czar's droschky—sight on the Nevskoi? What need has a keeper to be afraid of a fierce bear, when the beast is muzzled, and chained, and shackled to the floor of his den, and barred in besides?

I had with me on this occasion a companion of the Russian ilk, and made bold to ask that Muscovite who this grey-capoted unmoustachioed apparition in the handsome droschky might be. I must explain that I was very young to Russia at this time—a month's longer residence would have made me wondrously uniform wise; for, being necessarily and constantly in contact with persons wearing some uniform garb or other, a man must needs grow learned in buttons, and facings, and coat-cuts, and sword-hilts, and can nose a guardsman or a lineman on the Nevskoi by what is nautically—and perhaps naughtily—expressed as the cut of his jib, as easily as Polonius was said to be susceptible of nasal detection by the Danish gentleman who saw the ghost, and used bad language to his mother.

The Russian to whom I addressed this query responded, first by the usual shrug, next by the usual smile, and lastly by the inevitable Russian counter-query:

"Do you mean to say you don't know?"

"I have not the slightest notion. A field-marshal? Prince Gortschakoff? General Todtleben?"

"My dear fellow, that is a major of police."

"His pay must be something enormous. Then, or his private fortune must be very handsome," I ventured to remark; "he being able to drive so elegant an equipage as the one we have just seen."

"That dog's son," the Russian answered leisurely, "has not a penny of his own in the world, and his full pay and allowances may amount, at the very outside, to about two hundred and fifty roubles a-year" (forty pounds).

"But whence the private droschky, the Alézan horse, the silver-mounted harness, the luxury of the whole turn-out?" I asked.

"Il prend" (he takes), the Russian answered very coolly; whereupon, as by this time we had arrived at the corner of the Great Morskaja, he deigned to descend from the vehicle, and, leaving me to pay the Ischvostchik, he went on his way, and I saw him no more till dinner-time.

Which is so much of the apologue I have to tell concerning my first definite notions of the Russian police.

The Russian Boguey, like the police system of most despotic countries, is divided into two great sections—the judicial or public, and the political or secret. As I purpose to tell all I know anent both these pecu-

liarily infamous bodies, but as I have made a vow (among a great many vows, one of a charmingly Asdrubalic, Hannibalic nature, which has revenge for its object), against digression, I will be as succinct as I can, and, treating of the judicial police first, take you at once to the nearest police-station.

This is called a *Siège* or *Seat*, synonymous with the police *Præsidium* of German towns. The head of the judicial or municipal police of St. Petersburg (under the great Panjandrum and Archimandrite of all the Russian bobbies—the chief of the gendarmerie who has that house on the Fontanka) is called the Grand Master of police. He has his acolytes, and his offices, and chancellerie, and attributions. He is Commissioner Sir Richard Mayne, in fact, subject to the beneficent control of a police home secretary. Under this Grand Master, the capital is divided into districts and arrondissements, each having a central station, bureau, barrack, prison, hospital, torture-yard, fire-engine house, and watch-tower. The amalgamated entity is the *Siège*.

Take a *Siège* and place it in one of the score of lines that run in grim parallels across Wassily Ostrow.*

You have a vast stone packing-case—a sepulchre of justice carefully whitened without. Above the door there must be of course the usual lengthy inscription in Russ which is to be found on every public building in Russia, about Heaven, the Czar, and the imperial something or other. Everything is imperial Due North. The packing-case, understand, is not the whole of the building. It might be said, with more justice perhaps, to resemble a very squat, unornamented copy of the New Houses of Parliament; for, from one corner rises the Victoria Tower of the *Siège*, in the shape of that celebrated watch-tower you have already heard about—in the Nevskoi, close to the Gostinnoi Dvor and the town-hall, as also at Volnoi-Volostchok. The watch-tower may, and frequently does rise to the height of one hundred feet; this one appertaining to a police *Siège* that has been but recently erected, is of solid stone. Wooden

buildings of every description are common throughout Russia; but, it is an inflexible and laudable principle with the government never to allow any building of wood in a town once destroyed to be built up again of the same combustible material. Wood or brick must be the only wear, or the house itself never rise again from its foundations. Within the balcony on the summit of the tower, and round about the iron apparatus of rods and uprights on which the different coloured balls and flags denoting the phases of a fire are displayed [a yellow flag flies during the whole time a conflagration is actually raging], walk round around, in moody contemplation of the vast marble panorama spread out at their feet, two grey-coated sentinels, searching with impassible gaze into the secrets of the city, and signalling with equal indifference a fire at the monstrously magnificent Winter Palace, or a fire at the log-built cabin of some miserable lighterman who dwells in the slums of Petersburg far down among the ooze below the arsenal and the tallow warehouse. What matters it to them or to the master they are compelled to serve—the Sultan Kebir—the Czar of Fire? For, is not fire like DEATH, and does it not

.... æquo pulsat pede

Pauperum tabernas, regumque turres?*

At the base of the watch-tower there stretches out, in a line with the packing-case, a long stone wall, with a door painted bright green in the centre; when that door is open you may, peeping through it, descry the yard of the fire-engine establishment, and see, ranged under sheds, the fire-engines and water-carts. The former are clumsy-looking machines enough; the latter are simply barrels upon wheels, like the old Parisian water-carriers' carts; but, all are painted bright green picked out with scarlet. I am not digressing in speaking of the Petersburgian fire-brigade while my topic is the Petersburgian police, for the fire-engines and the men who serve them are under the immediate control of Boguey. The Russian fire-engineers do not appear to take that pride and pleasure in the smart, trim, dandified appearance of their engines, hose, buckets, fittings, and general plant, which so eminently distinguishes the bold Braidwood brigadiers of London, and the grisette-adored, brass-helmeted sapeur-pompier of Paris. They seem dull, listless, ponderous fellows—afflicted with the general police malady in fact—and look upon the engines as though they had taken them in charge, and were afraid of their running away. You would imagine that in Russia where the equine race is remarkable for strength, swiftness, and endurance, the fire-engine horses would be the very best in the world. It is not so. By a strange perversity of martinet desire to keep up

* I have frequently been on the point of giving way to a pleonasm, and speaking of the Island of Wassily Ostrow—Ostrow, Ostrov, or Ostroff, meaning itself an island—which would render me amenable to as much ridicule, I opine, as that Parisian café proprietor who advertised in his window that Eau de Soda Water was always to be had on the premises. As regards the etymology of Wassily Ostrow it is written that in Peter the Great's time it was but a swampy islet in the Neva (it is now nearly entirely built upon) with but one small fort, which was under the government of one Basil, pronounced by the Russians Vacil. When Peter, from his wooden house in the Island of Petersburg, had occasion to send despatches to his isolated lieutenant, he was accustomed to address his letters thus:—"Vacil na Ostrow"—To Vacil at the island. Contraction and ellipsis soon took place; and no man wots of Governor Basil now. Wassily Ostrow is full of houses: the Byrsa or Exchange, the Custom-house, the School of Mines, the Academies of Arts and Sciences, the Great Cadet School—all these magnificent edifices are there; and the swampy islet, the wooden fort, and Peter Velike's lieutenant are forgotten.

* beat with an equal foot at the huts of peasants and the towers of kings.

appearances, the authorities, instead of harnessing to a fire-engine a team of fighting, kicking droschky horses, unapproachable for tearing over the stones and stopping at nothing, provide huge, showy, clumsy brutes, whose breed appears to hover between that of an overfed moutning-coach horse, and a Suffolk Punch grown out of all stable knowledge. The Russians brag—as they do, indeed, about most things—of the tremendous pace these horses are up to; but, I have seen them out, over and over again, when the cry of “*Agôn!*” (fire) has arisen, and there has been a conflagration somewhere. Where wheels and hoofs have assuredly the best chance, on the smooth wooden pavement of the Nevskoi, they go at a tolerable rate; but, elsewhere their performances are, in my humble opinion, contemptible. Much clattering, much flint and steel pyrotechnics between horse-shoes and pavement, much smacking of serpentine whips, much rattling of wheels, much yelling from mounted police-soldiers to moujikis and Ischvostchiks to get out of the way, much knocking down of those unhappy souls if they are tardy in doing so; but, of real speed—of that lightning flashing of locomotion which we, in London, are dazed with when the scarlet fire-annihilator with its brave band of life-savers is seen for a moment in the eyes’ field—there is positively none. The Russian firemen are very brave; that is, they will stand on a roof till it tumbles into the flames, calmly holding the hose in their hands, unless they are ordered to come down; that is, they will walk gravely up a blazing staircase, at the word of command, into a blazing drawing-room to seek for a birdcage or a lady’s fan. They are especially great in standing to be burnt, because they have been posted at certain spots; and scarcely a fire occurs in St. Petersburg without one or more lives being sacrificed through this stolid, stupid, inert bravery of the firemen.

Loitering listlessly on the threshold of the grim Police Siège (and a man may do worse than loiter and look before he leaps into that Cave of Trophonius), I fell into a strange reverie, gazing up at those two impassible grey-coated sentinels in the watch-tower’s balcony. I am no longer Due North in Russia: I am North, among the mountains of Cumberland, and somebody has sent me a letter. It is full of news about Jones, Brown and Robinson at a place I love. It tells me how Miss Myrtle, who has been going to be married so long, is married at last; how Tom Daffy has taken orders, and Jack Edwards has taken to drinking; how my old schoolmaster has gone to Australia, and my old sweetheart has gone dead. But, there is a remarkable paragraph that interests me, above all things, and, I know not why, fills me with a strange feeling of envy. I have asked for news of two friends, and I am told they are leading bachelor lives, enjoying themselves upon hot roast

goose and whisky punch! Heavens! what a life! Is it not the summum bonum of human felicity! What could a man desire more? To live on hot roast goose—hot, mind!—with whisky punch (hot also, I will be bound) à discretion. Mahomet’s paradise, Gulchenrouz’s abode that we read of in *Vathek*, the Elysian Fields, Fiddler’s Green, all the ‘bacey in the world and more ‘bacey, an opium-eater’s most transcendant trance—none of these states of beatitude surely could compare with the goose and the punch condition of happiness. And, with this silly theorem still running in my mind, I find myself still gazing, gazing moonwards, and to where the sentinels are watching, and still find myself repeating, what a life! what a life! till a vagrant shaft of thought from the hot goose and punch quiver, flies straight to one of those grey-coated targets of watchers, and hits him in the bull’s-eye or the button-hole; and, still repeating what a life! I run off at a tangent of reverie when I think what a life *his* must be!

If they were to put a musket and bayonet into your hands, and bid you walk up and down before a door for two hours; if they were to clap me a-top of the Monument, and bid me look out, and note if between Shooters’ Hill and Hampstead Heath there happened to be a house on fire; would not you and I go mad? I am sure I should. Suppose yonder grey-coat, or this slow-pacing grenadier to be a man god-gifted with imagination, with impulses; suppose him to have any human passion or scintillation of human thought in him; and reconcile this, if you can, with his watching or keeping guard, without casting himself from the tower, without attempting to swallow the contents of his cartouch-box, or balancing his musket and bayonet on the tip of his nose, or howling forth comic songs, or essaying the Frog horn-pipe! You will say that it is habit, that it is that use which is our second nature that makes him go through this weary pilgrimage quietly and uncomplainingly. Are there not lighthouse guardians, omnibus time-keepers, men who watch furnace fires? It may be so: we are as glib, I opine, in talking of habit in men, as we are in talking of instinct in animals; but, I say again, what a life! what a life! And suddenly remembering that I promised, in the outset of this paper, not to digress, nay vowed—rashly, I am afraid, like Jephtha—and have already broken my vow, I hurry away from the octagonal watch-tower, its silent watchers remaining as mysterious to me as the Sphinx.

Two more grey-coated men, but with helmets (the watchers on the tower wear flat caps like exaggerated muffins), who are cracking nuts lazily at the ever-yawning doorway of the Siège, point out the entrance to that abode of misery. Straight from the

door, and perforating the centre of the stone packing-case, there runs a vaulted corridor of stone and of immense length, ending at last in a back-yard with very high walls, of which I shall have to tell presently.

Opens into this corridor, a bureau or counting-house, or writing-room—call it by what name you will. From a great deal table with inkstands resting in holes cut in the wood, and from a multitude of clerks scribbling furiously thereat, you might imagine yourself in the reporters' room of the office of a daily newspaper in the old days, before the comfortable cushioned-seated writing-rooms were attached to the reporters' gallery of the Houses of Parliament; you might imagine these scribblers to be gentlemen of the press, transferring their short-hand notes of a day's sitting in the Commons into long-hand. But they are not: these are *Tchinovniks*—police and government employés—of the very lowest grade, for no person of noble birth would, under any circumstances, consent to serve in the police. The lowest grade in the *Tchin* confers nobility *per se*; but, that nobility is not transmissible; and though a police-office clerk belongs to the eighteenth grade, and has the right to the title of Your Honour, his son after him is no more than a free *moujik*, and is subject to the stick as well as Ivan the *moujik* and slave. The employés of the police are mostly recruited from that mysterious and impalpable body who in Russia do duty as a bourgeoisie or middle-class, but do not at all answer to our ideas of what a middle-class should be, and utterly fail, as Curtii, in filling up that yawning gulph that separates the Russian noble from the Russian serf. They are sons of military cantonists, who have shown some aptitude; they are orphans adopted by the government, and educated in one of the government schools; they are priests' sons, who have declined, contrary to the almost invariable rule, to embrace their fathers' profession; they are waifs and strays of foreigners naturalised in Russia, of Germans trade-fallen (many of the higher police employés are Prussians), of Fins under a cloud, of recreant Poles, of progeny of bygone Turkish and French prisoners of war. An abominably bad lot they are. See them in their shabby uniforms, with their pale, degraded faces, and their hideous blue cotton pocket-handkerchiefs with white spots: mark their reeking odour of stale tobacco-smoke, onions, cucumbers, and vodka: watch them scrawling over their detestable printed forms—forms printed on paper that Mr. Catnach of Seven Dials, London, would be ashamed to send forth a last dying speech upon—but all duly stamped with the Imperial stamp, and branded with that Imperial bat, which is nailed on every imperial barn-door in Russia, the double eagle. Let all this pass. They may not be able to help their shabbiness, their evil odour, or their evil

looks; but, their evil doings are open and manifest, and infamous. A police-office employé is known to be—with the single exception of an employé, in the Custom-house at Cronstadt, who may be said to whop all creation for villany—the most dishonest, rapacious, avaricious, impudent, and mendacious specimen to be found of the *Tchinovnik*. And that is saying a great deal.

Lead from this bureau, but not from the corridor, sundry chambers and cabinets, where, at smaller tables covered with shabby green-baize, sit chiefs of departments of the great Boguey line of business; but, all filling up the same forms, spilling the same ink, nibbing or splitting up the same pens, raining the same Sahara showers of pounce, and signing the same documents with elaborate signatures in which there is but a halfpenny worth of name to an intolerable quantity of *paraphe* or flourishing. Heaven and Boguey himself only know what all these forms are about; why, if it be true, as the Russians boast, that there is less criminality in St. Petersburg than in any other capital in Europe, there should be two score clerks continually scribbling in the office of one police-station. It is true that the Russian police have a finger in every pie; that they meddle not only with criminals, not only with passports, but with hotels, boarding and lodging houses, theatres, houses not to be mentioned except as houses, balls, soirées, shops, boats, births, deaths, and marriages. The police take a Russian from his cradle, and never lose sight of him till he is snugly deposited in a parti-coloured coffin in the great cemetery of Wassily Ostrow. Surely, to be an orphan must be a less terrible bereavement in Russia than in any other country; for, the police are father and mother to everybody—uncle, aunts, and cousins, too!

The major of police is a mighty man, and dwells in a handsomely furnished cabinet of his own—lofty and spacious, and opening also from the vaulted corridor. Here he sits and examines reports, and, not filling up those eternal forms, deigns to tick off his approval of their contents, and to affix his initials to them. Here he sits and interrogates criminals who are brought before him chained. Here he decides on the number of blows with stick, or rod, or whip, to be administered to *Ischvostchiks* who have been drunk over night, or to cooks who have been sent to the police-station to be flogged for burning the soup, or serving the brocoli with the wrong sauce. Here he sits, and here he Takes.

Taking, on the part of the police, is done in this wise. As the recommendation and even licence of the police is necessary to every one, foreigner or native, who wishes to establish an hotel, an eating-house, a café, or a dram-shop, in St. Petersburg, it is very easily to be understood that the expectant Boniface hastens to square the police by bribing them.

It is not at all incomprehensible either, that the proprietors of houses—public or private—which are the resort of loose or disorderly characters,—of houses where thieves are notoriously harboured, or where dissipation is rampant, should exhibit a laudable celerity in keeping up the most friendly financial relations with the police. And they must not only bribe the major, but they must bribe the employés, and even the grey-coated police-soldiers. It is a continual and refreshing rain, of grey fifty-rouble notes to the major, and of blue and green fives and threes to the employés, and of twenty-five copeck pieces to the grey-coats. Then the major has his immediate subordinates, his polizeikapitan, his lieutenants, his secretaries, his orderlies, who must all be feed—and feed frequently; woe-betide the hotel, grog-shop, or lodging-housekeeper who forgets that the police are of their nature hungry, and that the stomachs of their purses must be filled! Any stick is good enough, they say, (though I don't believe it) to beat a dog with; but, it is certain that any accusation trumped up against a financially recalcitrant licensed victualler in St. Petersburg, is sufficient to stir the official wrath of the grand-master of police, who will, unless feed to a tremendous extent, himself, shut up that unbribing man's house incontinent.

This is why I have called the Russian police Boguey. I am not speaking of it now, under its aspects of espionage and slander, and midnight outrage. I am speaking of it, simply as a body organised to protect the interests of citizens, to watch over public order and morals, to pursue and detect, and take charge of criminals. It does not do this. It simply harasses, frightens, cheats and plunders honest folks. It is as terrible to the ignorant as the Cock Lane Ghost, and is as shameful an imposture.

In the course of one month's residence in St. Petersburg—from May to June—I was robbed four times;—of a cigar-case, of a portemonnaie—luckily with no gold and very little silver in it—of an over-coat, which was coolly and calmly stolen—goodness knows by whom—from the vestibule of a house where I went to pay a visit; and lastly, of an entire drawerful of articles: shirts, neckhandkerchiefs, papers (not notes on things Russian—I always took care of those, about me), cigars, and an opera-glass. The drawer I had left securely locked on leaving home in the morning. On returning, I found it broken open, and the contents rifled as I have described. Of course, nobody knew anything about it; of course the servants were ready to take their Russian affidavits that no one had entered my apartment during my absence—by the door at least; someone might, they delicately hinted, have come in by the window; and, indeed, I found that my case-master had been ingeniously left wide open, with a view of favouring the out-door theory.

I was inclined, however, most shrewdly to suspect a certain stunted chambermaid, with a yellow handkerchief tied round her head, and an evileye, which eye I had frequently detected casting covetous glances at the drawer where my effects lay perdu. I was in a great rage. It is true I had lost no jewellery. My diamond solitaire was in safe keeping; and my gold repeater (by Webster) was in England, four pounds ten slow. But I was exasperated on account of the loss of my papers (might there not have been a sonnet addressed to Her with a large H among them!), and on the first flush of this exasperation I determined to lay before the police authorities, at least a declaration of the robbery of which I had been the victim. In the nick of time there came and arrested me in my mad career a certain sage. He was not a Russian—being in truth of the French nation, and a commercial traveller for a Champagne house at Rheims; but, he had travelled backwards and forwards in Russia for years, and had spied out the nakedness of that land thoroughly, from Riazan to Revel. He was a high-dried coffee-coloured man, who wore a wig and a black satin stock, and carried a golden snuff-box with a portrait of Charles the Tenth on the lid. Said this sage to me:

"At how much does Monsieur estimate his loss?"

"Well," I replied, "at a rough guess, one might say thirty roubles."

"Then," resumed the sage, "unless Monsieur wishes to spend, in addition to his already disbursed thirty, another fifty roubles, but very probably more, and, over and above, to be very nearly tracassé to death, I should advise Monsieur to put up quietly with his loss, and to say nothing about it—especially to Messieurs de la Police."

The oracle thus delivered with much Delphic solemnity, made me much more inquisitive to know why in this strange land a man should not only be robbed, but made to pay besides, for having been plundered. In the pursuit of knowledge, it appears to me, if I remember the circumstance with correctness, that the sage and I adjourned to the refreshment buffet of the Hotel Heyde, and that there, after the consumption of several malinka riunkas, or petit verres of curaçoa, and the incineration of sundry papiros or cigarettes, I became strangely enlightened as to what an expensive luxury being robbed is in Russia.

If ever you journey for your sins, my dear friend, Due North, and happen to have anything stolen from you—be that anything your watch, your fur pelisse, or your pocket-book full of bank notes—never apply to the police. Grin and bear it. Put up with the loss. Keep it dark. Buy new articles to replace the old ones you have lost; but, never complain. Complaints will lead to your being re-plundered fourfold. They will end in your being hunted like a fox, and torn up

at last piecemeal by the great foxhunter Boguey and his hounds.

I will put a case. I have a handsome gold watch (which I haven't), and I am in St. Petersburg (where I am not). I go for an evening's amusement to the Eaux Minerales, where the chalybeate springs are the pretext, and Herr Isler's gardens, with their military bands and fireworks and suspicious company, the real attraction. My watch is quietly subtracted from my fob by some dexterous pickpocket in the gardens; and I deserve no sympathy for my mishap, for Isler's is famous for its filous. The next day I go like a fool, and according to my folly, and lodge my complaint at the police *Siège* of my *arrondissement*. I have the number of my watch. I give the maker's name. I describe it minutely, and narrate accurately the circumstances under which it was taken from me. I do not see the major of police, but one of his aids. The aid tells me in German (the judicial police, as a rule, do not speak French; the secret police speak every language under the sun—Chinese, I am sure, included) that justice is on the alert, that the thief will certainly be caught and brought to condign punishment, and that of the ultimate recovery of my watch there cannot be any reasonable doubt. Clerks have got through a prodigious quantity of manuscript all about me and my watch, by this time; and a number of the everlasting forms are pushed towards me to sign. I have been told beforehand what I must do, and that there is no help for it, so I slip a red note for ten roubles, en sandwich, between two of the forms, and hand the triplet to the aid, who with a greasy smile bids me good morning.

Henceforth I belong no more to myself, but to Boguey. I am hunted up in the morning while I am shaving, and at night as I am retiring to rest. I am peremptorily summoned to the police office five minutes before dinner, and five minutes before I have concluded that repast. With infernal ingenuity Boguey fixes on the exact hours when I have a social engagement abroad, to summon me to his cave of Trophonius, and submit me to vexatious interrogatories. Boguey catches sham thieves for me—worsted stocking knaves with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads—mere toasts and butter, who would as lieve steal the Czar's crown as a gold watch, and whose boldest feat of larceny would probably be the purloining of a pickled cucumber from a stall. I am confronted with these scurvay companions, and asked whether I can identify them? Boguey's outlying myrmidons bring me vile pinchbeck saucepan lids, infamous tinpot socones, which they call watches; and would much like to know if I can recognise them as my property? All this time I am paying rouble after rouble for perquisitions, and inquiries, and gratifications, and messengers' expenses, and stamps, and an

infinity of other engines of extortion. At last (under advice) I rush to the major of police, and ask him plainly (but privately), for how much he will let me off? He smiles and refers me to his aid, saying that justice cannot have her course impeded. I go to the aid, and he smiles too, and tells me that he does not think the disbursement of twenty roubles will do my Excellency any harm; and that if I choose to place that sum in his hand to be administered in charity, he thinks he can guarantee my not being again troubled about the robbery. So, I give him the money (which I don't), and, thank Heaven, I am rid of Boguey, as Andrew Miller thanked Heaven he was rid of Doctor Johnson.

Now do you understand why every sensible man in Russia, who is unfortunate enough to be robbed, leaves Boguey alone?

SKETCHING AT A SLAVE AUCTION.

At the time when Uncle Tom had roused all Europe as well as America to an unusual pitch of excitement on the subject of slavery, I for the first time visited Richmond, the capital of Virginia. I lounged after breakfast into the parlour of the American Hôtel, a print of whose splendid outside appearance sticks to this day with wonderful pertinacity to our travelling-trunk. Its effigy, labelled to the side of the portmanteau as an advertisement, revives its faded image, and I behold once more its verandah below, and its square battlement on top, from which flaunts the Star and Stripes flag. I am further reminded by the same document that M. J. Mildeburger Smith is the proprietor, a worthy and communicative host. Having ascertained from the local papers, of which the Richmond Enquirer is the best-known in England, that certain slave sales were to take place that morning at eleven, I inquired the nearest way of the man at the bar. It was only two streets off, he answered. He seemed startled at my inquiry, and endeavoured to prepare me for the worst, as if half-ashamed that a European should look in at the dread arcana of the Slave-Trade without due preparation.

I afterwards ascertained that Europeans are generally accompanied by gentlemen known in Richmond, who act as guarantees of the good behaviour of the dealers, and who, I suppose, by their presence, warn the dealers to mitigate those more revolting details, which long habit has rendered harmless in the sight of those indulging in this unwholesome traffic. For two reasons I did not avail myself of the habitual Cicerones. First, because, for the purposes of observation, one has a better chance than two, from not having his attention diverted; and, secondly, because I wished to witness the scene as it happened every day, before what may be called its legitimate witnesses, and not

rehearsed in a special manner to suit the occasion.

Arming myself with a pencil and a slip or two of paper, and putting these carefully into my pocket, I sallied forth into the High Street, and walked some hundreds of yards down its steep declivity. The only object I noticed was one of those contrivances on two wheels, around the axle of which the water-pipes of the fire-engine are generally coiled. Two youngsters were running rapidly backwards and forwards with this rolling hose by way of frolic; or, perhaps, practising for early promotion to the much-sought-after ranks of the fire-brigade. I turned up one of the narrowest alleys of the many abutting upon the High Street. Eleven o'clock had struck, and, strange to say, the bustle consequent on sales of stock was not noticeable, the streets being seemingly deserted.

But, I soon discovered the cause. The sales take place here within doors, on the ground-floor of the houses, four in number, allotted to the traffic. The sale commences in the first auction-room, and, when the stock is disposed of, the company adjourns to the next, till the whole are exhausted. Little red flags, to which were pinned small slips of paper pencilled with the number of likely hands to be sold, were hung out on poles from the threshold. I happened to be a few minutes late, and the preliminary process of examination of the negroes seemed partially over; one old negro was once more donning his coat, had only put one of his brogues on, and had altogether a quaint appearance of shocked propriety. Never shall I forget the sensation occasioned by my first entry into that den! To say that my eyes swam, that I felt a more rapid pulsation, and that my olfactory nerves were assailed by a mephitic atmosphere, is to a certain extent true; but, it hardly gives a fair notion of very complex yet instantaneous feelings. The room might be said to be occupied by three distinct groups. Conspicuously raised above the rest, upon a rude platform flanked on both sides by two steps, stood the dealer with his uplifted right hand, taking the bids, whilst with the left he pointed to a young negress, of some fifteen or sixteen years of age, standing at his side. Holding her petticoat on the ground, immediately beneath, stood a black help, or assistant, who looked round at the bidders, as the sum kept swelling from six, seven, to eight, hundred dollars. Next came, in frowsy array, the purchasers decked in hats in every state of decomposition: some in swallow-tail coats, and rusty, unlacquered boots, grimy with dirt, and holding, either clubs, or wicked-looking whips in their hands. The girl was knocked down to one of these. The third party, and forming a fitting back-ground to the scene, were the negroes huddled together on rude benches, awaiting their fate. The

first to be selected from them was a gaunt and sinewy hand. A sort of line was formed by the dealers, and this lot was made to pace up and down the room at a quick trot. This ambling done, it was suggested that one of his eyes was affected; so they gathered round the negro. One gentleman rivetted, with the precision of long practice, his thumb into the socket of the eye, which was supposed to be the same one, whilst he held up to the other a hair! I saw the poor fellow, who was writhing with pain, vainly rolling the one eye at liberty, to discover, and, if possible, split the hair with his visual organ, but to no purpose; his eyesight was evidently blunted, and he fell in the estimation of his customers, as was soon testified, when he stepped upon the platform to be sold.

I saw, one after the other, the inmates of this first auction-room purchased at various prices, and then the whole company adjourned to the next human warehouse. As I left the room, I noticed the auctioneer locking the door after him, and rudely pushing the young negress, while telling her to be off to other quarters,—I suppose those of her purchaser,—and she flitted out of sight down the street. This was the first example I had noticed in the United States of ill-treatment to that sex, for which a chivalrous deference is every where exacted.

In the room into which we were now ushered, an opportunity was afforded of witnessing the transaction in its entire process. The first thing done is to huddle the wretched gang, *pro forma*, behind a screen, and to strip them: though why hide in a corner what every one is compelled to look on, is more than even Old World prudery could guess at. It is here that the swarthy labourer is seen in all his brawny prowess, when the gazer is at a little distance. A closer inspection reveals a world of scars and stripes, distributed with not so much regularity as in the flag of the Union. It is satisfactory to note that the value of the negro is reduced according to the greater or smaller quantity of these lash-marks, which are taken as signs, not of the cruelty of the former master, but of restiveness and laziness in the slave.

A very few have what are termed clean backs.

It was striking to watch the same process of sale and purchase going on, with the scenery, as it were, shifted, to prevent the eyes becoming jaded, as the ears were by the incessant changes rung on dollars; the bids swelling by nothing less than hundreds—five, six, seven, eight hundred dollars—according as the being put up, was a lad or an adult. I had noticed a singular specimen of pictorial humour in the first *dépôt*, as these rooms are called, in the shape of an old, ill-framed, and cobwebby lithograph. It represented a mounted gentleman astride a sorry horse, which he was pummeling unmercifully. Strangely appropriate did this Yankee dealer

of thwacks appear in this receptacle of dismal cudgelling. The sight of the poor fellow's striped back brought the image vividly before me, as well as the received fiction in the Southern States, that the negro is little better than a brute; a notion which seemed to have been unconsciously illustrated by the artist. No decoration of the kind, however, was noticeable in the second auction-room. In the back-ground was a gentleman reclining against his wooden arm-chair, absorbed in the perusal of a newspaper, apparently as unconscious of what was going on around him, as if he himself had been framed and glazed. I was glad to turn away from the scene, if it were but for a few minutes.

As I emerged from the place and crossed over the way, I came unexpectedly upon what evidently was to be the third scene of operations. The house was a corner one, and open at its two sides on the ground-floor. I do not hesitate to pronounce the spectacle which here presented itself to be one of the most touching which could well be revealed to the sight. On a bench sat, in expectancy of coming fate, a buxom negress, clasping an infant in her arms; its little profile lost in the folds of her ample neck-handkerchief, its little black and shoeless feet dangling from her lap. Other children, a trifle older, lounged on each side of her. On the right, with fingers to his lips, and the one hand clinging to his mother's apron, sat a little fellow, quaintly, yet neatly attired, in a jacket; on his head an oil-skin cap, which would have been pronounced large by a full-blown English engineer, who is also given to this species of head-gear. Nestling at the left was a little girl, who looked wistfully in the direction of the coming company, as if conscious of some strange foreshadowed event. The diminutive striped cap, and the cinnamon-coloured shoes attested the mother's care of her. This group occupied the centre of the bench, and so engrossed one's interest, that the four other women who made up the complement of weight which the seat was made to hold, seemed quite secondary personages. Each of the two who occupied the extreme left, wore a red fillet round her woolly hair, which seems to be adopted by the younger negresses as more becoming than the turban of the dowager ladies, who in this respect ape their more fortunate superiors. A stolid-looking negro sat apart from these, and seemed almost to belong to an inferior caste of blacks from the excessive protrusion of his thick under-lip: a feature which seems to vary, according to the known law of labial deformity. I have been thus circumstantial because the group is rivetted in my memory as strongly as if I saw it but yesterday. I found in it a perfect composition, in which the picturesque element was blended with singular pathos. In a hardly justifiable fit of enthusiasm, when time and place are considered, I took out

pencil and paper to try and trace a few of those inimitable lines which we only find recurring in nature. I had not proceeded far with my sketch, when the hum of voices, and then a general muster round the seat I had selected to draw from, showed that I was transgressing some rule of the place; nothing daunted, I went on sketching, when one of the girls was called off from her seat by the dealer, and both mounted on the auctioneer's table. The fellow had bared the woman's arm, and was descanting on the merits of her feminine proportions, begging for a bid. No one nodded. There seemed to be no purchaser, although all were looking on. Vaguely connecting my presence with this unusual want of alacrity on the part of his customers, the dealer jumped down from his perch on the settee, and asked me what I was doing? I answered:

"I don't feel bound to answer your questions."

Hardly satisfied at this reply, he left me abruptly, resumed his post, and once more endeavoured to rouse his clients to a proper sense of the value of the woman now offered for sale. This effect was equally fruitless. With ill-disguised rage the dealer was once more before me, for I still kept on sketching, wondering what would be the final issue of the adventure.

"I must know what you are about," said he, in a tremulous voice, his face livid with smothered passion.

"You can look for yourself. I am sketching," I said, as composedly as I could, though evidently matters were getting serious. Fancy being surrounded by infuriated Legrees! However, coolness had its effect. For the third time the auctioneer tripped to the right of the negress, who was all this time standing in a purgatorial state, being neither owned, bought, nor sold. The dealers were utterly motionless, and did not heed the offered bait. They kept looking askance at me; and my occupation quite engrossed their curiosity. This was more than flesh and blood (at least, the little that could be discovered of either on the attenuated person of this dealer) could bear. The third and last appeal came to me worded thus:

"If a party came to your store, and interrupted your business, how would you like that?"

This logical innuendo had in it something at once so unanswerable, that I started up from my seat and said:

"O! if I interrupt your business, I shall go."

I walked to the place of egress—it was larger than a doorway—when I heard a hum ominous of mischief: yet, not wishing to look as if I was flying, I turned into the second auction-room, I had already visited. It was tenanted by a solitary negro boy, whom I had not noticed when I was there previously. I had time rapidly to sketch his features, as

he sat quietly by himself, when one of the band hurried into the place in suppressed agitation, and said, "You had better leave."

I thought I might as well act on the hint, and as I got out of the door I noticed the whole set issuing in a band, headed by the dealer, coming after me. I turned my back, and walked leisurely away into the High Street, where I breathed as if I had escaped no slight danger. When I recounted the adventure to one of the many hospitable families which abound in Richmond, the wonder was that I had not been lynched. A few days after, a New York paper reached me, containing a narrative from an eye-witness of the scene (the writer utterly unknown to me); I learnt from it what their scheme of revenge was, upon one they rightly took for an Abolitionist. They were each to lend a foot to expel me.

THE MUSIC OF THE WINDS.

On! many-voicèd is that giant lyre
Swept by the viewless fingers of the Wind,
And sounding Nature's harmonies, combined
In mood of joy, or sadness; love, or ire.

At noon, at eve, among the summer leaves
The gentle wind awakes a melody
That lenient to pain and sorrow gives,
Soothing the ear with lulling symphony.

When from the mountain-caves,
And from the ocean-waves,
A stormy choral chant is swelling,
How grand the harmonies that sweep

Across the foaming deep,
And through the swaying woods,
And flying mists and rain-fraught clouds;
While the loud thunder-tones are knelling
Around the Tempest-Spirit's lofty dwelling!

And now the mingled music, deep and shrill,
Streams o'er the sloping shoulder of the hill,
And, in the vale beyond, in silence dies;
While, from the cloud-barred western skies,

The setting sun a crimson glow
Pours on the sea-cliff's beetling brow,
And skimmers on each curling wave's white crest,
And on dim sails of ships far in the luring east.

The Music of the Wind is hushed around;
And, o'er yon valley where it died away,
Steal the long shadows of the fading day.
The darkening hills repeat no other sound
But the wild murmur of the flooded river,
And ocean's distant boom that ceaseth never.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH. WILL THEY COME?

THE housekeeper at Porthgenna Tower had just completed the necessary preparations for the reception of her master and mistress, at the time mentioned in Mrs. Frankland's letter from St. Swithin's-on-Sea, when she was startled by receiving a note sealed with black wax, and surrounded by a thick mourning border. The note briefly communicated the news of Captain Treverton's death, and informed her that the visit of Mr. and Mrs.

Frankland to Porthgenna was deferred for an indefinite period.

By the same post, the builder who was superintending the renovation of the west staircase also received a letter, requesting him to send in his account as soon as the repairs on which he was then engaged were completed; and telling him that Mr. Frankland was unable, for the present, to give any further attention to the project for making the north rooms habitable, in consequence of a domestic affliction which might possibly change his intentions in regard to the alteration proposed in that part of the house. On the receipt of this communication, the builder withdrew himself and his men as soon as the west stairs and banisters had been made secure; and Porthgenna Tower was again left to the care of the housekeeper and her servant, without master or mistress, friends or strangers, to thread its solitary passages or enliven its empty rooms.

From this time, eight months passed away, and the housekeeper heard nothing of her master and mistress, except through the medium of paragraphs in the local newspaper, which dubiously referred to the probability of their occupying the old house, and interesting themselves in the affairs of their tenantry, at no very distant period. Occasionally, too, when business took him to the post-town, the steward collected reports about his employers among the old friends and dependants of the Treverton family. From these sources of information, the housekeeper was led to conclude that Mr. and Mrs. Frankland had returned to Long Beckley, after receiving the news of Captain Treverton's death, and had lived there for some months in strict retirement. When they left that place, they moved (if the newspaper report was to be credited) to the neighbourhood of London, and occupied the house of some friends who were travelling on the continent. Here they must have remained for some time, for the new year came and brought no rumours of any change in their place of abode. January and February passed without any news of them. Early in March the steward had occasion to go to the post-town. When he returned to Porthgenna, he came back with a new report relating to Mr. and Mrs. Frankland, which excited the housekeeper's interest in an extraordinary degree. In two different quarters, each highly respectable, the steward had heard it facetiously announced that the domestic responsibilities of his master and mistress were likely to be increased by their having a nurse to engage and a crib to buy at the end of the spring or the beginning of the summer. In plain English, among the many babies who might be expected to make their appearance in the world in the course of the next three months, there was one who would inherit the name of Frankland, and who (if the infant luckily turned out to be a boy) would cause a sensation

throughout West Cornwall as heir to the Porthgenna estate.

In the next month, the month of April, before the housekeeper and the steward had done discussing their last and most important fragment of news, the postman made his welcome appearance at Porthgenna Tower, and brought another note from Mrs. Frankland. The housekeeper's face brightened with unaccustomed pleasure and surprise as she read the first line. The letter announced that the long-deferred visit of her master and mistress to the old house would take place early in May, and that they might be expected to arrive any day from the first to the tenth of the month.

The reasons which had led the owners of Porthgenna to fix a period, at last, for visiting their country seat, were connected with certain particulars into which Mrs. Frankland had not thought it advisable to enter in her letter. The plain facts of the case were, that a little discussion had arisen between the husband and wife in relation to the next place of residence which they should select, after the return from the continent of the friends whose house they were occupying. Mr. Frankland had very reasonably suggested returning again to Long Beckley—not only because all their oldest friends lived in the neighbourhood, but also (and circumstances made this an important consideration) because the place had the advantage of possessing an excellent resident medical man. Unfortunately this latter advantage, so far from carrying any weight with it in Mrs. Frankland's estimation, actually prejudiced her mind against the project of going to Long Beckley. She had always, she acknowledged, felt an unreasonable antipathy to the doctor there. He might be a very skilful, an extremely polite, and an undeniably respectable man; but she never had liked him, and never should, and she was resolved to oppose the plan for living at Long Beckley, because the execution of it would oblige her to commit herself to his care. Two other places of residence were next suggested: but Mrs. Frankland had the same objection to oppose to both—in each case, the resident doctor would be a stranger to her, and she did not like the notion of being attended by a stranger. Finally, as she had all along anticipated, the choice of the future abode was left entirely to her own inclinations; and then, to the amazement of her husband and her friends, she immediately decided on going to Porthgenna. She had formed this strange project, and was now resolved on executing it, partly because she was more curious than ever to see the place again; partly, because the doctor who had been with her mother in Mrs. Treverton's last illness, and who had attended her through all her own little maladies, when she was a child, was still living and practising in the Porthgenna neighbourhood. Her father and the doctor had been old cronies,

and had met for years at the same chess-board every Saturday night. They had kept up their friendship, when circumstances separated them, by exchanges of Christmas presents every year; and when the sad news of the Captain's death had reached Cornwall, the doctor had written a letter of sympathy and condolence to Rosamond, speaking in such terms of his former friend and patron as she could never forget. He must be a nice, fatherly old man, now—the man of all others who was fittest, on every account, to attend her. In short, Mrs. Frankland was just as strongly prejudiced in favour of employing the Porthgenna doctor, as she was prejudiced against employing the Long Beckley doctor; and she ended—as all young married women, with affectionate husbands, may, and do, end, whenever they please—by carrying her own point, and having her own way.

On the first of May, the west rooms were all ready for the reception of the master and mistress of the house. The beds were aired, the carpets cleaned, the sofas and chairs uncovered. The housekeeper put on her satin gown and her garnet brooch; the maid followed suit, at a respectful distance, in brown merino and a pink ribbon; and the bald old steward, determining not to be outdone by the women, produced a new and becoming auburn wig, ordered expressly for the occasion, and a black brocaded waistcoat, which almost rivalled the gloom and grandeur of the housekeeper's satin gown. The day wore on, evening closed in, bed-time came—and there were no signs yet of Mr. and Mrs. Frankland.

But the first was an early day on which to expect them. The steward thought so, and the housekeeper added that it would be foolish to feel disappointed, even if they did not arrive until the fifth. The fifth came, and still nothing happened. The sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth followed; and no sound of the expected carriage-wheels came near the lonely house.

On the tenth, and last day, the housekeeper, the steward, and the maid, all three rose earlier than usual; all three opened and shut doors, and went up and down stairs oftener than was needful; all three looked out perpetually towards the moor and the high road, and thought the view flatter, and duller, and emptier than ever it had appeared to them before. The day waned, the sunset came; darkness changed the perpetual looking out of the housekeeper, the steward, and the maid, into perpetual listening; ten o'clock struck, and still there was nothing to be heard when they went to the open window, but the dull, wearisome, ceaseless beating of the surf on the sandy shore.

The housekeeper began to calculate the time that would be consumed on the railway journey from London to Devonshire, and on the posting journey afterwards through Cornwall to Porthgenna. When had Mr. and Mrs.

Frankland left Plymouth?—that was the first question. And what delays might they have encountered afterwards in getting horses?—that was the second. The housekeeper and the steward differed irritably in debating these points; but both agreed that it was necessary to sit up until midnight, on the chance of the master and mistress arriving late. The maid, hearing her sentence of banishment from bed for the next two hours, pronounced by the superior authorities, yawned and sighed mournfully—was reproved by the steward—and was furnished by the housekeeper with a book of Hymns to read, to keep up her spirits.

Twelve o'clock struck, and still the monotonous beating of the surf, varied occasionally by those loud, mysterious, cracking noises which make themselves heard at night in an old house, were the only audible sounds. The steward was dozing; the maid was fast asleep under the soothing influence of the Hymns; the housekeeper was wide awake, with her eyes fixed on the window, and her head shaking forebodingly from time to time. At the last stroke of the clock she left her chair, listened attentively, and still hearing nothing, shook the maid irritably by the shoulder, and stamped on the floor to arouse the steward.

"We may go to bed," she said. "They are not coming."

"Did you say they were not coming at all?" asked the steward, sleepily setting his wig straight.

"No; I said they were not coming," answered the housekeeper sharply. "But it wouldn't surprise me, for one, if we never set eyes on them after all our trouble in getting the place ready. This is the second time they have disappointed us. The first time, the Captain's death stood in the way. What stops them now? Another death? I shouldn't wonder if it was."

"No more should I," assented the steward with a yawn.

"Another death!" repeated the housekeeper, superstitiously. "If it is another death, I should take it, in their place, as a warning to keep away from the house."

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH. MRS. JAZEPH.

If, instead of hazarding the guess that a second death stood in the way of Mr. and Mrs. Frankland's arrival at Porthgenna, the housekeeper had, by way of variety, surmised, this time, that a birth was the obstacle which delayed them, she might have established her character as a wise woman, by hitting at random on the actual truth. Her master and mistress had started from London on the ninth of May, and had got through the greater part of their railway journey, when they were suddenly obliged to stop, on Mrs. Frankland's account, at the station of a small town in Somersetshire. The little visitor who was destined to increase the

domestic responsibilities of the young married couple, had chosen to enter on the scene in the character of a robust boy-baby, a month earlier than he had been expected, and had modestly preferred to make his first appearance in a small Somersetshire inn, rather than wait to be ceremoniously welcomed to life in the great house of Porthgenna, which he was one day to inherit.

Very few events had ever produced a greater sensation in the town of West Winston, than the one small event of the unexpected stoppage of Mr. and Mrs. Frankland's journey at that place. Never, since the last election, had the landlord and landlady of the Tiger's Head Hotel bustled about their house in such a fever of excitement, as possessed them, when Mr. Frankland's servant and Mrs. Frankland's maid drew up at the door in a fly from the station, to announce that their master and mistress were behind, and that the largest and quietest rooms in the hotel were wanted immediately, under the most unexpected and most interesting circumstances. Never, since he had triumphantly passed his examination, had young Mr. Orridge, the new doctor, who had started in life by purchasing the West Winston practice, felt such a thrill of pleasurable agitation pervade him from top to toe, as when he heard that the wife of a blind gentleman of great fortune had been taken ill on the railway journey from London to Devonshire at the West Winston station, and required all that his skill and attention could do for her, without a moment's delay. Never, since the last archery meeting and fancy fair, had the ladies of the town been favoured with such an all-absorbing subject for conversation as was now afforded to them by Mrs. Frankland's mishap. Fabulous accounts of the wife's beauty and the husband's fortune poured from the original source of the Tiger's Head, and trickled through the highways and byways of the little town. There were a dozen different reports, one more elaborately false than the other, about Mr. Frankland's blindness, and the cause of it; about the lamentable condition in which his wife had arrived at the hotel; and about the painful sense of responsibility which had unnerved the inexperienced Mr. Orridge from the first moment when he set eyes on "his fashionable and lovely patient." It was not till eight o'clock in the evening that the public mind was relieved at last from all suspense by an announcement that the child was born, and screaming lustily; that the mother was wonderfully well, considering all things; and that Mr. Orridge had not only kept possession of his nerves, but had covered himself with distinction by the skill, tenderness, and attention with which he had performed his duties.

On the next day, and the next, and for a week after that, the accounts were still favourable. But on the tenth day, a cata-

strophe was reported. The nurse who was in attendance on Mrs. Frankland had been suddenly taken ill, and was rendered quite incapable of performing any further service for at least a week to come, and perhaps for a much longer period. In a large town this misfortune might have been readily remedied, but in a place like West Winston it was not so easy to supply the loss of an experienced nurse at a few hours' notice. When Mr. Orridge was consulted in the new emergency, he candidly acknowledged that he required a little time for consideration before he could undertake to find another professed nurse of sufficient character and experience, to wait on a lady like Mrs. Frankland. Mr. Frankland suggested telegraphing to a medical friend in London for a nurse, but the doctor was unwilling for many reasons to adopt that plan, except as a last resource. It would take some time to find the right person, and to send her to West Winston; and, moreover, he would infinitely prefer employing a woman with whose character and capacity he was himself acquainted. He therefore proposed that Mrs. Frankland should be trusted for a few hours to the care of her maid, under supervision of the landlady of the Tiger's Head, while he made enquiries in the neighbourhood. If the enquiries produced no satisfactory result, he should be ready, when he called in the evening, to adopt Mr. Frankland's idea of telegraphing to London for a nurse.

On proceeding to make the investigation that he had proposed, Mr. Orridge, although he spared no trouble, met with no success. He found plenty of volunteers for the office of nurse, but they were all loud-voiced, clumsy-handed, heavy-footed countrywomen, kind and willing enough, but sadly awkward, blundering attendants to place at the bedside of such a lady as Mrs. Frankland. The morning hours passed away, and the afternoon came, and still Mr. Orridge had found no substitute for the invalided nurse whom he could venture to engage.

At two o'clock he had half an hour's drive before him to a country house, where he had a child-patient to see. "Perhaps I may remember somebody who may do, on the way out, or on the way back again," thought Mr. Orridge, as he got into his gig. "I have some hours at my disposal still, before the time comes for my evening visit at the inn."

Puzzling his brains, with the best intention in the world, all along the road to the country house, Mr. Orridge reached his destination without having arrived at any other conclusion than that he might just as well state his difficulty to Mrs. Norbury, the lady whose child he was about to prescribe for. He had called on her when he bought the West Winston practice, and had found her one of those frank, good-humoured, middle-aged women, who are generally designated by the epithet "motherly." Her husband was a

country squire, famous for his old politics, his old jokes, and his old wine. He had seconded his wife's hearty reception of the new doctor, with all the usual jokes about never giving him any employment, and never letting any bottles into the house, except the bottles that went down into the cellar. Mr. Orridge had been amused by the husband and pleased with the wife; and he thought it might be at least worth while, before he gave up all hope of finding a fit nurse, to ask Mrs. Norbury, as an old resident in the West Winston neighbourhood, for a word of advice.

Accordingly, after seeing the child, and pronouncing that there were no symptoms about the little patient which need cause the slightest alarm to anybody, Mr. Orridge paved the way for a statement of the difficulty that beset him, by asking Mrs. Norbury if she had heard of the "interesting event" that had happened at the Tiger's Head.

"You mean," answered Mrs. Norbury, who was a downright woman, and a resolute speaker of the plainest possible English—"you mean, have I heard about that poor unfortunate lady who was taken ill on her journey, and who had a child born at the inn? We have heard so much, and no more—living as we do (thank Heaven!) out of reach of the West Winston gossip. How is the lady? Who is she? Is the child well? Is she tolerably comfortable, poor thing? Can I send her anything, or do anything for her?"

"You would do a great thing for her, and render a great assistance to me," said Mr. Orridge, "if you could tell me of any respectable woman in this neighbourhood who would be a proper nurse for her."

"You don't mean to say that the poor creature has not got a nurse!" exclaimed Mrs. Norbury.

"She has had the best nurse in West Winston," replied Mr. Orridge. "But, most unfortunately, the woman was taken ill this morning, and was obliged to go home. I am now at my wit's end for somebody to supply her place. Mrs. Frankland has been used to the luxury of being well waited on; and where I am to find an attendant, who is likely to satisfy her, is more than I can tell."

"Frankland, did you say, her name was?" enquired Mrs. Norbury.

"Yes. She is, I understand, a daughter of that Captain Treverton, who was lost with his ship, a year ago, in the West Indies. Perhaps you may remember the account of the disaster in the newspapers?"

"Of course I do! and I remember the Captain, too. I was acquainted with him when he was a young man, at Portsmouth. His daughter and I ought not to be strangers, especially under such circumstances as the poor thing is placed in now. I will call at the inn, Mr. Orridge, as soon as you will allow me

to introduce myself to her. But, in the mean time, what is to be done in this difficulty about the nurse? Who is with Mrs. Frankland now?"

"Her maid; but she is a very young woman, and doesn't understand nursing-duties. The landlady of the inn is ready to help when she can; but then she has constant demands on her time and attention. I suppose we shall have to telegraph to London, and get somebody sent here by railway."

"And that will take time, of course? And the new nurse may turn out to be a drunkard, or a thief, or both,—when you have got her here," said the outspoken Mrs. Norbury. "Dear, dear me! can't we do something better than that? I am ready, I am sure, to take any trouble, or make any sacrifice, if I can be of use to Mrs. Frankland. Do you know, Mr. Orridge, I think it would be a good plan if we consulted my housekeeper—Mrs. Jazeph. She is an odd woman, with an odd name, you will say. But she has lived with me in this house more than five years, and she may know of somebody in our neighbourhood who might suit you, though I don't." With those words, Mrs. Norbury rang the bell, and ordered the servant who answered it, to tell Mrs. Jazeph that she was wanted up-stairs immediately.

After the lapse of a minute or so, a soft knock was heard at the door, and the housekeeper entered the room.

Mr. Orridge looked at her, the moment she appeared, with an interest and curiosity for which he was hardly able to account. He judged her, at a rough guess, to be a woman of about fifty years of age. At the first glance, his medical eye detected that some of the intricate machinery of the nervous system had gone wrong with Mrs. Jazeph. He noted the painful working of the muscles of her face, and the hectic flush that flew into her cheeks when she entered the room and found a visitor there. He observed a strangely scared look in her eyes, and remarked that it did not leave them when the rest of her face became gradually composed. "That woman has had some dreadful fright, some great grief, or some wasting complaint," he thought to himself. "I wonder which it is?"

"This is Mr. Orridge, the medical gentleman who has lately settled at West Winston," said Mrs. Norbury, addressing the housekeeper. "He is in attendance on a lady, who was obliged to stop, on her journey westward, at our station, and who is now staying at the Tiger's Head. You have heard something about it, have you not, Mrs. Jazeph?"

Mrs. Jazeph, standing just inside the door, looked respectfully towards the doctor, and answered in the affirmative. Although she only said the two common words, "Yes, ma'am," in a quiet, uninterested way, Mr. Orridge was struck by the sweetness and

tenderness of her voice. If he had not been looking at her, he would have supposed it to be the voice of a young woman. His eyes remained fixed on her after she had spoken, though he felt that they ought to have been looking towards her mistress. He, the most unobservant of men in such things, found himself noticing her dress, so that he remembered, long afterwards, the form of the spotless muslin cap, that primly covered her smooth grey hair, and the quiet brown colour of the silk dress that fitted so neatly and hung around her in such spare and disciplined folds. The little confusion which she evidently felt at finding herself the object of the doctor's attention, did not betray her into the slightest awkwardness of gesture or manner. If there can be such a thing, physically-speaking, as the grace of restraint, that was the grace which seemed to govern Mrs. Jazeph's slightest movements; which led her feet smoothly over the carpet, as she advanced when her mistress next spoke to her; which governed the action of her wan right-hand as it rested lightly on a table by her side, while she stopped to hear the next question that was addressed to her.

"Well," continued Mrs. Norbury, "this poor lady was just getting on comfortably, when the nurse, who was looking after her, fell ill this morning; and there she is now, in a strange place, with a first child, and no proper attendance—no woman of age and experience to help her as she ought to be helped. We want somebody fit to wait on a delicate woman who has seen nothing of the rough side of humanity. Mr. Orridge can find nobody at a day's notice, and I can tell him of nobody. Can you help us, Mrs. Jazeph? Are there any women down in the village, or among Mr. Norbury's tenants, who understand nursing, and have some tact and tenderness to recommend them into the bargain?"

Mrs. Jazeph reflected for a little while, and then said, very respectfully, but very briefly also, and still without any appearance of interest in her manner, that she knew of no one whom she could recommend.

"Don't make too sure of that, till you have thought a little longer," said Mrs. Norbury. "I have a particular interest in serving this lady, for Mr. Orridge told me just before you came in, that she is the daughter of Captain Trevorton, whose shipwreck—"

The instant those words were spoken, Mrs. Jazeph turned round with a start, and looked at the doctor. Apparently forgetting that her right hand was on the table, she moved it so suddenly that it struck against a bronze statuette of a dog placed on some writing materials. The statuette fell to the ground, and Mrs. Jazeph stooped to pick it up with a cry of alarm which seemed strangely exaggerated by comparison with the trifling nature of the accident.

"Bless the woman! what is she frightened about?" exclaimed Mrs. Norbury. "The dog

is not hurt—put it back again! This is the first time, Mrs. Jazeph, that I ever knew you do an awkward thing. You may take that as a compliment, I think. Well, as I was saying, this lady is the daughter of Captain Trevorton, whose dreadful shipwreck we all read about in the papers. I knew her father in my early days, and on that account I am doubly anxious to be of service to her now. Do think again. Is there nobody within reach who can be trusted to nurse her?"

The doctor, still watching Mrs. Jazeph with that secret medical interest of his in her case, had seen her turn so deadly pale when she started and looked towards him, that he would not have been surprised if she had fainted on the spot. He now observed that she changed colour again when her mistress left off speaking. The hectic red tinged her cheeks once more with two bright spots. Her timid eyes wandered uneasily about the room; and her fingers, as she clasped her hands together, interlaced themselves mechanically. "That would be an interesting case to treat," thought the doctor, following every nervous movement of the housekeeper's hands with watchful eyes.

"Do think again," repeated Mrs. Norbury, "I am so anxious to help this poor lady through her difficulty, if I can."

"I am very sorry," said Mrs. Jazeph, in faint, trembling tones, but still always with the same sweetness in her voice, "very sorry that I can think of no one who is fit; but——"

She stopped. No shy child on its first introduction to the society of strangers could have looked more disconcerted than she looked now. Her eyes were on the ground; her colour was deepening; the fingers of her clasped hands were working together faster and faster every moment.

"But what?" asked Mrs. Norbury.

"I was about to say, ma'am," answered Mrs. Jazeph, speaking with the greatest difficulty and uneasiness, and never raising her eyes to her mistress's face, "that, rather than this lady should want for a nurse, I would—considering the interest, ma'am, which you take in her—I would, if you thought you could spare me——"

"What, nurse her yourself!" exclaimed Mrs. Norbury. "Upon my word, although you have got to it in rather a roundabout way, you have come to the point at last, in a manner which does infinite credit to your kindness of heart and your readiness to make yourself useful. As to sparing you, of course I am not so selfish, under the circumstances, as to think twice of the inconvenience of losing my housekeeper. But the question is, are you competent as well as willing? Have you ever had any practice in nursing?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Mrs. Jazeph, still without raising her eyes from the ground. "Shortly after my marriage" (the flush disappeared, and her face turned pale again

as she said those words), "I had some practice in nursing, and continued it at intervals until the time of my husband's death. I only presume to offer myself, sir," she went on, turning towards the doctor, and becoming more earnest and self-possessed in her manner as she did so; "I only presume to offer myself, with my mistress's permission, as a substitute for a nurse until some better qualified person can be found."

"What do you say, Mr. Orridge?" asked Mrs. Norbury.

It had been the doctor's turn to start when he first heard Mrs. Jazeph propose herself for the office of nurse. He hesitated before he answered Mrs. Norbury's question, then said:

"I can have but one doubt about the propriety of thankfully accepting Mrs. Jazeph's offer."

Mrs. Jazeph's timid eyes looked anxiously and perplexedly at him as he spoke. Mrs. Norbury, in her downright, abrupt way, asked immediately what the doubt was.

"I feel some uncertainty," replied Mr. Orridge, "as to whether Mrs. Jazeph—she will pardon me, as a medical man, for mentioning it—as to whether Mrs. Jazeph is strong enough, and has her nerves sufficiently under control to perform the duties which she is so kindly ready to undertake."

In spite of the politeness of the explanation, Mrs. Jazeph was evidently disconcerted and distressed by it. A certain quiet, uncomplaining sadness, which it was very touching to see, overspread her face, as she turned away without another word, and walked slowly to the door.

"Don't go yet!" cried Mrs. Norbury, kindly, "or, at least, if you do go, come back again in five minutes. I am quite certain we shall have something more to say to you then."

Mrs. Jazeph's eyes expressed her thanks in one grateful glance. They looked so much brighter than usual while they rested on her mistress's face, that Mrs. Norbury half doubted whether the tears were not just rising in them at that moment. Before she could look again, Mrs. Jazeph had curtsied to the doctor, and had noiselessly left the room.

"Now we are alone, Mr. Orridge," said Mrs. Norbury, "I may tell you, with all submission to your medical judgment, that you are a little exaggerating Mrs. Jazeph's nervous infirmities. She looks poorly enough I own—but, after five years' experience of her, I can tell you that she is stronger than she looks, and I honestly think you will be doing good service to Mrs. Frankland if you try our volunteer nurse, at least, for a day or two. She is the gentlest, tenderest creature I ever met with, and conscientious to a fault in the performance of any duty that she undertakes. Don't be under any delicacy about taking her away. I gave a dinner-party last week, and shall not give another

for some time to come. I never could have spared my housekeeper more easily than I can spare her now."

"I am sure I may offer Mrs. Frankland's thanks to you as well as my own," said Mr. Orridge. "After what you have said, it would be ungracious and ungrateful in me not to follow your advice. But will you excuse me, if I ask one question? Did you ever hear that Mrs. Jazeph was subject to fits of any kind?"

"Never."

"Not even to hysterical affections, now and then?"

"Never, since she has been in this house."

"You surprise me, there is something in her look and manner——"

"Yes, yes; everybody remarks that, at first; but it simply means that she is in delicate health, and that she has not led a very happy life (as I suspect) in her younger days. The lady from whom I had her (with an excellent character) told me that she had married unhappily when she was in a sadly poor unprotected state. She never says anything about her married troubles herself; but I believe her husband ill-used her. However, it does not seem to me that this is our business. I can only tell you again that she has been an excellent servant here for the last five years, and that, in your place, poorly as she may look, I should consider her as the best nurse that Mrs. Frankland could possibly wish for under the circumstances. There is no need for me to say any more. Take Mrs. Jazeph, or telegraph to London for a stranger—the decision of course rests with you."

Mr. Orridge thought he detected a slight tone of irritability in Mrs. Norbury's last sentence. He was a prudent man; and he suppressed any doubts he might still feel in reference to Mrs. Jazeph's physical capacities for nursing rather than risk offending the most important lady in the neighbourhood at the outset of his practice in West Winston as a medical man.

"I cannot hesitate a moment after what you have been good enough to tell me," he said. "Pray believe that I gratefully accept your kindness and your housekeeper's offer."

Mrs. Norbury rang the bell. It was answered, on the instant, by the housekeeper herself.

The doctor wondered whether she had been listening outside the door, and thought it rather strange, if she had, that she should be so anxious to learn his decision.

"Mr. Orridge accepts your offer with thanks," said Mrs. Norbury, beckoning to Mrs. Jazeph to advance into the room. "I have persuaded him that you are not quite so weak and ill as you look."

A gleam of joyful surprise broke over the housekeeper's face. It looked suddenly younger by years and years, as she smiled and expressed her grateful sense of the trust that

was about to be reposed in her. For the first time also since the doctor had seen her, she ventured on speaking before she was spoken to.

"When will my attendance be required, sir?" she asked.

"As soon as possible," replied Mr. Orridge. How quickly and brightly her dim eyes seemed to clear as she heard that answer! How much more hasty than her usual movements was the movement with which she now turned round and looked appealingly at her mistress!

"Go whenever Mr. Orridge wants you," said Mrs. Norbury. "I know your accounts are always in order, and your keys always in their proper places. You never make confusion and you never leave confusion. Go, by all means, as soon as the doctor wants you."

"I suppose you have some preparations to make?" said Mr. Orridge.

"None, sir, that need delay me more than half-an-hour," answered Mrs. Jazeph.

"This evening will be early enough," said the doctor, taking his hat, and bowing to Mrs. Norbury. "Come to the Tiger's Head, and ask for me. I shall be there between seven and eight. Many thanks again, Mrs. Norbury."

"My best wishes and compliments to your patient, doctor."

"At the Tiger's Head, between seven and eight this evening," reiterated Mr. Orridge, as the housekeeper opened the door for him.

"Between seven and eight, sir," repeated the soft sweet voice, sounding younger than ever now that there was an under-note of pleasure running through its tones.

A PARISIAN POLITE LETTER WRITER.

WE visit our French neighbours, invade their bathing-towns, starve out their small incomes by raising the price of everything from the egg to the full-grown poularde. We join their table d'hôtes, sleep in their luxurious beds, lounge on Parisian boulevards, eat ices at Tortini's, and thirty franc dinners at Philippe's; doze at the Théâtre Français, grumble at the passeporte-office, and return home with a stock of presents not much more than twenty per cent. dearer than if bought in London or Manchester, with about as much idea of the real life of France, as we have of the scenery of Naples from a scene at the opera.

Thanks to the universal diffusion of English papers, full of news and information, instead of ordinances and feuilletons, we do know rather more about our other-side-the-channel allies, than the gentlemen who describe, "the grogs, crickets, portos, courses of Derby, and exhibitions of box," in a small octavo vol., after a week in Leicester Square, without any previous study of the language Anglo-Saxon; but we must dive deeper than the amusements prepared for the stranger,

and the luxuries laid out for his investment, if we wish to get at what the Germans grandly call the inner life of the modern Gaul.

Penetrated, to borrow an appropriate phrase, with a lively curiosity to dive deeper into the domestic interior of the French character, we lately invested the sum of one franc and a-half (say, roundly, one shilling English) in a French Ready Letter Writer, a parallel book to one you may generally find in the drawer of your cook's dresser, with a dream book, a cookery book, a ragged duster, and a miscellaneous collection of clothespegs, brass nails, corkscrews, scissors, and waxcandle-ends.

Our purchase, obtained at one of those omnium gatherum cheap John shops, of dolls, toys, walking-sticks, and perfumes, that so strangely fill (while the walls are drying for better occupants), in Lowther Arcade style, the ground floor of a mile of the magnificence of the Rue de Rivoli, called The Secretary Universal, containing models of letters of compliment, of felicitation, of condolence, of commerce, of credit, of recommendation, of declaration of love, of thanks, followed by instructions for proceedings on marriage, birth, and burial, and models of petitions to the Emperor, princes, and ministers."

It is printed on coarse paper, of a peculiar long shape only used for diaries in England, covered with a piece of the yellow wrapper peculiar to French books, and altogether so rough and rude in its externals that we doubt whether an English scullery-maid, in the most unbecoming of caps, would buy such an article, even if marked up only fourpence.

And here we pause, and wander on one side off the rails, to ask some kind philosopher to expound the secret of the inconsistencies of French and English taste. Why do they excel us in bonnets, caps, and artificial flowers, in putting on a gown, or arranging a shop-front, or decking out a triumphal arch, or designing a bracelet? and why do we beat them just as much in bookbinding, and coats, and trousers, in laying out a garden, building a carriage, and making all kinds of saddlery, and harness, and leather goods—except boots?

Why is a French château so frightful; a French villa, a square white box, with a row of poplar trees and leaden Cupids for its garden? Why are new French streets in all towns, from Dieppe to Marseilles, so light and picturesque, while English streets are monotonous repetitions of common-place, and English mansions, villas, cottages with their grounds, are models of beautiful and picturesque arrangement. It is evident we both love beauty, but of different kinds.

To return to our Universal Secretary. The first chapter is devoted to general instructions, some of which will be both new and strange on this side the water. For instance, it seems that in France it is a sign of respect to put the date at the end of the letter to the

right of the signature, and to commence Monsieur near the middle of the page, in proportion to the rank of the person addressed. Another mark of respect is to leave a large blank space after writing Monsieur or Madame in the middle of the page four finger-breadths to royalty, which leaves one line on the bottom of the page.

The next chapter is devoted to a class of letters that are unknown in this country—compliments to parents, relations, guardians, benefactors, to be sent on New Year's Day. A terrible day for genteel bachelors, for it involves a heavy investment in sweetmeats and bonbons for presentation to all friends. We do sometimes have pigs with soaped tails and similar stupidities at village feasts, but the thousands of fire-balloons loaded with sweetmeats for the Parisians to scramble for at the Emperor's coronation would scarcely have been gratefully received by our full-grown Londoners. The model letters are of the sweetmeat character, and abominably hypocritical, inasmuch as they make no reference to their real meaning—a handsome present, a sword, a gun, a doll, or a box of comfits. Of their importance in France we may judge from the fact that not less than sixteen models are given, including two in verse of the most prosy kind. Then follow eight complimentary letters for the birthdays, or rather saints' days of relations and friends. The first begins: "I need not consult the almanack to tell me that this is the day of your fête; when the heart guides you, memory is always faithful, &c.;" and so on, in equally fine language. We can only say if our boy Jack were to write in that style, he would wait a long time for that set of cricket stumps and bats that we conditionally promised him last half. Our cook Molly's Letter-Writer is quite a blank compared to these complimentary epistles. In the chapter of letters of congratulation, the third is supposed to be addressed to some one who has just obtained a place, and is so ingeniously prepared that it will be equally suitable for a policeman, a professor, or a customs' officer or minister of state. We learn from these the dignity of foreign official employment, as the writer concludes by "hoping that your friendship for me will not be impaired either by your elevated position, or by your occupation; if it should, what now causes my joy would be the source of my despair!"

Written compliments seem as much the rule as French hat-off bows, for we have also models for use after elections to municipal offices, guard national, learned societies, &c., with appropriate replies.

A series of letters of condolence on the loss of a father or mother, wife, husband, and child are only remarkable, in an English point of view, from the total omission of the slightest direct or indirect religious allusion, the nearest approach being an axiom that we are sure of dying when once we are born.

The notes are of a very practical character; for instance, in the letter consoling a widow, after saying, "doubtless the defunct merited all your tenderness, for he had acquired the esteem of all who knew him," the editor adds, "here enumerate the good qualities of the deceased, whatever they were—a good husband, father, &c."

Then follows a letter to console one who has lost a government place, which must be very useful, as, at least, half the people who can read and write in France are either seeking a place or enjoying a place or discontented because they have been turned out of a place.

But, the most amusing chapter of all, and the one most novel and strange to our insular notions, is that devoted to love and marriage. A letter written with feeling and skill, says the editor, will sometimes exercise such power over the vanity or the heart of a woman that it may overcome the coldness which would otherwise plunge a lover in the depths of despair; and then he goes on to recommend lovers to study four letters which he gives, and to make use of them as a dictionary of love. He adds, every love-letter should be on beautiful paper, neatly folded; the elegance predisposes the lady to a favourable answer. The four letters are pour *Linçons Dangereuses*, pour *La Nouvelle Héloïse*! Considering that the letters in the *Nouvelle Héloïse* are addressed to a married woman, the selection is, to say the least, a curious example of French taste.

In addition to these masterpieces of love-making eloquence, the editor gives a couple of original letters, each, of course, full of allusions to the charms and beauty of the lady addressed; but the word charms is accompanied by the following acute and matter-of-fact note: "If the lady to whom the letter is addressed should not be pretty, these words may seem ironical, and had better be omitted; but there is always some talent or quality on which you can expatiate—for instance, one sings delightfully, another dances gracefully," &c. This hint may be useful to English lovers, whose sweethearts would not appreciate the convulsions of Rousseau and St. Pierre.

After a specimen of formal declarations of love, we find what, we are quite sure, is not to be found in any English Secretary's Assistant or Letter-Writer—specimen *billet-doux* (an untranslatable title), which is to be written on very small ornamental note-paper, as it is intended to be given under the rose to some one to whom the writer has no opportunity of speaking. The letter itself says: "Since I am not so happy as to be able to speak to you, if my addresses are not disagreeable, place a blue riband in your head-dress." And a note observes, the signal must be varied according to circumstances—it would be absurd to ask for a blue signal from a person who always wears blue, and he goes on to say: "This kind of communication is

often very successful—ladies who would not dare to write or say a word, will venture to wear a special flower or riband!"

We are also provided with models of letters when a declaration has remained unanswered, of another when a favourable answer has been received, which begins thus famously: "Mademoiselle,—Is it not delusion? You love me! This charming word has been pronounced by a ravishing mouth—your fingers have traced it. O! happiness inexpressible! why can't I run and throw myself at your knees, there to die of joy and love," &c. Then comes a letter to ask a rendezvous, after, we presume, the blue riband has been worn—a letter to ask for the lady's portrait, in order to cover it with kisses; fortunately, photographs are to be had for a franc a-piece.

Then follows a letter of so astounding a character that we cannot venture to do more than allude to it. There are not less than three letters from jealous and discontented lovers, followed by one of irony and love after a quarrel, in which the ill-bred gentleman ends by regretting that the lady is not like an orange with its bitter rind and sweet pulp—for which he heartily deserves to be kicked. But everyone who has noticed the relations between French lovers must have remarked that, while the deference shown to the fair far exceeds anything we practise in England, when they do quarrel the men indulge in a degree of plain speaking, to use a mild term, which would ensure any Englishman a hearty thrashing. Only imagine an English model letter in which a gentleman tells a lady that she is capricious, aggravating, ill-tempered, and sulky, while a note suggests that any other faults may be inserted. After the rude letter comes one finally breaking off their engagement, and then three for choice, praying for a reconciliation.

Sailors and soldiers being considered a genus apart from ordinary men, two special love-letters are destined for their service; the sailor is short, sharp, and gruff, but not technical. We have a faint recollection of a Jack Tar's letter, by one of the naval novelists, most ingeniously garnished with sea-terms. But the soldier's letter is more professional; he begins by saying, "I do not know how to say a sentence which is, nevertheless, plain enough—when away from you it is on the tip of my tongue, but when I see you I forget the password. This sentence is short like the word of command—I am going to give it—to say, 'I love you,' may you rally at the sound, and I alongside of you. Oh! if you only give the countersign, the barrack will become to me like a slap-up hotel, and the guard-house as jolly as the tap—even in the black-hole I shall snooze snugly dreaming of you. But perhaps you will say, 'What's the use of a soldier for a sweetheart, how can he keep house out of his knapsack?' But, mademoiselle, I am not a soldier for life—my term will soon be at an

end, and then I shall be happy to enlist with you for life, expecting to find it a much more agreeable partnership than with Brown Bess!"

The letters of the ladies are even more comic than those of the gentlemen. For instance, we have a specimen letter from a young lady, in which she says "neither yes nor no;" and in a note, Monsieur Paul Persan, the editor, informs us, that a refusal should be made verbally or by a third person, because a young lady always compromises herself by taking notice of a letter, which, from its motive, is generally handed to her secretly. After this we are not surprised at a letter in which the lady declines, with excellent arguments, a rendezvous, and yet names the place where she may be met alone. And, to crown the series, we have one under the untranslatable title of *lettre de coquetterie*. And the series, running through a crowd of varieties, is closed by a specimen of a letter for a marriage de convenance, and in which the gentleman, without any fine phrases, rests his claims on his fortune.

In another chapter we have instructions and specimen models of petitions to the Emperor,—From a father or mother to ask pardon for a son—from a wife asking pardon for a husband—a petition to the Emperor for pecuniary relief—a petition to the Emperor to be restored to a place—a petition to ask, after long services, the legion of honour.

We get a hint of the difficulties which a small manufacturer finds in growing into a great one, in models of petitions which must be addressed to the Minister of the Interior and the Prefect of the Department; beside notices in all the parishes are indispensable before a factory or a forge can be erected anywhere. We doubt whether our Arkwrights, our Bramahs, our Whitworths, our Shuttts, our Crosskills and Mintons, and a crowd of thriving English manufacturers, could ever have begun at the beginning, and raised small works to their present size, if they had to petition through the county magistrates and lord-lieutenants, the Home Office and the attorney-general. In France we venture to hint that half the Socialism arises from the monopolies and forms that stop up, in legal cul-de-sacs, all private enterprise that is backed by nothing more potent than talent and a little saved money.

The forms for marrying, burying, and registering birth, occupy a considerable space. The rules of marriage seem expressly devised to find occupation for the Barnacle family. We know nothing like it in England, except the rules of the Emigration Commissioners, under which a man twenty-five years of age was delayed a month to obtain his certificate of baptism.

A man cannot marry in France before eighteen, nor a woman before fifteen. The consent of parents is required at all ages, up to seventy even; and a man under twenty-five and a woman under twenty-one can in nowise be married without such consent.

After twenty-five and up to thirty for men, and from twenty-one to twenty-five for women, respectful summonses must be given three times for three months; after thirty, one summons is enough, but in any case they must be made by a notary. If the parents are not present at the marriage, their consent must be presented, also drawn up by a notary. The parties to be married must produce certificates of their birth; and if the parents of either are dead, certificates of their burial.

In a word, courtship and marriage in France is surrounded by so many forms, that it may be doubted whether the original legislators did not consider it a sort of crime. And it may be also doubted whether the difficulties with which it is surrounded, have not had their expressive social consequences.

It will be seen from the preceding sketch of Monsieur Paul Persan's *Secrétaire Universel*, that there are manners and customs of the French not discovered by ordinary travellers; indeed, it is highly probable, not yet discovered by themselves.

MY GHOSTS.

"I do not believe in ghosts, because I have never seen one," said somebody to a philosopher, who replied, "And I do not believe in ghosts, because I have seen too many of them." As for myself, I believe in ghosts. I believe in ghosts, because I am constantly seeing and continually making them. If you will not tell anybody, I may confide my secret to you (a secret which, perchance, you may find one day worth more than all the nuggets of Australia), and tell you how I became a ghost-seer and a ghost-maker.

I am a haunted man, descended from haunted mothers. Physiology may say what it pleases, but the nurses are the mothers of the boys, far more truly than the boys are the fathers of the men. When I was a heavy lump of an infant, I had once a nursing-mother who climbed up with me in her arms upon the scaffold of a house in course of construction. Of course, as I was a heavy lump, she set me down on the scaffold to rest herself after the fatigue I had occasioned her by my weight. Very naturally, too, as he was interesting to her and I was not, she gave to the young stonemason who had asked her up, her undivided attention. Inevitably, also, by the truly infantile law of gravitation towards mischief, I toppled over and fell from the level of a first-floor down upon granite stones. This innocent young damsel was, I suspect, the mother of at least half a score of broken bones in my body. Moreover, I may genealogically trace to her the peculiarities inseparable from a nervous system, some of the cases of which have been fractured and several of its cords crushed and torn. The whole affair is explained satisfactorily by the nursery aphorism, "Brats are never out of mischief."

The mother of my broken bones was the cause of my passing into the hands of the mother of my ghost-haunted mind. I passed many months of my infant life in the large garret of my father's house which was called the nursery, with a nurse whose sleep I disturbed in the night by my performances in the character of the squalling brat. Having such an early turn for theatricals, I was an infant Roscius in the part. The authorities, who knew much better than I, decided that I screamed for nothing at all. Determined to secure her needful rest at all hazards, my ghostly mother frightened me into silence by conjuring up ghosts from the murkiest nooks of the night and the wildest glances of the moon. My ghostly mother kept her place a long time, because she managed me so cleverly. Trying unconsciously, perhaps, to cure like by like, long before any fuss had been made about the principle, she told me frightful stories to cure frightful sufferings, and successfully soothed or silenced fits of agony by deliriums of fear.

The ghostly inheritance abides with me, and I know I am not the only possessor of similar heritages. When naturalists enumerate the vegetal and animal existences which follow man everywhere, they omit ghosts. Yet ghosts and sparrows follow men everywhere. The older individuals and communities grow, the more do they become haunted by their ghostly parasites—the comers-back, the beings seen, the spectres. The proverb says there is a skeleton in every house, and I fear there are ghosts in every mind.

Delusions, illusions, and hallucinations, are stages on the road to insanity, monomania, mania, lunacy, imbecility, and idiocy. I may usefully indicate how far I was driven along this road by the artful energy and nightly labours of my ghostly mother. Delusions are produced by the passions which enthrall the faculties whose business it is to guide the mind to truth. My sensations and my judgment were perverted by fear. Illusions are errors of the senses which the mind corrects. When we are first seated in a railway carriage, and it begins to move on, the houses, banks, fields, cattle, trees, seem to be flying away, by an illusion of the sense of sight. An illusion is a perversion of the perceptive faculties to the extent of deceiving one of the senses. When the perversion extends to the brain, the mind, the perceptive faculty, the perversion is hallucination. When I was taught to see in the dark the forms of wild beasts, of tigers, alligators, and serpents ready to devour me—of black men and child-stealers coming to take me—and of ærial forms in white sheets with corpse-like faces inviting me to the grave; my eyes, my faculties, my brain and mind, were trained to serve me falsely and supply me with hallucination. The mother who broke my bones was succeeded by a

mother who fractured my mind. Under the sway of hallucination, the sufferer may hear voices pursuing him, calling him, and threatening him, while he is as deaf as a stone. Under the sway of hallucination, the sufferer when he is melancholy sees dreadful scenes, and when he is gay is enraptured with beautiful objects, and all the while is stone blind.

Hallucination is like a waking dream. "A dream," says Voltaire, "is a passing madness." Esquirol says, "The hallucinated dream awake." M. Flourens says, "The wisest man is mad in a dream."

Dreaming is not hallucination, and hallucination is not dreaming, but there are obvious resemblances between them. In dreaming, the brain is neither quite awake nor quite asleep. The mind is a wizard chamber of dissolving views. In dreams, the picturing power of the mind is active, whilst the attention, the judgment, and the will are dormant. In dreams, the pictures pass of themselves, the dissolving views roll on, the images of the imagination shine and mingle uncorrected by the sensations and uncontrolled by the will. All the pictures apparently come and go incoherently. The recollections of dreams are confused and chaotic, but the recollections are not the dreams. The incoherence is not real. Proof of this fact is to be found in the observation that there is a similar incoherence in the recollections of the successive pictures of the waking mind, when the images of the chamber of imagery are neither dominated by the will nor observed with attention. There is always a relation to the order of occurrence of the sensations in the order of the ideas. The incoherence of the dreams of the sound mind is simply imperfect recollection, and the absence or dormancy of attention and volition.

Dreaming is not hallucination, although like it. By means of his dreams, the wise man may be helped to understand hallucination. Hallucination is dreaming awake. Hallucination is the state in which the sensations and the volitions are impotent to correct and control the pictures of the imagination. Hallucination is the permanent impotence of the attention and the will. The machinery of the panorama runs on of itself, because the guiding hand has been struck with paralysis.

My ghostly mother paralysed my will and my sight. My eyes saw the shadows of the night, and she, by the empire of her imagination over mine, made me behold among them hideous and dangerous creatures. The sense of sight showed me the moonbeams, and she made them for me the white dead, who had risen, and who beckoned me away. She hallucinated me by the power of habit. The facility of doing a thing, acquired by doing it, repeatedly establishes the empire of habit. Preparing the way during the day, by her conversation, for the apparition of the night, she daily perverted my reason, and nightly

diseased my imagination, until I was habitually and completely enthralled by terror.

You see, I was a bad child. I cried. After commencing life by obstinately breaking the first nursery commandment, in crying when told to be good, I grew into a wicked child by disliking the exemplary and amiable, the watchful and devoted creatures who scolded and frightened me. I cannot deny having slapped the cheek of my ghostly mother when sweetly told to kiss her before company. It would be tedious to tell how I was flogged and physicked, ridiculed and rebuked, to make me good. Many days of solitary imprisonment in a cellar, and long weeks of solitary confinement in a garret, did not cure the disorders of my imagination. Finally, the household debarrassed itself of me by sending me to day-schools.

But I was incurable. At school I found the alphabet invested with a *chevaux-de-frise* of difficulties. The symbols were to me mystic, enchanted, unconquerable, and horrible. When I looked at them as they hung against the wall, they seemed positively terrible. They were painted in different colours upon bits of paste-board about the size of considerable panes of glass. They were all enchanted. As sure as death, they were all full of devils. When I looked at them, they danced zigzag; their angles went off like forks of lightning, their bows grew like rainbows, and their colours shot like the northern lights. How was I to catch a letter when every one of them could gleam away like a shooting star, a celestial cricket? How was I to learn them when they whirled round in pools of fire mist, with fairies, kelpies, tigers, dragons, whales, and ghosts? My schoolmasters having quickly found out the great doctrine of the nursery, that I was a bad boy, treated me as an enemy to be subdued at all hazards. I was their enemy. I was an obstacle to their success, a slur upon their repute, an offence to their vanity. Leather blisters applied on the hands and on the legs, anywhere, everywhere, were ineffectual; and, doubtless to their great astonishment and benevolent disappointment, my ears were pulled and my head was knocked about, without the dispersion of my ghostly phantasmagoria. The bewitched symbols only scowled the more wildly,—flashing, flitting, dazzling, grinning, threatening, like the spirit world of my own midnight couch. With the best will I could obediently bestow, I never caught more than occasional glimpses of the O, and transient catches of the apex of the A, or of the angles of the Z.

At last a schoolmaster studied me. He was a young clergyman who had picked up a few physiological notions during his studies. When he addressed a question to my class, he fixed his eyes on me. I remember well, and hope I shall for ever, how he called me up to his desk and spoke gently to me. Observing my utter confusion, he asked my schoolfellows questions about me, and elicited a general opinion that

I was not right in the head. Almost daily, whenever he observed wildness in my eyes, he sent me out to the playground to play with my marbles and my buttons. After a time, a mild-mannered boy, a year older than me, his nephew, joined me in my amusements. When he had gained my confidence, I intrusted him with my firm and fierce conviction that the alphabet was a hideous collection of spectres invented to torment little boys. My theory of human nature was a generalisation of my observations of my ghostly mother. I had no hallucinations respecting my marbles and buttons—a fact which was deemed a conclusive proof of my perversity. The kindly boy once drew an A with a bit of stick upon the ground, and asked me defiantly if I could draw such a clever figure. I tried and did. He told me it was an A. I asked him, what is the use of it? He seemed puzzled to say. Drawing the letter A was an amusement which we adopted when tired of buttons and bowls. My Mentor told me one day, as the most recent discovery in his science, the use of the letter A; it was useful in spelling cat—c-a-t. Nothing daunted, I demanded the use of spelling cat when we could say it, plump and full; he triumphantly told me we could not read about cats in books without spelling the word. This gentle boy, whose name I never knew, had a mother who used to stop me in the street and speak kindly to me. She was shabbily dressed, and, ever since, I have felt a grateful gush whenever I have chanced to meet a similarly-looking and seedily-attired gentlewoman. Whether it was in compliance with advice, or because I could play without costing anything a quarter, I was taken away from school and told to play near home.

I played near home for several years. As I grew stronger, the words near home became elastic, and my range of playground gradually extended over a couple of parishes, two miles of sand shore, and as many of rocky coast. I wandered along the banks of a canal, of several streams, and two rivers. I explored woods and climbed hills. As long as I continued weakly, I found boys generally very willing to fight me. I preferred solitude to their society. I was not afraid of plants, and I became geographically acquainted with every kind of vegetal production, from the red seaweeds of low water among the rocks, to the plants which grow upon the roofs of ancient churches. I knew where to find several kinds of stones. All animals frightened me, except birds. When I first saw a frog leap, I shrieked deliriously. The truth is, I had not a particle of physical courage. Gradually, however, as my health increased, I conquered every fright, and attacked all animals, up to dogs and bulls. I learned courage from stinging insects and pinching crabs. When I approached work-folks, they usually asked me surlily why I was not at school, and I answered, "There is something

wrong in my head." Much practical science was taught me by men whose business it was to work stones, plants, and animals, in ways useful to society. I ploughed the fields with ploughmen; I reaped the sea with fishermen; and I sailed far voyages and fought in the Peninsula where I listened to the yarns of sailors and soldiers. I admired everybody and everything. As I gave such convincing proofs of sound judgment, my friends declared, generously and unanimously, I had head enough to learn anything.

When about ten years of age, I was sent to school once more; at twelve, I was dux of a class of boys of fourteen; and at twenty, I gained some of the highest honours of an university.

My college life did not, however, pass away without a memorable return of my hallucinations. On my first appearance at an examination made annually with antique solemnity, my vanity prompted me to make a needless display of Latinity. For months previously, I worked eighteen hours a day; during the preceding fortnight I studied day and night. When I was called up for public examination by three professors in their robes, and was seated in an immense old chair in presence of a large audience of my fellow-students, I felt my nerves giving way. The sway of my ghostly mother asserted itself once more. As I had the passage of Virgil on which I happened to be examined, by heart, I went on, at first mechanically and fluently, until the letters began their old capers—forking, bulging, shooting, flashing, answering the page, diminishing the type, expanding the book—with clouding, flying, mocking, menacing things between me and it—and I made a dead stop. The examining professor gave me the word I had lost. There was a long pause. At last the professor said:—"I am surprised;" and I replied:—"Si-si-sir, I can neither see nor hear." No one laughed at me, if I may believe what I was often assured. However, I have never read a page of Horace or Virgil since I left college, such was the bitterness of my youthful mortification. Prior to my public humiliation, I read Horace and Virgil for the pleasure they gave me; but ever since I left college I have never construed a page of a Latin classic; my readers can judge whether in this respect I am much like other folks, or am peculiarly a weak and vain fellow. Moreover, my juvenile disease of stammering, came back in my trouble: a disease symptomatic of torn or over-stimulated nerves. The affectionate nursery theory of my stammering was, that I was taking time to think what fib I would tell.

Thanks to my infantile experiences, I have always had a profound sense of the fragility of the human mind. This conviction is one of the most salutary of all creeds. Stammering, trembling, and hallucinated, I could

scarcely fail to begin life with a lively sense of the fragility of my own faculties, at any rate. Observation has not given me a much better opinion of the solidity of other folks, who never fell from scaffolds and were not scared at nurse. "A strong-minded woman once said: "Well, I do not think there is anything would drive me mad." A studious man answered, "Madam, you might as well say there is no weight which could break your back." I am of opinion, after all I can observe in this world, that there are no likelier subjects of insanity than the like of her. As I find myself becoming a grey mariner upon the sea of life, I perceive a curious generalisation forcing itself more and more upon my attention. Youth and age, birth and death, appearances and results, are more completely contraries than is generally thought. I have seen my very strong-minded acquaintance become mad; the remarkably healthy folks who were never ailing are dead; not a few of the very devout, have turned out rogues and jades.

Stammering and ghosts are both curable diseases. When I began this paper, of course, the affatus was purely benevolent, and not in the least gossippy, which inspired me to tell everybody, how such evils may be incurred and confirmed, mitigated and cured. There is an alchemy which can transmute many of our misfortunes into benefits. Stammering is the insubordination of the pronunciation to the volition, and is cured by all exercises which regulate the pronunciation by the volition. Scanning and reciting verses in the dead languages implies habitual regulation of the voice by the will, and cured me of the disease of stammering.

I have quite cured myself of the ghost pest by making ghosts. The study of the imagination convinced me that the only way to lay the ghosts I inherited, was by setting up a small ghost factory of my own. Combating ghosts by ghosts, the natural has gradually been replaced by the manufactured article, and the spectres which gave me pain have been chased away by benign shades which give me pleasure.

The manufacture of my ghosts is easy and simple. Wherever I reside I find out the ancient residences of remarkable persons the memory of whom is fitted to increase the love of truth and justice. Portraits and descriptions enable me to recall from the dark of the past, the dead of distant days. Whenever I visit the towns in which they have lived, I call upon my ghosts more assiduously than upon my friends. I see them as they lived. Knowing from their writings their thoughts, I freely discuss with them their opinions. Laugh at me as you may, it is to the device of voluntarily creating such good ghosts, that I owe my emancipation from the hideous phantoms which enslaved my childhood.

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THE MURDER OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE third of January is the feast of Sainte G  n  vi  re, the patroness of Paris. On this day commences a festival of nine days' duration, called in Latin a *Novena*, and in French a *Neuvaine*. The chief scene of the festival is the quaint and little fantastical, and old church of Saint   tienne du Mont. This ancient church is an architectural curiosity. I could fancy an architect building the front of it as a sort of memorandum in miniature of all the different styles and fashions of ancient and medi  val architecture. I could fancy an architect exhibiting a model of it as a proof and specimen of his ability to gratify every form and fantasy of architectural caprice. I am sure a professor might deliver a course of lectures upon architecture without any other illustrations than a daguerreotype of the front of the church of Saint   tienne du Mont. You may observe, sticking up from the roof towards the left of the queerest old church front, the queerest little square tower you can imagine. This contains a clock-dial, surmounted by a common lead-covered belfry.

The tomb of Sainte G  n  vi  re is in this little church of Saint   tienne du Mont. The shrine of the saint is very much gilded, and the tomb and chapel look very ancient. There are many large and small pictures upon the walls, and the tomb is covered with a blaze of little tapers. Pilgrims crowd from all the parishes and from all the environs of Paris, to this shrine, from morning to evening, every day, kneeling in prayer, counting their beads, and lighting little tapers. During the nine days, the pillars and interior of the church are showily hung with blue and white draperies.

Ever since the coup-d'  tat enabled President Bonaparte to restore the Panth  on to the clergy as the church of Sainte G  n  vi  re, the chief festival of Paris has been celebrated with continually increasing pomp and splendour. The little church of Saint   tienne is at the corner of the grand church of Sainte G  n  vi  re, and the end of a broad paved street or Place which separates the church from the Library of Sainte G  n  vi  re. This

magnificent temple is the only church in Paris comparable to Saint Paul's Cathedral, in London. Both the small old, and the large new church, are used in the ceremonies of the annual Parisian festival.

On Saturday, the third of January eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, the Archbishop of Paris presided over the opening ceremonies of the *Neuvaine*. Vespers had been chanted, and the sermon of the Abb   Lacarri  re was over. The procession of the ladies of Sainte G  n  vi  re was walking round the church. The canons in long white cloaks with blue satin facings preceded the Archbishop, the most conspicuous form in the procession, with his golden mitre gleaming in the light upon his head, and with his tall gilded crozier in his hand, while a priest upon each side of him supported his heavy pontifical robes. He scattered his benedictions before him. The procession was accomplishing the second turn round the church; the Archbishop having approached the bottom of the nave, was in the act of blessing the children, when a young man in a frock-coat sprung up, his eyes darting fury, and, with a long poignard-knife in his right hand. A lady seized the knife with her left hand, but let go on feeling it cut. The young man lifted up the cape of the Archbishop, and instantaneously plunged the knife deep into his heart, crying aloud,—“Down with the God-desses!”

“Unhappy man!” ejaculated the prelate, letting fall his crozier and falling backwards, while his black eyes started as if out of their sockets. He was dead in a moment. The Abb   Surat caught the body in his arms, and it was carried into the sacristy, where it received a hasty absolution. At the instant of the blow a loud shriek from an unknown voice shook the dome of the church.

Meanwhile stupor seized the crowded congregation; who were chiefly women. The Cur   of Saint   tienne du Mont, imagining that the Archbishop had fainted from fatigue or from a blow, endeavoured to calm their consternation. The devotions proceeded for a few minutes until a person coming out of the sacristy said, “Monseigneur is dead.” Terror seized the congregation. A priest was seen to take up and to turn the holy sacrament.

A sergent de ville arrested the assassin upon the spot. He did not make the slightest attempt to escape, and delivered up his formidable weapon. When he was taken out of the church, and the mob knew what he had done, some of them proposed to take him back to the blood-stained spot, and tear him to pieces. *Echarper*, the verb they use, means literally, to tear into pieces as rags are torn into lint.

The newspapers of the Sabbath morning spread the news all over Paris, of the assassination of the Archbishop. I happened on this particular Sunday to have offered to take an acquaintance over the principal churches of the French metropolis. I shall never forget their mournful aspect. The music was silent in their orchestras, and the lights were few and dim upon their altars. Nothing but low masses were performed, and the clergy chanted the psalms of penitence. The audience were, however, unusually numerous, and when the preachers mounted the pulpits the flocks seemed to cower together under them, as if seeking refuge from the gloom and terror of a thunder-storm. The church of Saint Etienne du Mont was shut, and black cloth was hanging before the principal porch and the two side-doors.

On the black hangings before the porch there was a large white placard, upon which was written the following legend:

Monseigneur the Archbishop of Paris, having been struck dead by a criminal hand, in the Church of Saint Etienne du Mont, yesterday, at five o'clock in the evening, the church will remain interdicted until the ceremony of expiation, which will be announced hereafter. Signed, Ed. DE BORIES, Curé.

As I mingled in the crowd who were reading the placard, I could not avoid hearing their discussions upon the event. A well-dressed citizen (*bourgeois*), about thirty years of age, and whose intelligent face and neatly-clipped beard apparently announced a republican, exclaimed:

"We are then in the middle ages!"

A burgess about sixty, with a keen mask of irony serving him as a countenance, and whom I suspected of being a Voltairian, exclaimed sarcastically:

"And it was by an ecclesiastic!"

A lady advanced in life, and dissatisfied with the course taken by the current of sentiment, objected:

"But several times suspended."

To this objection, the Voltairian rejoined, with a slight sneer of triumph:

"He had therefore bad antecedents."

As the old lady held down her discomfited head, a young workman in a blue blouse said, as plainly as a sardonic grin could speak through the villanous countenance it lighted up, "Our priests are like ourselves." Subsequently I heard a burgess say to a physician, "That the priests kill each other:—What is that to us? He stabbed him to show how

well they had brought him up to be without malignity."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

WHEN taken to the police office of the quarter, the assassin, in reply to the questions of the authorities, said that his name was Verger, that he was born at Neuilly, that he was a priest of the diocese of Meaux, that he had been suspended for preaching against the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, that he had not any personal ill-will to Archbishop Sibour, and that he stabbed the prelate in the church to protest once more, publicly, solemnly, and finally, against an impious idolatry, crying, "*A bas les Déesses.*" He had given but one stab, knowing well he had pierced the heart. When the magistrate pointed to him the enormity of his crime, he shed tears, and said, "Yes, it is frightful." The magistrates recognised in him a man of superior intelligence and instruction. He is good-looking, with a fine forehead, fine eyes, and an expressive countenance. Remarkably calm and tranquil in his manner, his self-possession never forsook him; only he exclaimed several times, "No goddesses! no goddesses!" While they were reading his deposition over to him, he criticised the report, and obliged the reporter to correct some phrases, and use his own exact and clear expressions. On entering his cell in the prison, he asked for something to eat, saying he had not eaten anything since morning. The last thing he asked for was an *Evangile*, or Four Gospels, observing, "I shall have much need of it this night."

Louis-Jean Verger was born upon the twentieth of August, eighteen hundred and twenty-six, at Neuilly-sur-Seine. At his first school he was remarkable for his studious and pious disposition. When at the age of twelve he made his first communion at Neuilly, the Curé Legrand took particular notice of him, and his apparent piety obtained him the protection of the Marchioness de Rochefort, called the Sister Milanie, the superior of the daughters of Saint Vincent de Paul. Sister Milanie took upon herself the expenses of his education for the priesthood, and he was received in the little seminary of Saint Nicholas de Chardonnet, in the Rue Saint Victor, which was then directed by the Abbé Dupanloup, the present Bishop of Orleans. The high classical attainments of this bishop obtained him recently the rare honour of admission into the Academy of Letters; and, as I remember, he discoursed eloquently, on the delight he had derived from the study of the verses of Virgil.

In eighteen hundred and forty-two, when he was sixteen years of age, Verger went from the seminary of Saint Nicholas in the Rue Saint Victor, to a seminary connected with it at Gentilly. He was there dux or leader of the school, obtaining the first prize for good conduct, and the first prize for religious in-

struction. His bright promise was, however, obscured by a little cloud. Sister Milanie gave him sixty francs to buy books of theology and piety, but soon afterwards his devout protectress was shocked at learning that, among the books he had bought, were copies of Racine and Molière. Some persons deemed this fault a theft, and it was described as such in the journals, when he had brought down upon himself the public indignation. On leaving school, a priest received him into his house as his secretary; and he entered into holy orders, becoming successively a deacon and a priest. He was soon afterwards sent to serve the parish of Guercheville.

The police found among his papers a thick copybook entitled, "Notessur l'Abbé Verger." In these notes he complains of his first parishioners refusing to pay him his dues, saying, "These fellows would willingly have paid me with cudgellings." From Guercheville he passed to Jouarre, and thence rapidly to Bailly-Canois. Le Droit says he was obliged to decamp by a furtive removal from this curacy to escape the seizure of his goods on the loss of a lawsuit with a waggoner. "In consequence of this affair, and after useless efforts to obtain admission among the clergy of Paris, tired of struggling, he went to London, and was received into the number of the French clergy, assisting Bishop Wiseman in the work of the Catholic propaganda."

Returning from England, he was kindly received by the Abbé Legrand, the curé at Neuilly, who had become the curé of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois. The English propaganda being the grand affair of the Roman Catholic Church, Monsieur l'Abbé Verger rose to the dignity of cross-bearer in the chapel of the Tuileries. His position inspired him with ambitious dreams. The handsome young priest who leads the processions bearing aloft the cross, might indeed reasonably hope, in due course of time, to close the processions as an aged bishop, carrying the crozier.

Subservience, the feelers and feet needful for all ambitious locomotion, was, however—as the purchase of Racine and Molière early indicated—wanting in this young priest. He wrote, printed and tried to publish, pamphlets, which were seized and condemned, against the celibacy of the clergy. The curé of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois accused him of calumniating his brethren. Verger lost his place. He fell into debt; and, in a letter to a tradesman from whom he had received some bedding on credit, he wrote, "The difficulties created for me by the curé of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois having left me without resources, the expenses of legal proceedings would fall upon my creditor; nevertheless, if you will take my mattress, come—I shall not oppose you." He wearied the Archbishop and clergy with solicitations for employment; but without effect. And one day he appeared upon the steps of the splendid church of the Madeleine—which

is always frequented by English visitors—in the attitude of a beggar, with a paper upon his breast bearing this inscription: "Have pity upon me; I am a suspended priest, and I am dying of hunger." An English lady who relieved him, a neighbour of mine, was struck with his appearance. The commissary of police, before whom he was brought for the offence, perceived in him a superior kind of man.

Archbishop Sibour disembarassed himself of the Abbé Verger by giving him a recommendation to the Bishop of Meaux. The beggar from the steps of the Madeleine was appointed curé of the parish of Seris; but, he could not be kept out of trouble. One of his parishioners, named Lamy, was convicted of poisoning his wife; and Verger published a pamphlet in which he attacked the witnesses, the jurymen, and the judges. It is but just to record the declaration of *Le Droit*, the legal journal, that nothing has been discovered, prior to the murder, which throws a stain upon his morals. Verger held the most exalted ideas of theocracy and clerical power, maintaining the right of the clergy to exemption from the judgments of the civil and criminal tribunals.

The Abbé Verger had lost his position of cross-bearer for denouncing the celibacy of the clergy: he now forfeited his country parish by attacking in his pulpit the newly promulgated dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Archbishop Sibour had himself opposed it until it was voted; when he submitted to it. Verger was dismissed by the Bishop of Meaux on the twenty-first of last December. He arrived in Paris on Christmas Eve. Ten days of his time in the metropolis remains to be accounted for. It has been said he spent them in reading in the public libraries. He bought the knife in the Rue Dauphine on the evening of the second of January. Dark rumours, however, are blown in whispers all over Paris, which fill with fearful occupations and extraordinary associates the ten days which Verger spent in the French capital from the Eve of Christmas to the Feast of Sainte Généviève. When all free discussion in a country is suppressed, what is lost to reason and truth is given to passion and imagination. The capital of Napoleon the Third is a whispering chamber of wild conjectures. Is the assassin mad? Was he driven by hunger? Is he alone in it? Who has put him up to it? Who are his associates? Is he an agent of the Jesuits? Who gains by it? Was not the ultramontane party furious against the Archbishop? Is not great power given to the Emperor by it? Will the Abbé Bonaparte be the new Archbishop? Was not the Archbishop named by Cavaignac an obstacle to the visit of the Pope to bestow the crown? Will the Pope come now? Have not the Univers party gained already by the sup-

pression of the exposures of the Abbé Cognat?

Where everything is *ex parte*, nothing is credible; and much may be said in support of the view that Louis-Jean Verger is an assassin of the species of Carl Ludwig Sand and Charlotte Corday. To obtain his opportunity, he had not to surmount the obstacles which stood in the way of the assassins of Kotzebue and Marat. His cool sagacity does not equal the cold premeditation which was displayed by a young girl. The thing which showed most presence of mind—the pushing aside of the cape—could scarcely have required the suggestion of third parties. Verger, in twelve days after his dismissal from his parish, and while able to buy an expensive knife, could scarcely have been suffering from actual want. No doubt a paper is said to have been found upon him in which he said, “they do not allow a priest to die of want.” No doubt he had known want; and hunger and the fear of hunger are conditions singularly favourable to mental over-excitement—the state which the French call exaltation.

Many elements of homicidal exaltation fermented in this hot brain. Disappointed ambition, morbid vanity, and pagan revenge, might, in a man of education, assume the disguise of theological fanaticism, and hide their demon aspects from the half-conscious criminal himself, in the robes and renown of an angel of light. He watched for his opportunity from the morning until the evening. Ruined and envious, the disappointed priest looking at the successful priest, might nurse with evil joy the thought that he could still lay low the man of the mitre and crozier. [Fanatically excited against the goddess, and indignant at the ruin brought upon him by his advocacy of reforms, the enthusiast might say, in his perverted heart, “I shall make them talk of me; I have been enslaved, and I shall be free. I have been silenced in my pulpit, but I shall, with one blow, shiver the whole golden fabric of idolatry.”]

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

Marie-Dominique-Auguste Sibour was born at Saint-Paul-Trois-Châteaux, in the diocese of Valence, on the fourth of April, seventeen hundred and ninety-two. He was ordained a priest in eighteen hundred and fifteen. For several years he fulfilled the functions of a vicar of Saint Sulpice; and was subsequently a canon of Nîmes. When he was forty-eight years of age, he was consecrated Bishop of Digne, in eighteen hundred and forty. His talents as a writer, orator, and administrator, and a certain reputation for liberality, pointed him out to the choice of the Republican Dictator of June, eighteen hundred and forty-eight, as the suitable successor of Archbishop Affre in the archiepiscopal throne of Paris.

General Cavaignac gave to Bishop Sibour the mitre he had picked up on the barri-

cades. The mitre came by assassination, and went by assassination. Archbishop Affre was shot by a workman upon the twenty-fourth of June, eighteen hundred and forty-eight; and Archbishop Sibour was stabbed by a priest upon the third of January, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven; and both died in full pontificals—the one upon a barricade, speaking words of peace in a furious insurrection; the other in a church, while giving his benediction to children. There is an old man-servant in the archiepiscopal palace, whose arms have held the corpses of both his murdered masters.

I may mention a few traits of Archbishop Sibour come under my observation, which seemed to me worthy of note. During the Republic there were many associations of workmen of different kinds, who clubbed together their capital, and conducted their affairs by votes, dispensing altogether with masters, and sharing mutually their profits. Of course these associations were very powerful during the conflicts of the revolution. As far as I could judge, the associations usually consisted of a more sober and intelligent kind of workmen than the generality of Parisian workfolks. They were very different indeed from the National workshops. M. Léon Faucher, the Minister of the Interior, and Archbishop Sibour, were the most notable of the personages who delivered speeches to them. Natural as a reaction against tyrannies of Parisian employers, and interesting as social experiments, the associations were, however, formed by persons ignorant of the principles of political economy. The Archbishop addressing an audience of joiners, ebony workers, and carpet weavers, in November, eighteen hundred and fifty-one, said:

“Christ had redeemed the people from slavery, more recently a revolution had emancipated the serfs; and the work you are accomplishing is the redemption of the hirelings.” The following is the peroration of a speech of the Archbishop in a workshop of chair-makers:

“In other shops I have seen many workmen and one master—here there are ninety masters.”

Archbishop Sibour was sometimes called the Red Archbishop. On the morning of the second of December, eighteen hundred and fifty-one, rumour added the name of the liberal Archbishop to the list of the republican members and generals arrested in their beds. This explained the silence of the belfries on an occasion when the republicans expected them to sound the tocsin.

I saw him in the Champ de Mars, blessing the imperial flags, upon the tenth of May, eighteen hundred and fifty-two, on the occasion which was called the Feast of Eagles. The immense square space from the Ecole Militaire to the Seine, called the Champ de Mars, seemed one vast harvest field of soldiery, whose varied costumes were set off

by two sides or edgings of green foliage. The procession of the Archbishop and eight hundred of his clergy dressed in white made a beautiful effect when their long lines were seen winding their way among the military. They slowly ascended the steps of a lofty chapel to officiate at an altar, the lighted tapers of which were seen feebly glimmering in the brilliant sunlight. The ensigns or standard-bearers walked in procession from the tribune of the President to the chapel of the Archbishop. When they had ascended, the gilded eagles and tricolor banners were conspicuous above the heads of the clergy. Over every sanctified flag the Archbishop uttered a remarkable Latin prayer :

Accipite vexillata celesti benedictione sanctificata, aique inimicis populi Christiani terribilia, et det vobis Dominus gratiam, ut, ad ipsius nomen et honorem, cum illo hostium cuneos potenter penetratis incolumes et securi.

Receive these standards sanctified by the blessing of Heaven. May they be the terror of the enemies of the Christian people, and may God, in honour of his name and his glory, give you grace to pierce, safe and sound, into the midst of the battalions of the enemy.

After pronouncing the prayer, the Archbishop gave the kiss of peace to each ensign, saying *Pax tibi, Peace to thee!* and the ensign, after kissing the pontifical ring, rose from his knees and walked to his place in the ranks, where the flag was welcomed with loud cheering. When the Host was elevated every man in the whole army of sixty thousand soldiers knelt on one knee. During the defile the meadow of the god of war was covered with waving crops of human life, offering themselves successively to the service of the deity. Successively, long fields of gleaming steel, of blazing brass, and of tricolor-decked lances, galloped past upon horseback. Long fields of men in light blue, in dark green with white breasts, with belted breasts, with red breasts, ran swiftly past, offering themselves to the god; last of all, galloped the terrible masses of artillerymen with their offerings of cannon. The god of battles, we know now, accepted the sacrifices offered to his altar. I shall not venture to guess at present how many of the animated forms I then saw upon the Meadow of Mars are to-day mere bones rotting in oriental earth. Death had his first-fruits even there and then. I saw a chandelier fall, and I witnessed a commotion among the priests. Subsequently I was informed by the newspapers that the chandelier had killed one of the clergy of Paris.

In the spring of eighteen hundred and fifty-three, the Archbishop interdicted the Abbé Lacordaire for preaching a sermon which was generally construed to be an attack on the Emperor. The eloquent Dominican praised several virtues, such as truthfulness and integrity, and everybody sent his phrases, allusions, and quotations away from themselves to the address of the Tuileries. The Archbishop himself heard the discourse in

the church of Saint Roch. He found the preacher had been guilty of simplicity and imprudence in using awkward quotations; and, as he could never permit the pulpit to be turned into a tribune, he interdicted the first of French pulpit orators from preaching for ever after, within ten miles of the capital.

Archbishop Sibour fought bravely a sore fight against the *Univers* newspaper. This singular journal preaches in the last half of the nineteenth century what Louis the Fourteenth practised in the last half of the seventeenth century. It says that human reason is good for nought; that heresy is worse than crime; that Luther was worse than the worst of criminals; and that it is glorious to destroy the enemies of the Vicar of Christ. M. Montalembert says some of its writers have denied to him the right of private individuals to use the word justice. The journal is little read, and liberal Roman Catholics say, "Rather than be Papists like the *Univers* we would become Protestants."

Archbishop Sibour forbade the reading of the *Univers* in his diocese. But the editor appealed to Rome. The Parisians, who take singularly little interest in ecclesiastical squabbles, felt considerable curiosity to know whether the Pope would decide in favour of the editor or of the Archbishop. The Holy Father decided in favour of the editor. The Latin secretary of the Pope published an eulogium upon the *Univers* newspaper. The man with the crozier had to knuckle under to the man with the pen, and the Archbishop was compelled to annul his prohibition.

The blow dealt by the papal hand to the authority of the Archbishop was subsequently mollified a little by an allocation of the oracle at Rome good enough to admit human reason to be good for something. The Pope said, faith and reason are both gifts of God; and human reason is competent to discover the existence of God, the immortality of the soul and human liberty. This document produced generally in intelligent circles a comment to this effect. Why, if human reason can discover such grand truths, it surely can judge the authority of the church and the allocations of the Pope?

The Parisians with one voice proclaim the generosity of Archbishop Sibour to the poor. The *Univers* seemed to insinuate that the Abbé Verger had been an exception, by putting into his mouth erroneously the words, "They do not allow a priest to die of want." But, I have not heard two opinions in Paris respecting the amiability and charity of the prelate. The salary of the Archbishop of Paris is sixteen hundred pounds a-year, with a palace and carriage. It would appear from his will that he had very little to leave to his family. He left to his niece a thousand francs a-year, or an annuity of forty pounds. His bequests for masses and to the poor do not amount together to five hundred pounds. I have heard angry voices which denounced the

priesthood generally with hatred and scorn, become soft and reverential when speaking of him as a good man.

There was indeed something better than curiosity observable in the vast crowds who went to see the exhibition of his dead body. This ceremony of the middle ages was got up in the mediæval way. The silent crowds went two and two through three square and lofty rooms which were hung with black. The coat of arms of the deceased with the motto "Major autem horum est charitas," was displayed in each of the rooms. In the fourth room lay the body upon a four-post bed of state, the posts and top of which looked silvery. Altars, upon which candles burned, were placed upon each side of the room, and each altar was served by six priests. The corpse wore his full pontifical robes; and being much raised up I could see distinctly that the large black eyes were wide open, and wore the look of surprise and horror, characteristic of sudden death by paralysis of the heart. The lower jaw, always large, had swelled enormously. A priest was constantly occupied in approaching to the body, the newspapers say with objects handed to him by the crowd, consisting chiefly of medals and rosaries, but sometimes swords and caps.

The interment on Saturday, the tenth of January, was a strange and picturesque funeral show. At eight o'clock all the bells in the belfries began ringing. No doubt the effect of the military, civil and ecclesiastical costumes succeeding each other in the procession along the quays, was very striking, and well heightened by the funeral marches played by the bands. My point of view was a seat in the centre aisle of the cathedral of *Nôtre Dame*. The wide and lofty porches were open, and I could see the numerous troops in the sunlight of the Place outside. Far away, at the other end of the vast church and long aisle, hung with black, ermine, and silver, could be discerned through the religious gloom, the lofty altar and officiating bishops in their silver mitres. The violet-covered coffin with the gold mitre, the missal, the ring, and the crozier were borne between two lines of infantry, slowly along the aisle to the catafalque. The music was performed in faux bourdon, an imitation of bells. But the spectacle was more military than ecclesiastical; the sacred hymns, the organ peals, and all the musical effects, being destroyed by the words of command, the screams of bugles, the roll of drums, and the salvoes of artillery. At three o'clock, the Chapter sung the vespers of the dead, and soon afterwards the body was lowered into the vault of the Archbishops of Paris.

The moral effects were as much destroyed as the musical. I saw many pensive faces, and I saw some women in tears. But the large majority of the audience formed the most irreverent crowd I have ever seen in a

place of worship. Idle curiosity, indifferent levity, and gross ill-breeding, made the devotions of the worshippers impossible. I saw several scuffles, and on two occasions I heard the cry—"On se bat!"—"they are fighting!" Yet surely there has rarely been an affair more fitted to make the light serious, and the serious grave. Surely it is sad to witness a mélange of Christianity and crime—assassination and benediction—a good man laid low by a fanatic—the chief of a church murdered by a priest of the altar—the poignard in the hands that had carried the cross. Surely all this is mournful and humiliating for the moral pride of the nineteenth century. Louis-Jean Verger may have carried the cross, but he never could have truly seen it; and after all, this monster of perversion is a man fashioned in all respects as we are. Silence and not music, sackcloth and not gilt costumes, solitary meditation and not military pomps, seem most becoming when the cross has been so desecrated.

On the Monday, the church of Saint Etienne du Mont was reconciled by an expiatory sacrifice. A procession of clergy led by a cross-bearer, and closed by a bishop, marched slowly up to the porches and doors of the church, which were hung with black. There was no admission. The Holy Sacrament, which had been turned away from the scene of crime, would not enter into the desecrated church. The procession made the tour round the church, presenting the cross at each door; and when the Holy Sacrament returned to the principal door, a workman mounted upon a ladder, and let down the black cloth, and the whole procession entered the re-consecrated edifice. The altars were immediately decorated with their ornaments. Every morning and every evening, the clergy of Saint Etienne du Mont are to be seen at present kneeling around the spot where the martyr was immolated, chanting the *Miserere* and the *Parce, Domine*.

When the black cloth fell, a workman at my side, said:

"Now Sainte G  n  vi  e can perform her miracles."

"Miracles!" I exclaimed, "What miracles?"

"Don't you know?"

"No. I am a foreigner and a Protestant."

"Well; all the sick who lie in sheets, or wear rings, or use handkerchiefs which have touched the box containing the bones of Sainte G  n  vi  e, are cured of their maladies in nine days."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Faith does everything."

The medal struck in commemoration of the occasion is a very rude specimen of numismatic art. On one side, is a figure of an archbishop with the words "*M. Dom. Auguste Sibour, Archev  que de Paris*;" and on the other side is the inscription, "*Frapp   mortellement le 3 Janvier, 1857, dans l'  glise de*

St. Etienne du Monte, fête patronale de St. Génévieve. Maledicimur et Benedicimur (Saint Paul aux Corinth. iv. 12)."

When the bells were ringing for the funeral of the prelate, the prisoner was entering the Conciergerie, there to await his trial.

A JOURNEY DUE NORTH.

BOGUEY CONTINUED.

It would be easy to multiply instances illustrative of the taking propensities of the Russian police, among whom, in St. Petersburg and Moscow—as well as in other government towns of the empire—there is really not one pin to choose. Bogueyism is synonymous with police management throughout all the Russias. I shall confine myself to one or two salient traits of character to be found in those terrifiers of well-doers who ought to terrify evil-doers, but who are the worthy successors, and have in Muscovy continued the glorious traditions of that most illustrious of all takers—Jonathan Wild the Great.

The Sire de Brantome generally commences his chivalrous tittle-tattle with the exordium: Une grande dame, forte honeste, que j'ay bien cognu (a great lady, and a mighty honest one, whom I know extremely well); and I find myself as constantly giving an anecdote on the authority of some Russian acquaintance far nobler than honest. In this present instance, however, my informant was a French hairdresser and perfumer, who had settled at Moscow, with the stern and inflexible determination to stay there five years, acquire a fortune of fifty thousand francs, and then quitting that beastly hole (by which abusive epithet he qualified the holy empire of Russia), to return to Arcis-sur-Aube; which much white-washed French town was his native place, and there to planter ses choux,—or cabbages,—defeat the curé of St. Symphorien at his favourite game of tric-trac; become, in course of time, mayor of some adjacent village, and eventually, perhaps, re-assume his ancestral title of Monsieur de la Bandonline (now lying perdu, like the Spanish Hidalgo's rapier, under the modest nom de circonstance of Hyacinthe coiffeur et peruquier de Paris), and become sub-prefect of his department.

A friend of M. Hyacinthe's—say M. Mélasse—likewise a sprightly Gaul, kept a magazine for the sale of those articles called by the Americans notions, in the Tverskaya Oulitza, or great street of Tver, in Moscow. But here I must digress with a word or two on shops: it is only in old world cities, where the civilisation is old—very old—that you find actual shops—special establishments for the sale of special articles. As in the rude and remote country village, you have Jerry Nutt's Everything Shop, where you can procure almost every article—from a birch-broom to a Byron-tie, from a stick of barley-sugar to a lady's chemisette; so, in newly-settled or

newly-civilised lands you have not shops but Stores, where edibles are mixed up with potables, and textile fabrics with both, and books with beeswax, and carpeting with candles. Our American cousins have repudiated the Everything element, and have Shops that can vie with, if they do not surpass the counter-jumping palaces of Regent Street, London, and the Rue de la Paix, Paris. Yet they still retain the name of a Store, for an establishment, say a shawl-shop, more magnificent than Swan and Edgar's, coruscating with glass and gilding, and mural paintings, and variegated marbles; and the Russians, for all the bigness of their cities, have not yet, as a rule, progressed beyond stores—in their streets. In the bazaars there are, certainly, special standings for special articles; but, these are more properly stalls than shops. In the two great shops of St. Petersburg—the Angliaki Magazin, in the little Millionne, and the Ruski-Magazin, on the Nevskoi—the incongruous nature of the articles sold is astonishing, and, in the smaller shops, there is a distracting confusion in the classification of the articles purchased. The hair-dressers sell almost everything. You have to go to the grocers for picture-frames. The tobacconists sell tea; the glove-makers sell porte-monnaies. The best cigars to be had in Petersburg are purchased at an apotheka or druggist's shop, in the Little Morskaya (the druggists sell camera-obscuras, too). You may buy French painted fans at the confectioner's, and there is scarcely a fashionable modiste who does not sell flesh and blood. Altogether, our respected friend Mother Hubbard would have enormous trouble in Russia in attempting to purvey for that insatiable dog of hers, who (like a minister's mother-in-law) was always wanting something. She would have had to go to the bishop's to buy him ale, or to the Winter Palace to buy him a bone.

M. Mélasse sold groceries and a little millinery, and a considerable quantity of coloured prints, and some Bordeaux, and much Champagne. But, M. Mélasse happened, though doing a good business, to have a temper of his own. Why should M. Mélasse's temper interfere with the success of M. Mélasse's business? So far, that the black dog which occasionally sat on the worthy bourgeois's shoulder, could not abide that other and Blacker Dog, Boguey, the Police of Moscow, and barked at him continually. Ces Chiens, these dogs, the impudent Mélasse called the guardians of public order. One afternoon two gentlemen in grey called on M. Mélasse (he spoke Russ tolerably, which in a Frenchman is something marvellous), and saluting him cordially, produced from a remarkably dirty envelope of sacking two fine sugar-loaves—the apex of one of them considerably damaged. These, they told him, had been found in the open street, opposite his house on the previous night; were evidently the

produce of a robbery committed on his premises; and were now brought to him, not to be restored, but to be identified, in order that justice might inform itself, and perquisitions be made respecting the theft. Now, the seller of notions happened to be entirely out of sugar in loaves, had broken up his last a [fortnight before, was rapidly exhausting his stock of lump sugar, and was anxiously expecting a fresh consignment. He therefore energetically protested that the robbery could not have taken place in his house; because, *imprimis* he had securely fastened doors and windows, and kept a fierce watchdog; secondly, because he had no sugar-loaves to be robbed of. The men in grey smiled grimly, and showed the astonished grocer his own private trade-mark on both the loaves. He could not even surmise them to be forged; they were evidently his. The men in grey therefore proceeded to commence their perquisitions, which they effected by ransacking the house and shop from garret to basement—spoiling every article of merchandise they could conveniently spoil—avowedly for the purpose of seeking traces of the burglarious entrance of the thieves. Ultimately they left a man in possession, to watch, in case the robbers renewed their nefarious attempt. This assistant Boguey turned out to be a grey-coated skeleton in every closet in the house. He smoked the vilest Mahorka; he drank vodka like a vampire; his taking snuff was as the sound of a trumpet; he demanded victuals like a roaring lion; he devoured them like a ghoul; he awoke the family in the dead of night with false alarms of fire and thieves; he drove M. Mélasse to frenzy, Madame M. to passionate indignation; Mademoiselle M. to tears and hysterics; the younger M's. nearly into fits of terror; and he stayed a fortnight. The thieves didn't come, and he didn't go. In the meantime the wretched grocer lived the life of a hunted cur. The police put the sugar-loaves (metaphorically) into a tin kettle, and attaching them to his dorsal vertebrae, hunted him perpetually. The same process of summoning, resummoning, interrogating, and cross-interrogating, which I have already described in my own (supposititious) case, was gone through with him. The police found out that he was in the habit of going daily on 'change for the good man speculated a little in Volga Steamboat and Russ-American Ironwork shares). Of course he had to attend the police office daily, for a week exactly at 'change time, and was released by his tormentors exactly as the Exchange gates closed. The police captured two poor devils of moujiks, who, setting aside the fact that they had been previously convicted of robbery, were as honest men as the Governor of Moscow, and had no more to do with the robbery (which had never been committed) than I had. These unfortunate rogues they kept

chained for some time, and living on bread and water in an infamous den at the Police Siège, averring that there was the strongest presumption of their guilt. They suddenly discovered that they were as free from blame as the driven snow; setting them at liberty, they sent in a peremptory demand to M. Mélasse for a corpulent sum of roubles, to defray the expenses of their board and lodging during their imprisonment, and to compensate them for the injury they had suffered. He at first refused to pay, but ultimately disbursed the sum demanded, in despair. He was beginning to entertain the notion of a plunge, for good and all, into the Moskva river, when he received a communication from the mayor of police, informing him in the most polite terms that it had been considered expedient to refer his case, which was considered to be a very intricate one, to the *Ouprava Blagotschinia*, or Bureau de Bon Ordre, presided over by the Grand Master of Police in St. Petersburg, and begging him to take the necessary steps to present a petition to the Governor-General of Moscow, in order that he might procure a passport, and proceed to head police quarters at St. Petersburg, there to be interrogated concerning the most remarkable robbery that had for a long time baffled the sagacity of justice:—the more remarkable, I may myself remark, for its never having taken place. Mélasse, the unhappy, rushed on the wings of the wind, and the polished runners of a sledge (it was in winter) to the police-office. He thrust five roubles into the first grey-coat's hand he met, and promised him ten, if he would procure him immediate speech with the Mayor of Police. Ushered into the presence of that functionary he conjured him, without halting for breath, to tell him how much, in the name of Heaven, he would take to release him from this intolerable persecution. The *polizei*-mayor laughed, poked him in the ribs, and offered him to snuff.

"I am glad to see you returning to better sentiments, my dear M. Mélasse," he said quite cordially. "What is the good of fighting against us? Why omit doing what must be done? You are in Russia, you must be content to have things managed à la Russe. When you live with wolves you must needs howl, M. Mélasse."

"How much?" the victim palpitated.

"There, there, brat (brother)," continued the warm-hearted police-mayor. "You shall be absolved easily. I think if you were to place a hundred and fifty silver roubles in that blotting-book, I should know how to relieve many destitute families. We see so much misery, my dear friend," he added with a sigh.

M. Mélasse set his teeth very closely together; drew the hundred and fifty silver roubles in paper-money from his pocket-book, shut his eyes that he might not see his substance departing from him, and crammed the money into the blotting-book.

"And I tell you what, uncle of mine," the mayor resumed, jauntily fluttering the blotting-book leaves, and twirling (quite accidentally, of course), the greasy little packet of wealth into his ravenous palm, "you shall not say that the Russian police never return any of the goods they have recovered; for, this very afternoon, I will send down two of my men, and YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR SUGAR-LOAVES BACK AGAIN."

With a suppressed shriek, the emancipated-loaf captive entreated the mayor never to let him hear or see more of that accursed sweetstuff. The mayor was a placable man, and open to suasion. He promised to allow the sugar-question to drop for ever; and, dignifying the unroubled grocer with the affectionate cognomen of Batiouchka—little father—bade him an airy good morning, and retired into his sanctum sanctorum: there, doubtless to lock up his honestly-earned roubles in his cassette, and, perhaps, to laugh somewhat in that official sleeve of his, at the rare sport of swindling a Fransoutz. The moral of the story is, that Mélasse did not quit Moscow at once, and in disgust. He stopped, for he also was possessed of that fixed idea common to most foreign traders in Russia, of acquiring a given number of thousand silver roubles, and retiring, in the end to an Arcis-sur-Aube of his own, where he could enjoy his otium cum dignitate, and abuse the land where he had made his money. He stopped; and there was great joy among the police-population of Moscow the holy, that there was no Inostranez, or stranger, in Moscow who kept on better terms with Boguey, or was prompter and more liberal in his felicitations (silver rouble felicitations) on New Year's Day than M. Mélasse of the Tvershala.

Now, New Year's Day is the Russian (as it is the French) Boxing Day. Apart from the genteel cadeaux of bon-bons, gloves, and jewellery, which you are expected (under pain of banishment from soirées and ostracism from morning calls) to make to genteel acquaintances, you have your servants to tip; your dvornik to tip; and, especially, your police to tip. If you are fortunate enough to be a private individual, you get off with a visit from the Nadziratelle of the Quartal, or quartier (a sub-division of the arrondissement), who, with many bows, offers you his felicitations, and to whom you give ten roubles. But, if you are a nobleman or an hotel-keeper, your lot is far harder. By a compliment of fifty (many give a hundred) roubles you may purchase impunity during the ensuing year for almost every act or deed, legal or illegal, over which the police exercise any amount of control. The hotel-keepers give and tremble; the nobles give and despise. That same newly-fledged cornet I told you of, who had the big house to himself, assured me that he never allowed an officer of the judicial police to cross the threshold of his apartment. The secret police come in with-

out being asked, and leave their marks behind them. "When New Year's Day arrives," my young friend would say, "and the pigs come with their salutations, I send them out the money, but, as to entering my house—never!" Horror, hatred, and contempt for Boguey are, I believe, the only definite and sincere feelings of which Nous Autres are capable.

I wish that I could leave M. Hyacinthe, the perfumer, without telling you about somebody I met there one Sunday (I used frequently to dine with that genial barber) somebody whose face and voice, and gestures, and miserable story, came with me adown the Gulf of Finland, and through the Baltic Sea; came with me through the Little Belt and up Flensburg Fjord; came with me through the timber-town of Rendsburg, and by the iron way to Hamburg, and so to Brussels in Brabant, and at last to where I now write this. You shall hear.

There is, perchance, no family circle so difficult of access as a French one. A man may live twenty years in France, without once enjoying even the spectre of a chance of being admitted into a French interior. You, boastful Paris men who pay your first-class fare at London Bridge at half-past eight P.M., and are in Paris by half-past nine the next morning—who live in Paris for months, and fancy you know Paris life thoroughly—to what extent are you cognisant of the real ways and means, of the real manners and customs, of the inscrutable Lutetia. You walk about the Boulevards or the Palais Royal; you stay at Meurice's or the Hotel Bedford; you dine at the Trois Frères or at Phillipe's; you even, if you be of Bohemia, and determined to see life, live in the Rue St. Jacques, or that of the Ecole de Médecine, frequent the Prado and the Closerie des Lilas, and mistake some milliners' girl for Béranger's Lisette. Have you ever seen the French at home? Do you know what manner of people they be? When you do know, we shall have fewer foolish books written about foreign countries. But what am I saying about foreign countries? Have I not been to a foreign country myself, and am I not (it may be) writing an excessively foolish book about it. Are we not living in the days of embassies, and of literary secretaries of embassy who seem determined to verify the maxim of Sir Henry Wotton:—that "an ambassador is one sent abroad to lie for the good of his country;" adding, by way of rider to his dictum, the axiom of La Rochefoucault that "great names dishonour rather than elevate those who do not know how to bear them with propriety."

Without enlarging at all upon any opportunities I might, or might not have had of seeing French people at home, in their own country, I hope I may be allowed to allude to the very pleasant Sundays I spent with my friend the French barber. It was a model French interior. There was the grand

old French lady with snow-white ringlets, tight, long and cylindrical, like frozen sausages. There was the imbecile grandfather, with a black silk skull-cap on his poor old pate, and his shrunken limbs wrapped in a grey duffell dressing-gown; an old man past everything except forbearance—weak, helpless, useless—a baby come back to the primeval baldness, but uncommonly good at his meals—loved, and tended, and cared for, however, as though he had been grandfather Weguelin, and could ask his grandchildren to tea in the bank parlour of the Bank of England every evening, and hand round to them boiled bullion, and sycee silver sally-luns. The picture would not be even artistically complete without a *jeune personne*—a blushing young maiden of sixteen—swathed up to the chin in white muslin, who is told that she must always keep her eyes cast down; who will be married, shortly, to somebody she does not like; and who will eventually run away, or otherwise misbehave herself, with somebody she does like. The middle distance would be wanting to the picture were I to omit a peculiarly sharp boy in a black velvet jacket and sugar-loaf buttons, and a pair of cream-coloured trowsers, much resembling—as regards their degree of inflation—balloons. A youth who is continually (and I am afraid with detriment to the progress of his studies), practising inquiries into the laws of gravitation, with a cup and ball, and who assuredly must do a considerable amount of damage to his father's stock of pomatum, if we are to take into consideration the prodigious accumulation of fatty substances patent on his hair. There would be something out of keeping, too, were the painter to omit the inevitable accessory to all French families at home or abroad, from Caen to Kamschatka, in the shape of an aunt, a cousin, a niece, a dependent of some sort, in fact—ordinarily a subdued female with a bulbous nose, and clad in very scanty, snuffy habiliments, who sits and works, and tends children, and is the friend of the family; and whose only amusement, when she is left quite alone, seems to be to sit and cry her eyes out, with the assistance of a very sparse square of pocket-handkerchief. Her name is usually *Mademoiselle Hortense*. Last of all, there must perforce be put on the canvas a minute point of detail answering to the name of a poodle or a mongrel, as the case may be—a dog who does exactly as he likes, is addressed by affectionate nicknames by the simple French folk, and is generally made much of.

Not last of all, at least in the barber's household. There was the old lady, the *jeune personne*, the velvet and sugar-loafed boy, the dubious aunt or niece, the dog; and there was Somebody.

A perfectly white, haggard, worn-out, spectral girl. A girl robbed from her coffin. An awful sight, with restless, travelling eyes,

with a horrible head rocking backwards and forwards, with hands continually clasping and unclasping, with knees that (you could see beneath her drapery) continually sought each other, and then gave time to her feet, which beat the devil's tattoo incessantly. She had rich glossy hair, massed on each side of her head; her eyes were dark and lustrous; her teeth were gates of ivory; her form was slender and graceful; yet, had she been as hideous as the witch *Sycorax*, as terrible as *Medusa*, she could not, with all her beauty, have impressed you with a greater sense of horror and back-shrinking. The girl was mad, of course. She was quite harmless, only rocking herself backwards and forwards, and rolling those wild eyes of hers, and (when she was unobserved) muttering something about her mother. She used to dine with us, and ply her knife and fork, and drink her weak wine and water with the best of the sane people present; but, she always relapsed into the rocking, and the rolling, and the muttering about her mother, as we were sitting down to dominoes or *lasquet*. Nobody took much notice of her. She sat by the fire-place, with her haggard face, and a tight-fitting black velvet dress; and, when she was spoken of, was alluded to as *Cette pauvre Josephine*.

That poor *Josephine's* story was a very simple and a very sad one. She was the daughter of a French dancing-master, long settled in Russia, and a Russian subject. Her mother had been some French ballet-dancer, who had waltzed away from her obligations, and had pirouetted into an utter abnegation of her social ties. Such things happen. She was *Madame Somebody* at Palermo, while her husband was *Monsieur Somebody-else* at Moscow. He had gained enough money by his profession to send his daughter to France for her education, whence she returned (to her misfortune) young, beautiful, and accomplished. Her father pleased himself with the notion that his *Josephine* must indubitably become the wife of some puissant seigneur; but, unfortunately, in the midst of this dream he died. He, it is to be remembered, had been naturalised a Russian subject, and his child was one after him.

The girl, left alone and unfriended in this Gehenna of a country, fell. The dancing-master had dissipated all his economies of roubles, and she had no money. She went to St. Petersburg, having no money, in a calèche with eight horses (it was before the railway time), with a government *Padaroshna*,* and a courier riding twenty versts

* A *padaroshna* is an official permission to travel with post-horses, without which you might draw your carriage yourself, for no post-horses would you obtain. Government couriers have special *padaroshnas*, which entitle them to take horses before any other traveller; and it is by no means uncommon at a post-house in the interior to see a serjeant of infantry, who happens to be a bearer of despatches, quietly order the horses just harnessed to a carriage containing a whole family, to be taken out, and attached to his own telega or *kibitka*.

a-head to secure relays of horses. M. de Sardanapalassoff, of the Empress's regiment of cuirassiers of the guard, took a magnificent apartment for her in the Italianskaia Oulitza; she had a calèche, a brougham, a country-house—the very model of a Swiss chalet in the islands—saddle horses, a gondola with a velvet awning, white satin cushions, and a Persian carpet; a box at the Balschoi theatre, and one at the French house; a lady's maid, a chasseur, a *maitre d'hotel*, a Danish dog nearly as large as a donkey,—every luxury, in fact. M. de Sardanapalassoff gave some magnificent champagne banquets at her apartments. La Bérésina, as the Muscovite-Parisienne was called, was the reigning beauty of the demi-monde of St. Petersburg. A prince of the imperial blood positively came to one of the Bérésina's *petit soupers*, and deigned to express his opinion that she was charming.

M. de Sardanapalassoff's mamma was the Princess Zenobiaschkin, and he was the most dutiful of sons; so, when she signified to him her maternal commands that he should obtain the imperial permission to travel for two years, and escort her to Paris, Italy, and the baths of Hombourg, he hastened to comply with her mandates in the most filial manner. Some unjust constructions were of course put on this alacrity. Some envious persons declared that the emperor himself had, through the medium of the Princess Zenobiaschkin, offered the alternative of foreign travel or the Caucasus to the young guardsman; an of course unfounded report having got abroad that M. de Sardanapalassoff while on duty at the palace of Tsarski-Selo, had been kicked in full uniform by a vindictive major of dragoons; the cause of the humiliating correction being alleged to be the detection of the Bérésina's noble friend in the act of cheating at *écarté*. Be it as it may, M. de Sardanapalassoff was desolated to part with the Bérésina, but he did it; it must have affected him greatly to be obliged to sell off the whole of his (or her) splendid furniture—nay, as much of her own private jewellery as he could, by fraud or force, lay his hands upon. So much did it affect him, in fact, that he went off with the whole of the proceeds of the sale in his pocket, and left the Bérésina without a friend in the world, and with scarcely a hundred roubles in her pocket.

Josephine (she had done with the name of the Bérésina now) did not float down that golden tide that runs over the sands of Shame in that great, salt, fathomless sea of tears, on which you shall descry no land on lee-bow, or weather-bow, save the headlands of Death. With a stern and strong determination to sin no more, she went to Moscow, where she had some acquaintances, if not friends. She was clever with her needle. She could embroider; she could make bonnets; she had both taste and talent. It was not long before

she obtained employment in the shop of one of the most famous French milliners in Moscow.

For her misery, she was still very beautiful. I have said that the fashionable milliners of Moscow are dealers in other wares than millinery. The buyers of those goods are the dissolute young nobles of the guard. Josephine might very soon have had another splendid suite of apartments, another chasseur, another lady's maid, had she so pleased; but the poor girl was sick of it, and was determined to be a milliner's workwoman all her life, rather than be a golden toy to be tossed aside when its attraction had worn out. She refused solicitation after solicitation, offer after offer from the snuffy old French hag (there is nothing so bad as a bad French woman), into whose employ she had entered. This unprotected, outraged girl declared that she would no longer remain in her service. She would go, she said, that very instant, and rose to leave the work-room. The woman put out her arm to prevent her passing the threshold, and Josephine naturally pushed it away. This was all the milliner wanted.

"Very well, very well!" she said, "bear witness, mesdemoiselles all, this person, my servant—my SERVANT, mind—has been guilty of insubordination and rebellion towards me, her mistress. We shall see, we shall see!"

She went that day and lodged a complaint against her workwoman at the police-office. The girl was a Russian subject, and the daughter of a Russian subject, and there was no help for her on this side Heaven. She was arrested that afternoon, and carried to the *Siège*, her mistress accompanying her. There, in the bureau, she was asked certain questions, the milliner signed a paper and paid certain monies to the aide-major of police, and Josephine was led away by two of the grey-coats.

That same night, very late, a French hair-dresser settled in Moscow, who was crossing the Smith's Bridge on his way home, was fortunate enough to rescue a woman; who, without bonnet or shawl, was standing on the parapet of the bridge, and was just about to cast herself into the Moskva. There was, luckily, no *Boutotsnik*, or watchman, near, or it would have fared ill with both preserver and preserved. The kindly barber took this miserable creature, who could do nothing but sob and wail, and ejaculate, "O Mother, Mother!"—he took her to his home, and delivering her to his womankind, enjoined them to treat her with every care and solicitude. They told him, the next morning, that when they came to undress her, they had found her from the shoulder to the waist one mass of bloody wheals. The police had simply done their infamous duty. The milliner, her mistress, had a perfect right to order her to be flogged; she had paid for the flogging; and the police had nothing further to do, save to

inflict. The unhappy creature had been beaten with rods (willow canes split each into three), and in the frenzy of her agony and shame had immediately after her liberation from the police-den of torture, rushed to the river with the intention of committing suicide.

The hair-dresser, than whom a kinder-hearted seizer of ringlets never existed, would not allow this poor waif and stray to depart out of his house. Learning by degrees her unhappy story, he offered her an asylum, and treated her as one of his own children. She went on improving for a time; but, by degrees she fell into a sable melancholy. When I saw her, she had been mad for eighteen months.

I have done, now, for very sickness, with the judicial police. I have heard some curious tales, in my time, about the Austrian police, and about the Neapolitan police, which all plain men know to be intolerably abominable. The employés of the Rue de Jerusalem are not wholly immaculate, I believe; nay, under our honest, hard-working, plain-sailing Scotland Yard régime, we have had policemen who have stolen geese, and others who have broken into houses. But, as grand masters of the art and mystery of villany; as proficients in lying, stealing, cruelty, rapacity, and impudence; I will back the Russian police against the whole world of knavery.

WINTER.

"A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament."

The heath was brown upon a thousand hills,
The rank weeds rotted in the slender brooks;
The plump fern had wither'd to the root,
And o'er-ripe hazels slipp'd their shrivel'd husks.
The solemn woods—the deep and secret woods—
Their closest thickets open to the sky,
Now sway'd their lean, lank branches drearily,
And sang wild dirges for their summer prime.
Then rose, with sigh and swell, the sighing wind,
And sweeping through the hollow forest glades,
Snatch'd from the trembling boughs their few last leaves,

And, building funeral-piles round root and log,
Far in the distance died with hollow moan.
There grew upon the air a doleful voice;
A mournful wail, a melancholy cry;
As from some potent spirit sorely wrung
By loth submission to unkindly fate:
A mournful cry, which every hill and vale
Re-echo'd drearily with added grief.
Then floated through the sky a noble form,
Yet somewhat wan and pale. A radiant form,
Though half his rays were veil'd in clinging mist;

His eyes were hidden by his trembling hands,
And his fair head droop'd on his mighty breast,
While from his lips there came the same sad cry,
Tremulous, wild, uncertain, full of woe.

"O I am failing, failing day by day:
My strength wanes fast, and all my cherish'd beams
Have faded to a wan and feeble gleam.
Where is my russet mantle tipp'd with gold,

The robe I wore upon the morning hills?
Fallen from my shoulders! For the subtle mist,
The vapour chill, the yellow glaring fog,
Now wreath around me, and I seem to men
An angry, boding meteor, red as blood.

"Where is the splendour of my noonday prime,
That bathed the silent hills and dreamy woods
In welling waves of clear and golden light?
Where is the kingly garb I wore at eve,
Deep-dyed with purple and a crimson hue,
The flush of pride at my own loveliness?
Gone! gone! And, in their stead, the insolent clouds—

Who some few courses since did quake and flee,
Lest haply they should feel my meanest ray—
Now stain my beauty with their jealous breath,
And shoot such shafts of rain before my face
That I grow blind, and grope amid the heavens,
And journey on in gloom, and doubt, and fear.
I feel the coming of mine ancient foe:
He whom in early spring my golden darts
Smit to the death, and drove, all weak and faint,
To seek the covert of his desert caves.
But these, his ministers—the mist, the fog,
The blinding clouds, the rain, the hail, the snow,
The nor'-wind shrieking from the far-off hills,
Wet with the breath of lonely waterfalls—
Are sent to chase me from my rightful throne,
And o'er my kingdom throw a funeral-pall!
Now must I seek me out some other clime,
Where Winter never comes with chilly breath,
And leave this pleasant land I love so well
A prey to bitter frost and long keen nights!"

He pass'd away. Then, for a little space,
Was silence, and I listen'd hush'd in awe,
Till from fair Nature's deepest shrine there came
Sweet voices, very sad and sorrowful,
That cried, "Our joy is fled!" Atween the trees,
And all across the plains they wailed low.
Through the dim mountain-clefts, around the crags,
Drear moanings went, that swoon'd adown the vales;

And the sheer cataract, leaping lost in spray,
Gave answer mournfully, "Our joy is fled!"
Shrill blew the wind, and smote the haggard woods
Till every naked bough rock'd to and fro,
And rattled sorely, as the bones of one
Long wasted by disease who hears his death.
A gloomy shadow fell; the air grew dense;
The distant hills loom'd high and strangely near;
Then, from the north, vast shapes of boiling mist
Came surging o'er the sky; and straight the scene
Lost in a moment all familiar look.
Now high, now low, the eddying masses roll'd,
Pile heap'd on pile in wild confusion blent,
Filling with dim dismay the vault of Heaven.
Down whirl'd with giddy round the flakes of snow;

Then sounded loud and shrill the sleety wind;
For they were herald ministers of him
Before whose coming fled that glorious form.
And now he came—the dreaded one—all hoar,
In mantle, black with thunder-clouds, array'd;
A thousand storms deep-scar'd upon his brow;
His frozen locks fierce shaking through the air,
And in his eyes the gleam of frost-night stars,
That wheresoe'er it fell brought deadly chill.
The swiftest fountain stood a shaft of ice;
The fleetest brook flow'd still and silently;
The earth grew rigid as a seven days' core!

Again those melancholy voices cried,
 "Our woe is come! Our woe—our woe is come!"
 And I, too, mourn'd, and knew 'twas Winter come.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE NINTH. THE NEW NURSE.

As the clock struck seven, Mr. Orridge put on his hat to go to the Tiger's Head. He had just opened his own door, when he was met on the step by a messenger, who summoned him immediately to a case of sudden illness in the poor quarter of the town. The inquiries he made satisfied him that the appeal was really of an urgent nature, and that there was no help for it but to delay his attendance for a little while at the inn. On reaching the bedside of the patient, he discovered symptoms in the case which rendered an immediate operation necessary. The performance of this professional duty occupied some time. It was a quarter to eight before he left his house, for the second time, on his way to the Tiger's Head.

On entering the inn door, he was informed that the new nurse had arrived as early as seven o'clock, and had been waiting for him, in a room by herself, ever since. Having received no orders from Mr. Orridge, the landlady had thought it safest not to introduce the stranger to Mrs. Frankland before the doctor came.

"Did she ask to go up into Mrs. Frankland's room?" inquired Mr. Orridge.

"Yes, sir," replied the landlady. "And I thought she seemed rather put out when I said that I must beg her to wait till you got here. Will you step this way, and see her at once, sir? She is in my parlour."

Mr. Orridge followed the landlady into a little room at the back of the house, and found Mrs. Jazeph sitting alone in the corner farthest from the window. He was rather surprised to see that she drew her veil down the moment the door was opened.

"I am sorry you should have been kept waiting," he said; "but I was called away to a patient. Besides, I told you between seven and eight, if you remember; and it is not eight o'clock yet."

"I was very anxious to be in good time, sir," said Mrs. Jazeph. There was an accent of restraint in the quiet tones in which she spoke which struck Mr. Orridge's ear, and a little perplexed him. She was apparently, not only afraid that her face might betray something, but apprehensive also that her voice might tell him more than her words expressed. What feeling was she anxious to conceal? Was it irritation at having been kept waiting so long by herself in the landlady's room?

"If you will follow me," said Mr. Orridge, "I will take you to Mrs. Frankland immediately."

Mrs. Jazeph rose slowly, and, when she was on her feet, rested her hand for an

instant on a table near her. That action, momentary as it was, helped to confirm the doctor in his conviction of her physical unfitness for the position which she had volunteered to occupy.

"You seem tired," he said, as he led the way out of the door. "Surely, you did not walk all the way here?"

"No, sir. My mistress was so kind as to let one of the servants drive me in the pony chaise." There was the same restraint in her voice, as she made that answer; and still she never attempted to lift her veil. While ascending the inn stairs Mr. Orridge mentally resolved to watch her first proceedings in Mrs. Frankland's room closely, and to send, after all, for the London nurse, unless Mrs. Jazeph showed remarkable enthusiasm and aptitude in the performance of her new duties.

The room which Mrs. Frankland occupied was situated at the back of the house, having been chosen in that position, with the object of removing her as much as possible from the bustle and noise about the inn door. It was lighted by one window overlooking a few cottages, beyond which spread the rich grazing grounds of West Somersetshire, bounded by a long monotonous line of thickly-wooded hills. The bed was of the old-fashioned kind, with the customary four posts and the inevitable damask curtains. It projected from the wall into the middle of the room, in such a situation, as to keep the door on the right hand of the person occupying it, the window on the left, and the fireplace opposite the foot of the bed. On the side of the bed nearest the window, the curtains were open, while at the foot, and on the side near the door, they were closely drawn. By this arrangement the interior of the bed was necessarily concealed from the view of any person on first entering the room.

"How do you find yourself to-night, Mrs. Frankland?" asked Mr. Orridge, reaching out his hand to undraw the curtains. "Do you think you will be any the worse for a little freer circulation of air?"

"On the contrary, doctor, I shall be all the better," was the answer. "But I am afraid—in case you have ever been disposed to consider me a sensible woman—that my character will suffer a little in your estimation, when you see how I have been occupying myself for the last hour."

Mr. Orridge smiled as he undrew the curtains, and laughed outright when he looked at the mother and child. Mrs. Frankland had been amusing herself, and gratifying her taste for bright colours, by dressing out her baby with blue ribbons as he lay asleep. He had a necklace, shoulder-knots, and bracelets, all of blue ribbon; and to complete the quaint finery of his costume, his mother's smart little lace cap had been hitched comically on one side of his head. Rosamond herself, as if determined to vie with the baby

in gaiety of dress, wore a light pink jacket, ornamented down the bosom and over the sleeves with bows of white satin ribbon. Laburnum blossoms, gathered that morning, lay scattered about over the white counterpane, intermixed with some flowers of the Lily of the Valley, tied up into two nosegays with strips of cherry-coloured ribbon. Over this varied assemblage of colours, over the baby's ruddy cheeks and arms, over his mother's happy, youthful face, the tender light of the May evening poured tranquil and warm. Thoroughly appreciating the charm of the picture which he had disclosed on undrawing the curtains, the doctor stood looking at it for a few moments, quite forgetful of the errand that had brought him into the room. He was only recalled to a remembrance of the new nurse by a chance question which Mrs. Frankland addressed to him.

"I can't help it, doctor," said Rosamond, with a look of apology. "I really can't help treating my baby, now I am a grown woman, just as I used to treat my doll when I was a little girl. Did anybody come into the room with you? Lenny, are you there? Have you done dinner, darling, and did you drink my health when you were left at dessert all by yourself?"

"Mr. Frankland is still at dinner," said the doctor. "But I certainly brought some one into the room with me. Where in the name of wonder has she gone to?—Mrs. Jazeph!"

The housekeeper had slipped round to the part of the room between the foot of the bed and the fire-place, where she was hidden by the curtains that still remained drawn. When Mr. Orridge called to her, instead of joining him where he stood, opposite the window, she appeared at the other side of the bed, where the window was behind her. Her shadow stole darkly over the bright picture which the doctor had been admiring. It stretched obliquely across the counterpane, and its dusky edges touched the figures of the mother and child.

"Gracious goodness! who are you?" exclaimed Rosamond, "A woman, or a ghost?"

Mrs. Jazeph's veil was up at last. Although her face was necessarily in shadow in the position which she had chosen to occupy, the doctor saw a change pass over it when Mrs. Frankland spoke. The lips dropped and quivered a little; the marks of care and age, about the mouth, deepened; and the eyebrows contracted suddenly. The eyes Mr. Orridge could not see; they were cast down on the counterpane at the first word that Rosamond uttered. Judging by the light of his medical experience, the doctor concluded that she was suffering pain, and trying to suppress any outward manifestation of it. "An affection of the heart, most likely," he thought to himself. "She has concealed it from her mistress, but she can't hide it from me."

"Who are you?" repeated Rosamond.

"And what in the world do you stand there for,—between us and the sunlight?"

Mrs. Jazeph neither answered nor raised her eyes. She only moved back timidly to the farthest corner of the window.

"Did you not get a message from me this afternoon?" asked the doctor, appealing to Mrs. Frankland.

"To be sure I did," replied Rosamond.

"A very kind, flattering message about a new nurse."

"There she is," said Mr. Orridge, pointing across the bed to Mrs. Jazeph.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Rosamond. "But of course it must be. Who else could have come in with you? I ought to have known that. Pray come here—(what is her name, doctor? Joseph, did you say?—No?—Jazeph?)—pray come nearer, Mrs. Jazeph, and let me apologise for speaking so abruptly to you. I am more obliged than I can say, for your kindness in coming here, and for your mistress's good-nature in resigning you to me. I hope I shall not give you much trouble, and I am sure you will find the baby easy to manage. He is a perfect angel, and sleeps like a dormouse. Dear me! now I look at you a little closer, I am afraid you are in very delicate health, yourself. Doctor! if Mrs. Jazeph would not be offended with me, I should almost feel inclined to say that she looks in want of nursing, herself."

Mrs. Jazeph bent down over the laburnum blossoms on the bed, and began hurriedly and confusedly to gather them together.

"I thought as you do, Mrs. Frankland," said Mr. Orridge. "But I have been assured that Mrs. Jazeph's looks belie her, and that her capabilities, as a nurse, quite equal her zeal."

"Are you going to make all that laburnum into a nosegay?" asked Mrs. Frankland, noticing how the new nurse was occupying herself. "How thoughtful of you! and how magnificent it will be! I am afraid you will find the room very untidy. I will ring for my maid to set it to rights."

"If you will allow me to put it in order, ma'am, I shall be very glad to begin being of use to you in that way," said Mrs. Jazeph. When she made the offer, she looked up; and her eyes and Mrs. Frankland's met. Rosamond instantly drew back on the pillow, and her colour altered a little.

"How strangely you look at me!" she said.

Mrs. Jazeph started at the words, as if something had struck her, and moved away suddenly to the window.

"You are not offended with me, I hope?" said Rosamond, noticing the action. "I have a sad habit of saying anything that comes uppermost. And I really thought you looked just now as if you saw something about me that frightened or grieved you. Pray put the room in order, if you are kindly willing to

undertake the trouble. And never mind what I say—you will soon get used to my ways—and we shall be as comfortable and friendly——”

Just as Mrs. Frankland said the words, “comfortable” and “friendly,” the new nurse left the window, and went back to the part of the room where she was hidden from view, between the fireplace and the closed curtains at the foot of the bed. Rosamond looked round to express her surprise to the doctor, but he turned away at the same moment so as to occupy a position which might enable him to observe what Mrs. Jazeph was doing on the other side of the bed-curtains.

When he first caught sight of her, her hands were both raised to her face. Before he could decide whether he had surprised her in the act of clasping them over her eyes or not, they changed their position, and were occupied in removing her bonnet. After she had placed this part of her wearing apparel, and her shawl and gloves, on a chair in a corner of the room, she went to the dressing-table, and began to arrange the various useful and ornamental objects scattered about it. She set them in order with remarkable dexterity and neatness, showing a taste for arrangement, and a capacity for discriminating between things that were likely to be wanted and things that were not, which impressed Mr. Orridge very favourably. He particularly noticed the carefulness with which she handled some bottles of physic, reading the labels on each, and arranging the medicine that might be required at night on one side of the table, and the medicine that might be required in the day-time on the other. When she left the dressing-table, and occupied herself in setting the furniture straight, and in folding up articles of clothing that had been thrown on one side, not the slightest movement of her thin wasted hands seemed ever to be made at hazard or in vain. Noiselessly, modestly, observantly, she moved from side to side of the room, and neatness and order followed her steps wherever she went. When Mr. Orridge resumed his place at Mrs. Frankland's bedside, his mind was at ease on one point at least—it was perfectly evident that the new nurse could be depended on to make no mistakes.

“What an odd woman she is!” whispered Rosamond.

“Odd, indeed,” returned Mr. Orridge, “and desperately broken in health, though she may not confess to it. However, she is wonderfully neat-handed and careful, and there can be no harm in trying her for one night—that is to say, unless you feel any objection.”

“On the contrary,” said Rosamond, “she rather interests me. There is something in her face and manner—I can't say what—that makes me feel curious to know more of her. I must get her to talk, and try if I can't

bring out all her peculiarities. Don't be afraid of my exciting myself, and don't stop here in this dull room on my account. I would much rather you went down-stairs, and kept my husband company over his wine. Do go and talk to him, and amuse him a little—he must be so dull, poor fellow, while I am up here; and he likes you, Mr. Orridge—he does, very much. Stop one moment, and just look at the baby again. He doesn't take a dangerous quantity of sleep, does he? And, Mr. Orridge, one word more: when you have done your wine, you will promise to lend my husband the use of your eyes, and bring him up-stairs to wish me good-night, won't you?”

Willingly engaging to pay attention to Mrs. Frankland's request, Mr. Orridge left the bedside. As he opened the room door, he stopped to tell Mrs. Jazeph that he should be down-stairs if she wanted him, and that he would give her any instructions of which she might stand in need later in the evening, before he left the inn for the night. The new nurse, when he passed by her, was kneeling over one of Mrs. Frankland's open trunks, arranging some articles of clothing which had been rather carelessly folded up. Just before he spoke to her, he observed that she had a chemisette in her hand, the frill of which was laced through with ribbon. One end of this ribbon she appeared to him to be on the point of drawing out, when the sound of his footsteps disturbed her. The moment she became aware of his approach, she dropped the chemisette suddenly in the trunk, and covered it over with some handkerchiefs. Although this proceeding on Mrs. Jazeph's part rather surprised the doctor, he abstained from showing that he had noticed it. Her mistress had vouched for her character, after five years' experience of it, and the bit of ribbon was intrinsically worthless. On both accounts, it was impossible to suspect her of attempting to steal it; and yet, as Mr. Orridge could not help feeling when he had left the room, her conduct, when he surprised her over the trunk, was exactly the conduct of a person who is about to commit a theft.

“Pray don't trouble yourself about my luggage,” said Rosamond, remarking Mrs. Jazeph's occupation as soon as the doctor had gone. “That is my idle maid's business, and you will only make her more careless than ever if you do it for her. I am sure the room is beautifully set in order. Come here, and sit down and rest yourself. You must be a very unselfish, kind-hearted woman to give yourself all this trouble to serve a stranger. The doctor's message this afternoon told me that your mistress was a friend of my poor, dear father's. I suppose she must have known him before my time. Any way, I feel doubly grateful to her for taking an interest in me for my father's sake. But you can have no such feeling; you must

have come here from pure good-nature and anxiety to help others. Don't go away, there, to the window. Come and sit down by me."

Mrs. Jazeph had risen from the trunk, and was approaching the bedside—when she suddenly turned away in the direction of the fire-place, just as Mrs. Frankland began to speak of her father.

"Come, and sit here," reiterated Rosamond, getting impatient at receiving no answer. "What in the world are you doing there at the foot of the bed?"

The figure of the new nurse again interposed between the bed and the fading evening light that glimmered through the window, before there was any reply.

"The evening is closing in," said Mrs. Jazeph, "and the window is not quite shut. I was thinking of making it fast, and of drawing down the blind—if you had no objection, ma'am?"

"O, not yet! not yet! Shut the window, if you please, in case the baby should catch cold, but don't draw down the blind. Let me get my peep at the view as long as there is any light left to see it by. That long flat stretch of grazing-ground out there, is just beginning, at this dim time, to look a little like my childish recollections of a Cornish moor. Do you know anything about Cornwall, Mrs. Jazeph?"

"I have heard"—At those first three words of reply the nurse stopped. She was just then engaged in shutting the window, and she seemed to find some difficulty in closing the lock.

"What have you heard?" asked Rosamond.

"I have heard that Cornwall is a wild, dreary country," said Mrs. Jazeph, still busying herself with the lock of the window, and, by consequence, still keeping her back turned on Mrs. Frankland.

"Can't you shut the window, yet?" said Rosamond. "My maid always does it quite easily. Leave it till she comes up, I am going to ring for her directly. I want her to brush my hair and cool my face with a little Eau de Cologne and water."

"I have shut it, ma'am," said Mrs. Jazeph, suddenly succeeding in closing the lock. "And, if you will allow me, I should be very glad to make you comfortable for the night, and save you the trouble of ringing for the maid."

Thinking the new nurse the oddest woman she had ever met with, Mrs. Frankland accepted the offer. By the time Mrs. Jazeph had prepared the Eau de Cologne and water, the twilight was falling softly over the landscape outside, and the room was beginning to grow dark.

"Had you not better light a candle?" suggested Rosamond.

"I think not, ma'am," said Mrs. Jazeph, rather hastily. "I can see quite well without."

She began to brush Mrs. Frankland's hair as she spoke; and, at the same time, asked a question which referred to the few words that had passed between them on the subject of Cornwall. Pleased to find that the new nurse had grown familiar enough at last to speak before she was spoken to, Rosamond desired nothing better than to talk about her recollections of her native county. But, from some inexplicable reason, Mrs. Jazeph's touch, light and tender as it was, had such a strangely disconcerting effect on her, that she could not succeed, for the moment, in collecting her thoughts so as to reply, except in the briefest manner. The careful hands of the nurse lingered with a stealthy gentleness among the locks of her hair; the pale, wasted face of the new nurse approached, every now and then, more closely to her own than appeared at all needful. A vague sensation of uneasiness which she could not trace to any particular part of her—which she could hardly say that she really felt, in a bodily sense, at all—seemed to be floating about her, to be hanging around and over her, like the air she breathed. She could not move, though she wanted to move, in the bed; she could not turn her head so as to humour the action of the brush; she could not look round; she could not break the embarrassing silence which had been caused by her own short, discouraging answer. At last the sense of oppression—whether fancied, or real—irritated her into snatching the brush out of Mrs. Jazeph's hand. The instant she had done so, she felt ashamed of the discourteous abruptness of the action, and confused at the alarm and surprise which the manner of the nurse exhibited. With the strongest sense of the absurdity of her own conduct, and yet without the least power of controlling herself, she burst out laughing, and tossed the brush away to the foot of the bed.

"Pray don't look surprised, Mrs. Jazeph," she said, still laughing without knowing why, and without feeling in the slightest degree amused. "I'm very rude and odd, I know. You have brushed my hair delightfully; but—I can't tell how—it seemed, all the time, as if you were brushing the strangest fancies into my head. I can't help laughing at them—I can't, indeed! Do you know, once or twice, I absolutely fancied, when your face was closest to mine, that you wanted to kiss me! Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous? I declare I am more of a baby, in some things, than the little darling here by my side!"

Mrs. Jazeph made no answer. She left the bed while Rosamond was speaking, and came back, after an unaccountably long delay, with the Eau de Cologne and water. As she held the basin while Mrs. Frankland bathed her face, she kept away at arm's length, and came no nearer when it was time to offer the towel. Rosamond began to be afraid that she had seriously offended Mrs. Jazeph, and

tried to soothe and propitiate her by asking questions about the management of the baby. There was a slight trembling in the sweet voice of the new nurse, but not the faintest tone of sullenness or anger, as she simply and quietly answered the inquiries addressed to her. By dint of keeping the conversation still on the subject of the child, Mrs. Frankland succeeded, little by little, in luring her back to the bedside—in tempting her to bend down admiringly over the infant—in emboldening her, at last, to kiss him tenderly on the cheek. One kiss was all that she gave; and she turned away from the bed, after it, and sighed heavily.

The sound of that sigh fell very sadly on Rosamond's heart. Up to this time, the baby's little span of life had always been associated with smiling faces and pleasant words. It made her uneasy to think that any one could caress him and sigh after it.

"I am sure you must be fond of children," she said, hesitating a little from natural delicacy of feeling. "But, will you excuse me for noticing that it seems rather a mournful fondness? Pray—pray don't answer my question if it gives you any pain—if you have any loss to deplore; but—but I do so want to ask if you have ever had a child of your own?"

Mrs. Jazeph was standing near a chair when that question was put. She caught fast hold of the back of it, grasping it so firmly, or perhaps leaning on it so heavily, that the woodwork cracked. Her head drooped low on her bosom. She did not utter, or even attempt to utter, a single word.

Fearing that she must have lost a child of her own, and dreading to distress her unnecessarily by venturing to ask any more questions, Rosamond said nothing, as she stooped over the baby to kiss him in her turn. Her lips rested on his cheek a little above where Mrs. Jazeph's lips had rested the moment before, and they touched a spot of wet on his smooth warm skin. Fearing that some of the water in which she had been bathing her face might have dropped on him, she passed her fingers lightly over his head, neck, and bosom, and felt no other spots of wet anywhere. The one drop that had fallen on him was the drop that wetted the cheek which the new nurse had kissed.

The twilight faded over the landscape, the room grew darker and darker; and still, though she was now sitting close to the table on which the candles and matches were placed, Mrs. Jazeph made no attempt to strike a light. Rosamond did not feel quite comfortable at the idea of lying awake in the darkness, with nobody in the room but a person who was as yet almost a total stranger; and she resolved to have the candles lighted immediately.

"Mrs. Jazeph," she said, looking towards the gathering obscurity outside the window,

"I shall be much obliged to you, if you will light the candles, and pull down the blind. I can trace no more resemblances out there, now, to a Cornish prospect; the view has gone altogether."

"Are you very fond of Cornwall, ma'am?" asked Mrs. Jazeph, rising, in rather a dilatory manner, to light the candles.

"Indeed I am," said Rosamond. "I was born there; and my husband and I were on our way to Cornwall, when we were obliged to stop, on my account, at this place. You are a long time getting the candles lit. Can't you find the match-box?"

Mrs. Jazeph, with an awkwardness which was rather surprising in a person who had shown so much neat-handedness in setting the room to rights, broke the first match in attempting to light it, and let the second out the instant after the flame was kindled. At the third attempt she was more successful; but she only lit one candle, and that one she carried away from the table which Mrs. Frankland could see, to the dressing-table, which was hidden from her by the curtains at the foot of the bed.

"Why do you move the candle?" asked Rosamond.

"I thought it was best for your eyes, ma'am, not to have the light too near them," replied Mrs. Jazeph; and then added hastily, as if she was unwilling to give Mrs. Frankland time to make any objections. "And so you were going to Cornwall, ma'am, when you stopped at this place? To travel about there a little, I suppose?" After saying these words, she took up the second candle, and passed out of sight as she carried it to the dressing-table.

Rosamond thought that the nurse, in spite of her gentle looks and manners, was a remarkably obstinate woman. But she was too good-natured to care about asserting her right to have the candles placed where she pleased; and, when she answered Mrs. Jazeph's question, she still spoke to her as cheerfully and familiarly as ever.

"O, dear no! Not to travel about," she said: "but to go straight to the old country house where I was born. It belongs to my husband, now, Mrs. Jazeph. I have not been near it since I was a little girl of five years of age. Such a ruinous, rambling old place! You, who talk of the dreariness and wildness of Cornwall, would be quite horrified at the very idea of living in Porthgenna Tower."

The faintly rustling sound of Mrs. Jazeph's silk dress, as she moved about the dressing-table, had been audible all the while Rosamond was speaking. It ceased instantaneously when she said the words "Porthgenna Tower;" and, for one moment, there was a dead silence in the room.

"You, who have been living all your life, I suppose, in nicely-repaired houses, cannot imagine what a place it is that we are going

to, when I am well enough to travel again," pursued Rosamond. "What do you think, Mrs. Jazeph, of a house, with one whole side of it that has never been inhabited for sixty or seventy years past? You may get some notion of the size of Porthgenna Tower from that. There is a west side that we are to live in when we get there, and a north side, where the empty old rooms are, which I hope we shall be able to repair. Only think of the hosts of odd, old-fashioned things that we may find in those uninhabited rooms! I mean to put on the cook's apron and the gardener's gloves, and rummage all over them from top to bottom. How I shall astonish the housekeeper, when I get to Porthgenna, and ask her for the keys of the ghostly north rooms!"

A low cry, and a sound as if something had struck against the dressing-table, followed Mrs. Frankland's last words. She started in the bed, and asked eagerly what was the matter.

"Nothing," answered Mrs. Jazeph, speaking so constrainedly that her voice dropped to a whisper. "Nothing, ma'am—nothing, I assure you. I struck my side, by accident, against the table—pray don't be alarmed!—it's not worth noticing."

"But you speak as if you were in pain," said Rosamond.

"No, no, not in pain. Not hurt, not hurt, indeed."

While Mrs. Jazeph was declaring that she was not hurt, the door of the room was opened, and the doctor entered, leading in Mr. Frankland.

"We come early, Mrs. Frankland, but we are going to give you plenty of time to compose yourself for the night," said Mr. Orridge. He paused, and noticed that Rosamond's colour was heightened. "I am afraid you have been talking and exciting yourself a little too much," he went on. "If you will excuse me for venturing on the suggestion, Mr. Frankland, I think the sooner good-night is said, the better. Where is the nurse?"

Mrs. Jazeph sat down with her back to the lighted candle when she heard herself asked for. Just before that, she had been looking at Mr. Frankland with an eager, undisguised curiosity, which, if anyone had noticed it, must have appeared surprisingly out of character with her usual modesty and refinement of manner.

"I am afraid the nurse has accidentally hurt her side more than she is willing to confess," said Rosamond to the doctor, pointing, with one hand, to the place in which Mrs. Jazeph was sitting, and raising the other to her husband's neck as he stooped over her pillow.

Mr. Orridge, on inquiring what had happened, could not prevail on the new nurse to acknowledge that the accident was of the slightest consequence. He suspected, nevertheless, that she was suffering, or, at least,

that something had happened to discompose her; for he found the greatest difficulty in fixing her attention, while he gave her a few needful directions in case her services were required during the night. All the time he was speaking, her eyes wandered away from him to the part of the room where Mr. and Mrs. Frankland were talking together. Mrs. Jazeph looked like the last person in the world who would be guilty of an act of impertinent curiosity; and yet she openly betrayed all the characteristics of an inquisitive woman, while Mr. Frankland was standing by his wife's pillow. The doctor was obliged to assume his most peremptory manner, before he could get her to attend to him at all.

"And now, Mrs. Frankland," said Mr. Orridge, turning away from the nurse, "as I have given Mrs. Jazeph all the directions she wants, I shall set the example of leaving you in quiet, by saying good-night."

Understanding the hint conveyed in these words, Mr. Frankland attempted to say good-night, too, but his wife kept tight hold of both his hands, and declared that it was unreasonable to expect her to let him go for another half-hour at least. Mr. Orridge shook his head, and began to expatiate on the evils of over-excitement, and the blessings of composure and sleep. His remonstrances, however, would have produced very little effect, even if Rosamond had allowed him to continue them, but for the interposition of the baby, who happened to wake up at that moment, and who proved himself a powerful auxiliary on the doctor's side, by absorbing all his mother's attention immediately. Seizing his opportunity at the right moment, Mr. Orridge quietly led Mr. Frankland out of the room, just as Rosamond was taking the child up in her arms. He stopped before closing the door to whisper one last word to Mrs. Jazeph.

"If Mrs. Frankland wants to talk, you must not encourage her," he said. "As soon as she has quieted the baby, she ought to go to sleep. There is a chair-bedstead in that corner which you can open for yourself when you want to lie down. Keep the candle where it is now, behind the curtain. The less light Mrs. Frankland sees, the sooner she will compose herself to sleep."

Mrs. Jazeph made no answer: she only looked at the doctor and curtsied. That strangely scared expression in her eyes, which he had noticed on first seeing her, was more painfully apparent than ever, when he left her alone for the night with the mother and child. "She will never do," thought Mr. Orridge, as he led Mr. Frankland down the inn stairs. "We shall have to send to London for a nurse, after all."

Feeling a little irritated by the summary manner in which her husband had been taken away from her, Rosamond fretfully rejected the offers of assistance which were made to

her by Mrs. Jazeph as soon as the doctor had left the room. The nurse said nothing when her services were declined; and yet, judging by her conduct, she seemed anxious to speak. Twice, she advanced towards the bedside,—opened her lips—stopped—and retired confusedly, before she settled herself finally in her former place by the dressing-table. Here she remained, silent and out of sight, until the child had been quieted, and had fallen asleep in his mother's arms with one little pink, half-closed hand resting on her bosom. Rosamond could not resist raising the hand to her lips, though she risked waking him again by doing so. As she kissed it, the sound of the kiss was followed by a faint, suppressed sob, proceeding from the other side of the curtains at the lower end of the bed.

"What is that?" she exclaimed.

"Nothing, ma'am," said Mrs. Jazeph, in the same constrained, whispering tones in which she had answered Mrs. Frankland's former question. "I think I was just falling asleep in the arm-chair, here; and I ought to have told you perhaps that, having had my troubles, and being afflicted with a heart complaint, I have a habit of sighing in my sleep. It means nothing, ma'am, and I hope you will be good enough to excuse it."

Rosamond's generous instincts were aroused in a moment. "Excuse it!" she said. "I hope I may do better than that, Mrs. Jazeph, and be the means of relieving it. When Mr. Orridge comes to-morrow, you shall consult him, and I will take care that you want for nothing that he may order. No! no! Don't thank me until I have been the means of making you well—and keep where you are, if the arm-chair is comfortable. The baby is asleep again; and I should like to have half-an-hour's quiet, before I change to the night-side of the bed. Stop where you are for the present: I will call as soon as I want you."

So far from exercising a soothing effect on Mrs. Jazeph, these kindly-meant words produced the precisely opposite result of making her restless. She began to walk about the room, and confusedly attempted to account for the change in her conduct, by saying that she wished to satisfy herself that all her arrangements were properly made for the night. In a few minutes more, she began, in defiance of the doctor's prohibition, to tempt Mrs. Frankland into talking again, by asking questions about Porthgenna Tower, and by referring to the chances for and against its being chosen as a permanent residence by the young married couple.

"Perhaps, ma'am," she said, speaking on a sudden, with an eagerness in her voice, which was curiously at variance with the apparent indifference of her manner. "Perhaps, when you see Porthgenna Tower, you may not like it so well as you think you will now? Who can tell that you may not

get tired and leave the place again after a few days—especially if you go into the empty rooms. I should have thought—if you will excuse my saying so, ma'am—I should have thought that a lady like you would have liked to get as far away as possible from dirt, and dust, and disagreeable smells?"

"I can face worse inconveniences than those, where my curiosity is concerned," said Rosamond. "And I am more curious to see the uninhabited rooms at Porthgenna, than to see the Seven Wonders of the World. Even if we don't settle altogether at the old house, I feel certain that we shall stay there for some time."

At that answer, Mrs. Jazeph abruptly turned away, and asked no more questions. She retired to a corner of the room near the door, where the chair-bedstead stood which the doctor had pointed out to her—occupied herself for a few minutes in making it ready for the night—then left it as suddenly as she had approached it, and began to walk up and down, once more. This unaccountable restlessness, which had already surprised Rosamond, now made her feel rather uneasy—especially when she once or twice overheard Mrs. Jazeph talking to herself. Judging by words and fragments of sentences that were audible now and then, her mind was still running, with the most inexplicable persistency, on the subject of Porthgenna Tower. As the minutes wore on, and she continued to walk up and down, and still went on talking, Rosamond's uneasiness began to strengthen into something like alarm. She resolved to awaken Mrs. Jazeph in the least offensive manner, to a sense of the strangeness of her own conduct, by noticing that she was talking, but by not appearing to understand that she was talking to herself.

"What did you say?" asked Rosamond—putting the question at a moment when the nurse's voice was most distinctly betraying her in the act of thinking aloud.

Mrs. Jazeph stopped, and raised her head vacantly, as if she had been awakened out of a heavy sleep.

"I thought you were saying something more about our old house," continued Rosamond. "I thought I heard you say that I ought not to go to Porthgenna, or that you would not go there in my place, or something of that sort."

Mrs. Jazeph blushed like a young girl. "I think you must have been mistaken, ma'am," she said, and stooped over the chair-bedstead again.

Watching her anxiously, Rosamond saw that, while she was affecting to arrange the bedstead, she was doing nothing whatever to prepare it for being slept in. What did that mean? What did her whole conduct mean for the last half-hour? As Mrs. Frankland asked herself those questions, the thrill of a terrible suspicion turned her cold to the very roots of her hair. It had never occurred

to her before, but it suddenly struck her now, with the force of positive conviction, that the new nurse was not in her right senses.

All that was unaccountable in her behaviour—her odd disappearances behind the curtains, at the foot of the bed; her lingering, stealthy, over-familiar way of using the hair-brush; her silence at one time, her talkativeness at another; her restlessness, her whispering to herself, her affectation of being deeply engaged in doing something which she was not doing at all—every one of her strange actions (otherwise incomprehensible) became intelligible in a moment on that one dreadful supposition that she was mad.

Terrified as she was, Rosamond kept her presence of mind. One of her arms stole instinctively round the child; and she had half raised the other to catch at the bell-rope hanging above her pillow, when she saw Mrs. Jazeph turn and look at her.

A woman possessed only of ordinary nerve would, probably, at that instant, have pulled at the bell-rope in the unreasoning desperation of sheer fright. Rosamond had courage enough to calculate consequences, and to remember that Mrs. Jazeph would have time to lock the door, before assistance could arrive, if she betrayed her suspicions by ringing without first assigning some plausible reason for doing so. She slowly closed her eyes as the nurse looked at her, partly to convey the notion that she was composing herself to sleep,—partly to gain time to think of some safe excuse for summoning her maid. The flurry of her spirits, however, interfered with the exercise of her ingenuity. Minute after minute dragged on heavily, and still she could think of no assignable reason for ringing the bell.

She was just doubting whether it would not be safest to send Mrs. Jazeph out of the room, on some message to her husband, to lock the door the moment she was alone, and then to ring—she was just doubting whether she would boldly adopt this course of proceeding, or not, when she heard the rustle of the nurse's silk dress approaching the bedside.

Her first impulse was to snatch at the bell-rope; but fear had paralysed her hand; she could not raise it from the pillow.

The rustling of the silk dress ceased. She half unclosed her eyes, and saw that the nurse was stopping midway between the part of the room from which she had advanced, and the bedside. There was nothing wild or angry in her look. The agitation which her face expressed, was the agitation of perplexity and alarm. She stood rapidly clasping and unclasping her hands, the image of bewilderment and distress—stood so for nearly a minute—then came forward a few steps more, and said inquiringly, in a whisper:—

“Not asleep? not quite asleep, yet?”

Rosamond tried to speak in answer, but the quick beating of her heart seemed to rise up to her very lips, and to stifle the words on them.

The nurse came on, still with the same perplexity and distress in her face, to within a foot of the bedside—knelt down by the pillow, and looked earnestly at Rosamond—shuddered a little, and glanced all round her, as if to make sure that the room was empty—bent forward—hesitated—bent nearer, and whispered into her ear these words:—

“When you go to Porthgenna, keep out of the Myrtle Room!”

The hot breath of the woman, as she spoke, beat on Rosamond's cheek, and seemed to fly in one fever-throb through every vein in her body. The nervous shock of that unutterable sensation burst the bonds of the terror that had hitherto held her motionless and speechless. She started up in bed with a scream, caught hold of the bell-rope, and pulled it violently.

“O, hush! hush!” cried Mrs. Jazeph, sinking back on her knees, and beating her hands together despairingly with the helpless gesticulation of a child.

Rosamond rang again and again. Hurrying footsteps and eager voices were heard outside on the stairs. It was not ten o'clock yet—nobody had retired for the night—and the violent ringing had already alarmed the house.

The nurse rose to her feet, staggered back from the bedside, and supported herself against the wall of the room, as the footsteps and the voices reached the door. She said not another word. The hands that she had been beating together so violently, but an instant before, hung down nerveless at her side. The blank of a great agony spread over all her face, and stilled it awfully.

The first person who entered the room was Mrs. Frankland's maid, and the landlady followed her.

“Fetch Mr. Frankland,” said Rosamond, faintly, addressing the landlady. “I want to speak to him directly. You,” she continued, beckoning to the maid, “sit by me here, till your master comes. I have been dreadfully frightened. Don't ask me questions; but stop here.”

The maid stared at her mistress in amazement; then looked round with a disparaging frown at the nurse. When the landlady left the room to fetch Mr. Frankland, she had moved a little away from the wall, so as to command a full view of the bed. Her eyes fixed with a look of breathless suspense, of devouring anxiety, on Rosamond's face. From all her other features, the expression seemed to be gone. She said nothing, she noticed nothing. She did not start, she did not move aside an inch, when the landlady returned, and led Mr. Frankland to his wife.

“Lenny! don't let the new nurse stop here to-night—pray, pray don't!” whispered

Rosamond, eagerly catching her husband by the arm.

Warned by the trembling of her hand, Mr. Frankland laid his fingers lightly on her temples and on her heart.

"Good Heavens, Rosamond! what has happened? I left you quiet and comfortable, and now——"

"I've been frightened, dear—dreadfully frightened, by the new nurse. Don't be hard on her, poor creature; she is not in her right senses—I am certain she is not. Only get her away quietly—only send her back at once to where she came from. I shall die of the fright, if she stops here. She has been behaving so strangely, she has spoken such words to me—Lenny! Lenny! don't let go of my hand. She came stealing up to me so horribly, just where you are now; she knelt down at my ear, and whispered—Oh, such words!"

"Hush, hush, love!" said Mr. Frankland, getting seriously alarmed by the violence of Rosamond's agitation. "Never mind repeating the words now; wait till you are calmer—I beg and entreat of you, wait till you are calmer. I will do everything you wish, if you will only lie down and be quiet, and try to compose yourself before you say another word. It is quite enough for me to know that this woman has frightened you, and that you wish her to be sent away with as little harshness as possible. We will put off all further explanations till to-morrow morning. I deeply regret now that I did not persist in carrying out my own idea of sending for a proper nurse from London. Where is the landlady?"

The landlady placed herself by Mr. Frankland's side.

"Is it late?" asked Leonard.

"Oh no, sir; not ten o'clock yet."

"Order a fly to be brought to the door, then, as soon as possible, if you please. Where is the nurse?"

"Standing behind you, sir, near the wall," said the maid.

As Mr. Frankland turned in that direction, Rosamond whispered to him: "Don't be hard on her, Lenny."

The maid, looking with contemptuous curiosity at Mrs. Jazeph, saw the whole expression of her countenance alter, as those words were spoken. The tears rose thick in her eyes, and flowed down her cheeks. The deathly spell of stillness that had lain on her face was broken in an instant. She drew back again, close to the wall, and leaned against it as before. "Don't be hard on her!" the maid heard her repeat to herself, in a low sobbing voice. "Don't be hard on her! Oh, my God! she said that kindly—she said that kindly, at least!"

"I have no desire to speak to you, or to use you unkindly," said Mr. Frankland, imperfectly hearing what she said. "I know nothing of what has happened, and I make

no accusations. I only see Mrs. Frankland violently agitated and frightened; I hear her connect that agitation with you—not angrily, but compassionately—and, instead of speaking harshly, I prefer leaving it to your own sense of what is right, to decide whether your attendance here ought not to cease at once. I have provided the proper means for your conveyance from this place; and I would suggest that you should make our apologies to your mistress, and say nothing more than that circumstances have happened which oblige us to dispense with your services."

"You have been considerate towards me, sir," said Mrs. Jazeph, speaking quietly, and with a certain gentle dignity in her manner, "and I will not prove myself unworthy of your forbearance by saying what I might say in my own defence." She advanced into the middle of the room, and stopped where she could see Rosamond plainly. Twice she attempted to speak, and twice her voice failed her. At the third effort, she succeeded in controlling herself.

"Before I go, ma'am," she said, "I hope you will believe that I have no bitter feeling against you, for sending me away. I am not angry—pray remember always that I was not angry, and that I never complained."

There was such a forlornness in her face, such a sweet, sorrowful resignation in every tone of her voice, during the utterance of these few words, that Rosamond's heart smote her.

"Why did you frighten me?" she asked, half relenting.

"Frighten you? How could I frighten you? Oh me! of all the people in the world, how could I frighten you?" Mournfully saying these words, the nurse went to the chair on which she had placed her bonnet and shawl, and put them on. The landlady and the maid, watching her with curious eyes, detected that she was again weeping bitterly, and noticed with astonishment, at the same time, how neatly she put on her bonnet and shawl. The wasted hands were moving mechanically, and were trembling while they moved,—and yet, slight thing though it was, the inexorable instinct of propriety guided their most trifling actions still!

On her way to the door, she stopped again at passing the bedside, looked through her tears at Rosamond and the child, struggled a little with herself, and then spoke her farewell words—

"God bless you, and keep you and your child happy and prosperous," she said. "I am not angry at being sent away. If you ever think of me again, after to-night, please to remember that I was not angry, and that I never complained."

She stood for a moment longer, still weeping, and still looking through her tears at

the mother and child—then turned away ; and walked to the door. Something in the last tones of her voice caused a silence in the room. Of the four persons in it not one could utter a word, as the nurse closed the door gently, and went out from them alone.

A ROOM NEAR CHANCERY LANE.

THERE is a formidable number of rooms near Chancery Lane, where vexation of spirit attends the steps of those who find themselves involved in proceedings in law and (so-called) equity ; but one particular room is now in our thoughts—small and neat, indicative of improvement—in one among many things woefully in need of being improved. Habeas Corpus, and Fieri facias, and Nisi prius, and the other horrors of law Latin we will lay aside ; and will endeavour to open the door of the Patent Office Reading Room, in Chancery Lane, without being shocked. The subject of Patents is rather incomprehensible to those not concerned in them, and often disappointing to those who are ; but a statute passed in eighteen hundred and fifty-two has brought about a change which renders patent wisdom understandable.

The Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, six law officers of the three kingdoms, and other persons whom the Crown may think fit to name, are appointed Commissioners of Patents under the new Patent Law Amendment Act ; eight of them to manage all the proceedings incident to the granting of new patents, and to give increased publicity to those already granted. They are required to present to parliament annually a report of their proceedings, analogous to that prepared by the Commissioner of Patents in the United States. They are empowered to establish one central office, in substitution of the varied and often conflicting offices before existing. One novelty is, that the Commissioners are to print and publish, and sell at a low price—or, to present gratuitously to public institutions and establishments—specifications and other documents relating to patents ; to the intent that inventors and patentees may hereafter know what they are about. Another is, that indexes, and all sorts of useful aids for reference to the whole mass of patents in past ages, are to be made. The fees and the stamps—those inevitable and irresistible accompaniments of all law proceedings—are to be managed under the control of the Treasury and the Stamp Office ; and although these are numerous enough in all conscience—on leaving petition, on notice of intention, on sealing of letters, on filing specification, on entry of assignment, on certificate of licence, on caveat against disclaimer, and on other forms and processes so dearly loved by law—yet the total sums payable are very much lower than under the old system.

When the Commissioners came officially into possession of the various documents relating to past patents, they found the quantity to be truly enormous, requiring a determined and business-like system for its due digestion. Reporting at Midsummer eighteen hundred and fifty-four, on the results obtained up to that time, they showed that, in a year and three-quarters, ending at that date, nearly five thousand seven hundred applications for patents were made, being at the rate of about sixty per week. About three thousand of these were carried through the various stages of formality, and became valid patents ; and, in relation to these, the specifications were all printed and published, and the drawings engraved in lithograph outline. These official evidences of the patents were rendered saleable to the public, either singly or in the entire series, at the bare cost of production ; and it was found that this cost, for the specification and the engravings, averaged about eightpence for each patent—a charge so reasonable that no one having the smallest interest in a particular patent need now be without precise information concerning it. Each specification was printed and published within three weeks of its deposit at the office. To facilitate legal proceedings in the matter of patents, the statute whereby the Commissioners were appointed, enacted that a printed copy of any specification, and a printed and coloured copy of the drawings relating to it, might, if stamped and certified, be received in evidences in any court of law in the United Kingdom, thereby obviating the necessity of producing the original documents themselves. A supply of these printed copies was sent to the Director of Chancery in Edinburgh, and another to the Enrolment Office of the Court of Chancery in Dublin, to be available in Scotch and Irish courts of law respectively.

So much for the current patents granted in a period of about a year and a-half ; but as the value of the Commissioners' labours will greatly depend on their mode of managing the older patents, many collateral duties were taken in hand. One remarkable system adopted was this : supposing evidence touching an old patent to be required in a court of justice, the parties can obtain printed certified copies of it. The Commissioners will pay the cost of letter-press and paper for the specification, the applicant defraying the charge for lithographing and colouring the drawings. Or the applicant will pay for the letter-press and paper, if there be no drawings. A patentee is often well pleased thus to obtain twelve or fourteen copies at a small cost ; while the Commissioners add one to the number of old patents printed and published for general use.

Another labour of a valuable kind consisted in the collecting and printing of all

patents relating to a particular subject, thus enabling ingenious men to see what had been effected by others, instead of wasting their time, and means, and ingenuity in, as they suppose, inventing things which had already been invented and patented. Down to the date above mentioned, the Commissioners had printed and published all the patents for fire-arms, cannon, shot, shell, cartridges, weapons, accoutrements, and the machinery for their manufacture, specifications of the patents, and coloured lithographs of the drawings. The series, suggested by the bellicose proceedings of the period, and applied for by the Minister of War, ranged from the year seventeen hundred and eighteen to eighteen hundred and fifty-four; and arrangements were made for continuing it to later years by means of appendices. A more curious record of murderous inventions, of slaughter wrapped up in innocent paper, can hardly be imagined. More consonant with the course of quiet industry is a second series, similarly prepared, relating to all the reaping-machines ever patented in this country. The Home Office requested the Commissioners to prepare a series of all the hopeless, helpless, smoke-consumption patents; and another of all the drainage tile patents, whereby we are to become a pure people in the lapse of ages. The Admiralty begged for a series containing all the patents relating to screw propellers and the propulsion of ships. These five series comprised the specifications and illustrations of all the patents adverted to, printed and issued for the use of the public at cost price.

Let us now turn from the Commissioners to their publications—books prepared under their auspices by Mr. Bennett Woodcroft, superintendent of specifications and indexes. These books form the nucleus of what may one day be the most valuable industrial library in the kingdom.

In the first place, then, there is a chronological list of the titles of all the patents for inventions, from the year sixteen hundred and seventeen till the date of the Commissioners' appointment in eighteen hundred and fifty-two; two portly octavo volumes, embracing a period of more than two hundred and thirty years. The honour of heading this list is held by Aaron Rapburne and Roger Burges, who, on March the Second, sixteen hundred and seventeen, during the reign of the First James, obtained for twenty-one years a privilege for "the sole making, describing, carving, and gravings, in copper, brass, or other metal, all such, and to maine mappes, plotts, or descriptions of London, Westminster, Bristol, Norwich, Canterbury, Bath, Oxford, and Cambridge, and the towne and castle of Windsor, and to imprint and sett forth and sell the same." A few lines—generally about a dozen—notify the main object of each patent. In the next place, as the fifteen hundred pages thus filled are not adapted to the wants

of a person who would seek for the patents of a particular inventor, there is given, in another volume of six or seven hundred pages, an alphabetical list of the names of persons to whom patents have at any time been granted, from Abbé Allanson to Peter Zomer, together with the dates of their patents, and a few words to denote the title of each. In the third place, to render the whole collection still more readily available, two other bulky volumes contain a Subject-Matter Index to all the patents granted in this long period. This index has required much tact to prepare, since the classification of subjects may be carried to any extent we please; and the skill consists in devising such a degree of minuteness as may be most elucidative without being too elaborate. Mr. Woodcroft has seen fit to extend the headings or subjects to about a hundred and fifty in number, beginning with "Accidents, preventive of," and ending with "Writing and Copying;" but, as most of these are divided into sub-headings, the subjects become practically about six hundred in number. He must be a dull man who, with such an excellent index before him, cannot find the patent relating to any particular subject. Lastly, as if determined to remove any possible source of obscurity, Mr. Woodcroft has prepared a Reference Index of Patents; pointing out the office in which each enrolled specification may be found; the books wherein specifications, law proceedings, and other subjects connected with inventions, have been noticed or reported; and other information of analogous character.

All these indexes, however, are a mere bagatelle compared with the series of publications relating to the Specifications of Patents—a series that will be very vast when completed. The collections already noticed, on fire-arms, on reaping machines, on smoke consumption, on propulsion of vessels, &c., as well as others of analogous character, are all finished, nicely printed in large octavo, with lithographic plates; each collection including all the specifications of patents on that particular subject. All the patents granted from eighteen hundred and fifty-two to the present time have been similarly printed, and rendered separately saleable at an extremely low price—from twopence-halfpenny upwards, averaging, probably, about eightpence in the whole. A few pence will thus set an inventor au courant of his particular subject, so far as recent patents are concerned; and if a curious person, though not an inventor, would know aught concerning Wilkinson's Patent Taps, he might learn all about them, in a nice blue book with two large plates, for eightpence-halfpenny; or if his curiosity tend towards Bentley's Straps for Breeches, it might be satisfied for the small charge of twopence-halfpenny. Nor is the indefatigable Mr. Woodcroft frightened at the bulk of the thirteen thousand speci-

cations of old patents granted anterior to eighteen hundred and fifty-two; he is printing the whole of them. Down to Midsummer last past he had printed and published three thousand five hundred; and at the intended rate of two thousand five hundred a-year he expects to bring the great work to a completion in or about the year eighteen hundred and sixty. About thirty modern patent specifications make up a goodly volume. Cheap as these specifications unquestionably are singly, they mount up to a cost of great magnitude collectively. Thus the Fire-arms series, even at cost price, amounts to nearly ten pounds. The copies printed of most of the specifications are two hundred and fifty in number; and there will be about twenty thousand pounds per annum expended, until the work is completed, on the paper, printing and lithographing. This large outlay, and all other expenses, are more than covered by the fees paid by patentees.

Another work published by these law officers is the Commissioners of Patents' Journal; a sheet of eight large pages, published twice a week, and sold to the public at two pence per number. It contains information touching grants of provisional protection for six months; inventions protected for six months on deposit of a complete specification; notices to proceed for patents; patents sealed; patents extended; foreign patents; official advertisements, and various notices. It is a patentees' newspaper, telling all the current news on the subject.

One of the best features in the proceedings of the Commissioners, is the desire shown to extend the usefulness of their labours by as much publicity as possible. They have presented copies of all their publications to the chief magistrates and corporations of the principal towns within the United Kingdom, to be placed in such public free-libraries as now exist, or as may hereafter be formed; under certain conditions calculated to insure free and easy access to the books by all persons without fee or charge. Every Monday, such specifications and engravings are sent as may have been published during the preceding week. This excellent gift has in numerous instances laid the foundation of public free-libraries where none previously existed. Down to Midsummer eighteen hundred and fifty-six, about eighty corporate bodies had complied with the conditions essential to the receipt of this boon. In some of the towns, there have been held Industrial Exhibitions of the lithographic drawings relating to the several patents on one particular subject; while foremen and workmen from the factories are often to be seen busily poring over the books and drawings in the free-libraries. Complete sets of the Commissioners' publications have also

been sent to the respective colonies, and to the chief foreign governments. Mr. Woodcroft has collected a valuable store of books of reference relating to patents; besides numerous models of inventions, which may one day be displayed publicly in the new building now being constructed at Kensington Gore.

The room near Chancery Lane, opened for the reader's especial behoof, remains yet to be noticed. The building once occupied by the Masters in Chancery, is now placed at the disposal of the Commissioners of Patents. One among the many rooms in this building is now a reading-room, open to the public for the study of any and everything relating to patents. A small room it is: much too small, indeed; but as it is the beginning of a good thing, its gradual growth may be pleasantly watched hereafter. It is well filled, and tended by officials, who show the utmost courtesy to visitors having any reasonable motive for going thither: mere curiosity is hardly a reasonable motive. Indexes and lists, specifications and lithographed drawings, are ranged around in formidable number; insomuch, that if the visitor desire to know aught concerning any one of twenty thousand patents granted since the time of James the First, he can obtain, if not the specifications and drawings, at least a brief outline of the matter. This he can do, either by his own researches, or still more readily by the aid of the polite attendants. It is estimated that in about four years the specifications of all the old patents, as lately implied, will have been printed; that the old and new patents together will, by that time, number not much less than thirty thousand; and that the printed specifications of all these, ranged together in chronological order, will fill about eight hundred massive octavo volumes or cases—the largest record of inventive ingenuity to be met with in any country: a record of failures that have dashed many a hope, and of successes that have founded many a fortune. The A B C to the lives of Watt and Wedgwood, of Crampton and Hargreaves, of Kay and Arkwright will here be met with; and to the deaths of many luckless inventors who have been worn down to the grave by patent vexations. The steam-engines and the textile fabrics alone bid fair to demand whole shelves for their printed patent specifications.

Let the controversy for and against patents take what turn it may, this room near Chancery Lane marks one improvement in the state of the law; it does not sever us from contact with routine and red-tape, but it renders those unpopular symbols less obstructive and annoying than before.

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THEY ORDER THIS MATTER BETTER IN FRANCE?

It perhaps never entered into the head of Lawrence Sterne, when he devised that famous Yorick journey of his, that the little phrase which stands at the threshold of his book, should hereafter do such good service to generations of coming writers. Could it have been granted to the reverend humourist to see these tourist chroniclers catching in their extremity at this friendly plank, and so saving their paragraph, or halting period, from certain shipwreck, he would most likely have stayed his hand in time, and thought twice before sending abroad the well-worn conclusion that they ordered the matter better in France.

Someway the world generally appears to have leaned to the same opinion. At the present moment, it appears to be pretty well understood that our neighbours are gifted with a speciality for managing—besides having a convenient knack of setting right things in their right places—and losing no time over the process. Indignant Briton shrugs his shoulders disdainfully, and doubts if any good can come of French management. Just look, sir, at their vile passport system—their gang of douaniers, spies, secret police, and other inquisitors. There you have the results of system—all in a nut-shell. No, no, believe you me, sir, it won't do in a free country.

The mot of the ingenious Frenchman who set about defining what was obscure, in this negative fashion: *Tout ce qu'est obscur, n'est pas Français* (nothing that is obscure, is French), would hold with equal truth of other matters in that pleasant country. It might be shaped into *Tout ce qu'est déréglé, n'est pas Français* (nothing that is disorderly, is French), with no loss of point or justice. For, wonderful is it how this passion for ordering of things clings to every true son of France (and to every daughter too), whether roving or dwelling at home. It is bound up strangely with all their fancies, their pains and pleasures. It travels abroad with them into far-off lands; to the camp, where it lays out pretty gardens round the hut, and garnishes the mud interior with bright and effective decoration; to the colony, where it reproduces the institutions of the old country in a marvellous short span; to

the swamps of Cayenne even. It was this spirit of system that ticketed off Kamiesch into streets almost before the soldiers had been set on shore. It is this same spirit of system that every night ranges eager Parisians in long queue at the theatre door—stern *Sergent-de-ville* seeing to it that each abide his turn in patience. Nor does it tarry there, but is borne in with the multitude, and may be seen there, night after night, hovering over the front rows of the parterre. What wonders it may be brought to work in this curious sphere; how it gathers and disciplines a dread host that can make or mar a reputation in a breath; how it can with equal certainty ensure a brilliant success and an utter failure—may, perhaps, furnish forth not unprofitable matter for entertainment. Moreover, there has been found a witty French critic (and composer), M. Hector Berlioz, to lend his aid in this delicate probing of the mysteries of the *Claque*. In spite of the remark so judiciously made to *Sempronius*, it will be seen that it is possible for mortals—on the French boards at least—to command success; nor is it incumbent on them to do more, beyond making certain pecuniary arrangements prior to the rising of the curtain.

At the present moment it is pretty well known that in every theatre under heaven the *claqueur* element is more or less recognised. For that matter, it is but a craving of our common humanity, that follows us far beyond the charmed circle of playhouse influences. For has it not been written that there is a kind of valet species abroad, which never honors the unaccredited hero or heroine, until they have been properly counter-signed, and accoutred with full uniform and diploma, by that great god—Public Opinion. Therefore does this public require certain fuglemen, as it were, to furnish them their cue and proper time; and then does it set forth in full cry, striving who shall first fall down and worship. Even in the most provincial of our theatres may be witnessed rude efforts at combination, in behalf of some local favourite. Intelligent observers have discriminated, in a cloud of bouquets, between the enthusiastic earnest offering, and the insidious shower from the masked battery of the *claqueur*. But the truth is, we, on this side of the Straits, want organisation sadly. We are

mere children in the ways of the science. Our rude clumsy efforts are without point or concert, and lack that delicacy and fine shading so conspicuous in the efforts of our neighbours. The situation needs one of commanding intellect, who shall arise and mould all these floating elements into one grand system. As it is, we can but stand by despairingly, and envy the exquisite organisation which has grown up into a complete science, perfect in all its parts, and carried out with admirable skill by a well-trained corps of adepts. Let us now see how this is found on the banks of the Seine.

Suppose a manager about to open his theatre for the season—say one not a hundred miles from the pleasant Boulevard des Italiens. As soon as the news gets abroad, he is inundated with a flood of applications from artistes of every calibre and degree. He has to hearken to the claims of singing men and women; of scene-painters, mechanists, orchestral, supers, doorkeepers, until he is well nigh driven distracted. To such ills has managerial estate been liable from time immemorial—to be accepted, therefore, without repining. But there also waits upon him a far more important personage—a being of quiet exterior and insinuating manners; no other, in short, than an ancient Roman. This is the *Entrepreneur des Succès Dramatiques*—in plain English, the chief of the applause department—deprived of whose useful aid, the theatre might as well close its doors. The ancient Roman—so profanely styled from a similar institution known in the days of Nero—is at once admitted to an audience, and treated with the most respectful consideration.

"M. le Directeur," he says, shortly, for with him time is precious, "I am tolerably familiar with the weak points of your undertaking. As yet nobody has been appointed to the supervision of the applause department. Entrust it to my care, and permit me at the same time to offer you the sum of twenty thousand francs ready money, together with an annual rent of ten thousand francs."

M. le Directeur looks grave. "Say thirty thousand down, and it is a bargain!"

"Such a bagatelle shall not part us," replies the Roman. "You shall have them to-morrow."

"But permit me to observe," says M. le Directeur, "that for that sum, I shall require one hundred men for ordinary nights, and not less than five hundred for débuts and important occasions."

"It shall be so," the Roman enthusiastically replies. "Monsieur shall have more if he requires it."

Thus fortified with his credentials, the new-made chief goes forth to recruit; and from such loose miscellany as hairdressers' youths, poor scholars, guides, cabmen suspended from their functions, he gathers together a strange and motley troop. A

lonely café is chosen for the rendezvous, where, on solemn occasions, they meet their chief, and receive their tickets for parterre or gallery, as the case may be. For these, however, the poor wretches are mulcted, some thirty or forty sous, always excepting the higher officers, who come in free. But on great nights, when there is question of a new piece, which must be carried through at all risks, not only are free tickets distributed lavishly, but extra hands are taken on, and abundant largesse sent abroad, in the shape of some two or three francs and one glass of eau-de-vie per man.

But how is the chief of this department to be reimbursed these heavy charges? In the simplest manner that can be conceived. One of the actors is desirous that his exertions should specially waken the enthusiasm of the audience. He opens relations with the chief of the applause department, and delicately insinuates his wish to be supported. Nor does he at the same time forget to back his request with the persuasive offering of, say five hundred francs. Such arguments are not to be resisted. Meanwhile the ingenious chief allows it to get abroad that M. Xyzed is to receive exceptional support (the conventional name for this species of appreciation), in the new piece. The brethren of M. Xyzed become uneasy, and forthwith enter into secret treaties with the chief, to have their merits acknowledged exceptionally also. So on, from the highest to the lowest; and the ancient Roman reaps a golden harvest. The new piece is carried through amidst a storm of applause—each receives what he has contracted for—and every one is satisfied.

Woe to the man who shall resist this iniquitous levying of black mail! He had as good cast from him his theatrical livery, and bethink him of a new profession at once. A few minutes before the rising of the curtain, a low whisper is borne along the serried ranks of the five hundred sitting in the parterre. The fatal consigne goes forth, "Not a hand for M. Derivis;" and all that night does a stern and chilling silence wait on M. Derivis wherever he goes, whatever he does. In case some stray friends of the proscribed essay a spasmodic effort in his behalf, they are scornfully hushed down and covered with confusion from five hundred faces staring up at them from below. Sometimes, too, M. le Directeur finds this to be a convenient mode of ridding himself of a troublesome artiste. A word to the chief of the department, and the claqueur army receive their instructions. M. Derivis is to be done to death without pity. For two nights or more is the damping silence maintained, and then M. le Directeur takes unhappy Derivis aside. "He is desolated," he says; "but he can avail himself of M. Derivis' services no longer. M. Derivis must see himself that his efforts are not appreciated as they ought to be, by the

public." Sometimes the plot recoils very amusingly on the heads of the concoctors—the manager being in a manner hoisted with his own petard—for the audience, astonished at the unusual silence, begin to suspect the conspiracy, and, rallying round the victim, bear him triumphantly through the piece, amid extravagant demonstration of applause. In such case he obtains what is known as an irregular success, or succès circulaire; so called from its being the work of the boxes alone, the parterre having no share in it. But your true artiste, if he be wise, will fly such dangerous honours. He will have before his eyes the banded leaguers of the parterre glaring at him with discomfited looks. He knows that this night's glory has been dearly purchased, and that MM. les Claqueurs will let him know it before the season finishes.

Such manifestations of independence would go near to ruin the whole system. Therefore has it been laid down as the primary article of the claqueur creed that—"In a theatre, the public counts for nothing; not only that, but the public spoils everything!" And truly it is a little exasperating that these idle amateurs, these mere condottieri, should disturb the nice combinations of the regular forces. It is most intolerable and not to be endured, that unpaid outsiders—whose only law in expressing their feelings is the empty satisfaction of the moment—should confuse by their foolish clamour the calm arrangements of science. Still, to a certain class of amateurs is reasonable indulgence extended, in consideration of the circumstances only. It is felt that such are peculiarly situated, and that their number is too small to prove any serious hindrance to the profession. This class of favoured ones, he says, is made up of naïve friends, who will innocently admire everything that passes on the stage, even before the lamps are lighted; of relations, those claqueurs provided by nature; of writers, who make furious partisans; and, above all, of admirers and husbands. This is the reason why ladies, besides their other advantages over men, have far more chances of succeeding. It is quite impossible for a woman, in a theatre or a concert-room, to applaud her husband or admirer; at least, in any way that can be useful to them—very likely she has something better to amuse herself with; whereas the lover or husband, if he have but the smallest natural turn that way, or even the bare elementary notions of the art, may bring about, by means of a lucky clap, nothing less than a succès de renouvellement—that is a success that would oblige a manager to renew the engagement. For such operations husbands are found to answer even better than the lovers. For the husband, who holds the purse, who well knows the value of a well-aimed bouquet, of a salvo properly taken up, and of a vociferous recal before the curtain, such a man will fearlessly exert whatever faculties he

possesses; he finds himself suddenly gifted with ventriloquism—with the power of ubiquity. At one moment he may be heard down in the amphitheatre uttering Brava! in a kind of tenor pitch. With a single bound he is in the corridor of the box tier, and, putting in his head at each door as he goes by, calls out Admirable! in deep bass accents. Then does he fly upward to the third tier, and fill the hall with cries of Delicious! ravishing! good heavens! what genius! These being uttered in a soft soprano key, as it were overpowered by emotion. This is indeed a model husband—a hard-working, intelligent head of a family.

It must have been a husband surely who invented the hiss approbative (*sifflet-à-succès*) or the hiss enthusiastic, which is worked something after this fashion: Suppose the public has grown too familiar with the talents of a particular lady, and has fallen into a kind of indifference, usually the result of satiety, a devoted partisan—a man but little known—is privily brought into the theatre for the duty of waking them up. At the exact moment when la Diva has exhibited a splendid specimen of her ability, and the claqueur party are hard at work with the greatest unanimity in the centre of the parterre, a low hissing sound is heard to issue from a dark and distant corner. The whole audience rises in a torrent of indignation, and the applause bursts forth with a kind of frenzy. What infamous conduct! is the cry from all sides. A miserable cabal! brava! brava! bravissima! beautiful! exquisite! But such a bold stroke requires the most delicate handling.

The man who would essay the task of directing the operations of the claque must be gifted with no ordinary genius and qualifications. He must have the eye of a true general: the cold, searching glance of a Wellington, to scan the battle-field and meet coming dangers. He must have the faculty of grasping the situation, of devising new positions at an instant's warning, and a nice appreciation of the proper force and measure of his demonstrations. Such exalted spirits are, alas! but too rare. Dazzling meteors, they visit us once or so in a generation, and leave behind them an utter and irredeemable blank! Even now, the race is fast dying out, and we shall soon have nothing left to us but the tradition of their greatness.

Not long since, there flourished at the Grand Opéra a giant of this order, bearing the imposing cognomen of Augustus. A man of surpassing merit; reticent; of few words; always, it would seem, wrapped up in his tactics and plans of lofty strategy. Wonderful was it to mark the glorious fashion wherein he conducted the great works of the modern school. Patiently would he sit out many a rehearsal, striving to glean every stray hint that might do good service to his followers in their professional duties. There would he weigh and nicely adjust the proper points of

attack, turning them over with earnest solicitude in his mind. Supposing a composer comes to tell him—"At this point," showing him his score, "you will let off three salvos; here must you carry an encore,"—he would make answer with unmoved aplomb, "Monsieur, it will be dangerous!" or else, "It will do!" or, perhaps, "I will think it over. My ideas are not matured upon the subject. H'm—let me see. Have some amateurs to lead off, and I will follow suit—if I see it take, that is." Once he held out nobly against a writer who wished to force from him some of this dangerous applause. He made him this answer: "Monsieur! it cannot be done; you would compromise me before the public; before my professional brethren, who well know that such things cannot be. Your work presents enormous difficulties in the conducting. I will bestow great pains upon it; but I cannot expose myself to the risk of being hissed!"

Besides this great man there flourished others, perhaps not gifted with such dazzling qualities, but still giants in their own peculiar walk. There was Albert of the Opéra Comique—Albert Le Grand, as he was affectionately styled; and Sauton of the Gymnase—Sauton the gay, the mirthful, the social. Nor must David—King David, as he was happily dubbed—be passed over, on whom, in later times, fell the mantle of Augustus. Hearken yet once again unto the lively gossip of Maitre Berlioz:—

"It is to Albert," says he, "that we owe the touching custom of calling ALL the actors before the curtain at the close of a new piece—King David was not slack in following his example—and, emboldened by his success, actually added the device of calling out the tenor three times in the course of the night."

Still, though directing rival establishments, these three great men were raised above all petty jealousies. "During their triumvirate," says our chronicler, "they did not imitate the excesses that disgraced that of Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus. Far from that: when any of those terrible nights came round at the Opéra—nights when a dazzling and even epic victory must be won—Augustus, scornful to trust to new and undisciplined levies, would make an appeal to his brother triumphs. Proud of acting with so great a man, they would at once agree to receive him as their leader, and placed at his disposal—Albert his heavy phalanx, Sauton his light infantry, all filled with a noble ardour which nothing could withstand. These choice troops, forming one compact body, being drawn up in the parterre the night before the performance, Augustus the emperor, with his maps and plans in his hand, would put them through a laborious rehearsal, availing himself at times of the hints of Antony and Lepidus—who, to say the truth, had little to tell him, so sure and swift was his coup-d'œil, so acute was he in divining the schemes of the enemy."

Such is a description of the way they order things in France; whether better or otherwise, may seem doubtful enough.

MUMMY.

LET us put ourselves for a moment, as to one little matter, in the position of the old Egyptians. We English are a brilliant race, illuminating all our neighbours; but, after our light shall have waned, there is to come darkness of mind over generations. We are embalmed when dead—the rich in fine odorous resins and gums—the poor in stinking pitch. Very well. Three thousand years hence the rich man of to-day shall be sought, the poor avoided. Bill Stokes shall either lie at rest in his pitch, or be made up into cheap physic for the poor; but such is not the fate reserved for you, my Lord Tomnoddy, who shall be as delicately embalmed and scented after death as you are during life; or for you, right honourable minister of state or fair lady of fashion. For you, or some of you, there is reserved a better destiny. You will be highly prized after the lapse of thirty centuries. A piece as heavy as three barleycorns of the embalmed cheek of Lady Thirtyfounce, will be snuffed into some noble nose, together with a little marjoram water, as a cure for headache. A piece as heavy as one barleycorn of a parliamentary orator, perhaps, dropped into the ear with a little oil, will be a cure for ear-ache; or four barleycorns of him will make a gargle for sore throat. Four barleycorns, it may be, of a noble sot, will be taken in aromatic water as a cure for hiccup. A small fragment of a sarcastic leader of opposition may be the bit of mummy that shall hereafter be mixed with butter, and used as a remedy against the bites of scorpions. Other fragments of the choicer sort of mummy—bits of a dead rake, perhaps—shall be burnt, to allay, with their smoke, the griefs of women.

Thus the old Egyptians were used in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and had not ceased to be used even at a later period. In a list of the medicines of the day, published at Nuremberg, in the year sixteen hundred and seventy-two, by Georg Nicolaus Schurz, in a *Material-Kammer*—or, as doctors would now say, a *Materia Medica*—that was then highly esteemed, we find written of mummy, that "It is the embalmed bodies of men or man's flesh brought from Egypt, in the neighbourhood of Memphis. There are many caves and graves there, in which one finds a great number of dead bodies that have been buried for more than a thousand years, and these are called *Mumia*: such have been embalmed with costly salves and balsams, for they smell strongly of myrrh, aloes, and other fragrant things. These are brought into Italy, France, and also Germany, and used as medicine. Now they come to us in a remarkable manner: namely, the

sailors, when they reach the place where they are, fetch them out secretly and by night, then carry them to the ship and conceal them there, that they may not be seized; because certainly the Egyptians would not suffer their removal. In the purchase of mummy care must be taken that too much of the powder is not bought with it; also, when it is bought in large pieces, that they do not consist of mere dry bone, but that the bone be also nicely fat and have flesh on it, and be full of marrow; for in the dead bones there is no virtue, and the powder is not always pure, but mixed with sand and bone, for which reason it will need purification."

Johann Jacob Marx publishing, fifteen years afterwards, in the same town, another book of drugs, or *Material-Kammer*, copied part of his predecessor's article on mummy, and added notice of another sort of the same drug, having first stated that a manufactured article had been introduced from France and Wallachia, but that this was not held in great esteem. "There is also a rare mumia described in the Canary Island, Teneriffe, where there are shown to strangers by the inhabitants themselves various caves in which the old dwellers upon this island, before the Spaniards mastered it, laid aside their dead embalmed in a particular manner. But they are all sewn up in buckskins, and the shrouds in which they lie are all of buckskin. Most of the bodies are still whole, with the eyes closed; the hair, ears, nose, teeth, lips, and beard yet undestroyed. Some stand upright, others are lying upon wooden beds. They are light as if they were of straw, the nerves and veins may clearly be distinguished in their limbs when broken. Of this people, however, few knew the art of embalming, but only a class that did not make itself common, but lived apart from the rest, as if they were their priests. Since the Spaniards became masters of the island, this race and its art have disappeared. The mummy must be black or grey, of little weight, and fleshy."

A book of high character was published in France at the conclusion of the seventeenth century, the *General History of Drugs*, by Monsieur Pomet, chief apothecary to the King. It was translated into English in the year seventeen hundred and twelve, published in London, with many plates, and inscribed to Dr. Sloane. In this book Monsieur Pomet expressed great indignation at the spirit of adulteration that had crept into the mummy trade. It was as hard then as now to get one's drugs in any reasonable state of purity.

"We may daily," he says, "see the Jews carrying on their rogueries as to these mummies, and after them the Christians; for the mummies that are brought from Alexandria, Egypt, Venice, and Lyons, are nothing else but the bodies of people that die several ways, whether buried or unburied, that are afterwards embowelled and have their several cavities filled with the powder,

or rather sweepings of myrrh, caballine aloes, bitumen, pitch and other gums, and then wound about with a cere-cloth stuffed with the same composition. The bodies being thus prepared, are put into an oven to consume all their moisture, and being likewise well dried, they are brought and sold here for true Egyptian mummies to those who know no better." Monsieur Pomet adds an old story of the *Sieur Guy de la Fontaine*, King's Physician, who being at Alexandria in Egypt, went to see a Jew in that city who traded in mummies, that he might have ocular demonstration of what he had heard so much of. Accordingly, when he came to the Jew's house, he desired to see his commodity, which he having obtained with some difficulty, the Jew at last opened his storehouse, and showed him several bodies, piled one upon another. Then, after a reflection of a quarter of an hour, he asked him what drugs he made use of, and what sort of bodies were fit for his service? The Jew answered him, "That as to the dead he took such bodies as he could get, whether they died of a common disease or of some contagion; and as to the drugs, that they were nothing but a heap of several old drugs mixed together, which he applied to the bodies; which, after he had dried in an oven, he sent into Europe; and that he was amazed to see the Christians were lovers of such filthiness."

They were not lovers of that only. Man's skull was only a hundred and fifty years ago known widely as a specific for epilepsy, "taking of the crude powder rasped from the fresh bone of the skull one scruple or two in any proper spirituous liquor." The English druggists were at that time noted for the exhibition in their shops of human skulls with mossy tops, the moss growing sometimes upon the dead skull being regarded as a sovereign cure for many ills. "The English druggists," wrote Monsieur Pomet, "generally bring these heads from Ireland; that country having been remarkable for them ever since the Irish massacre. You may see in the druggists' shops of London these heads entirely covered with moss; and some that have only the moss growing on some parts." Such heads of the dead Irishman were also exported into Germany, where they were used in the manufacture of a famous sympathetic ointment.

But to return to the medicinal mummies; there was one sort of which mention has not yet been made, the white mummies. White mummies were the bodies of men wrecked on the coast of Africa, which lay unburied, shrivelled and dried in the hot sands. Lusty men, it was said, after they have lain there some time, weigh not above thirty pounds, and are in a condition to be kept for ever. These mummies were little used in medicine, because they were very dear, and had little or no virtue in them.

The genuine mummy was not only employed in medicine, but also worked up with

oil and used by the painters as a brown colour, richer than umber. But of its importation we must add, that it may have been somewhat checked by superstition. Although Egypt could well spare its mummies if a common notion were correct that however many were received the number in the sepulchres never became less; the sailors had a superstition of their own, founded less perhaps upon some sense of the impiety of rifling tombs, than upon association of the dead Egyptians with crude notions of unholy magic. They believed that a ship having a mummy on board was buffeted with storms, and a traveller in those days, the Prince Radzivil, tells how, on a certain voyage, his ship was tempest-tost, by reason of two mummies that were on board; and not only did the ship labour and groan, but there was caused also such prolonged and terrible disturbance in the mind of a monk who was of the company, that he had no rest until the mummies were thrown overboard.

A JOURNEY DUE NORTH.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

I HAVE in my possession a square piece of yellow-paper, highly varnished, and with one corner torn off, on which there is the ordinary amount of typographical Abacadabra, or Russian word-spinning, inevitably to be found in all Russian documents: namely, as much as can possibly be squeezed into the space available, and headed (it is almost superfluous to remark), by a portrait en pied of that monster Bird, that Roc of Russia, and yet, decided opposite to a Rara Avis, the double-headed Eagle. This document is as large as one of those French schedules of insolvency, a Reconnaissance of the Mont de Piété, and is considerably bigger than an English excise permit. It is, in reality, no such formidable affair; but simply a pass-check (something billiet in Russ)—to the orchestra stalls of the Gossudaria-Tchirk-Teatr' or Imperial Circus Theatre of St. Petersburg.

There never was, under Jove—with the exception of the Mandarinised inhabitants of the Flowery Land, who, in a thousand respects, might run or be driven in couples with the Muscovites—such a nation of filling up formalists as are the Russians. In Russia, indeed, can you appreciate in its highest degree the inestimable benefits of a lot of forms. The Russian five-copek (twopenny-halfpenny) postage-stamp is as important-looking, as far as fierceness and circumference go, as that foul mass of decayed rosin and wax, symbolising rottenness and corruption somewhere, whilom attached, in a species of shallow pill-box, at the end of a string to a patent, and called the Great Seal of England. If, in St. Petersburg or Moscow you wish to post a letter for foreign parts, and send your servant with it to the Gossudaria-Pochta or Imperial post, he brings you back an immense pancake, like a Surrey Gardens posting

bill, with your name, and your correspondent's name, and columns of figures, denoting the amount of copecks charged for postage, and the date, and signatures, and countersignatures, and a big double eagle, in black, at the top, and a smaller one in blue at the bottom, and a great sprawling white one in the watermark, besides the usual didactic essay upon things in general in incomprehensible Russ; all which cautious, minute, and business-like formalities do not prevent the frequent failure to reach its destination of your letter, and its as frequent seal-breaking and spying-into by officials in its transit through the post-office.

Petropolis, considering its enormous size, has by no means a profusion of theatres. There is the superb Balschof-Teatr'; the Grand Opera, where Grisi and Mario sing, and Cerrito and Bagdanoff dance. The Great Theatre was originally erected by Semiramis-Catherine; then re-constructed in eighteen hundred and three, and in the reign of the first Alexander by the architect Thomon. It was burnt down, according to the rule of the Three Fates, in all theatrical cases made and provided, in eighteen hundred and eleven; when another French architect, M. Mauduit, was intrusted with the task of acting as a vicarious phoenix, and raising the theatre from its ashes. Some acoustic defects having been found, nevertheless, to exist in the new edifice; the Czar Nicholas caused M. Caves, again a Frenchman, to turn it as completely inside out, as our old Covent Garden was turned by Mr. Albano. It is now, with the exception of the Grand Theatre at Moscow, the most magnificent and the most convenient of all the theatres in Europe, and (I believe) as large theatre as any. The Scala may surpass it, slightly, in size, but in splendour of appointment it is, so the cosmopolite operatics say, a mere penny gaff to the Balschof. At the Grand Theatre, take place, during the carnival, the famous Bal Masqués of St. Petersburg.

Next, the northern capital possesses the Alexandra Theatre, situated in the place, or squarr, as the gallicised Russians call it, which bears the same name, and opens on the Nevskoi Perspective. The Alexandra Theatre is the home of the Russian drama: that is, purely Russian plays (on purely Russian subjects) are there performed. Thirdly, there is the Théâtre Michel, in the Place Michel, also on the Nevskoi, built in eighteen hundred and thirty-three, under the direction of M. Bruloff; which elegant and aristocratic dramatic temple may be called the St. James's Theatre of St. Petersburg, being devoted to the alternate performances of French and German troupes, and — being closed a good many months in the year. There is a fourth and very pretty theatre, built of wood, in the island of Kammenoi-Ostrow, or Stone Island (so called from a huge mass of stone on its banks in the Little Nevka), a Swiss cottage

kind of affair embosomed among trees, and which stands in front of the bridge leading to the island of Yelaguine. In this theatrical ch  let, the French vaudeville company give representations during the summer: the islands at that season being crammed with the   lite of the aristocratic Petersburgian society—at least of that numerous section thereof who can't afford, or who can't obtain the government permission to travel. There was another and extensive theatre, likewise built of timber, on Wassily-Ostrow; but, it was burnt down some years since, and being a simply German theatre was allowed, contemptuously, to sink into oblivion, and was never rebuilt. There is but one, and the fifth theatre, that remains to be noticed, and that is the Tchirk, or Circus Theatre, and thither, if you please, we will pay a visit this night.

This is not by any means the first theatre I have visited since I have been biting the dust of Petersburg. I have been to the German house, at the pressing recommendation of Barnabay, backed by Zacharay, and have seen a German farce, of which I have understood very little, if anything; but from which I have come away screaming with laughter. It was called *Der Tode Neffe* (the Dead Nephew) and was from the pen of that dramatic writer who has made me have recourse to my knuckles (I was ashamed to use my pocket-handkerchief) many and many a time in that stupid, delightful, unnatural, life-like, tedious, enthralling, ridiculous, sublime, worthless, and priceless drama of the Stranger. I mean *Herr von Kotzebue*. Why is it, I wonder, that so many men who know this play to be one of the worst that ever was written, that it is as much an insult to art as to common sense, yet in a secret, furtive manner, love to see it, and had they the privilege of a bespeak—as the mayor and the regiment-colonel have in a garrison town—would command it for that night only! I do not care one doit for the sorrows of Miss *Clarissa Harlowe*: shamefully as Mr. *Lovelace* behaved to her. I have not the slightest sympathy with Miss *Pamela Andrews'* virtue or its reward, and declare that on my conscience I believe her to have been an artful and designing jade, who had her eye on *Squire B*—from the commencement, and caught him at last with a hook. I think that *Mademoiselle Virginie* lost her life through a ridiculous piece of mock modesty, and that she would have bored *Paul* awfully had she been married to him. I am of opinion that six months with hard labour in the House of Correction would have done *Manon Lescaut* all the good in the world. For me, *Werter* may go on blowing out his batter-pudding brains, and *Charlotte* may continue cutting butter-brods, and wiping the little noses of her little brothers and sisters, to infinity. I have no tears for any of these sentimentalities; but, for that bad English version of a worse German Play—the Stranger—I

have always an abashed love and a shy reverence, and an unwearied patience. I can always bear with *Peter*, and his papa with the cane, and the countess who comes off a journey in a hat and feathers and a green velvet pelisse, and *Miss Adelaide* Haller the housekeeper, and that melancholy dingy man in black who has fixed upon *Cassel* for his abode. I don't tell people that I am going to see the Stranger; but I go, and come home quite placid, and for the time moral, and full of good thoughts and quiet emotions. For who amongst us has not done a wrong, but repents in secret places where vanity is of no avail, and where there are none to tell him that he is in the right, and that he "oughtn't to stand it, my boy"? And who has not been wronged, that but seeks solace in sowing forgiveness broadcast, because he thinks the tares in that one place where forgiveness is most needed are too thick for any good seed to bear fruit there? And who has lost a lamb, and wandering about seeking it, can refrain from pleasant thinkings when he comes upon a flock, though his firstling be not among them, and can stay himself from interest and cheerful imaginings in the joys and sorrows of little children? That Italian songstress who sings so magnificently, in which is she greater: in the "*Qual cor tradisti*," where she pours out the vials of a woman's resentment and vindictiveness upon that contemptible cur in the helmet, *Pollio*: or in the duet with *Adalgisa*, where the children are? I saw the other night, in the pit of the Haymarket Theatre, during the performance of a pantomime, for which Mr. *Buckstone* has provided the fun, and Mr. *William Calcott* had painted the pictures; the "*Babes in the Wood*"—I saw a great, burly, red-faced man in a shaggy great-coat and a wide-awake hat, who looked very much like a commercial traveller for a Bradford cloth house, blubbering—that is simply the word—at a superbly ridiculous part of the entertainment, where the *Robins* (represented by half-a-dozen stalwart "supers" in bird masks and red waistcoats, like parish beades) come capering in, and after an absurd jig to the scraping of some fiddles, cover up the babes who have been abandoned by their cruel uncle, with green leaves. And the Stranger will be popular to the end of time—as popular as the Norfolk tragedy, because it is about forgiveness, and love, and mercy, and children; and here is the health of *Herr von Kotzebue*, though he was a poor writer, and (I have heard it whispered) a government spy.

The week I arrived in Petersburg was the last of the season of the Grand Opera; and I had the pleasure of enjoying some toe-pointed stanzas of the poetry of motion as rendered by the agile limbs of the renowned Russian dancer, *Mademoiselle Bagdanoff*. The Russians are deliciously proud of this favoured child of *Terpsichore*. The government will not allow her to dance, even out of

the Grand Opera season, on any stage in the empire, save those of the two great theatres in Petersburg and Moscow, where the prices are high, the audience aristocratically cold, aristocratically blasé and ennuvied, and aristocratically broken-in to the laws of Western aristocratic etiquette. For, were the Bagdanoff to dance at a native Russian theatre, the audience would infallibly encore her at least eight times after every pas; and the poor child would be danced off her legs. The Russians affect to sneer at Cerito and Rosati, and Fanny Ellsler; they only condescend to admit Taglioni to have been incomparable because she has retired from the stage, and has married a Russian prince. Plunket, Fleury, Fusco, Guy-Stephan, they will not have at any price. The Bagdanoff is their Alpha and Omega as a dancer. Last spring she was more the rage than ever. Her portrait, lithographed, was in all the print-sellers' windows, with a sprawling autograph at the base, and a German epigraph at the summit: "In lebe immer die selbe," "In love always the same." "I don't know why; but this motto always gave me an idea of an implied defiance or implied guarantee. It seemed to say: "Advance, ye Crimean field-m Marshals, ye Caucasian generals, ye aids-de-camp of the Emperor, ye members of the directing senate, ye attachés of foreign legations. Don't be afraid! Approach and place your diamond bracelets, your bouquets with a bank-note for a thousand roubles twisted round the stem, your elegant coupés with coal-black horses, your five-hundred-rouble sable pelisses, at the feet of Nadiejda Bagdanoff. Walk up. There is no deception. In love she is always the same." I saw Mademoiselle Bagdanoff, and didn't like her. Have I not seen Her (with a large H) dance? She flung her limbs about a great deal; and in dancing, as in love, she was immer die selbe—always the same. It afterwards fell out that from the fumes of that great witch's cauldron of Russian gossip, the Samovar, I distilled a somewhat curious reason for the immense popularity of the Bagdanoff.

The imperial government granted her a ticket of leave, or passport for foreign travel, just before the war with the allied powers broke out. Nadiejda went abroad, remained two years, and came back at last, radiant, as Mademoiselle Bagdanoff, of the Académie Impériale de Musique at Paris. She had stormed the Rue Lepelletier; she had subdued the Parisians; she had vanquished the stubborn hearts and claue-compelling white-gloved palms of those formidable three first rows of fauteuils d'orchestre, courted and dreaded by all cantatrice, by all ballerine. In a word she had triumphed; but it was never exactly ascertained in what ballet she made her début. It was certain, however, that she had been engaged at the Académie, and that her engagement had been rescinded during the war time; the manager

having, with fiendish ingenuity, endeavoured to seduce her into dancing in a ballet whose plot was inimical to Russian interests. But, the fair Nadiejda, patriotic as fearless, indignantly refused to betray her country and her Czar. She tore her engagement into pieces; she stamped upon it; she gave the directors of the Académie Impériale a piece of her mind; she demanded her passports, and danced back to St. Petersburg—there to be fêted, and caressed, and braceleted, and ear-ringed, and bouqueted, and re-engaged at the Balschoi-Teatr' at a higher salary; and by Jupiter! were she not lucky enough to be a crown serf, instead of a slave at obrok, to be sent back to her proprietor's village whenever he was so minded, there to be made to dance her best pas seuls for her noble proprietor's amusement, when he and his guests were drunk with wine; there, if she offended him, to be sent to hew wood and draw water, to go clad in grey sacking, instead of gauze, and silk, and spangles; to have those tresses shorn away, whereon the diamond sprays glitter so bravely now; to be beaten with rods when her master was in a bad temper, and compelled unmur-muringly to pick up the handkerchief he deigned to throw her when amiably disposed.

If the Bagdanoff deserved the gold medal, which I believe was awarded to her by the government for the Spartan fortitude with which she had withstood the insidious promptings of the malevolent Fransoutz, she was certainly entitled to the medal of St. Anne of the first class, set in brilliants of the finest water, for the heroism she displayed in coming back to Russia at all. The return of Regulus to Carthage was nothing to it. Shiningly, indeed, does her self-denying conduct contrast with that of the other (vocal) operatic star, M. IVANHOFF, who, being a slave, and a pupil of the Imperial Vocal Academy, and possessing a remarkably fine voice, was commanded by the Czar to repair to Italy, there to perfect himself in the art of singing, and then to return to Petersburg, to delight the habitués of the Balschoi-Teatr' with his dulcet strains. The faithless Ivanhoff went and saw, and conquered, all the difficulties of his art; BUT HE NEVER CAME BACK AGAIN; withstanding with an inflexible pertinacity the instances of ambassadors, and the commands of ministers. "Well out of it," thought M. Ivanhoff; and betook himself to making money for himself with admirable sprightliness and energy. He made a fortune; retired from the stage; bought an estate; and was ungrateful enough to live and enjoy himself thereupon, utterly unmindful of his kind friends in Russia, who were anxious that he should return, and to assure him that the past should be forgotten, that his wishes should be fully met, and that the warmest of receptions awaited him.

I cannot tell the title of the ballet whose subject the Bagdanoff considered inimical to

Russian interests; but, there are very many dramatic and operatic performances that lie under the ban of the Muscovite Boguey, on the inimical plea. M. Scribe's vaudeville of the *Verre d'Eau* is proscribed in Russia. Rossini's William Tell has, of course, never been heard there in public. The *Étoile du Nord* achieved an immense success; but, as there were some inconvenient little matters in the libretto about Peter the Great's madness and drunkenness, the title was quietly metamorphosed into Charles the Twelfth. So with numerous dramas and operas with inconvenient titles or inconvenient incidents. Have any of my readers ever heard of an opera, usually considered to be the chef-d'œuvre of Auber, in which there is a market chorus, and a tumult, and a dumb girl, and an insurgent fisherman riding on a horse from the circus? That dear old round-nosed, meek-eyed white horse, that seems to be the only operatic horse in the world, for he is himself, and his parallel, and nought else could be it, in every country I have visited;—a patient horse, bearing burly baritones, or timid tenors, or prima-donnas inclined to embonpoint, with equal resignation; a safe horse—never shying at the noise of the big drum, never kicking out at the supers, and, above all, never, as I am always afraid he will, inclining his body from his centre of gravity at an angle of sixty degrees, and setting off in a circular canter round the stage with his mane and tail streaming in the opposite direction, till brought to a sense of his not being at Franconi's or Astley's by a deficiency of whip, and an absence of sawdust, and a sudden conviction that there must be something wrong, as his rider is sitting on his back, instead of standing thereupon on the saddle with the red velvet tablecloth, and is uttering shrieks of terror, instead of encouraging cries of "Houp la!" There is a general blow-up and eruption of volcanoes at the end of this opera, and it is known, unless I am very much mistaken, by the name of Masaniello. They play it in Russia; but, by some means or other, the tumult, the market scene, and the insurgent fishermen, have all disappeared; there is nothing left, but the dumb girl and the beautiful music, and the blow-up; and the opera is called Fenella. The other elements (to say nothing of the name of that bold rebel: O scour me the Chiaja, and turn up the sleepers at Naples' street-corners, for another MASANIELLO; for we live in evil days, and the paralytic remnants of the Holy Alliance are crying out to be knocked down and jumped upon, and thrown out of window, and put out of their pain as soon as possible)—those revolutionary elements would suggest allusions, and those allusions might be inimical to Russian interests.

There was a little bird in Petersburg, in these latter days of mine, who went about whispering (very cautiously and low, for if

that big bird the Double Eagle had been aware of him he would have stopped his whispering for good), that there was another reason for the Bagdanoff's secession from the Académie at Paris. The French, this little bird said, quite confidently though quietly—the French wouldn't have her! She had rehearsed, and the minister of state had shaken his head. The Jockey-club had presented a petition against her. The abonnés had drawn up a memorial against her. They considered her to be inimical to French interests. Two feuilletonistes of the highest celebrity and social position had declared publicly that they would decline and return the retaining fee, sent by débutantes and accepted by feuilletonistes, as a matter of course, in such cases. In fact, the Bagdanoff was crêvé before she ever saw the French foot-lights twinkle, and if she had not prouetted away Due North as fast as her ten toes would permit her, she would in another week have been caricatured in the *Journal pour Rire*—figuration in which formidable journal is equivalent to civil death on the continent.

All of which minor gossip on things theatrical and operatic you may imagine, if you like, to have been useful to wile away the time this hot afternoon. Signor Fripanelli and I have been dining at Madame Aubin's French table d'hôte at the corner of the Cannouschnia or Great Stable Street; and have agreed to visit the Circus Theatre in the evening, to see Lucrezia Borgia the opera: music by the usual Donizetti, but words translated into Russ. I anticipated a most awful evening of maxillary bones breaking sounds. Fancy "Di pescatore ignobile" in Slavonic!

Fripanelli and yours truly have proceeded, dinner being over, to Dominique's café on the Nevskoi, there to do the usual coffee and chasse; and at the door of that dreary and expensive imitation of Bignons or Richards stands the Signor's droschky (for Fripanelli is a prosperous gentleman; gives you, at his own rooms, as good Lafitte as you can obtain on this side Tilsit; and has a private droschky to himself, neat, shining lamps, tall horse, and coachman in a full suit of India-rubber). "One mast 'ave, oun po di louxe," a little luxury, the Signor tells me, as if to apologise for his turn out. "If I vas drive op ze Princess Kapoustikoff vith Ischvostchik, sapete, fifty copek, zay would take two rouble from my next lesson. Ah! quel pays! quel pays!"

"Imagine yourself," (to translate his polyglot into something approximating to English,) he tells me as we sip the refreshing Mocha and puff at the papiros. "Imagine yourself, I go to the Countess Panckschka. She receive me, how? As the maestro di canto? Of none. I sit at the pianoforte, and open the book and wait to hear that woman sing false as water, that which always she do. Is it that she

sing? Of none. She sits and makes little plaits in her robe, and spins little gold toys and says, Signor Fripanelli, what is there of news en ville. Tell me, I pray you, all the cancons you heard last night at the Princess Kapoustikoff's. What, devil! I go to-morrow to the Kapoustikoff's, and she says, Tell me, Signor of mine, what is there of new en ville, and who are the imbecile whom that old woman ugly, the Countess Panckschka, can now persuade to enter her faded saloons. Deity of mine, this they call taking lessons of the song! And if you do not talk cancons; if you say that you are a master of music, and not a merchant of news; they will write to you a billet with but this sole line in it, Monsieur, je ne vous connais plus. Sir, I know you no longer; and no longer will they know you, or the two, five, eight hundred roubles they owe you, besides their bad tongues, ruining your fame and honour in salons with histories of lies that you know not your art; that you are of the Jew, and have been galerian, là bas, down there with letters marked on your back for theft of watches from mantlepiece, and have wife without bread in Bergamo, whom in the time you bastinadoed because she would not dance on the cord, (the tight-rope, I presume)."

The recital of Fripanelli's woes carries us well out of Dominique's, and his droshky takes us at an enlivening rate towards the theatre. Frip has been years in Petersburg, yet I question whether he has ever walked ten miles in it since his arrival. "What to do?" he asks, lifting up his hands, and shrugging up his shoulders. "To walk, where? Among these wild men savage, these barbarous? Of not." He knows the Nevskoi, the Italienskaia, the English and Palace Quays, the two Morskala's and the Litennai, because in those streets his aristocratic patrons reside. He has heard of Wassily-Ostrow, and has been (in a gondola) to Kammenoi-Ostrow, the Princess or the Countess Panckschka having a chalet there in the summer; also to Tsarski-Selo, and even as far as Pavlowsk by railway, for he gives lessons to one of the Grand Duchesses. He has seen the outside of the Gostinnoi Dvor; but he is quite ignorant of what manner of markets exist behind that stately edifice. He knows not the Gorokhovaia from Adam; and if you were to tell him that the Nevskoi started from the shores of the Neva, at right-angles to it, and ended three miles off, still on the shores of the Neva, and still at right-angles thereto, he would stare with astonishment.* I could show you full a score foreign residents in

Petersburg who are brethren in ignorance to Fripanelli, and have been as long in Russia, and know as little of it as he.

This good-natured little music-master is madly in love with the Queen of Sheba. He is most respectful and quite hopeless in his attachment, never telling his love to its object, but allowing concealment to prey on his olive cheek. Watching him however at his music lessons, while the Queen is singing, (and she sings divinely) I catch him furtively wiping his right eyelid with the extreme end of a very fine cambric handkerchief. He composes romances and cavatinas for the Queen to sing, which, when she sings, makes him urticate his eyelid more than ever. He weeps frequently to me over coffee on the subject. Elle n'a pas de l'ame. "She has not of the soul," he says. "If she knew how to shed the tears as well as how to beam the smiles, she would be la Donna of the world. But she cannot. Elle n'a pas de l'ame." And so we go to the Circus.

Which, beyond being externally circular in form (with the ordinary quadrangular excrescences inseparable from round buildings), and having been, it may be, originally built with a vague view towards equestrian performances at some future period, has nothing whatever to do with horses. For, as you already know, it is the home of operas sung in Russ.

We heard Lucrezia Borgia, and I confess that I was most agreeably disappointed. I became convinced that the epithet "soft flowing Russ" is one eminently due to the mother tongue of our late enemies. It is, indeed, for vocal purposes a most mellifluous and harmonious language, and, for softness and euphony, is about five hundred per cent. more suited to musical requirements than the French language. As to its superiority over our own (for singing), I at once, and candidly admit it. I don't think that from my due northern antecedents, I shall be accused of entertaining any very violent Russian sympathies, or that I shall be denounced as an emissary of the Czar in disguise, when I appeal to all linguists to bear me out in the assertion, that our own English tongue is the very worst language in the world for singing. There is an incessant hiss in the pronunciation which is as annoying as it is productive of cacaphony; and I would sooner hear Lucrezia half-a-dozen times over, in Russ than in English. As to the opera itself, it was, as I dare say it is all the world over—at the Scala, the Pergola, and the Fenice; at the St. Charles at New Orleans, at the opera in Pera, at the Tacon theatre in Havannah, at our own great houses, or in country theatres, occupied for the nonce by some peripatetic opera company—always beautiful, glorious, fresh, and one which shall endure for aye, like the grand old marbles of those who have gone before, though legions of Goths and Vandals, though myriads of Keemo Kimos and My

* Here the Neva forms an arc in its myriad windings, and the Nevskoi is the chord of the arc. The difficulty of orienting oneself without a compass in Petersburg, or finding out whether you are steering topographically is positively distracting. Owing to the twistings and twinnings of the river, the innumerable back waters, branches, canals, and bridges, you may walk five miles and still find yourself over against where you started from.

Mary Anns, shall have desecrated its altars and profaned its hearth.

CHIP.

COMPROMISING COMPROMISES.

ABOUT seventeen years ago, a fashionable West End bank failed through unavoidable causes. The shareholders were furious; and instantly threw everything connected with it into Chancery, where the affairs have remained ever since. Half of the directors emigrated; leaving only three to bear the brunt of the losses: an influential earl, a gentleman of large fortune holding an office in the Exchequer, and another, possessed of a considerable sum, the reward of long services in the East India Company. For seventeen years these unfortunate ex-directors have been the victims of Chancery proceedings: the earl cramped in all his movements; the second, seeing his noble fortune dwindling away; the third, after five years' struggle, dying of heart disease, brought on by anxiety in the cause. This gentleman left a widow and one daughter; and, year after year, these two frail beings were tossed on the troubled waves of Chancery,—first raised aloft almost to hope, then sunk deep into the depths of despair. Their entire fortune was being rapidly devoured by lawyers, and the pen of the younger lady (now growing up) likely to be soon their only support.

This was the state of things when a compromise was suggested. We have seen since that this is quite a usual proposition when causes have come to a crisis, or when counsel at assizes held in one town, wish to be off to earn new fees in another. In this case, it was argued, was it not better to lay down all at once and buy peace at any price, than, by not compromising, to run the chance of saving some portion as an independence for the declining years of the elder lady, at the price of prolonging the torture and suspense which might cut short those years? The former course was advised by counsel; who exclaimed, "Pay, pay; give up your fortune, or we cannot save you from ruin!" Still the ladies hesitated. Who would not? Providentially, one of the many opposing counsel became enamoured of the daughter, and was determined to save her. He let her know that she was the victim of the deepest deception; that the compromise was merely proposed as a plea for levying a final heavy contribution on all the unhappy parties in the cause; and that, if it could come to one hearing more, her side must win. All compromise was resolutely refused; and every possible effort was made by the attorney to change this resolution. For six months daily letters, of alternately mild and threatening character, poured in; visits of the most distressing nature from friends and enemies, with the continual assurance that seven

years was the shortest limit of the litigation; while others gravely put off the solution to doomsday if no compromise was effected.

If ever firmness was required and displayed, it was in this case; and, finding every effort useless to extract the money by persecution, surreptitious means were resorted to; the cause being all this time expressly deferred. One of the counsel took a long journey into a remote village to endeavour to persuade the sum required to compromise the cause out of the executor, an aged bed-ridden man. Fortunately he would not take such a responsibility upon himself. The attorney then gave notice that all the remaining property should be thrown into Chancery, under the plea that the executor was incapable. He would have carried this scheme into effect, if the ladies had not now taken the only means left them for defence. To appear in open court; to inform the judge of all these intolerable proceedings in the presence of the astonished counsel, and to implore him not to sanction them. They were listened to, protected, and saved. Further delay was peremptorily refused, and the cause was gained, with costs, in five days.

This is one instance of a thousand in which causes are fed and fattened upon by legal birds of prey; or are corruptly compromised. It is, alas! one instance in ten thousand of justice being summarily done by the prompt interference of the court.

THE SIGHING SHADE.

LADY MAUD sitteth alone,

Weaving her tapestry;

Silken lily, and rose, and leaf,

And spangled butterfly.

Slender threads drawn through and through,

Changing, gay and rich of hue

As rainbow in the sky.

Lady Maud is quiet and proud,

Scornful of lip and brow;

Her heart in her bosom lieth cold,

But pure as unfallen snow.

He who loves her is good and great,

Brave and noble, of high estate,

And tender, too, I trow.

He has said his say and he is gone,

She dreameth o'er his face;

She heareth still his lofty words,—

He is of knightly race.

Never a word of guile spake he,

Never a word of love spake she,

His voice hath left its trace.

"I was too cold and proud," said she,

"Such love cannot be bought:

'Twas pleasant to hear his loving words—

O! heart of mine, thou'rt nought!"

She raised her face to the twilight sky,

Beside her was breathed a deep low sigh,

Like burden of painful thought.

She turn'd in haste to search the gloom,

Startled, and chill'd, and pale:

All was silent and she alone—

Again that fearsome wail!

Into the room came her ancient nurse,—
 "My lady Maud, hast thou heard the curse,
 Thou lookest so scared and pale?"

"I heard, methought, a moaning sigh
 In that corner of the room,
 As if a gust of wind swept by
 And hid in the lurking gloom;
 And as I listen'd it came again,
 So mournful, and weary, and full of pain,
 Like a thrill of woeful doom!"

"My mistress dear, 'tis the Sighing Shade
 Of the wilful Lady Grace;
 She slighted her love with cruel words,
 As one of less noble race.

He went away to the Flemish war,
 She loved him, but he return'd no more,
 He fell by a Flemish mace!

"'Tis said, and I think the legend true,
 That he met her face to face,
 And spake a stern reproach to her
 After that deadly chace.

He came in the quiet twilight gloom,
 Where she sat alone in this very room,
 And frown'd on Lady Grace!

"She faded fast, like a blighted bud,
 Unwed, unloved, unsought,
 Though she was rich and very fair,
 For, Lady Maud, love is not bought.

'Tis said, that in this room she died,
 That hither comes her Sighing Shade,
 A haunting, warning thought!

"You cannot see her, Lady Maud,
 But if she came to you,
 It was to warn you not to scorn
 A lover poor and true.

I tell you this, I am your nurse,
 Lest fall this day the lover's curse,
 My Lady Maud, on you."

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE TENTH. A COUNCIL OF THREE.

ON the morning after the departure of Mrs. Jazeph, the news that she had been sent away from the Tiger's Head by Mr. Frankland's directions, reached the doctor's residence from the inn, just as he was sitting down to breakfast. Finding that the report of the nurse's dismissal was not accompanied by any satisfactory explanation of the cause of it, Mr. Orridge refused to believe that her attendance on Mrs. Frankland had really ceased. However, although he declined to credit the news, he was so far disturbed by it that he finished his breakfast in a hurry, and went to pay his morning visit at the Tiger's Head, nearly two hours before the time at which he usually attended on his patient.

On his way to the inn, he was met and stopped by the one waiter attached to the establishment. "I was just bringing you a message from Mr. Frankland, sir," said the man. "He wants to see you as soon as possible."

"Is it true that Mrs. Frankland's nurse was sent away last night, by Mr. Frankland's order?" asked Mr. Orridge.

"Quite true, sir," answered the waiter.

The doctor coloured and looked seriously

discomposed. One of the most precious things we have about us—especially if we happen to belong to the medical profession—is our dignity. It struck Mr. Orridge that he ought to have been consulted before a nurse of his recommending was dismissed from her situation at a moment's notice. Was Mr. Frankland presuming upon his position as a gentleman of fortune? It was impossible to decide that question as yet; but the mere act of considering it, exercised an undermining influence on the conservative foundations of Mr. Orridge's principles. The power of wealth may do much with impunity, but it is not privileged to offer any practical contradictions to a man's good opinion of himself. Never had the doctor thought more disrespectfully of rank and riches; never had he been conscious of reflecting on republican principles with such absolute impartiality, as when he now followed the waiter in sullen silence to Mr. Frankland's room.

"Who is that?" asked Leonard, when he heard the door open.

"Mr. Orridge, sir," said the waiter.

"Good morning," said Mr. Orridge, with self-asserting abruptness and familiarity.

Mr. Frankland was sitting in an arm-chair, with his legs crossed. Mr. Orridge carefully selected another arm-chair, and crossed his legs on the model of Mr. Frankland's, the moment he sat down. Mr. Frankland's hands were in the pockets of his dressing-gown. Mr. Orridge had no pockets, except in his coat-tails, which he could not conveniently get at; but he put his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and asserted himself against the easy insolence of wealth, in that way. It made no difference to him—so curiously narrow is the range of a man's perceptions when he is insisting on his own importance—that Mr. Frankland was blind, and consequently incapable of being impressed by the independence of his bearing. Mr. Orridge's own dignity was vindicated in Mr. Orridge's own presence; and that was enough.

"I am glad you have come so early, doctor," said Mr. Frankland. "A very unpleasant thing happened here last night. I was obliged to send the new nurse away at a moment's notice."

"Were you, indeed!" said Mr. Orridge, defensively matching Mr. Frankland's composure, by an assumption of the completest indifference. "Aha! were you, indeed?"

"If there had been time to send and consult you, of course I should have been only too glad to have done so," continued Leonard. "But it was impossible to hesitate. We were all alarmed by a loud ringing of my wife's bell; I was taken up to her room, and found her in a condition of the most violent agitation and alarm. She told me she had been dreadfully frightened by the new nurse; declared her conviction that the woman was not in her right senses; and entreated

that I would get her out of the house with as little delay and as little harshness as possible. Under these circumstances, what could I do? I may seem to have been wanting in consideration towards you, in proceeding on my own sole responsibility; but Mrs. Frankland was in such a state of excitement that I could not tell what might be the consequence of opposing her, or of venturing on any delays; and after the difficulty had been got over, she would not hear of your being disturbed by a summons to the inn. "I am sure you will understand this explanation, doctor, in the spirit in which I offer it?"

Mr. Orridge began to look a little confused. His solid substructure of independence was softening and sinking from under him. He found himself thinking—no, not exactly thinking, but the next thing to it—of the cultivated manners of the wealthy classes; his thumbs slipped mechanically out of the arm-holes of his waistcoat; and, before he well knew what he was about, he was stammering his way through all the choicest intricacies of a complimentary and respectful reply.

"You will naturally be anxious to know what the new nurse said, or did, to frighten my wife so," pursued Mr. Frankland. "I can tell you nothing in detail; for Mrs. Frankland was in such a state of nervous dread last night that I was really afraid of asking for any explanations; and I have purposely waited to make inquiries this morning, until you could come here and accompany me upstairs. You kindly took so much trouble to secure this unlucky woman's attendance, that you have a right to hear all that can be alleged against her, now she has been sent away. Considering all things, Mrs. Frankland is not so ill this morning as I was afraid she would be. She expects to see you with me; and if you will kindly give me your arm, we will go up to her immediately."

Mr. Orridge uncrossed his legs, rose in a great hurry, and even went the length, instinctively, of making a bow. Let it not be imagined that he compromised his independence, while he acted in this way, by reflecting on rich men in a too hasty spirit of approval. When he mechanically committed himself to a bow, forgetting at the moment that Mr. Frankland was incapable of appreciating that art of homage, he was only thinking, in the most unmercenary and abstract way, of blood, —of the breeding it brought with it—of the inscrutable value that it gave to words which would sound quite simple and common-place in the mouths of ordinary people. Mr. Orridge was possessed—and it is due to him, to record the fact—of most of the virtues of his species, especially of that widely-spread virtue which preserves people from allowing their opinions to be seriously influenced by personal considerations. We all have our faults; but it is, at least, consolatory to think how very few of our dearest friends—to say nothing of ourselves—are ever guilty of such weakness as that!

On entering Mrs. Frankland's room, the doctor saw at a glance, that she had been altered for the worse by the events of the past evening. He remarked that the smile with which she greeted her husband was the faintest and saddest he had seen on her face. Her eyes looked dim and weary, her skin was dry, her pulse was irregular. It was plain that she had passed a wakeful night, and that her mind was not at ease. She dismissed the inquiries of her medical attendant as briefly as possible, and led the conversation immediately, of her own accord, to the subject of Mrs. Jazeph.

"I suppose you have heard what has happened," she said, addressing Mr. Orridge. "I can't tell you how grieved I am about it. My conduct must look in your eyes, as well as in the eyes of the poor, unfortunate nurse, the conduct of a capricious, unfeeling woman. I am ready to cry with sorrow and vexation, when I remember how thoughtless I was, and how little courage I showed. O, Lenny, it is dreadful to hurt the feelings of anybody—but to have pained that unhappy, helpless woman, as we pained her, to have made her cry so bitterly, to have caused her such humiliation and wretchedness—"

"My dear Rosamond," interposed Mr. Frankland, "you are lamenting effects, and forgetting causes altogether. Remember what a state of terror I found you in—there must have been some reason for that. Remember, too, how strong your conviction was, that the nurse was out of her senses. Surely, you have not altered your opinion on that point, already?"

"It is that very opinion, love, that has been perplexing and worrying me all night. I can't alter it; I feel more certain than ever that there must be something wrong with the poor creature's intellect—and, yet, when I remember how good-naturedly she came here to help me; and how anxious she seemed to make herself useful, I can't help feeling ashamed of my suspicions; I can't help reproaching myself for having been the cause of her dismissal last night. Mr. Orridge, did you notice anything in Mrs. Jazeph's face, or manner, which might lead you to doubt whether her intellects were quite as sound as they ought to be?"

"Certainly not, Mrs. Frankland—or I should never have brought her here. I should not have been astonished to hear that she was suddenly taken ill, or that she had been seized with a fit, or that some slight accident, which would have frightened nobody else, had seriously frightened her. But to be told that there is anything approaching to derangement in her faculties, does, I own, fairly surprise me."

"Can I have been mistaken!" exclaimed Rosamond, looking confusedly and self-distrustfully from Mr. Orridge to her husband. "Lenny! Lenny! if I have been mistaken, I shall never forgive myself."

"Suppose you tell us, my dear, what led

you to suspect that she was mad?" suggested Mr. Frankland.

Rosamond hesitated. "Things that are great in one's own mind," she said, "seem to get so little when they are put into words. I almost despair of making you understand what good reason I had to be frightened—and then, I am afraid, in trying to do justice to myself, that I may not do justice to the nurse."

"Tell your own story, my love, in your own way, and you will be sure to tell it properly," said Mr. Frankland.

"And pray remember," added Mr. Orridge, "that I attach no real importance to my opinion of Mrs. Jazeph. I have not had time enough to form it. Your opportunities of observing her, have been far more numerous than mine."

Thus encouraged, Rosamond plainly and simply related all that had happened in her room on the previous evening, up to the time when she had closed her eyes, and had heard the nurse approaching her bedside. Before repeating the extraordinary words that Mrs. Jazeph had whispered into her ear, she made a pause, and looked earnestly in her husband's face.

"Why do you stop?" asked Mr. Frankland.

"I feel nervous and flurried still, Lenny, when I think of the words the nurse said to me, just before I rang the bell."

"What did she say? Was it something you would rather not repeat?"

"No! no! I am most anxious to repeat it, and to hear what you think it means. As I have just told you, Lenny, we had been talking of Porthgenna, and of my project of exploring the north rooms, as soon as I got there; and she had been asking many questions about the old house; appearing, I must say, to be unaccountably interested in it, considering she was a stranger."

"Yes?"

"Well, when she came to the bedside, she knelt down close at my ear, and whispered all on a sudden:—'When you go to Porthgenna, keep out of the Myrtle Room!'"

Mr. Frankland started. "Is there such a room at Porthgenna?" he asked, eagerly.

"I never heard of it," said Rosamond.

"Are you sure of that?" inquired Mr. Orridge. Up to this moment the doctor had privately suspected that Mrs. Frankland must have fallen asleep soon after he left her the evening before; and that the narrative which she was now relating, with the sincerest conviction of its reality, was actually derived from nothing but a series of vivid impressions produced by a dream.

"I am certain I never heard of such a room," said Rosamond. "I left Porthgenna at five years old; and I had never heard of it then. My father often talked of the house in after years; but I am certain that he never spoke of any of the rooms by any particular names; and I can say the same of your father, Lenny, whenever I was in his company after he had bought the place. Besides, don't you

remember, when the builder we sent down to survey the house wrote you that letter, he complained that there were no names of the rooms on the different keys, to guide him in opening the doors, and that he could get no information from anybody at Porthgenna on the subject. How could I ever have heard of the Myrtle Room? Who was there to tell me?"

Mr. Orridge began to look perplexed: it seemed by no means so certain that Mrs. Frankland had been dreaming, after all.

"I have thought of nothing else," said Rosamond to her husband, in low, whispering tones. "I can't get those mysterious words off my mind. Feel my heart, Lenny—it is beating quicker than usual, only with saying them over to you. They are such very strange, startling words. What do you think they mean?"

"Who is the woman who spoke them?—that is the most important question," said Mr. Frankland.

"But why did she say the words to me? That is what I want to know—that is what I must know, if I am ever to feel easy in my mind again!"

"Gently, Mrs. Frankland, gently!" said Mr. Orridge. "For your child's sake, as well as for your own, pray try to be calm, and to look at this very mysterious event as composedly as you can. If any exertions of mine can throw light upon this strange woman and her still stranger conduct, I will not spare them. I am going to-day to her mistress's house, to see one of the children; and, depend upon it, I will manage in some way to make Mrs. Jazeph explain herself. Her mistress shall hear every word that you have told me; and, I can assure you, she is just the sort of downright, resolute woman who will insist on having the whole mystery instantly cleared up."

Rosamond's weary eyes brightened at the doctor's proposal. "O, go at once, Mr. Orridge!" she exclaimed, "Go at once!"

"I have a great deal of medical work to do in the town first," said the doctor, smiling at Mrs. Frankland's impatience.

"Begin it then, without losing another instant," said Rosamond. "The baby is quite well, and I am quite well—we need not detain you a moment. And, Mr. Orridge, pray be as gentle and considerate as possible with the poor woman; and tell her that I never should have thought of sending her away, if I had not been too frightened to know what I was about. And say how sorry I am, this morning, and say——"

"My dear, if Mrs. Jazeph is really not in her right senses, what would be the use of overwhelming her with all these excuses?" interposed Mr. Frankland. "It will be more to the purpose if Mr. Orridge will kindly explain and apologise for us to her mistress."

"Go! Don't stop to talk—pray go at once!" cried Rosamond, as the doctor attempted to reply to Mr. Frankland.

"Don't be afraid; no time shall be lost,"

said Mr. Orridge, opening the door. "But remember, Mrs. Frankland, I shall expect you to reward your ambassador, when he returns from his mission, by showing him that you are a little more quiet and composed than I find you this morning." With that parting hint, the doctor took his leave.

"When you go to Porthgenna, keep out of the Myrtle Room," repeated Mr. Frankland, thoughtfully. "Those are very strange words, Rosamond. Who can this woman really be? She is a perfect stranger to both of us; we are brought into contact with her by the merest accident; and we find that she knows something about our own house, of which we were both perfectly ignorant until she chose to speak!"

"But the warning, Lenny—the warning, so pointedly and mysteriously addressed to me? O, if I could only go to sleep at once, and not wake again till the doctor comes back!"

"My love, try not to count too certainly on our being enlightened, even then. The woman may refuse to explain herself to anybody."

"Don't even hint at such a disappointment as that, Lenny—or I shall be wanting to get up and go and question her myself!"

"Even if you could get up and question her, Rosamond, you might find it impossible to make her answer. She may be afraid of certain consequences which we cannot foresee; and, in that case, I can only repeat, that it is more than probable she will explain nothing—or, perhaps, still more likely that she will coolly deny her own words altogether."

"Then, Lenny, we will put them to the proof for ourselves."

"And how can we do that?"

"By continuing our journey to Porthgenna, the moment I am allowed to travel, and by leaving no stone unturned, when we get there, until we have discovered whether there is, or is not, any room in the old house that ever was known, at any time of its existence, by the name of the Myrtle Room."

"And suppose it should turn out that there is such a room?" asked Mr. Frankland, beginning to feel the influence of his wife's enthusiasm.

"If it does turn out so," said Rosamond, her voice rising, and her face lighting up with its accustomed vivacity, "how can you doubt what will happen next? Am I not a woman? And have I not been forbidden to enter the Myrtle Room! Lenny! Lenny! Do you know so little of my half of humanity, as to doubt what I should do, the moment the room was discovered? My darling, as a matter of course, I should walk into it immediately!"

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH. ANOTHER SURPRISE.

WITH all the haste he could make, it was one o'clock in the afternoon before Mr. Orridge's professional avocations allowed him

to set forth in his gig for Mrs. Norbury's house. He drove there with such good-will that he accomplished the half-hour's journey in twenty minutes. The footman having heard the rapid approach of the gig, opened the hall door, the instant the horse was pulled up before it; and confronted the doctor with a smile of malicious satisfaction.

"Well," said Mr. Orridge, bustling into the hall, "you were all rather surprised, last night, when the housekeeper came back, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, we certainly were surprised when she came back last night," answered the footman; "but we were still more surprised when she went away again, this morning."

"Went away! You don't mean to say she is gone?"

"Yes, I do, sir—she has lost her place and gone for good." The footman smiled again, as he made that reply; and the housemaid, who happened to be on her way down stairs while he was speaking, and to hear what he said, smiled too. Mrs. Jazeph had evidently been no favourite in the servants' hall.

Amazement prevented Mr. Orridge from uttering another word. Hearing no more questions asked, the footman threw open the door of the breakfast-parlour; and the doctor followed him into the room. Mrs. Norbury was sitting near the window in a rigidly upright attitude, inflexibly watching the proceedings of her invalid child over a basin of beef-tea.

"I know what you are going to talk about before you open your lips," said the outspoken lady. "But just look to the child first, and say what you have to say on that subject, if you please, before you enter on any other."

The child was examined, was pronounced to be improving rapidly, and was carried away by the nurse to lie down and rest a little. As soon as the door of the room had closed, Mrs. Norbury abruptly addressed the doctor, interrupting him, for the second time, just as he was about to speak.

"Now, Mr. Orridge," she said, "I want to tell you something at the outset. I am a remarkably just woman, and I have no quarrel with you. You are the cause of my having been treated with the most audacious insolence by three people—but you are the innocent cause, and, therefore, I don't blame you."

"I am really at a loss," Mr. Orridge began, "quite at a loss, I assure you—"

"To know what I mean?" said Mrs. Norbury. "I will soon tell you. Were you not the original cause of my sending my housekeeper to nurse Mrs. Frankland?"

Yes: Mr. Orridge could not hesitate to acknowledge that.

"Well," pursued Mrs. Norbury, "and the consequence of my sending her is, as I said before, that I am treated with unparalleled insolence by no less than three people. Mrs.

Frankland takes an insolent whim into her head, and affects to be frightened by my housekeeper. Mr. Frankland shows an insolent readiness to humour that whim, and hands me back my housekeeper as if she was a bad shilling; and last, and worst of all, my housekeeper herself insults me to my face, as soon as she comes back—insults me, Mr. Orridge, to that degree, that I give her twelve hours' notice to leave the place. Don't begin to defend yourself! I know all about it; I know you had nothing to do with sending her back; I never said you had. All the mischief you have done is innocent mischief. I don't blame you, remember that—whatever you do, Mr. Orridge, remember that!"

"I had no idea of defending myself," said the doctor, when he was at last allowed to speak, "for I feel as firmly convinced, on my side, as you can be on yours, Mrs. Norbury, that I am in no way to blame. I was merely about to say, that you surprise me beyond all power of expression, when you tell me that Mrs. Jazeph treated you with incivility."

"Incivility!" exclaimed Mrs. Norbury. "Don't talk about incivility—it's not the word. Impudence is the word; daring, brazen impudence." When Mrs. Jazeph came back in that fly from the Tiger's Head, she was either drunk or mad. Open your eyes as much as you please, Mr. Orridge; she was either the one or the other, or a mixture of both. You have seen her, you have talked to her—should you say she was the kind of woman to look you fiercely in the face, and contradict you flatly the moment you spoke to her?"

"I should say she was the very last woman in the world to misbehave herself in that way," answered the doctor.

"Very well. Now hear what happened when she came back, last night," said Mrs. Norbury.

"She got here just as we were going upstairs to bed. Of course, I was astonished; and, of course, I called her into the drawing-room for an explanation. There was nothing very unnatural in that course of proceeding, I suppose? Well, I noticed that her eyes were swollen and red, and that her looks were remarkably wild and queer; but I said nothing, and waited for the explanation. All she had to tell me was, that something she had unintentionally said, or done, had frightened Mrs. Frankland, and that Mrs. Frankland's husband had sent her away on the spot. I disbelieved this at first—and very naturally, I think—but she persisted in the story, and answered all my questions by declaring that she could tell me nothing more. 'So then,' I said, 'I am to believe that after I have inconvenienced myself by sparing you, and after you have inconvenienced yourself by undertaking the business of nurse, I am to be insulted, and you are to be insulted by your being sent away from Mrs. Frankland on the very day when you get to her,

because she chooses to take a whim into her head?' 'I never accused Mrs. Frankland of taking a whim into her head,' says Mrs. Jazeph, and stares me straight in the face, with such a look as I never saw in her eyes before, after all my five years' experience of her. 'What do you mean?' I asked, giving her back her look, I can promise you. 'Are you base enough to take the treatment you have received in the light of a favour?' 'I am just enough,' said Mrs. Jazeph, as sharp as lightning, and still with that same stare straight at me, 'I am just enough not to blame Mrs. Frankland.' 'O, you are, are you?' I said. 'Then all I can tell you is, that I feel this insult, if you don't; and that I consider Mrs. Frankland's conduct to be the conduct of an ill-bred, impudent, capricious, unfeeling woman.' Mrs. Jazeph takes a step up to me—takes a step, I give you my word of honour—and says distinctly, in so many words, 'Mrs. Frankland is neither ill-bred, impudent, capricious, nor unfeeling.' 'Do you mean to contradict me, Mrs. Jazeph?' I asked. 'I mean to defend Mrs. Frankland from unjust imputations,' says she. Those were her words, Mr. Orridge—on my honour, as a gentlewoman, those were exactly her words."

The doctor's face expressed the blindest astonishment. Mrs. Norbury surveyed him with a look of calm triumph, and went on—

"I was in a towering passion—I don't mind confessing that, Mr. Orridge—but I kept it down." Mrs. Jazeph, I said, 'this is language that I am not accustomed to, and that I certainly never expected to hear from your lips. Why you should take it on yourself to defend Mrs. Frankland for treating us both with contempt, and to contradict me for resenting it, I neither know nor care to know. But I must tell you, in plain words, that I will be spoken to by every person in my employment, from my housekeeper to my scullery-maid, with respect. I would have given warning on the spot to any other servant in this house who had behaved to me as you have behaved.'—She tried to interrupt me there, but I would not allow her. 'No,' I said, 'you are not to speak to me just yet; you are to hear me out. Any other servant, I tell you again, should have left this place to-morrow morning; but I will be more than just to you. I will give you the benefit of your five years' good conduct in my service. I will leave you the rest of the night to get cool, and to reflect on what has passed between us; and I will not expect you to make the proper apologies to me until the morning.' You see, Mr. Orridge, I was determined to act justly and kindly—I was ready to make allowances; and what do you think she said in return? 'I am willing to make any apologies, ma'am, for offending you,' she said, 'without the delay of a single minute; but, whether it is to-night, or whether it is to-morrow morning, I cannot stand by silent when I hear Mrs. Frankland charged with acting unkindly,

uncivilly, or improperly, towards me or towards any one." "Do you tell me that deliberately, Mrs. Jazeph?" I asked. "I tell it you sincerely, ma'am," she answered; "and I am very sorry to be obliged to do so." "Pray don't trouble yourself to be sorry," I said, "for you may consider yourself no longer in my service. I will order the steward to pay you the usual month's wages instead of the month's warning, the first thing to-morrow; and I beg that you will leave the house as soon as you conveniently can, afterwards." "I will leave to-morrow, ma'am," says she, "but without troubling the steward." I beg, respectfully, and with many thanks for your past kindness, to decline taking a month's money which I have not earned by a month's service." And, thereupon, she curtsies and goes out. That is, word for word, what passed between us, Mr. Orridge. Explain the woman's conduct in your own way, if you can. I say that it is utterly incomprehensible, unless you agree with me, that she was either not sober, or not in her right senses, when she came back to this house last night."

The doctor began to think, after what he had just heard, that Mrs. Frankland's suspicions in relation to the new nurse, were not quite so unfounded as he had been at first disposed to consider them. He wisely refrained, however, from complicating matters, by giving utterance to what he thought; and, after answering Mrs. Norbury in a few vaguely polite words, endeavoured to soothe her irritation against Mr. and Mrs. Frankland, by assuring her that he came as the bearer of apologies from both husband and wife, for the apparent want of courtesy and consideration in their conduct, which circumstances had made inevitable. The offended lady, however, absolutely refused to be propitiated. She rose up, and waved her hand with an air of great dignity.

"I cannot hear a word more from you, Mr. Orridge," she said. "I cannot receive any apologies which are made indirectly. If Mr. Frankland chooses to call, and if Mrs. Frankland condescends to write to me, I am willing to think no more of the matter. Under any other circumstances, I must be allowed to keep my present opinions both of the lady and the gentleman. Don't say another word, and be so kind as to excuse me if I leave you, and go up to the nursery to see how the child is getting on. I am delighted to hear that you think her so much better. Pray call again to-morrow, or next day, if you conveniently can. Good morning!"

Half-amused at Mrs. Norbury, half-displeased at the curt tone she adopted towards him, Mr. Orridge remained for a minute or two alone in the breakfast-parlour, feeling rather undecided about what he should do next. He was, by this time, almost as much interested in solving the mystery of Mrs. Jazeph's extraordinary conduct, as Mrs. Frankland herself; and he felt unwilling, on

all accounts, to go back to the Tiger's Head, and merely repeat what Mrs. Norbury had told him, without being able to complete the narrative by informing Mr. and Mrs. Frankland of the direction that the housekeeper had taken on leaving her situation. After some pondering, he determined to question the footman, under the pretence of desiring to know if his gig was at the door. The man having answered the bell, and having reported the gig to be ready, Mr. Orridge, while crossing the hall, asked him carelessly, if he knew at what time in the morning Mrs. Jazeph had left her place.

"About ten o'clock, sir," answered the footman. "When the carrier came by from the village, on his way to the station for the eleven o'clock train."

"O! I suppose he took her boxes?" said Mr. Orridge.

"And took her, too, sir," said the man with a grin. "She had to ride, for once in her life, at any rate, in a carrier's cart."

On getting back to West Winston, the doctor stopped at the station, to collect further particulars, before he returned to the Tiger's Head. No trains, either up or down, happened to be due just at that time. The station-master was reading the newspaper, and the porter was gardening on the slope of the embankment.

"Is the train at eleven in the morning an up-train, or a down-train?" asked Mr. Orridge, addressing the porter.

"A down-train."

"Did many people go by it?"

The porter repeated the names of some of the inhabitants of West Winston.

"Were there no passengers but passengers from the town?" inquired the doctor.

"Yes, sir. I think there was one stranger—a lady."

"Did the station-master issue the tickets for that train?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Orridge went on to the station-master.

"Do you remember giving a ticket, this morning, by the eleven o'clock down-train, to a lady travelling alone?"

The station-master pondered. "I have issued tickets, up and down, to half-a-dozen ladies to-day," he answered, doubtfully.

"Yes, but I am speaking only of the eleven o'clock train," said Mr. Orridge. "Try if you can't remember?"

"Remember? Stop! I do remember; I know who you mean. A lady who seemed rather flurried, and who put a question to me that I am not often asked at this station. She had her veil down, I recollect, and she got here for the eleven o'clock train. Crouch, the carrier, brought her trunk into the office."

"That is the woman. Where did she take her ticket for?"

"For Exeter."

"You said she asked you a question."

"Yes: a question about what coaches met

the rail at Exeter to take travellers into Cornwall. I told her we were rather too far off here to have the correct time-table, and recommended her to apply for information to the Devonshire people, when she got to the end of her journey. She seemed a timid, helpless kind of woman to travel alone. Anything wrong in connection with her, sir?"

"O, no! nothing," said Mr. Orridge, leaving the station-master and hastening back to his gig again.

When he drew up, a few minutes afterwards, at the door of the Tiger's Head, he jumped out of his vehicle with the confident air of a man who has done all that could be expected of him. It was easy to face Mrs. Frankland with the unsatisfactory news of Mrs. Jazeph's departure, now that he could add, on the best authority, the important supplementary information that she had gone to Cornwall.

THE MURDER OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

SELDOM has a trial excited stronger passions in Paris than the trial of the Abbé Verger. In despair of conveying to my readers an adequate conception of the angry elements in the storm which raged in the Court of Assizes on Saturday, the seventeenth of January. The immense crowds around the court were but feeble signs of the moral conflicts agitating all the households of the French metropolis.

The Verger affair is one of a series. This scandal is the most picturesque and terrible of a foul series of ecclesiastical scandals. Ever since eighteen hundred and fifty-three there have been midnight masses in Paris which were deemed too scandalous to be permitted in the time of Louis Philippe and the Republic. As far as possible the *Siccle* newspaper—in continual war with the *Univers*—has confirmed indirectly the worst rumours in circulation respecting the morals of the clergy. At the end of autumn thirty-five persons, most of them said to be priests, it was whispered, had been arrested at the Ternes. Subsequently the tribunals condemned several persons, including Hervé the musical composer and Alexis Dupont the chief singer at the sacred festivals. On New Year's Eve, an unknown man rung at the door of the apartment occupied at Courbevoie by a Mademoiselle Sierawski and her mother. The man asked the young woman to read a letter addressed to her. While she was reading it, he stabbed her several times, and left her for dead. Rumour said the assassination was attempted because she had made a declaration to the commissary of police against the morals of the clergy.

The appearance of Verger prepossessed the audience in his favour. He was a slender young man of middle height. He was simply dressed in black, with a merino stock, with-

out a shirt collar; and the blackness of his whole costume set off and made striking the pale whiteness of his complexion. His paleness was the pallor of studious youth. His appearance was what the French call distinguished. His regular oval face and his high forehead were covered with dark brown hair, parted on the left side. His eyes were those expressive blue eyes which are black or sparkling according to the emotions which excite them. His voice was harmonious, and rich in various tones.

Verger spoke in the dock an autobiography, which I shall extract from a comparison of all the fullest newspaper reports, and by translating as literally and as truly as I can his exact words, and interposing nothing but necessary explanations.

Verger says: "I did not gain the favour of Sister Milanie by my piety, but by my prettiness as a boy—*par ma gentillesse*."

She distributed the benefactions of the Queen Amelie.

"I demand that the notes on my conduct may be shown, and that my professors at the seminary may be heard, in order to prove the falsehood of the witness who says they did not show me any sympathy."

The result of his notes, as published in the *Droit*, prove he had only one superior in the seminary. He had no eccentricities. He was very timid, had an amiable air, and his polite manners prepossessed people in his favour. The sixty francs from the Sister Milanie were given.

"Given! do you hear? To buy books, and I bought them. I was, in fact, the protégé of Madame de Rochefort, the superior of the sisters of Neuilly. In a brilliant lecture which he delivered to us, M. Dupanloup, who was then combating the university, said, 'Mes enfans, you must get classical books in order to maintain the struggle in the examinations for the bachelor's degree.' I believed it was necessary to buy as many books as possible. I asked for sixty francs from Madame de Rochefort, who gave them to me, that is abandoned them to my profit. My father bought the books with me, he bought not new but second-hand books. He saved fifteen francs, and, as I must avow everything, he bought me a pair of pantaloons and an umbrella, because he is poor, very poor, is my father. I did not take these books to the seminary, because I knew that M. Millaut would not put the seminary stamp upon them. Molière was not bought; my father and I bought Racine and Pascal, which are forbidden by the Inquisition."

M. Millaut says, "I also heard a talk of Molière."

Verger: "No, Pascal."

M. Millaut blamed him for having bought the history of France by Anquetil, in twenty-two volumes, and said it was very bad to dispose of the money of the poor in buying books of amusement. M. Dupanloup said,

"Now we have the opportunity we waited for, we must send him to his family." On the registers of the seminary the transaction was mentioned as a seeming impropriety in money matters. Verger insists in saying—

"I was free to do with the money whatever I pleased."

The President says: "You are not accused of theft, only of an impropriety."

Verger: "The word is in the act of accusation."

This document, indeed, which, far from confining itself to the murder of the Archbishop, rakes up the whole life of Verger, does, in fact, say: "He was sent away from the seminary for a fault which compromised his probity"—that is for dishonesty.

Verger left the seminary in eighteen hundred and forty-four, when eighteen years of age. M. Dupanloup had recorded that "he was not fitted for the ecclesiastical state." In eighteen hundred and forty-six, however, he entered into the grand seminary of Meaux, recommended by an ecclesiastic as "an excellent young man." The curé of his native parish gave him, in eighteen hundred and forty-seven, according to the rules of the grand seminary, a most flattering testimonial. His protectors gave him letters full of eulogy in eighteen hundred and forty-eight and forty-nine, which justified the best hopes. He was made a professor in the little seminary, and received the tonsure in eighteen hundred and forty-eight; he received the subdeaconate and deaconate in eighteen hundred and forty-nine, and although too young, the priesthood in eighteen hundred and fifty with a dispensation in regard to the required age. The curé of Neuilly begged the superior of the grand seminary, on the seventeenth of May, eighteen hundred and fifty, to send him, if not contrary to the rules, as soon as possible after his ordination, the good Verger—le bon Verger—whom he regarded as one of his children, to whom he had given the first communion, and whom he would be happy to assist in his first mass. The directors of the little seminary, M. Sibon and M. Millaut, said also:

"Since his superiors have made him a priest, after an examination, he is no doubt improved, let us go to his first mass and make an amende honorable for the judgment we have passed upon him."

Verger: "An amende honorable! You hear it, gentlemen of the jury!"

On his return from England in eighteen hundred and fifty-two, Sister Milanie, at three different times, requested the curé of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois to receive him as one of his assistants. M. Sibour, the vicaire-général, requested, and the Archbishop consented, to his reception into the presbytre or manse. Legrand made himself his sole creditor by lending him eight hundred francs to pay his debts.

L'Abbé Legrand says: "He remained two

years and seven months as a priest, employed in several secondary capacities."

Verger: "At the Tuileries!"

Legrand: "In effect, I recommended him as habitual priest at the Tuileries. He performed there certain ceremonies."

Verger: "All."

Legrand: "During two years the accused fulfilled his functions in a satisfactory manner. I only found him taciturn. I hoped to succeed in dominating his character in the end. Circumstances which took place in the end of July, eighteen hundred and fifty-five, having obliged me to address to him some reproaches, they were not well received."

Verger: "Pardon! You have got my letter—read it. I threw myself upon my knees before him upon the earth. I almost adored him."

The President: "Wait; we shall read your letters by and by."

Legrand: "You allude to another fault of which I shall not speak, because a fault forgiven is a fault forgotten. It was about something else. I was obliged to reduce the exercise of his ministry."

Verger: "My letters, gentlemen of the jury—the letters written and signed by me; read these letters!"

The President: "Will you not hold your tongue?"

Verger: "The truth will not be silent."

Legrand: "When obliged to give an account to the vicaire-général of Verger's difficult temper, I told him I wished the accused to retain his ecclesiastical position at the Tuileries, of which he was very tenacious."

Verger: "Oh! Yes."

Legrand: "Only I did not think it my duty to solicit the continuation of confessional powers, because it added nothing to his situation, and a great deal to my responsibility. He appeared to submit, and, on the sixth of August, I received a letter which you can read. On the eighth the accused sent me another letter, respectful and calm, in which he told me he intended to quit the manse. I begged him not to take a step which would compromise his future."

Verger: "Let the letter be read. It was after that letter that he tried to have me locked up as a madman; he does not say that."

The President: "Can't you wait? (You do not know what the witness is going to say.)"

Legrand: "The next day he left, and took away his furniture. The same day an autographed circular was distributed all over the parish by the Abbé Verger, full of accusations to which I do not think it my duty to answer."

Verger: "That is never answered."

The President: "Accused, you demand that the letters may be read?"

Verger: "Yes, M. le Président."

The President commences to read.

Verger, interrupting him : " Ah ! it is not that ; those are not the circulars. Gentlemen of the jury, you are my judges—you answer for me before God, before society, and before my father ; have the circulars read ! "

The President continued reading the letters, but not in the order of their dates.

Verger : " You are not doing your duty ! "

The President : " What is my duty ? "

Verger : " To read everything. "

The President continues to read.

Verger : " I ask—— "

The President : " Sit down. "

Verger : " Gentlemen of the jury, protest for me. "

The President : " Hold your tongue. "

The President goes on reading the letters.

Verger exclaims all the while, " Gentlemen of the jury, don't let him leave out the circulars ; demand the circulars. Oh ! Justice, the wretches ; Justice is greater than the magistrate ! "

Murmurs beginning to make themselves heard in the audience, the President silences them, and says :

" Here are the circulars asked for by the accused. We shall read them. "

Verger bounding upon his seat : " Ah, yes, listen ; listen ! Gentlemen of the jury, listen well ! "

The following is the circular :

Monsieur,—I have the honour of submitting the following letter, which I have addressed to M. the Curé of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois :

" Monsieur le Curé,—Ever since I have been one of the priests of your parish I have often had occasion to complain of your conduct towards me :

* * * * *

I prefer to isolate myself and to abstain from every sacred function.

" I have the grief to be, M. le Curé, one of your unfortunate priests,

" L'ABBÉ VERGER.

" Advantage will not be taken, I hope, of the letters which I have recently addressed, whether to M. le Curé or to different influential personages, all breathing the love of peace, which I delusively hoped to obtain.

" The measure is full : I have made enough of enormous sacrifices of all sorts."

During the reading of this letter, the accused, speaking of M. le Curé Legrand, never ceased crying

" O, le misérable ! "

The President : " Accused ! if you continue such unbecoming conduct I shall order you to be put out. Gensdarmes, hold the accused."

Verger : " So be it. Take me to the guillotine. I shall not be afraid."

President : " You fear nothing ! "

Verger : " I fear God only."

President : " Hold your tongue, or I will have you turned out."

Verger : " I am not afraid to die. I shall face death as I face this tribunal."

President : " Once more, hold your tongue."

Verger, bursting out again : " Go and see

the room where he put me. It is in his manse ; it has a secret door. Go there, you will see it."

President, covering : " The audience is suspended. Gensdarmes, take away the accused."

Verger, struggling : " I will struggle with you all."

The four gensdarmes drag him away. When crossing the threshold, he drew himself up to his full height, saying :

" People, defend me ; they are using violence. People, defend me ! "

The sitting remained suspended for a quarter of an hour in the midst of the greatest tumult and agitation.

Suddenly, in the beginning of August, eighteen hundred and fifty-five, an excellent young man, the good Verger, the priest of the Tuileries, and very tenacious of his position, an ecclesiastic of the highest promise and prospects, removed his furniture from the manse of the parish of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, and threw himself upon the wide world without a profession and without resources. He published his reasons openly in lithographed circulars, which hesigned with his name, and addressed to the parishioners. The curé did not vindicate his reputation. He did not put the affair into legal hands for the punishment of his calumniator. He did not go to the police and cover the calumniator with infamy before the tribunals. He tried to obtain his incarceration in a madhouse. Moreover, he said from the pulpit :

" My Dear Brethren,—I am very sorry to tell you of the loss of one of our ecclesiastics. He is not dead, but he is gone mad. My very dear brethren, pray for him."

This strange calumniator demanded justice of the police. He told his tale to the magistrates. He learned from one of the chief functionaries of police, that the police do not mingle in the affairs of the sacristy.

Verger says :

" M. le procureur-général was warned of my complaints ; M. le préfet of police was warned ; the chief of the cabinet of the préfet de police was warned. And remark that, when I wrote that terrible word, I said to him myself, while brandishing my two hands upon his desk, ' It is not a man of thirty years of age who can remain dumb and inactive when every tribunal has refused to hear him. ' If it is necessary to finish with M. the Archbishop of Paris, I will finish with him ; if it is necessary to arm myself, I will arm myself ; if it is necessary to attack his head and bring it down, I will bring it down. . . . '

" Then this gentleman answered me what you say : ' It is serious, very serious ! ' Yes, it is very serious. They did not believe me."

The design of causing him to be condemned as a madman was defeated by the medical

man who was employed to examine him by the police. Dr. Lasseigne says :

"M. Verger appeared one day at the Madeleine, bearing upon his breast a little placard upon which was written :

"I have been hungry, and they have not fed me ; I have been cold, and they have not clothed me ; although I am a priest, and neither suspended nor interdicted."

"And he placed himself in a kneeling attitude before the entrance. The prefecture of police was excited by a thing so strange, and believed it to be an act of mental alienation. I was requested to be present semi-officially at an interview which was to take place in the office of the chief of division, M. Metetal, at the prefecture. I went, and we had a long conference with M. Verger, in which we addressed to him a number of questions. My impression was that he was not mad, but singularly dangerous. I said to myself, if he is mad, the insanity can only be epileptic ; but nothing in the information given to me established epilepsy. I tried to lead his mind into ways in which he could follow me." . . . After telling where he had been educated and what he had been, "he made certain allusions. He added that the young clergy had been long enough oppressed, and that it was time they should have their revenge. He told me he had not made himself a priest—to suffer and perish."

"I insisted a long time : I wished to know if he believed himself to be the victim of persecutions, this sort of delirium appearing to me to be possible. On the whole, the accused did not give any sign of delirium, only he displayed anger, and rose and struck the table. We were of opinion that he ought rather to be subjected to the surveillance of the police than placed in a madhouse."

The President : "Then you had acquired the conviction that he enjoyed the full use of his intellectual faculties."

Dr. Lasseigne : "At that time it was impossible to consider that man to be attacked by mental alienation ; besides, he was not accused—"

Verger, with vehemence : "It was I who was the accuser."

The Vicaire-Général Bantain said he knew nothing respecting what happened in the manse.

Verger : "Nobody would know it. You refused to hear it. You were inconsolable because you could not shut me up as a madman. Ah ! ah ! The Inquisition did that."

The President asked the prisoner :

"What motive instigated you to commit this crime ?"

Verger : "Long ago the Archbishop, the Bishop of Meaux, and several other influential persons conceived the unworthy project of making an end of me by withdrawing my powers. They have five different times withdrawn my powers, although a priest cannot

live except by the altar. That is what the Gospel says. They prevented me from celebrating divine service, although I was neither suspended nor interdicted. Ever since, I have been driven to extremities. On Christmas Day, eighteen hundred and fifty-five, I went to Notre Dame in the hope of softening the heart of my Archbishop. I knelt down before him. I wrote him a most submissive letter, which ended with these words—'accord me only an audience of ten minutes.' But the Archbishop refused it. From this time I formed the project of printing this work." (The accused shows a manuscript which he holds in his hand.) "No publisher would compromise himself by publishing it. I therefore left France to have it printed abroad. It was printed, but not published. It was because the work (I was near the workmen while they printed it)——"

The President : "What was the subject of the work ?"

Verger : "It was a revelation of the secret conduct of the clergy."

The President : "Was it at that period that you were recalled to the diocese of Meaux ?"

Verger : "No. That book was for me a resource."

The President : "Was it not at that time that the Archbishop of Paris interceded for you with the Bishop of Meaux ?"

Verger : "No ; it is not true—"

The President : "The letters are there, nevertheless—"

Verger : "No — Besides, what does it matter ! From whom are the letters ? from the Bishop of Meaux, who will not acknowledge me as a priest of his diocese, and from the Archbishop of Paris, who would not have me in his ; for everybody kicked the ball. These letters exist—yes—but you will not read them on account of the contradictions they contain. You must read everything, or nothing. You must hear the truth, and have patience to listen to it. It is an affair of fifteen days or a month. You must hear to the end. Ah ! you only see a man who is dead, a poignard lifted and a man struck—you only see a scaffold erected and a man ascending it—I have worked fifteen years for this result, and you will not hear me a single day. Read then these letters, your social and eternal welfare is interested in them."

During the year eighteen hundred and fifty-six the Abbé Guettée had an interview with the Archbishop, in which the prelate complained of "a bad priest" who had printed a book in Belgium against the morals of himself and his clergy. The Abbé Guettée replied :

"Monseigneur, I believe you are wrong in calling him a bad priest, I have seen him twice, and he seemed to me to be very good—fort bien."

The attempt to incarcerate the calumniator

as a madman having failed, the Archbishop of Paris recommended Verger to the Bishop of Meaux. The calumniator of St. Germain l'Auxerrois,—the mendicant at the entrance to the Madeleine,—the bad priest—was made Curé of Seris, in March, eighteen hundred and fifty-six. The following letter to the Archbishop was written on the occasion by the Bishop of Meaux.

10th February, 1856.

Monsieur,—According to the desire which you have expressed to me through M. Batain, I have hastened to recall here, M. the Abbé Verger.

He arrived here this morning, and has made a very serious revelation to me, on which subject I shall have need of the counsels of our grandeur. Not being able to go to Paris to-morrow, I send M. Josse, my grand vicaire, whom I pray you to receive with the kindness to which you have accustomed me.

Please receive, Monsieur, the homage of my respectful and devoted sentiments.

AUGUSTE, Bishop of Meaux.

On the twelfth of December he was dismissed. The reasons alleged for his dismissal were his publication of a pamphlet against a decision of the Court of Assizes at Melun, his preaching against the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and the discovery of a document called a Testament, which attacked the celibacy of the clergy.

During the nine months in which Verger was Curé of the parish of Seris, the police were watching the persons whom he had denounced. Alexis Dupont and a batch of his associates were arrested and condemned. The trials were not public; the courts shut their doors; the newspapers published nothing but the results.

On the twelfth of December, eighteen hundred and fifty-six, the Curé of Seris was dismissed from his functions by a letter which contained the following sentence:

We think that you have need of being taken care of in a madhouse, and if you consent I shall come to an understanding with M. le Préfet about it.

In December eighteen hundred and fifty-six, the Archbishop of Paris had arranged to lock Verger up in a madhouse; and Verger was nursing those ideas of killing the Archbishop, which he had declared in the office of one of the chiefs of the police, and which are recorded in his letter to M. Parent Duchatelet, dated the thirty-first of January, eighteen hundred and fifty-six.

The evidence on the trial added little to what was previously known respecting the incidents of the assassination. While brandishing his bloody knife, Verger cried, "à bas les déesses," and "à bas les Génovefains." Down with the goddesses—down with the worshippers of Génévieve! The Archbishop recognised him and cried, "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Malheur" or "Malheureux!"

Of the tempestuous manner in which the trial was conducted, and of the chaotic form in which it is reported, I will present a specimen; merely premising that in France,

the issue of life or death depends, not on the premeditated homicide, but on the presence or absence of extenuating circumstances. Immediately on the act of accusation being read,

Verger said: "It is the Papal Inquisition which has brought me here. Among my papers—which were seized—are letters written by my enemies themselves, which show to what extent I was the victim of their abominable manoeuvres. A part only of these letters have been given to my defender. I demand all. Yesterday I was subjected to moral violence in regard to my witnesses. Of sixty witnesses they have only called one. I then wrote the following letter to the Minister of Justice, begging him to transmit it to the Emperor:

Excellence,—The Advocate-General having refused, obstinately, to call before the audience to-morrow the witnesses necessary for my defence, I shall, with more right and equal tenacity, refuse to reply to justice; or if I speak, it will only be to protest against the moral violence of which I am the victim. I ask the adjournment of the session for a week.

The President: "You have accepted the debate for to-day. Is it not true?"

Verger: "It is true, and it is false. You said to me you wished my defence to be free, complete, and placed upon the facts; and, I added,—'upon all the circumstances which brought about these facts.' For that I must have the letters written by my enemies, the members of the Inquisition."

The President: "What is this debate about? It is to learn whether the accused is guilty of the attack upon the Archbishop. The accused wishes to be an accuser: and to indulge in calumny and scandal. Is not this rather the licence than the liberty of the defence?"

Verger: "Yesterday at two o'clock, contrary to the advice of the Procureur-Général, I received from the Minister of Justice an authorisation to call all my witnesses at my own expense. But there was not sufficient time."

The Procureur-Général: "He does not wish really to produce the witnesses necessary for the defence, but to indulge in abominable calumnies. We have a libel in our hands—"

Verger: "Read it, read it—"

The Procureur-Général: "An odious libel, which is nothing but a gathering of monstrous inventions—"

Verger: "Read it,—once more, read it."

The Procureur-Général: "After the assassination of the knife, we cannot permit the assassination of calumny."

Verger: "The defence is not free."

The President: "What do you mean by free defence?"

Verger: "I wish all the persons to be heard among whom I have passed my life, that my life may be explained by them."

The President: "Do you refuse the debate?"

Verger: "No. My witnesses!"

The President: "In consequence you must answer me——"

Verger: "I shall not say more than—my witnesses! my witnesses!"

The Court retired, and returned with a decision not to call the witnesses.

The President: "Rise and answer."

Verger: "I refuse to answer."

The President: "You refuse the debate?"

Verger: "I refuse formally."

The President: "Call the first witness."

Verger having been prevented from calling his witnesses, or reading his documents, refused to hear the *Procureur-Général* Vaisse.

Procureur-Général: "We have no summing up to make. The magistrate is not master of his emotions——"

Verger: "Weep then."

The President: "Hold your tongue."

The *Procureur-Général*: "In the moment of beginning to speak——"

Verger: "You tremble."

The *Procureur-Général*—"we feel disgust——"

Verger: "I also for you——"

The *Procureur-Général*: "at encountering such an adversary."

Verger: "Adversary! Adversary! Yes, that is the word."

The President: "Verger, won't you be quiet?"

Verger: "I will not suffer him to speak like that. I will not suffer it."

The President: "Will you hear the summing up?"

Verger: "I refuse absolutely. I refuse to him as he has refused to me, or else I shall have all my papers read——"

The President: "The accusation must do its duty as well as the defence."

Verger: "I oppose it. Everything must be recommended."

The President: "Recommence what?"

Verger: "Everything done this morning. Everything is to do over again for my defence."

Procureur-Général: "The summing up must be heard——"

Verger, getting up: "I oppose it."

Procureur-Général—"in spite of the clamours——"

Verger: "I oppose it—the guillotine!"

Procureur-Général—"of the accused——"

Verger: "The guillotine!—the guillotine!—I will listen to nothing."

Procureur-Général—"who tries——"

Verger: "I oppose it."

Procureur-Général—"to trouble us."

Verger: "The guillotine!"

Procureur-Général: "For the accomplishment of our duty we demand the application of the law which authorises the expulsion of the accused."

Verger: "I mock it—I mock everything

—there is nothing but Jesus Christ that I do not mock."

The President: "The Court will retire and deliberate."

Verger: "That's right—be off, and vive la guillotine!"

The Court on returning, having ordered his expulsion, Verger retired without uttering a word.

In his absence, the *Procureur-Général* said:

"Ambitious of all sorts of celebrity, he has sought the celebrity of the scaffold. Let him have it: and if at the last moment he repeats the cry he raised just now—'people, defend me'—let him hear, what he has just heard, the cry—'Assassin! Assassin!'"

Verger was found guilty without extenuating circumstances, and when his sentence to death was communicated to him in the *Conciergerie*: all he said was "What justice!"

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

THE whole drama of the Archbishop and the Abbé exhibits the antipodal contrast that there is between French and British ideas and manners. I am sure it would be an unworthy thing to dwell upon this contrast in a pharisaical spirit; and I believe it would be a wrong thing to allow the occasion to pass without deriving lessons from it, suitable for the mutual instruction society, which is happily established between ourselves and our brave and brilliant allies.

The physiologist will not fail to see in Verger an extraordinary example of homicidal exaltation. The brain of every person afflicted with homicidal mania, which has been dissected by competent anatomists, has exhibited disease, injuries, lesions, or congestions. The patients of this malady have generally very nervous and very susceptible temperaments, and burning and sleepless heads. Physiological crises in the human organism, male and female, but especially female, have often been marked by homicidal mania. Many persons have killed others with a view to killing themselves afterwards. Many persons have been driven by an unconquerable impulse to kill their children, whom they loved passionately. The injury to the brain in all these cases is traceable to a physiological cause.

Verger saw before him only the alternative of suicide or assassination. He said he felt he must either throw himself into the river, blow his brains out, or stab the Archbishop. He could not consent to incarceration in a madhouse. There is homicidal exaltation in the monstrous state of mind in which a man could not see any escape from the madhouse except by rushing upon one or the other of the horns of a homicidal dilemma. His intellect was probably vigorous, except on this point. Moreover, there is homicidal exaltation in his family, his mother, and one of his brothers having committed suicide.

Mental philosophy explains the tendency

of an idea to return, because it has been already in the mind, and to return the more frequently because it has already been frequently in the mind. Thus it was with this homicidal dilemma. Necessarily the brain is inflamed by such thoughts, and the more it is inflamed the more it is injured and diseased. Evil thoughts, if not dismissed at once and shunned carefully, after entering the mind as curious strangers, if entertained, remain in it as destructive tyrants.

The appeal of Verger to the Court of Cassation, came on for consideration on Thursday, the twenty-ninth of January. M. Morin produced what he called three means of breaking the condemnation, in this Breaking Court.

First: The President Delangle had assumed the presidency informally, without announcing the change by an ordinance.

The supreme senate decided that an ordinance was not necessary, and, if necessary, the administrative informality was not a sufficient reason for breaking the condemnation.

Secondly: M. Morin said: "I state the dates. On the ninth January, the accusation; the tenth, the indictment; ninth and tenth, intimations; tenth, interrogatory; fourteenth, appeal against the decision which sent the case before the Court of Assizes; fifteenth, rejection; seventeenth, debate and condemnation. The accused had less than forty-eight hours to prepare his defence and name and summon his witnesses. Could the accused summon his witnesses while he was appealing to you? No. Could he after the rejection? There was no time, since he only knew it in the evening for the day after the next. The list of witnesses was kept because it was supposed there would be scandal, but who knows but their testimonies might have dissipated doubts? A decision said that the testimonies would not have been favourable to the defence, but the Court of Assizes has no right thus to paralyse the rights of the defence."

In answer to this second plea for breaking the condemnation the Court of Cassation said the delay of five days is accorded by article two hundred and twenty-nine of the Criminal Code to the accused, not merely to prepare a demand for the nullification of the proceedings prior to his interrogatory by the President of Assizes, but also to prepare for his defence. This delay, which commences from the day of the interrogatory, is not suspended by the appeal of the accused against the decision which places him in accusation, and cannot consequently, in this case, begin to be counted only from the date of the rejection of the appeal. The demand of a delay to summon witnesses is rejected sovereignly (*souverainement*) by the Court of Assizes when it decides that the hearing of these

witnesses is not likely to enlighten the debates.

Thirdly: The law says: "The President, prior to applying the penalty, shall ask the accused if he has anything to say in his defence." Ten condemnations have been broken for want of these formalities. The Chamber of Peers, in eighteen hundred and thirty-four, having to deal with a hundred culprits, and clamours far more formidable than those of Verger, was forced to expel them from the audience; but, the Court of Peers established the indispensable necessity either to make every culprit appear in open court, or, at least, to have the summing-up delivered to him orally, in order that he might be in a position to state his defence.

In regard to this third means of breaking the condemnation, the Court of Cassation decided, "That a culprit expelled in virtue of the law of the ninth September, eighteen hundred and thirty-five, ought not to be brought back at the risk of nullity, to hear the reading of the verdict of the jury and the sentence of the Court of Assizes; the requirements of the law which prescribes that notice shall be given to the accused after each audience, cannot be applied in a case which has only endured one sitting; and the irregularities which may have existed in the intimations afterwards, cannot give an opening to the breaking of the condemnation."

For which reasons the appeal for a new trial was rejected by the supreme judicial senate.

The business of which I have given a digest occupied a long day, and passed in a very crowded court. For many fatiguing hours I remained in the court, leaning against the pedestal of a marble statue, with a young man by my side, whose appearance attracted my attention to a degree which made me miss many fine phrases of forensic eloquence. It was a most terrible thing to witness the countenance of a young man of less than thirty, with the grief-worn features and the white corpse-like face of decrepit old age. I could not help wondering how long he would live. In reply to compassionate observers, he said that he had poisoned his respiratory organs while making experiments in the application of mercury to mirrors. Every tongue was busy, discussing the arguments of the pleadings during the absence of the court. I overheard this young man with an almost extinct voice taking the part of Verger. His antagonist said:

"You defend an assassin!"

"Assassin! Do not say that—he is my brother."

Only thirteen or fourteen hours afterwards, Verger appeared for a few seconds upon the guillotine, at eight o'clock in the morning; and there his history was quickly ended.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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STORES FOR THE FIRST OF APRIL.

ALL FOOLS'-DAY drawing near, it is a seasonable occupation to calculate what we have in store for the occasion, and to take stock of the provision in reserve, to meet the great demand of the anniversary.

First (for the moment postponing the substantial of the annual feast, and beginning with the spirits), we are happy to report the existence in England, in its third volume of a Spiritual Telegraph "and British Harmonial Advocate." Walled up in the flesh, as it is our personal and peculiar misfortune to be, we are not in a condition to report upon the derivation or meaning of the British adjective, Harmonial. Unknown to Doctor Johnson in the body, it has probably been revealed to him in the spirit, and by him been communicated to some favored "Medium." The Harmonial Advocate is published in one of the northern counties erewhile renowned for horses, and which may yet be destined to establish a celebrity for its acquaintance with another class of quadrupeds.

In the January Harmonial, we find a Bank for the First of April, on which we will present our readers with a few small drafts, which may enable them to form a proximate idea of the value of its Rest. Its following extract from "the British Court Journal," of this last blessed eighteen hundred and fifty-sixth Christmas-time, will show how far we have travelled in all those years.

"One of our greatest English poets being in communication with the medium, asked for the summons of Dante. The presence of the latter was immediately made manifest by the written answers returned to the questions of the inquirer, and Mr. B—— then asked the medium to request the great Italian to make himself visible! Presently there arose, as if from the ground beneath the table, two long, thin, yellow hands, unmistakable as to their Italian origin, undeniable as to their having belonged to a student and a gentleman. While the assembly were yet gazing in breathless awe, and may be something of terror likewise, the hands floated away, or were rather borne, as it were, across the room, and rose to the marble console opposite, upon which stood a vase containing an

orange tree in blossom. The hands slowly and softly, without noise, but visibly to all, plucked from the stem a sprig of orange flower with its leaves and buds, and returning to the table, paused above the head of Mrs. B——, the poet's wife, herself an exquisite and beautiful poet likewise, and, placing the sprig upon her raven hair, disappeared gradually from sight, seeming once more to sink to the floor, while the audience remained speechless and awe-struck, and but little inclined to renew the experiment, that same night, at all events. The sprig of orange blossom is religiously preserved by Mrs. B——, whose honour and truth are unimpeachable; while the witnesses gathered round the table at the time of the occurrence all testify to the apparition, as well as to the utter unconsciousness of the medium, who neither spoke nor moved during the whole time the circumstance was taking place."

We happen to have had communicated to our humble bodily individuality by a letter of the alphabet, remarkably like B, some emphatic references to a similar story; and they were not merely associated with the production of two hands, but with the threatened production of one foot—the latter not a spiritual, but a corporeal foot, considered as a means of impelling the biped, Man, down a staircase.

We learn from the same pages that Mr. J. J. of Peckham, went into an appointed house at Sandgate-by-the-Sea, last autumn, at four of the clock in the afternoon, and unto him entered the Medium, "evidently suffering from physical prostration;" spiritual knockings immediately afterwards hailed the advent of J. J., and in answer to the question, Were the spirits pleased with Mr. J. J. of Peckham being there? "the rappings, as if on the under-side of the table, were rapid and joyous, and as loud as if made with a hand-hammer;" being probably made, we would deferentially suggest, by the ghost of the celebrated "Harmonial" blacksmith. In the evening a loo-table politely expressed its happiness in making the acquaintance of the visitor from Peckham, by suspending itself in the air "clear of the floor, about eight inches." On another occasion, a lady of London, attending her uncle during his last illness, was gratified by a spectacle

such as has been hitherto hidden from the ardent desires of the best of mankind, and saw her uncle "floating out from under the bedclothes," accompanied by two angels with whom he floated out of window, "and continued to float and rise till out of sight." This lady is described as Mrs. G., and may, perhaps, have been Mrs. Gamp, in professional attendance on the late Mr. Harris. On another occasion, Mr. J. G. had the following little experience: "One evening, after having seen a great many extraordinary lifts, by the table frequently springing from the floor to a great height, and in that manner keeping time to tunes, &c., with an understanding that the performer was the *Spirit of Burns the poet*, the company had nearly all retired, leaving only the medium, her father, and myself at the table, when finally the father fell asleep, and the medium retired to a distance from the table, leaving me alone sitting at the table reading Burns' Poems, by the light of a candle placed on the middle of the table; I was just in the act of reading the song called Wandering Willie, and was making a remark to the medium that it was an old favorite of mine, when I heard a movement, and the medium said, 'the table is moving of its own accord.' I instantly stopped reading, and having heard of tables moving without touch, I thought I might perhaps be gratified with a movement of that kind. I therefore said, '*If this is really the Spirit of Burns, will he be kind enough to gratify me by a movement of the table without any human touch?*' 'Almost immediately afterwards, it commenced cracking as if a heavy weight had been pressing upon it, and it then gave a sudden rush on the floor, perhaps to the distance of a foot, when it stopped." On another occasion the same gentleman saw "a very heavy oak-table, weighing some few stones, fly up like a rocket," and heard a lady make the singular request to her husband's spirit, that he would, as a particular favor "throw this heavy oak table, weighing some few stones, 'over on her knee,' and 'upset it into her lap.'" These extraordinary proofs of a love surviving beyond the grave, her husband affectionately accorded, but with what painful results to the lady's legs is not mentioned. On another occasion Mrs. Coan, Medium, was tested by "the New York Philosophical Society of the Mechanics' Institution," when a Spirit made the following startling disclosure: "Did you leave a wife? Yes.—Did you leave children? No answer.—Did you leave a child? Yes.—Was it a girl? No.—*Was it a boy? Yes.*"

Mr. Robert Owen, who, as was formerly announced in this journal, received a special message from the spiritual world informing him that he would certainly succeed in his object of re-modelling society, if he inserted an advertisement in the Morning Post, has made large provision for the First of April. It is at present stored in a warehouse called

THE MILLENNIAL GAZETTE, established for the purpose of proclaiming to mankind that: "A CONGRESS of the advanced minds of the world, to consider the best immediate practicable mode of gradually superseding the false, ignorant, unjust, cruel, wicked, and most irrational system of society, opposed to the righteous laws of God and nature, and which hitherto has been the only system known to man,—by the true, enlightened, just, merciful, good, and rational system of society, in strict accordance with the all-wise laws of God and nature, will be opened at noon precisely, on the fourteenth of May next, in St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre, London, the present metropolis of the world—when will be explained the outline of the change which is highly to benefit all of the human race through futurity, and to injure none, even while passing through its first or transition generation, preliminary to the attainment of its full change, which will be the commencement of the long-promised millennium."

It is foreseen that the debates of this assemblage (to which Mr. Owen invites "the Sovereign Powers of the civilised world to send their most talented representatives, possessing firm integrity of character"—who will no doubt attend in great numbers) will take time. It is therefore announced that the Congress "will be continued day by day, from ten A.M. to three P.M., until this great work of reformation for the lasting advantage of all of humankind shall be brought to a satisfactory termination." We fear this may cause MR. HULLAH some little inconvenience; but, it is pleasant to consider, on the other hand, what an enormous amount of rent that respected gentleman will receive for the long occupation of his Hall. "Superior spirits," it appears, are taking great interest in the Congress, and among the mortals who will attend, we hope Mr. Samuel Clark, Medium, of "Beaverton, Boone Co., Ill., U.S.," may be expected. This gentleman writes to the convener: "DEAR SIR, I never heard your name nor the right foundation of the principles that you are advocating to the world until a few weeks ago I came into my house at noon and there lay your Millennial Gazette, but the cover not removed, and as I took it into my hand to open it a divine spiritual influence dropt over me, as if a mantle of light and harmony was cast over me by some invisible power. It vibrated through my entire system, and by that I knew I held something holy and true in my hand. I opened and great was my delight there to find the principles plainly laid before me, which I had been trying to advocate in public for sometime past, with spiritualism combined, having been a medium some ten months, speaking in public, languages that I do not understand, and sometimes no person present understood not even one word. I have seen spirits and had them touch me, have seen the

most beautiful visions, and healed the sick by laying on of hand by the same invisible power." Mr. Clark sends likewise this apostrophe from Beaverton, Boone Co., Ill., U.S.: "But I should love to see and hear thee, oh thou noble champion of truth. One favour I ask. If you are taken to the purer spiritual life before me, then throw thy holy influence on me, to convince the sceptical, and to help me speak the truth, impress me with your ideas. This you can do on a medium, by and through the laws of unity which exist between individual spirits of pure harmony."

There appears to be no doubt that important communications from this gentleman may be confidently expected (in the language of which nobody understands one word), on the First of April.

Dismissing, here, this branch of (the preparations for the feast of unreason, we pass to a joke happily conceived for the First of April, though we doubt its success in making as complete a fool of the British Public as is desired. An old captain of the Welsh Fusileers has translated into French and published at Brussels, for the edification and something-else-ification of the French people, a paper originally written by MR. HAYWARD for an English Review, and therein published in the English tongue. Mr. Hayward is correctly described in the Preface as "Queen's Counsel, and distinguished man of letters;" and he is further described as having, for the purposes of the translation, corrected his work, and enlarged it with a variety of information drawn from the most authentic sources. Its object is to show that the English people had, in the beginning, the most exaggerated expectations of the war with Russia; that they were fully persuaded that everything would go on of itself (*que tout marcherait tout seul*), though we suppose they may be allowed to have had some dim impression, at least, that a vast amount of their money would go off in helping it on; that nearly all the privations and sufferings of the English army "may be accounted for without imputing any serious blame to any minister, civil or military officer, or chief of department, whether in London or whether in the Crimea;" and that "nobody of good faith who is acquainted with the spirited reply of Lord Lucan (!), who has read the lucid address of Sir Richard Airey (!), or who has studied the extraordinary evidence of Colonel Tulloch before the Chelsea commission (!), will hesitate to pronounce a sentence of honorable acquittal." The sufficient cause and reason of any little British failure (if any) that ill-conditioned journalists pretended to observe in the Crimea, and of any slight superfluous suffering and death (if any) that occurred among the British troops, is to be found in the alterations rendered necessary in the character of the army's operations, after those operations were arranged at Varna, and in

the remissness of the French; the soldiers of which distracted nation (with the occasional exception of a Zouave or so) were never ready, were always behind time, were not to be relied upon, and were handled by their generals with timidity and incertitude. M. DE BAZANCOURT having, with the not very generous concurrence of his master the Emperor, written a turbid, inflated, and partial account of the War in the Crimea (which, making every allowance for a Frenchman's not being specially predestined to write in the style of the Duke of Wellington, he has indisputably done), Mr. Hayward sets the matter right, and brings the French mind to a perfect understanding of the truth, by means of these lights and explanations (*éclaircissements*) on the subject.

It happens, however—perversely, with a view to the First of April—that COLONEL TULLOCH, who seems to have no relish for All Fools'-day, and no perception of the humour of the jokes appropriate to it, comes out arrayed in plain English attire, at about the same time as Mr. Hayward appears in his French suit, and offers his little lights and explanations on the same subject. Colonel Tulloch's "*éclaircissements*" are contained in a Review of the Proceedings and Report of the Chelsea Board; and they inconceivably prove, beyond the power of disproof by man of woman born, every conceivable detail of murderous muddle and mismanagement, by English administrators of one kind or another in the Crimea, on every imaginable head on which it was possible to do wrong, from the article of coats up to hospital medicines and down again to coffee. They prove these imbecilities, too, out of the lips of his own opponents, making their own statements in their own defence before a one-sided tribunal constantly wresting the case out of the truth, by stopping short when they see that damnable pea in danger of rolling out from among the thimbles. Whether Colonel Tulloch shows the spirited replyer, Lord Lucan, to have called cavalry officers to prove that nothing more could have been done than was done towards the sheltering of the horses, whom he had himself, in writing, under his own hand, severely censured for "doing nothing" towards that sheltering for five long winter weeks; whether he shows that in the Crimea the same noble and spirited replyer would not hear of sail-cloth for the covering-in of horses, and that at Aldershot it is now extensively used for that very purpose; or whether he shows that the vast idea never presented itself to the collective wisdom of a whole brigade in want of barley, that it was possible, instead of sending horses all the way to Balaclava to fetch it, to send them half the way, and there let them meet the commissariat beasts, relieve them of their load, and turn back again; or whether he shows the English soldiers to have been perishing by thousands, abject scarecrows in

rags that would not hold together, "while their knapsacks were on the Black Sea, their squad-bags at Scutari, thousands of pairs of trousers missing, thousands of coatees unused, and tens of thousands of great coats, blankets, and rugs, filling the Quarter-Master General's stores, or the harbour of Balaclava;" or whether he shows the Board to attribute the non-supply of those vital essentials, to the deficiency of transport to the front, whereas that very kind of transport was at that very time going on with shot and shell and the like to an enormous extent, and whereas Sir John Campbell and Sir Richard England both positively stated to the Board, that they had never received any intimation whatever from the Quarter-Master General, that such things were to be got for the sending for, or were there at all; or whether he shows it to be alleged as a reason for not issuing coatees to the men, that they were too small, "by reason of the great quantity of under-clothing worn by them," at a time when the identical men are to a dead certainty known to have had no under-clothing whatever; or whether he shows the Assistant Commissary General's accounts to pretend that within a certain time three hundred and fifty thousand pounds weight (in round numbers), of vegetables were issued to the starving troops, of which quantity two hundred and seventy-three thousand pounds weight (in round numbers), are afterwards admitted to *have been destroyed*, while the greater part of the rest was scrambled for in Balaclava harbor and never issued; or whether he shows that when the Chelsea Board compassionate the Commissary General for having no transports to get fresh meat in, while the soldiers were dying of diseases caused by salt meat, there were sixteen available transports lying idle at their moorings in Balaclava harbor; or whether he shows the same Commissary when the men were dying for want of lime-juice, never to have reported to Lord Raglan that there was the small item of twenty thousand pounds weight of lime-juice stored there, in the Crimea, on the spot, ready for use; or whether he shows the Chelsea Board in their Report, after all the mischief is done and all the misery is irreparable, to be still, to the last, so like their own championed Incapables, as, in their printed report to be found quoting evidence that was never given, and assigning explanations to witnesses who never offered them; in whatever he does from the first to the last page of his Review of a Board whose constitution and proceedings were an outrage on common sense, the lights of Colonel Tulloch make the lights of Mr. Hayward darkness, rout the whole host of spirited repliers with frightful loss and discomfiture, and show no toleration whatever of the First of April.

To us, who admire that institution, and love to contemplate the provision made and making for it, this is no service. We regard

Colonel Tulloch as rather a dull man, wanting the due zest and relish for a joke, and conscious of no compunction in knocking a choice one on the head. Yet we deservy a kind of humour in him, too, when he quotes this letter from the late Duke of Wellington to General Fane.

"I wish I had it in my power to give you well-clothed troops, or to hang those who ought to have given them their clothing.

"Believe me, &c.,

"WELLINGTON."

—which is really an "éclaircissement" extremely satisfactory to our odd way of thinking, and perhaps the next spirited reply on record after Lord Lucan's.

Consenting, in the good humour with which this pithy document inspires us, to consider Colonel Tulloch reconciled to the First of April, we will pass to a cursory examination of some more of its stores.

A contribution to the general stock, of a rather remarkable nature, has been made by the reverend Ordinary of Newgate, in his report to the Lord Mayor and court of aldermen, as we find it quoted in *THE TIMES* of Wednesday the eleventh of February. The reverend gentleman writes (in singular English):

"I have often thought, and still think, that the origin of garrotte robberies took place from the exhibition of the way the Thugs in India strangle and plunder passengers, as exhibited in the British Museum. However valuable as illustrations of Indian manners such representations may be, I could heartily wish that these models were placed in some more obscure position, and cease to be that which I fear they have been, the means of giving to men addicted to crime and violence an idea how their evil purposes may be accomplished."

Now, setting aside the fact notorious to all men—on the first of April—that the desperate characters of the metropolis are in the habit of fatiguing themselves with the study of the British Museum, and that the worst of the Ticket of leave men may be invariably found there, between the hours of ten and four, annotating their catalogues with great diligence, we take leave to protest against this reverend gentleman's doctrine, as utterly nonsensical in itself, and surpassingly insulting to the people. Here indeed is our old enemy SLOGGINS, with the broken nose, the black eye, and the bull-dog, at his old work in a rampant state! Because Sloggins abuses, nobody shall use. There is habitual drunkenness in the house of Sloggins, and therefore there shall not be temperate enjoyment in the house of Moderation; there is perversion of every gift of a gracious Creator on the part of this beast, and therefore the gifts shall be taken away from a million of well-conducted people. We declare that we believe the cruelty (how-

ever unintentional) of the reverend gentleman's proposition to be as gigantic as its injustice. It is a striking illustration of the purblind, one-sided, left-handed, monomaniacal vice of the time, which, deferring to the pests of society would make England, for its toiling and much-enduring honest masses, one vast Penitentiary. Of what entertainment, of what knowledge, of what artificial relief that this earth can afford them, may the people out of Newgate not be deprived by a parity of reasoning? All traces of Mr. LAYARD's discoveries must be instantly put out of the way. They shew the Ordinary's precious charges how to bind people's hands behind their backs, and how to lop off people's heads. Peter's part in the New Testament must be sealed up, or we shall have a policeman's ear cut off. Romeo and Juliet must be interdicted, in remembrance of Mr. Palmer's having purchased poison, and lest Mr. Sloggins should think of administering a sleeping-draught. The publication of King Lear must be stopped by the Attorney-General, or a fiendish way of plotting against his brother will inevitably be put into young Mr. Sloggins's head. Tolerate Hamlet again, on any stage, and you shall hear from the Ordinary of there being somebody "in trouble," on suspicion of having poured poison into the ear of a near relation. The Merchant of Venice must be got with all dispatch into the State Gazette, or, so sure as you are born, Mr. Sloggins will have a pound of flesh from you as you go home one night. Prohibit *Paradise Lost* without a moment's loss of time, or Mr. Sloggins will get all the arguments of the Evil One into his head, and will misquote them against the Ordinary himself before he is a Sessions older. BURNS must not be heard; HOGARTH must not be seen. Sloggins never had a holiday that he did not misuse; therefore let no man have a holiday any more. Sloggins would raise a Devil out of any Art or Grace in life; therefore hamstring all the Arts and Graces, and lock the cripples up. Yet, even when you have done all this, and have cast the Thug figures into impenetrable obscurity, so ingenious is Mr. Sloggins and such a knack of distorting the purest models has that exacting gentleman, that who shall ensure the Ordinary, after all, against Mr. Sloggins's declaring, one fine First of April, that "he bin and got the idea o' garrotin'", from a certain lawful procession at eight o'clock in the morning, in which the Ordinary himself formed a conspicuous figure!

Among the commodities in store for All Fools' Day, we find a large quantity of expectations. It is expected to be known, then, by whose authority comfortable little arrangements are made for the absence of the Police when the worst characters in London come together to describe the Police as their natural and implacable enemies—which, it is

to be hoped, they will long remain. It is expected to be known, then (and that through the agency of some Member of Parliament), whether the managing Police Commissioner takes the responsibility of this very dangerous proceeding, or whether the Home Secretary takes it; and whether the responsibility of either functionary is a sufficient justification of it. On the same occasion it is expected that Somebody (official) will rise in both houses of Parliament, with a plain speech to this effect: "We hear, my lords and gentlemen, a great deal said about youthful profligacy and corruption, in search of which we are perpetually poking our heads into Singing Rooms and Acting Rooms, and where not, and worrying mankind grey with the shying and backing and jibbing of a variety of hobbies; but, at any rate, we may all know, through the evidence of our own ears, that one of the most prolific sources of that profligacy and corruption is always ripe and unchecked in our streets: where more abominable language is currently and openly used chiefly by young boys and young men than in all the rest of Europe. Now, my lords and gentlemen, we have the remedy for this, ready made, in the last Police Bill, where the use of bad language, in any public place, is made an offence punishable by fine or imprisonment. And, to begin plainly, at the beginning, without any prancing of hobbies in circles, we have just come to the conclusion that this law shall not be suffered to remain a Dead Letter, but shall, on special instruction, be enforced by the Police; and so, with God's help and yours, we will, at least, shut one of the stable-doors, standing wide open in our full view, before the steed is stolen."* On the same occasion, the same Somebody (still speaking officially) is expected to announce, within the compass of half-an-hour by the clock, that he holds in his hand a Bill for the taking into custody by the strong arm, of every neglected or abandoned child of either sex, found in the streets of any town in this kingdom; for the training and education of that child, in honest knowledge and honest labor; for the heavy punishment of the parents if they can by any means be found; for making it compulsory on them to contribute to the costs and charges of the rearing of those children out of their earnings, no matter what; but, for their summary and final deprivation of all rights, as parents, over the young creatures they would have driven to perdition; and for the transfer of those rights to the State. It is expected that the Preamble of such Bill will set forth that the human heart can no longer bear the affecting spectacle of beautiful childhood

* The writer has himself obtained a conviction by a police magistrate, under this Act, for this shameful and demoralising offence—which is as common and as public as the mud in the streets. He obtained it with difficulty, the charge not being within the experience of any one concerned; but, he insisted on the law, and it was clear (wonderful to relate!), and was enforced.

made repulsive and shocking, which every great town presents; and that human faith cannot believe in the Divine endurance of such iniquity as the standing by and looking at it, without a terrible retribution.

It is further expected that the subject will occasion half as much interest at Westminster, and draw half as full a Lower House, as a pitched battle of "I say you did" and "I say you didn't" between M. and N., or as the appearance arm-in-arm, instead of fist to fist, of A. and Z. This extravagant notion, as by far the greatest of all the extravagances we have recorded, may aptly close the list of Stores for the Day of All Fools.

CHIP.

HOVELLING.

A STUDENT in the Northern languages ventures to suggest that the term *Hoveller*,* by which the Broadstairs Life-Boatman is locally known, may be a corruption of the Danish word *Overlever*, signifying Deliverer.

This is the more likely, as most of our sea terms are derived from the Danish, Dutch, and Norwegian languages.

A JOURNEY DUE NORTH.

TCHORNI NAROD: (THE BLACK PEOPLE)

THE Black People I am going to tell about are not of the unhappy race of Ham, though they are intimately connected with, and are, indeed, the bone, and basis, and marrow of, the Domestic Institution of the Russian empire. The Russians (I feel a glow of pleasure come over me when I have anything positively favourable to say of them) are entirely free from any prejudice against negroes. I think, on the whole, they would rather have Uncle Tom made Governor of Woronesch, than find an individual of German extraction appointed to a clerkship in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The people's—the Tchorni-Narods'—notion concerning negroes is peculiar and preposterous, but harmless. They call them *Obeziania* monkeys; and, perhaps, imagine them to be bipeds of the genus *Simia*, who have compromised themselves by speaking, and who, as a natural consequence of their indiscretion, have been made to work, like any other inferior human beings. The poet, whom his countrymen delight to call the Byron of Russia, was the lineal descendant of a negro slave, purchased by Peter the Great when very young; he was sent to Paris to be educated, and afterwards rose to high command in his service. Yet he never suffered any discredit through the sable complexion of his great-grandfather. He was M. de Pouschkin; and held lands and serfs, and fell in a duel with a Russian noble. Had he been born in a, say, less despotic country, that damning evidence in

his finger-nails would have been sufficient to banish him from every table-d'hôte; from every railway car, and from every place of worship, save the black one; and to place him in danger of a cowhiding if he presumed to walk on a public promenade with a white woman. Yet the Russians are as white as I am—or as you are.

The Tchorni Narod is briefly the generic name familiarly given to the great popular element in Russia: the Black People are the equivalents for our great unwashed, or enlightened public, or raffish mob, or free and independent citizens, or swinish multitude, or the masses, or the lower orders, or whatsoever else you choose to call the English people, according to your high and mighty taste. The Tchorni Narod is the people that enlists, digs, delves, cheers, throws brickbats, takes the horses of His Serene Excrescence the Grand Duke from his carriage, and draws him in triumph to the palace; tears his S. E. into small pieces sometimes, and carries his head about on a pole; is drunken, mad, vicious; prudishly moral, indignant, indulgent, enthusiastic, icy cold, by turns, and, for a short time; that surges about like a sea and has its ebb and flow, its tempests and calms, as capriciously as that monster; that brings forth pale children, and is not washed nor taught, but works, and is beaten, and soddens, and starves.

How many weeks have these journey-notes been cast on the waters of publicity, and how little have I told of the real people I came all these leagues to observe, and study, and paint in words, and strive to understand and distil the truth from! The *Ischvostchik*; the *Starosta* and his belongings down at that grey Russian Dumbledowndeary of mine yonder; the bearded man in the red shirt at Heyde's; and a moujik I have caught up here and there, staring in at a shop window; these are all the popular Russian types I have as yet given. Yet, what should I myself think of an American, or a French, or a German—or to speak prospectively—of a New Zealand traveller, who came among us, English people, to depict our national manners and customs, and who confined himself chiefly to sketches of eccentric foreigners he had met at table-d'hôtes in Leicester Square or Soho, to the description of a Spanish boarding-house in Finsbury, a German sugar-baker's in Whitechapel, a Chinese crimp's in Rotherhithe, a Lascar beggars' den in Referden Street, an Italian organ-grinder and image haunt off Leather Lane, a French café in the Haymarket, the Portuguese walk on 'Change, or a Parisian ballet at Her Majesty's Theatre;—leaving out all the real true-born British characteristics of London: the cabmen, prizefighters, oysterwomen, costermongers, jockeys, crossing sweepers, policemen, beggars, Quakers, gartrotters, Barclay and Perkins's draymen,

* See page one hundred and thirty-nine of the present volume.

Argyle gents, composers, barristers, apple-women, authors, and ticket-of-leave men!

I know that my intentions, in the first instance, were conscientious. "Be it mine," I said, the very first night I laid down in my bed in the family vault at Heydes, "to take this Russian people, and spread it out between sheets of paper like caviare in a sandwich, for the million at home to digest as best they may. But, dear and forbearing reader, *I couldn't find the people*. Over sixty millions of souls does this empire contain; yet types of character are not to be picked up at the rate of more than one a day, on the average.

A Russian crowd is as rare a thing to be met with, as Johannisberg at a second-rate hotel, or a fine day in Fleet Street. Moscow coronations do not happen every day, notwithstanding that stock story told of Peter, Alexander I., Nicholas, and the present sovereign, as well of, if I mistake not, our George the Fourth, and the French Charles the Tenth, of the enthusiastic but inconsequent young lady, who was so delighted with the Kremlin solemnities, that she begged the Czar to let his subjects have another coronation as soon as possible. Popular gatherings are studiously discouraged by the government. The moujiks cry Gossudar, Gossudar! (The Lord, the Lord!) when the Czar comes flying along in his droschky; if they must needs be near him, they crouch down, bareheaded, and bite the dust. Islers, the Sommer-Garten, the Wauxhall, at Pavlowsk, and the gardens of Tsarski-Selo—which, in St. Petersburg, like the Sparrow-hills and the Hermitage Gardens, at Moscow, are very nearly all the places of out-door public re-union in the two capitals—are tabooed to the moujik; dancing *al fresco* is forbidden; street shows are forbidden; street bands are forbidden. I have not the slightest wish to be suspected of pretending to polyglot attainments; yet such a suspicion may perhaps arise from the names drawn from different languages I have given to different buildings and things in St. Petersburg. The Russian name for the Sommer-Garten is (I believe) the Dvorsowaia Sad, yet it is very rarely translated into French as the Jardin d'Été; but is almost invariably spoken of by the Russians (when speaking Russ) by the German appellation of Sommer-Garten. Perhaps it was laid out by a German gardener. Again the Police-Bridge is scarcely ever called by its Russian name (save when directing an Ischvostchik) of the Polizeisky Most, but is accepted and Gallicised as Le Pont de Police. Again, I never heard the English Quay (Angliskaja Nabirejenaia in Russ) so spoken of by a Russian, even when speaking English; it is always Le Quai Anglais; and, lastly, Basil's Island or L'île de Basile is peremptorily restricted, this time, to its Russian name of Wassily-Ostrow. At fires, the soldiers, the firemen, and the thieves (a

fire is quite a government affair in Russia, and a member of the imperial family, if not the Czar himself, is almost always present) form a crowd of themselves; and the moujiks run away for fear of being pressed to pump, and beaten if they do not pump hard enough. When there is a crowd, you may be certain that it is on the occasion of a national holiday, or a national tumult—for this tightly reined-in country enjoys both occasionally. There are, you know, the Montagnes Russes, the Ice Mountains of the New Year, the Blessing of the Neva's Waters; the Katchelis and Shows of the Blinni Week, the eggs and kissings in all sorts of rings at Easter. At other times there are not even groups to stud the pavement of the enormous Perspectives and Floschads; and though you know St. Petersburg to have a population of three-quarters of a million inhabitants, you might everywhere, save in the Gostinnoi-Dvors (where there is no crowd, but a continuous stream of human beings of all classes) fancy yourself in a howling desert. I had a balcony once on the Nevskoi, and could, with my blind-man's-holiday eyes, see from the Anitchkoff Bridge to the Admiralty clock spire (of course with the aid of a good opera-glass), which is at least a third of the length of that unrivalled street. I have seen it, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, what one might call—vehicles, horses, and a few regiments of cavalry and infantry marching past, being taken into consideration—thronged; sable-spotted as a turnpike road in England might be by half-a-dozen anthills slowly disgorging themselves thereon (this was exactly the position, so high was my balcony, so vast and far extended the sweep of vista); but I never saw a crowd collected on roadway or foot-pavement, that could equal in a tithe of numerical denseness, the gathering one sees every day on a Paris boulevard round a captured pickpocket, or the man in the helmet who sells the lead-pencils to the music of a barrel-organ fixed on to the top of his carriage, or the industrial in a blouse, who cuts (on his knees) a pane of glass into fragments with a diamond of dubious water, the original (of course) of which he afterwards sells you for the small sum of one sou; or that can come up to the assemblage to be brought together twelve hundred times every day in Fleet Street or the Strand, by PUNCH, or a horse falling down.

So rare are crowds in this teeming city, that even the public infliction of the Knout (which, to the honour of the Russians, is rarer still of occurrence) fails to bring the Tchorni-Narod together; and, when a murderer or a brigand is knouted, the attendance of a certain number of the Black People is made compulsory. I am not going to describe the knout, or the process of its infliction; and I don't think I have mentioned it, as yet, by name, half-a-

dozen times in the course of these papers. I never saw it, or the knout-masters, or the miserable wretch who had had it. I wish to say here, however, that this knout is really another Great Russian Boguey—not to the Russians, who know all about it, but to us Western Europeans. There is scarcely a book of travels you can open—English, French, or German, without a chapter bearing this special heading, *The Knout*, and in nine cases out of ten the description of the punishment is taken from the old wonderful magazine account of Madame Lapoukhin, who suffered in the reign of the Empress Ann Elizabeth; or from some of the Faubourg St. Denis travels of the vivacious author of the *Mystères de la Russie*. The Russians use the stick, the whip, and the rod, freely enough, Heaven knows; but the extreme agony of the knout, they are exceedingly chary in having recourse to. There was not one criminal knouted during my stay—at least, in the capitals (for the imminence of the ultimo ratio is always made public a week beforehand, in all the newspapers), though I daresay some dozens, males and females, were daily beaten, cruelly but not dangerously, in the police-yards. The infliction of the knout in cases of murder (brigands and female criminals, who, the latter, only receive from five to twenty strokes, are allowed to survive) amounting to one hundred and fifty lashes of that terrible instrument, is almost always fatal; indeed I have often heard Russians, whose humane dispositions I have had no reason to doubt, say that the police-surgeons had, generally, instructions not to attempt to cure the criminals after their torture. It is not the actual knout that kills, but the gangrene that supervenes in the neglected wounds. The old traveller's assertion that a skilful executioner can kill his patient with three strokes of the knout, is, if surgical authority be of any value, a pure fable. In any case, I am enabled to state my conviction that the Russians knout fewer criminals for capital offences in two years than we hang in one.

Crowds at such executions are, therefore, rare. Even the gathering together of two or three in no name save that of tyranny, is an infrequent occurrence: though the Czar, in the summer, can have his crowd, and does have it, to the amount of some hundred and fifteen thousand men to be reviewed on the Czarinski Loug, or Champ de Mars—a square, compact crowd of men, good enough to fill a pit, who shout from their one hundred and fifteen thousand throats, "We thank you, Father," as one man, or rather one machine, when the Czar graciously says: "Good morning, my children;" and shout again: "We hope to do better next time!" when, if the evolutions have been satisfactory, his majesty says, "Well done, my children!" who, in cavalry charge in one pluck, to use Cossack parlance—in one plump of spears, to use chivalric

phraseology, to the number of fifty thousand, and sweep, grating fast as a Simoom from the Sommer-Garten to the grim marble palace where the "frank, open-hearted sailor" the Grand Duke Constantine lives. So notable a thing is a mob, that the few there have been, have become historical, and are remembered like battles, or pestilences, or famines, or comets. Old men whisper low, now, of the great silent crowd of Black People that gathered round the old winter palace one morning at the commencement of the present century; when it began to be not noised—not bruted, but sinuously trailed about in movements of fingers, by glanceless eyes, by voiceless opening and shutting of telegraphic lips—that a dreadful deed had been done during the night by the great Boyards; that the mad Czar was dead, and that Alexander Pavlovitch reigned in his stead.

Most reverend seigneurs—potent and grave likewise—you have entertained at your boards, you have sat at council with, you, most beauteous ladies, you have waltzed and flirted with, and have had your slender waists encircled by the kid-gloved hands of, and have accepted bouquets and ices from—not the sons or the grandsons of, but the very men who were guests among those bloody sixty who supped at a house in the Poursch-latskaia Oulitza on the twenty-third of March, eighteen hundred and one, who formed part of the band of murderers who, under the guidance of Platon Zouboff and Pahlen and Benningsen, maddened with hatred and drunk with champagne, rushed after the orgie was over to the Winter Palace on the canal, and took the Czar, naked and a-bed, and slew him. They say that Alexander the First never recovered from the first fit of (I hope not guilty) horror into which he was thrown by the deed he profited so largely by; that the triumphs of the Borodino and the Bérésina, the splendours of Erfurt and Tilsit, the vitticisms of Madame de Staël, the patronage of the first gentleman (and we hope the last gentleman of that pattern) in Europe, including as that patronage did a Guildhall banquet, the pencil of Sir Thomas Lawrence, the Temple of Concord on the Serpentine, and Sir William Congreve's fireworks—nay, not these nor the invocations of Madame Krudener could ever efface from his mind the memory of that night of abominations. They say that on his doubtful bed of death at Taganrog he writhed with more than pain, and continually moaned: "Oh! c'est épouvantable! c'est épouvantable!" and then, after a lapse, "l'Empereur!" The gentlewoman was not by as in the tragedy, but the physician was; and he knew his patient was suffering from ills that physic could not cure. The lord of sixty million souls was haunted by the remembrance of that night. He saw in imagination the bedroom; the conspirators reeling in; the Czar

in his shirt, hiding behind a screen; the incoherent torrent of adjurations and menaces in French and Russ; and then the dreadful knocking at the outer door; the fear of rescue (though, indeed, it was but another band of conspirators arriving); the overturn of the lamp, and the end of that monarch. I say, seigneurs and ladies, you have walked and talked with some of those who supped and killed afterwards. They are very old, white-headed men now, high in office, decorated from the nave to the chaps, great diplomatists, adepts in statecraft; but there was a time when they were dashing young officers in the guards, and they saw in reality that which Alexander saw only in imagination. They could tell you whether it was Platon Zouboff or Count Pahlen who smashed Paul's skull in, with the hilt of his sword; they could tell you whether it was Pahlen or Benningsen who knelt on the Czar's breast, and put him out of his misery by strangling him with an embroidered scarf. I wonder whether the survivors of that scene ever think of the matter at all! Whether at congress table, or court ball, or civic banquet, in opera-box, or silk-lined carriage, or actresses' boudoir, they ever think of the overturned lamp, the sword-hilt, and the scarf. Does the Avenger of Blood pursue them, does Atra Cura, the black horseman, ride behind them? Or do they look at the twenty-third of March, eighteen hundred and one, as a mere boyish freak—a peck of wild oats which they have sown profitably, and reaped abundant crops of protocols and paraphes, stars, crosses, and titles from?

Haud obliviscendum, indeed! Life would be impossible without a shower-bath of the waters of Lethe every quarter of a century or so; without the sponge being applied when the slate is too full, and the tub of white-wash, being brought in when the schedule, has swelled too grossly. This man, I know, forged when he was twenty—rector's churchwarden, now. This, stole a goose, and was whipped for the theft, somewhere in the West Indies—high up in the Wooden-Spoon Referendaries Office now. This, robbed his father, deserted his children, broke his own wife's heart, and ran away with another man's—knighted last week. This, was the most covetous hunk, the hardest-hearted usurer, the unjustest steward that money-bags have been clutched by since Harpagon or Hopkins—he is dead. The Reverend Hango Head, M.A., is writing a Latin epitaph for him, and his disconsolate widow has ordered a memorial window, setting forth his virtues (in pre-Raphaelitically painted glass) in the chancel of Saint Jonathan and Saint Gyves Great Wilderton Church.

Once again the Black People met, silently and timorously to learn that they had changed masters, when, in eighteen hundred and twenty-six the news arrived of Alexander's death,

and the cruel Constantine abdicated, and the Czar who was to do so much and so little for good and evil, for the glory and the shame of Russia, had to seize his diadem, perforce with ensanguined hands, and wrap a gory shroud round his imperial purple. As before, the Black People had neither act nor part in the events of which they were frightened spectators. Constantine or Nicholas, it was not one salted cucumber, one coopek's-worth of black bread, one beaker of quass, the more, to them. The boyards alone were to change masters; and they were to be the slaves of slaves for ever and ever. The real crowd was one of soldiery, who fought regiment against regiment, some for Nicholas, some for Constantine; some for a cloudy myth of a constitution and a republic their leaders had got, heaven knows how, into their muddled heads—perhaps while in garrison in some German town among moon-struck illuminati in eighteen hundred and thirteen; some for they knew not what,—for a fancied millenium, perhaps, of more vodka, and the stick being broken and cast into the pit for a thousand years. They fought in the Great Admiralty Square till the crisp snow was patched with crimson pools, and the cavalry horses, dabbling in them, pimpled the expanse with their hoof-nails for hundreds of yards around. So, as all men know, General Miloradovitch was slain; the cannon began to thunder; the Czar Nicholas came to his own; Pestel and the others were hanged; princes and counts and generals went in chains to Siberia; and the Tchorni-Narod, having stripped the corpses of the slain lying on the now russet snow on the Admiralskaia Ploschad, went to sell the old clothes and trinkets in the Tolkoutshi-Rinok (Great Elbow Market), and then to their several avocations of droschky driving and quass selling, and hewing the wood, and drawing the water.

There was to come a time though, when, for once in their oppressed lives, the Black People were to make a public appearance as a Mob, tumultuous, ferocious, and dangerous. The crowd of the monjiks in the Sinnaia or Haymarket of St. Petersburg, is the one historical crowd in which the people were actors and not looking on. This was in the first year of Asiatic cholera declaring itself en permanence at St. Petersburg. It is now domiciled there en permanence, and the Tchorni-Narod are as accustomed to it as to dirt, or to vermin, or to the stick. The government had very praiseworthy taken the best sanitary precautions for the prevention of, and had adopted the most accredited remedies for the cure of, this awful malady. It seemed like a stern measure of retribution meted out to the wicked rulers of an oppressed people, that where they were really endeavouring to do good the Tchorni-Narod rebelled against it. They could swallow the camel of tyranny—they strained at the gnat of benevolence. The Government had sown

in ignorance; they reaped in revolt. The great hospitals of Ouboukhoff and Kalinkine had both been placed under the superintendence of German physicians, who exerted themselves to the utmost to treat successfully the almost innumerable cases of cholera that were daily brought in.

The average number of cholera cases in St. Petersburg alone, in the summer last past, was, according to the *Gazette de l'Académie* (as reliable a Russian document as, I believe, can well be found), three hundred and ten per diem. Of the average in Moscow I have no information. The vast majority of these cases were among the Tchorni-Narod, and were fatal. This can easily be understood, if we remember the diet and positively Nomad habits of the masses in Holy Russia. The Ischvostchiks frequently sleep on their droschky benches, in the open air, exposed to every fluctuation of the always fluctuating weather. The dvorniks or yardmen always sleep *al fresco*, wrapped in their sheepskin touloupes or pelisses. The mechanics and labourers who come into St. Petersburg, for the summer months, from the outlying provinces of Carelia and Ingria, sleep also *à la belle étoile*, wherever the most convenient scaffolding or mortar heap can be found; and there are thousands of the Black People who sleep wheresoever, and under whatever circumstances, they can. The Russians, who are so studiously looked after by the police, to the minutest shade of passports and police, are, perhaps, the people in Christendom who habitually, and to the greatest extent, possess the key of the street. When, in addition to this, it is borne in mind that the Russian moujik scarcely ever tastes meat, and that his ordinary food is salted cucumber, black bread, and quass, the prevalence of cholera in St. Petersburg will be easily accounted for.

The people, in their miserable ignorance of right and wrong, caught hold of an idea. This idea was no doubt industriously disseminated among them in the first instance by agents of that secret Democratic and Socialist party which—Siberia, the mines, Count Orloff's cabinet and its scourgings, exile, confiscation, fortress-dungeons and espionage notwithstanding—existed occult, indomitable, and active as Balzac's Treize has always continued to exist in Russia from the time of the first French Revolution. The idea was that the moujiks their brethren were being systematically poisoned by the German doctors, and by express direction of the Government. For once Ivan Ivanovitch forgot that the Czar was his father, his pastor and master, his guide, philosopher and friend, and Heaven's vicegerent upon earth. An analogous report of the wells having been poisoned was, it will be remembered, current among the populace in Paris in the first year of the cholera's visitation, and several émeutes took place; nor in England, in eighteen 'thirty-two, were there wanting alarmists of the Mrs. Grundy school,

to ascribe the pestilence—on the one side to the machinations of the disappointed borough-mongers; on the other to the malevolence of Levellers, Radicals, and Trades-Union men. Ivan forgot the power of the police and his own helplessness. He and his comrades in thousands stormed the hospitals, massacred the doctors and their assistants under circumstances of the most shocking brutality, threw the beds and bedding out of the windows, carried off the patients (to die, poor wretches, in carts and cellars, and under vegetable-stalls and horse-troughs); and then, like a mob of schoolboys who have screwed up their courage to pelt an unpopular usher, and who afterwards with outward words of boasting and rebellion, but with an inward sinking of their hearts into their highlows, bar themselves into the school-room, defying the masters, but knowing full well that authority will get the best of it, and that Birnam Wood will be brought to Dunsinane, for brooms to thrash them with;—the Ivan did his barring out. All cowering and wondering that he could have been so bold in the Sennaia; entrenching himself behind trusses of hay and piles of fruit and vegetables—beneath the bulks of butchers' stalls and among crates of crockery (for they sell all things in the Haymarket); armed with such rude instruments of defence as hatchets, and straightened scythes attached to poles, and the great three-pronged forks with which the bread is drawn from the peetch, or stove; he awaited the coming of the troops.

I have no doubt, that had the soldiery really arrived and set to work, the moujiks would have suffered the most violent cannonade and musket practice, without attempting to move until they were routed out by the bayonet. Their energy was over; their rebellion was, therefore, inert and passive. But the Czar Nicholas knew too well the temperament of his children to send against them, or horse, or foot, or artillery. To cowhide your slave: good; but to destroy valuable property by taking your slave's life, none but a foolish slaveholder would do that. It is an old story, but worth the telling again, that Nicholas, unattended by escort, or aide-de-camp, or groom, was driven in his single droschky, with the one single Ischvostchik before him to drive him to the place of the revolt. That, arrived on the Sennaia, he quickly alighted, and, wrapped in his grey coat, and helmeted and plumed, stalked through the masses of rebellious thousands (who made an astonished vacillating lane for him to pass) towards the church with the four cupolas, and the dome with the silver stars, that stands in the right hand upper extremity of the Haymarket. That, ascending the marble stairs of that fane, he prostrated himself before the image of the saint that stood in the porch; and then suddenly turned round to the gazing masses, and, extending his right hand, cried out, with the full

strength of his magnificent voice, "People on your knees!" That the thousands, as one, knelt down and bowed their foreheads to the dust; that the Czar then pronounced a short allocution to them, bidding them ask pardon for their sins, telling them how wicked they were; how good he was; that, while he was speaking, some cat-like police agents glided in among the people and took, without a shadow of resistance, some hundreds of prisoners, who were noiselessly removed to suffer the Pleidi, or the Battognes, and to be afterwards sent to Siberia;—and that the trick was done. Yet I have heard, in Russia, Russians say that the Czar Nicholas, like Sir Robert Peel—*THE* Sir Robert Peel, I mean—was so constitutionally timorous, that a spaniel yapping about his heels, or a monkey leaping on to his shoulder, was sufficient to throw him into an agony of terror. To my mind, the artilleryman, who, meeting the Bengal tiger, stooped down and looked at that beast from between his legs, so that the terrible tiger, not knowing what on earth the strange animal gazing at him could be, howled in affright, took to his paws, and enjugged himself in the rattle of a snake's tail, was the only compeer I have ever heard of, worthy to rank, for real courage and presence of mind, with him who bade the people who had massacred the doctors fall on their knees; and was obeyed.

The Tchorni-Narod can assert their individuality sometimes, therefore; but, it is only transiently and spasmodically; and the fit is followed by pitiable reaction. It has been before observed, that an enraged sheep is for the moment nearly as troublesome a customer to deal with as a roaring lion. Almost always the Russian peasant takes his thrashing, and general ill-treatment, quietly: nay, will thank his corrector, and kiss the rod. He will not cry out: "How long, O Lord! How long?" but will bear (as a rule) his to us intolerable miseries, as long as that miserable life of his endures. But, times will come when the sheep goes furious. He has the gids—to speak as a shepherd. Then he rages; then he storms; then he whirls round; then he butts forward in a momentarily potent frenzy; and then woe-betide bourmister and Starosta—commander of punishment and exccutant of punishment: woe-betide even the noble Boyard; for Ivan Ivanovitch will rend him asunder, and spare not his noble wife, nor his noble daughters, nor the very children that are unborn; and after this comes, speedily, reaction, and repentance, and a dreadful retribution on the part of outraged authority.

As I have pointed out, a riotous crowd—a crowd, indeed, at all in St. Petersburg or Moscow, is a novelty and an event to be remembered, and made a thing historical of—will my reader ask any Russian acquaintance to relate a few anecdotes of

the peasant crowds, who, from time to time, gather themselves together down south—towards the east, or in the far west of the gigantic empire—in governments you never heard of, in provinces you never dreamed of. You shall hear how some delicate countess who has been the belle, not only of the salons of the northern capital, but of Paris, and London, and Vienna; who has retired, after some love-pique against a *chargé-d'affaires*, or some scandal with her husband, to her vast estates, hundreds of versts beyond Moscow, and has there devoted herself to the task of torturing her slaves; has invented and practised such unheard-of cruelties upon her bower-maidens and her wretched dependents, down to her cooks and scullions, that some direful evening there has been a crowd; that the crowd have poured boiling oil on her, and have hung her up by the hair of her head, while they have scarified her by drawing infuriated cats over her; that they have plucked out her nails and her eyes, and singed her before a slow fire, and finally, have hacked her to pieces with hatchets, and eaten her brains.* That after the frightful retaliation had been committed came reaction, and terror, and abject cringing. The general commanding the provincial government came down; there was a reign of terror; many were beaten to death; more had their nostrils torn out, and were sent to Siberia, there to work in the mines and in chains, as slaves, for life.

You don't see these narratives in the *Journal de St. Petersburg*, or in the *Abeille du Nord*, or in the *Invalide Russe*, among the catalogue of recent promotions in the illustrious orders of St. Anne, St. Wladimir, and St. Alexander Nevskoi, or among the official despatches announcing new victories over the Circassians. They do occur though, from time to time. The government keep them dark; and you hear them after dark, in subtle whispers, as "*cette chose terrible qui est arrivé dernièrement*"—that terrible event in the government of Orel, or Kharkoff, or Tamboff, which has happened lately, and which is so very regrettable;—but which will happen again and again, I opine, as long as the Tchorni-Narod, the Black People of Russia, are ground down and oppressed, as they are in this present era of Grace.

SONG OF AN EXILE.

In mine own land, across you weary waters,
Green wave the oaken bow'rs!
Amid those bow'rs mine own land's stately daughters
Walk o'er the summer flow'rs!

In mine own land, far o'er those blood-red waves,
Where sinks the sun to rest,
Lie cool and still my fathers' mossy graves,
In our Isle of the breezy West.

* At Bagatol, in the government of Kowrsk, in eighteen hundred and fifty-four.

But never to that home, far o'er the wave,
To its bow'rs or its stately daughters,
Not e'en to lay me in my father's grave,
Shall I cross you weary waters!

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH. A PLOT AGAINST THE SECRET.

TOWARDS the close of the evening, on the day after Mr. Orridge's interview with Mrs. Norbury, the Druid fast coach, running through Cornwall as far as Truro, set down three inside passengers at the door of the booking-office, on arriving at its destination. Two of these passengers were an old gentleman and his daughter; the third was Mrs. Jazeph.

The father and daughter collected their luggage, and entered the hotel; the outside passengers branched off in different directions with as little delay as possible; Mrs. Jazeph alone stood irresolute on the pavement, and seemed uncertain what she should do next. When the coachman goodnaturedly endeavoured to assist her in arriving at a decision of some kind, by asking whether he could do anything to help her, she started, and looked at him suspiciously; then, appearing to recollect herself, thanked him for his kindness, and inquired, with a confusion of words and a hesitation of manner which appeared very extraordinary in the coachman's eyes, whether she might be allowed to leave her trunk at the booking-office for a little while, until she could return and call for it again.

Receiving permission to leave her trunk as long as she pleased, she crossed over the principal street of the town, ascended the pavement on the opposite side, and walked down the first turning she came to. On entering the bye-street to which the turning led, she glanced back, satisfied herself that nobody was following or watching her, hastened on a few yards, and stopped again at a small shop devoted to the sale of book-cases, cabinets, work-boxes, and writing-desks. After first looking up at the letters painted over the door—BUSCHMANN, CABINET-MAKER, &c.—she peered in at the shop window. A middle-aged man, with a cheerful face, sat behind the counter, polishing a rose-wood bracket, and nodding briskly at regular intervals, as if he were humming a tune and keeping time to it with his head. Seeing no customers in the shop, Mrs. Jazeph opened the door and walked in.

As soon as she was inside, she became aware that the cheerful man behind the counter was keeping time, not to a tune of his own humming, but to a tune played by a musical box. The clear ringing notes came from a parlour behind the shop, and the air the box was playing was the lovely "Batti, Batti," of Mozart.

"Is Mr. Buschmann at home?" asked Mrs. Jazeph.

"Yes, ma'am," said the cheerful man, pointing with a smile towards the door that

led into the parlour. "The music answers for him. Whenever Mr. Buschmann's box is playing, Mr. Buschmann himself is not far off from it. Did you wish to see him, ma'am?"

"If there is nobody with him."

"Oh, no, he is quite alone. Shall I give any name?"

Mrs. Jazeph opened her lips to answer, hesitated, and said nothing. The shopman, with a quicker delicacy of perception than might have been expected from him, judging by outward appearances, did not repeat the question, but opened the door at once, and admitted the visitor to the presence of Mr. Buschmann.

The shop parlour was a very small room, with an odd three-cornered look about it, with a bright green paper on the walls, with a large dried fish in a glass case over the fireplace, with two meerscham pipes hanging together on the wall opposite, and with a neat round table placed as accurately as possible in the middle of the floor. On the table were tea-things, bread, butter, a pot of jam, and a musical box in a quaint, old-fashioned case; and by the side of the table sat a little, rosy-faced, white-haired, simple-looking old man, who started up, when the door was opened, with an appearance of extreme confusion, and touched the stop of the musical box so that it might cease playing when it came to the end of the air.

"A lady to speak with you, sir," said the cheerful shopman. "That is Mr. Buschmann, ma'am," he added in a lower tone, seeing Mrs. Jazeph stop in apparent uncertainty on entering the parlour.

"Will you please to take a seat, ma'am?" said Mr. Buschmann, when the shopman had closed the door and gone back to his counter. "Excuse the music; it will stop directly." He spoke these words in a foreign accent, but with perfect fluency.

Mrs. Jazeph looked at him earnestly while he was addressing her, and advanced a step or two before she said anything. "Am I so changed?" she asked softly. "So sadly, sadly changed, uncle Joseph?"

"Gott im Himmel! it's her voice—it's Sarah Leeson!" cried the old man, running up to his visitor as nimbly as if he was a boy again, taking both her hands, and kissing her with an odd brisk tenderness on the cheek. Although his niece was not at all above the average height of women, uncle Joseph was so short that he had to raise himself on tiptoe to perform the ceremony of embracing her.

"To think of Sarah coming at last!" he said, pressing her into a chair. "After all these years and years, to think of Sarah Leeson coming to see Uncle Joseph again!"

"Sarah still, but not Sarah Leeson," said Mrs. Jazeph, pressing her thin, trembling hands firmly together, and looking down on the floor while she spoke.

"Ah! married?" said Mr. Buschmann, gaily. "Married of course. Tell me all about your husband, Sarah."

"He is dead. Dead, and forgiven." She murmured the last three words in a whisper to herself.

"Ah! I am so sorry for you! I spoke too suddenly, did I not, my child?" said the old man. "Never mind! No, no; I don't mean that—I mean let us talk of something else. You will have a bit of bread and jam, won't you, Sarah?—ravishing raspberry jam that melts in your mouth. Some tea, then? So, so, she will have some tea, to be sure. And we won't talk of our troubles—at least, not just yet. You look very pale, Sarah, very much older than you ought to look—no, I don't mean that either; I don't mean to be rude. It was your voice I knew you by, my child—your voice that your poor uncle Max always said would have made your fortune if you would only have learnt to sing. Here's his pretty music-box going still. Don't look so down-hearted—don't, pray! Do listen a little to the music: you remember the box? my brother Max's box? Why, how you look! Have you forgotten the box that the divine Mozart gave to my brother with his own hand, when Max was a boy in the music-school at Vienna? Listen! I have set it going again. It's a song they call Batti, Batti; it's a song in an opera of Mozart's. Ah, beautiful! beautiful! your uncle Max said that all music was comprehended in that one song. I know nothing about music, but I have my heart and my ears, and they tell me that Max was right."

Speaking these words with abundant gesticulation and amazing volubility, Mr. Buschmann poured out a cup of tea for his niece, stirred it carefully, and, patting her on the shoulder, begged that she would make him happy by drinking it all up directly. As he came close to her to press this request, he discovered that the tears were in her eyes, and that she was trying to take her handkerchief from her pocket without being observed.

"Don't mind me," she said, seeing the old man's face sadden as he looked at her; "and don't think me forgetful or ungrateful, uncle Joseph. I remember the box—I remember everything that you used to take an interest in, when I was younger and happier than I am now. When I last saw you, I came to you in trouble; and I come to you in trouble once more. It seems neglectful in me never to have written to you for so many years past; but my life has been a very sad one, and I thought I had no right to lay the burden of my sorrow on other shoulders than my own."

Uncle Joseph shook his head at these last words, and touched the stop of the musical box. "Mozart shall wait a little," he said, gravely, "till I have told you something. Sarah, hear what I say, and drink your tea,

and own to me whether I speak the truth or not. What did I, Joseph Buschmann, tell you, when you first came to me in trouble, fourteen, fifteen, ah more! sixteen years ago, in this town, and in this same house? I said then, what I say again, now: Sarah's sorrow is my sorrow, and Sarah's joy is my joy; and if any man asks me reasons for that, I have three to give him."

He stopped to stir up his niece's tea for the second time, and to draw her attention to it, by tapping with the spoon on the edge of the cup.

"Three reasons" he resumed. "First, you are my sister's child—some of her flesh and blood, and some of mine, therefore, also. Second, my sister, my brother, and, lastly, me myself, we owe to your good English father—all. A little word that means much, and may be said again and again—all. Your father's friends cry, Fie! Agatha Buschmann is poor, Agatha Buschmann is foreign! But your father loves the poor German girl, and he marries her in spite of their Fie, Fie. Your father's friends cry Fie! again; Agatha Buschmann has a musician brother, who gabbles to us about Mozart, and who cannot make to his porridge, salt. Your father says, Good! I like his gabble; I like his playing; I shall get him people to teach; and while I have pinches of salt in my kitchen, he to his porridge shall have pinches of salt, too. Your father's friends cry, Fie! for the third time. Agatha Buschmann has another brother, a little Stupid-Head, who to the other's gabble can only listen and say Amen. Send him trotting; for the love of Heaven, shut up all the doors and send Stupid-Head trotting, at least! Your father says, No! Stupid-Head has his wits in his hands; he can cut, and carve, and polish; help him a little at the starting; and, after, he shall help himself. They are all gone now but me! Your father, your mother, and uncle Max—they are all gone! Stupid-Head alone remains to remember and to be grateful—to take Sarah's sorrow for his sorrow, and Sarah's joy for his joy."

He stopped again, to blow a speck of dust off the musical box. His niece endeavoured to speak, but he held up his hand, and shook his forefinger at her warningly.

"No," he said. "It is yet my business to talk, and your business to drink tea. Have I not my third reason still? Ah! you look away from me; you know my third reason, before I say a word. When I, in my turn, marry, and my wife dies, and leaves me alone with little Joseph, and when the boy falls sick, who comes then, so quiet, so pretty, so neat, with the bright young eyes, and the hands so tender and light? Who helps me with little Joseph by night and by day? Who makes a pillow for him on her arm when his head is weary? Who holds this box patiently at his ear?—yes! this box, that the hand of Mozart has touched—Who

holds it closer, closer always, when little Joseph's sense grows dull, and he moans for the friendly music that he has known from a baby, the friendly music that he can now so hardly, hardly hear? Who kneels down by Uncle Joseph when his heart is breaking, and says, 'Oh, hush! hush! The boy has gone where the better music plays, where the sickness shall never waste or the sorrow touch him more!' Who? Ah, Sarah! you cannot forget those days; you cannot forget the Long Ago! When the trouble is bitter, and the burden is heavy, it is cruelty to Uncle Joseph to keep away; it is kindness to him to come here."

The recollections that the old man had called up, found their way tenderly to Sarah's heart. She could not answer him; she could only hold out her hand. Uncle Joseph bent down, with a quaint, affectionate gallantry, and kissed it; then stepped back again to his place by the musical box. "Come!" he said, patting it cheerfully, "we will say no more for a while. Mozart's box, Max's box, little Joseph's box, you shall talk to us again!"

Having put the tiny machinery in motion, he sat down by the table, and remained silent until the air had been played over twice. Then, observing that his niece seemed calmer, he spoke to her once more.

"You are in trouble, Sarah," he said, quietly. "You tell me that, and I see it is true in your face. Are you grieving for your husband?"

"I grieve that I ever met him," she answered. "I grieve that I ever married him. Now that he is dead, I cannot grieve—I can only forgive him."

"Forgive him? How you look, Sarah, when you say that! Tell me——"

"Uncle Joseph! I have told you that my husband is dead, and that I have forgiven him."

"You have forgiven him? He was hard and cruel with you, then? I see; I see. That is the end, Sarah—but the beginning? Is the beginning that you loved him?"

Her pale cheeks flushed; and she turned her head aside. "It is hard and humbling to confess it," she murmured, without raising her eyes; "but you force the truth from me, uncle. I had no love to give to my husband—no love to give to any man."

"And yet, you married him! Wait! it is not for me to blame. It is for me to find out not the bad, but the good. Yes, yes; I shall say to myself, she married him when she was poor and helpless; she married him when she should have come to Uncle Joseph, instead. I shall say that to myself, and I shall pity, but I shall ask no more."

Sarah half reached her hand out to the old man again—then suddenly pushed her chair back, and changed the position in which she was sitting. "It is true that I was poor," she said, looking about her in confusion, and speaking with difficulty. "But you are so good and so kind, I cannot accept

the excuse that your forbearance makes for me. I did not marry him because I was poor, but——" She stopped, clasped her hands together, and pushed her chair back still farther from the table.

"So! so!" said the old man, noticing her confusion. "We will talk about it no more."

"I had no excuse of love; I had no excuse of poverty," she said, with a sudden burst of bitterness and despair. "Uncle Joseph, I married him because I was too weak to persist in saying No! The curse of weakness and fear has followed me all the days of my life! I said No to him once; I said No to him twice. Oh, uncle, if I could only have said it for the third time! But he followed me, he frightened me, he took away from me all the little will of my own that I had. He made me speak as he wished me to speak and go where he wished me to go. No, no, no—don't come to me, uncle; don't say anything. He is gone; he is dead—I have got my release; I have given my pardon! Oh, if I could only go away and hide somewhere! All people's eyes seem to look through me; all people's words seem to threaten me. My heart has been weary ever since I was a young woman; and all these long, long years, it has never got any rest. Hush! the man in the shop—I forgot the man in the shop. He will hear us; let us talk in a whisper. What made me break out so? I'm always wrong. Oh me! I'm wrong when I speak; I'm wrong when I say nothing; wherever I go and whatever I do, I'm not like other people. I seem never to have grown up in my mind, since I was a little child. Hark! the man in the shop is moving—has he heard me? Oh, Uncle Joseph! do you think he has heard me?"

Looking hardly less startled than his niece, Uncle Joseph assured her that the door was solid, that the man's place in the shop was at some distance from it, and that it was impossible, even if he heard voices in the parlour, that he could also distinguish any words that were spoken in it.

"You are sure of that?" she whispered, hurriedly. "Yes, yes, you are sure of that, or you would not have told me so, would you? We may go on talking now. Not about my married life: that is buried and past. Say that I had some years of sorrow and suffering, which I deserved,—say that I had other years of quiet, when I was living in service, with masters and mistresses who were often kind to me when my fellow-servants were not,—say just that much about my life, and it is saying enough. The trouble that I am in now, the trouble that brings me to you, goes back further than the years we have been talking about—goes back, back, back, Uncle Joseph, to the distant day when we last met."

"Goes back all through the sixteen years!" exclaimed the old man, incredulously. "Goes back, Sarah, even to the Long Ago!"

"Even to that time. Uncle, you remember where I was living, and what had happened to me, when——"

"When you came here in secret? When you asked me to hide you? That was the same week, Sarah, when your mistress died; your mistress who lived away, west, in the old house. You were frightened, then—pale and frightened as I see you now."

"As everyone sees me! People are always staring at me; always thinking that I am nervous, always pitying me for being ill."

Saying these words with a sudden fretfulness, she lifted the tea-cup by her side to her lips, drained it of its contents at a draught, and pushed it across the table to be filled again. "I have come all over thirsty and hot," she whispered. "More tea, Uncle Joseph—more tea."

"It is cold," said the old man. "Wait till I ask for hot water."

"No!" she exclaimed, stopping him as he was about to rise. "Give it me cold; I like it cold. Let nobody else come in—I can't speak if anybody else comes in." She drew her chair close to her uncle's, and went on:—"You have not forgotten how frightened I was, in that bygone time—do you remember why I was frightened?"

"You were afraid of being followed—that was it, Sarah. I grow old, but my memory keeps young. You were afraid of your master, afraid of his sending servants after you. You had run away; you had spoken no word to anybody; and you spoke little—ah, very, very little—even to Uncle Joseph, even to me."

"I told you," said Sarah, dropping her voice to so faint a whisper that the old man could barely hear her. "I told you that my mistress had left me a secret on her death bed—a secret in a letter, which I was to give to my master. I told you I had hidden the letter, because I could not bring myself to deliver it, because I would rather die a thousand times over than be questioned about what I knew of it. I told you so much, I know. Did I tell you no more? Did I not say that my mistress made me take an oath on the Bible?—Uncle! are there candles in the room? Are there candles we can light without disturbing anybody, without calling anybody in here?"

"There are candles and a match-box in my cupboard," answered Uncle Joseph. "But look out of window, Sarah. It is only twilight—it is not dark yet."

"Not outside; but it is dark here."

"Where?"

"In that corner. Let us have the candles. I don't like the darkness when it gathers in corners, and creeps along walls."

Uncle Joseph looked all round the room, inquiringly; and smiled to himself as he took two candles from the cupboard and lighted them. "You are like the children," he said, playfully, while he pulled down the

window-blind. "You are afraid of the dark."

Sarah did not appear to hear him. Her eyes were fixed on the corner of the room which she had pointed out the moment before. When he resumed his place by her side, she never looked round, but laid her hand on his arm, and said to him suddenly:—

"Uncle! Do you believe that the dead can come back to this world, and follow the living everywhere, and see what they do in it?"

The old man started. "Sarah!" he said, "why do you talk so? Why do you ask me such a question?"

"Are there lonely hours," she went on, still never looking away from the corner, still not seeming to hear him, "when you are sometimes frightened without knowing why,—frightened all over in an instant, from head to foot? Tell me, uncle, have you ever felt the cold steal round and round the roots of your hair, and crawl bit by bit down your back? I have felt that, even in the summer. I have been out of doors, alone on a wide heath, in the heat and brightness of noon, and have felt as if chilly fingers were touching me—chilly, damp, softly-creeping fingers. It says in the New Testament that the dead came once out of their graves, and went into the holy city. The dead! Have they rested, rested always, rested for ever, since that time?"

Uncle Joseph's simple nature recoiled in bewilderment from the dark and daring speculations to which his niece's questions led. Without saying a word, he tried to draw away the arm which she still held; but the only result of the effort was to make her tighten her grasp, and bend forward in her chair so as to look closer still into the corner of the room.

"My mistress was dying," she said, "my mistress was very near her grave, when she made me take my oath on the Bible. She made me swear never to destroy the letter; and I did not destroy it. She made me swear not to take it away with me, if I left the house; and I did not take it away. She would have made me swear for the third time, to give it to my master, but death was too quick for her—death stopped her from fastening that third oath on my conscience. But she threatened me, uncle, with the dead dampness on her forehead, and the dead whiteness on her cheeks—she threatened to come to me from the other world, if I thwarted her—and I have thwarted her!"

She stopped, suddenly removed her hand from the old man's arm, and made a strange gesture with it towards the part of the room on which her eyes remained fixed. "Rest, rest, rest," she whispered under her breath. "Is my master alive now? Rest, till the drowned rise. Tell him the Secret when the sea gives up her dead."

"Sarah! Sarah! you are changed, you are

ill, you frighten me!" cried Uncle Joseph, starting to his feet.

She turned round slowly, and looked at him with eyes void of all expression, with eyes that seemed to be staring through him vacantly at something beyond.

"Gott im Himmel! what does she see?" He looked round as the exclamation escaped him. "Sarah! what is it! Are you faint? Are you ill? Are you dreaming with your eyes open?"

He took her by both arms and shook her. At the instant when she felt the touch of his hands, she started violently and trembled all over. Their natural expression flew back into her eyes with the rapidity of a flash of light. Without saying a word, she hastily resumed her seat and began stirring the cold tea round and round in her cup, round and round so fast that the liquid overflowed into the saucer.

"Come! she gets more like herself," said Uncle Joseph, watching her.

"More like myself?" she repeated, vacantly.

"So! so!" said the old man, trying to soothe her. "You are ill—what the English call, out of sort. They are good doctors here. Wait till to-morrow, you shall have the best."

"I want no doctors. Don't speak of doctors. I can't bear them; they look at me with such curious eyes; they are always prying into me, as if they wanted to find out something. What have we been stopping for? I had so much to say; and we seem to have been stopping just when we ought to have been going on. I am in grief and terror, Uncle Joseph; in grief and terror again about the Secret—"

"No more of that!" pleaded the old man.

"No more to-night, at least!"

"Why not?"

"Because you will be ill again with talking about it. You will be looking into that corner, and dreaming with your eyes open. You are too ill—yes, yes, Sarah; you are too ill."

"I'm not ill! Oh, why does everybody keep telling me that I am ill? Let me talk about it, uncle. I have come to talk about it; I can't rest till I have told you."

She spoke with a changing colour and an embarrassed manner, now apparently conscious for the first time that she had allowed words and actions to escape her which it would have been more prudent to have restrained.

"Don't notice me again," she said with her soft voice and her gentle, pleading manner. "Don't notice me if I talk or look as I ought not. I lose myself sometimes, without knowing it; and I suppose I lost myself just now. It means nothing, Uncle Joseph—nothing indeed."

Endeavouring thus to reassure the old man, she again altered the position of her chair, so as to place her back towards the

part of the room to which her face had been hitherto turned.

"Well, well, it is good to hear that," said Uncle Joseph; "but speak no more about the past time, for fear you should lose yourself again. Let us hear about what is now. Yes, yes, give me my way. Leave the Long Ago to me, and take you the present time. I can go back through the sixteen years as well as you. Ah! you doubt it? Hear me tell you what happened when we last met—hear me prove myself in three words: You leave your place at the old house—you run away here—you stop in hiding with me, while your master and his servants are hunting after you—you start off, when your road is clear, to work for your living, as far away from Cornwall as you can get—I beg and pray you to stop with me, but you are afraid of your master, and away you go. There! that is the whole story of your trouble the last time you came to this house. Leave it so; and tell me what is the cause of your trouble now."

"The past cause of my trouble, Uncle Joseph, and the present cause of my trouble are the same. The Secret—"

"What! you will go back to that?"

"I must go back to it."

"And why?"

"Because the Secret is written in a letter—"

"Yes; and what of that?"

"And the letter is in danger of being discovered. It is, uncle—it is! Sixteen years it has lain hidden—and now, after all that long time, the dreadful chance of its being dragged to light has come like a judgment. The one person in all the world who ought never to set eyes on that letter is the very person who is most likely to find it!"

"So! so! Are you very certain, Sarah? How do you know it?"

"I know it from her own lips. Chance brought us together—"

"Us? us? What do you mean by us?"

"I mean—uncle, you remember that Captain Treverton was my master when I lived at Porthgenna Tower?"

"I had forgotten his name. But, no matter—go on."

"When I left my place Miss Treverton was a little girl of five years old. She is a married woman now—so beautiful, so clever, such a sweet, youthful, happy face! And she has a child as lovely as herself. Oh, uncle, if you could see her! I would give so much if you could only see her!"

Uncle Joseph kissed his hand and shrugged his shoulders; expressing, by the first action, homage to the lady's beauty, and, by the second, resignation under the misfortune of not being able to see her. "Well, well," he said, philosophically, "put this shining woman by, and let us go on."

"Her name is Frankland now," said Sarah. "A prettier name than Treverton, a much

prettier name, I think. Her husband is fond of her—I am sure he is. How can he have any heart at all, and not be fond of her?"

"So! so!" exclaimed Uncle Joseph, looking very much perplexed. "Good, if he is fond of her—very good. But what labyrinth are we getting into now? Wherefore all this about a husband and a wife? My word of honour, Sarah, but your explanation explains nothing—it only softens my brains!"

"I must speak of her and of Mr. Frankland, uncle. Porthgenna Tower belongs to her husband now; and they are both going to live there."

"Ah! we are getting back into the straight road at last."

"They are going to live in the very house that holds the Secret; they are going to repair that very part of it where the letter is hidden. She will go into the old rooms—I heard her say so; she will search about in them to amuse her curiosity; workmen will clear them out, and she will stand by, in her idle hours, looking on."

"But she suspects nothing of the Secret?"

"God forbid she ever should!"

"And there are many rooms in the house? And the letter in which the Secret is written is hidden in one of the many? Why should she hit on that one?"

"Because I always say the wrong thing! because I always get frightened and lose myself at the wrong time! The letter is hidden in a room called the Myrtle Room, and I was foolish enough, weak enough, crazed enough, to warn her against going into it."

"Ah, Sarah! Sarah! that was a mistake indeed."

"I can't tell what possessed me—I seemed to lose my senses when I heard her talking so innocently of amusing herself by searching through the old rooms, and when I thought of what she might find there. It was getting on towards night, too; the horrible darkness was gathering in the corners and creeping along the walls; and I didn't dare light the candles for she should see how anxious and frightened I was in my face. And when I did light them it was worse. Oh, I don't know how I did it! I don't know why I did it! I could have torn my tongue out for saying the words, and yet I said them. Other people can think for the best; other people can act for the best; other people have had a heavy weight laid on their minds, and have not dropped under it as I have. Help me, uncle, for the sake of old times when we were happy—help me with a word of advice!"

"I will help you; I live to help you, Sarah! No, no, no—you must not look so forlorn; you must not look at me with those crying eyes. Come! I will advise this minute—but say in what; only say in what."

"Have I not told you?"

"No; you have not told me a word yet."

"I will tell you now——"

She paused, looked away distrustfully towards the door leading into the shop, listened a little, and resumed:—"I am not at the end of my journey yet, Uncle Joseph—I am here on my way to Porthgenna Tower—on my way to the Myrtle Room—on my way, step by step, to the place where the letter lies hid. I dare not destroy it; I dare not remove it; but, run what risk I may, I must take it out of the Myrtle Room."

Uncle Joseph said nothing, but he shook his head despondingly.

"I must," she repeated; "before Mrs. Frankland gets to Porthgenna, I must take that letter out of the Myrtle Room. There are places in the old house where I may hide it again—places that she would never think of—places that she would never notice. Only let me get it out of the one room that she is sure to search in, and I know where to hide it from her and from every one for ever."

Uncle Joseph reflected, and shook his head again—then said:—"One word, Sarah; does Mrs. Frankland know which is the Myrtle Room?"

"[I did my best to destroy all trace of that name when I hid the letter; I hope and believe she does not. But she may find out—remember the words I was crazed enough to speak; they will set her seeking for the Myrtle Room; they are sure to do that.]"

"And if she finds it? And if she sees the letter?"

"It will cause misery to innocent people; it will bring death to me. Don't push your chair from me, uncle! It is not shameful death I speak of. The worst injury I have done is injury to myself; the worst death I have to fear is the death that releases a worn-out spirit and cures a broken heart."

"Enough—enough so," said the old man. "I ask for no secret, Sarah, that is not yours to give. It is all dark to me—very dark, very confused. I look away from it; I look only towards you. Not with doubt, my child, but with pity, and with sorrow, too—sorrow that ever you went near that house of Porthgenna—sorrow that you are now going to it again."

"I have no choice, uncle, but to go. If every step on the road to Porthgenna took me nearer and nearer to my death, I must still tread it. Knowing what I know, I can't rest, I can't sleep—my very breath won't come freely—till I have got that letter out of the Myrtle Room. How to do it—oh, Uncle Joseph, how to do it, without being suspected, without being discovered by anybody—that is what I would almost give my life to know! You are a man; you are older and wiser than I am; no living creature ever asked you for help in vain—help me now! my only friend in all the world, help me a little with a word of advice!"

Uncle Joseph rose from his chair, and

folded his arms resolutely, and looked his niece full in the face.

"You will go?" he said. "Cost what it may, you will go? Say, for the last time, Sarah—is it yes, or no?"

"Yes! For the last time, I say, Yes."

"Good. And you will go soon?"

"I must go to-morrow. I dare not waste a single day; hours even may be precious for anything I can tell."

"You promise me, my child, that the hiding of this secret does good, and that the finding of it will do harm?"

"If it was the last word I had to speak in this world, I would say, Yes!"

"You promise me also that you want nothing but to take the letter out of the Myrtle Room, and put it away somewhere else?"

"Nothing but that."

"And it is your's to take and yours to put? No person has a better right to touch it than you?"

"Now that my master is dead, no person."

"Good. You have given me my resolution. I have done. Sit you there, Sarah; and wonder, if you like, but say nothing." With these words, Uncle Joseph stepped lightly to the door leading into the shop, opened it, and called to the man behind the counter.

"Samuel, my friend," he said. "To-morrow I go a little ways into the country with my niece, who is this lady, here. You keep shop and take orders, and be just as careful as you always are, till I get back. If anybody comes and asks for Mr. Buschmann, say he is gone a little ways into the country, and will be back in a few days. That is all. Shut up the shop, Samuel, my friend, for the night; and go to your supper. I wish you good appetite, nice victuals, and sound sleep."

Before Samuel could thank his master the door was shut again. Before Sarah could say a word, Uncle Joseph's hand was on her lips, and Uncle Joseph's handkerchief was wiping away the tears that were now falling fast from her eyes.

"I will have no more talking, and no more crying," said the old man. "I am German, and I glory in the obstinacy of six Englishmen, all rolled into one. To-night you sleep here, to-morrow we talk again of all this. You want me to help you with a word of advice. I will help you with myself, which is better than advice, and I say no more till I fetch my pipe down from the wall there, and ask him to make me think. I smoke and think to-night—I talk and do to-morrow. And you, you go up to bed; you take Uncle Max's music-box in your hand, and you let Mozart sing the cradle-song before you go to sleep. Yes, yes, my child, there is always comfort in Mozart—better comfort than in crying. Why cry so much? What is there to cry about, or to thank about? Is it so great a wonder that I will not let my sister's child go alone to make a venture

in the dark? I said Sarah's sorrow was my sorrow, and Sarah's joy my joy; and now, if there is no way of escape—if it must indeed be done—I also say; Sarah's risk to-morrow is Uncle Joseph's risk to-morrow, too!"

MANY NEEDLES IN ONE HOUSE-WIFE.

IN the house in Great Ormond Street tenanted about fourscore years ago by the rugged Thurlow, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, a pleasant little community of girls engaged in day-labour for London dressmakers and milliners is now at home. The house—number forty-four—has for its present uses the advantage of being situated in the heart of London, midway between the West End and the City. Eighty years ago, it was a fashionable suburb, bordering immediately upon the fields. The north side of Queen Square was in fact left open, in order that the beautiful landscape terminated by the hills of Hampstead and Highgate might not be shut out. It was from the fields lying on the other side of Lord Thurlow's garden-wall, that, in the year seventeen hundred and eighty-four some thieves—commissioned, as the more profound sort of politicians declared, by the Whigs—approached the premises of the Lord Chancellor, entered his house by the kitchen, went up-stairs, and stole some cash, two silver-hilted swords, and the Great Seal of England. When daylight came, great was the consternation of the chancellor. He hurried off to Mr. Pitt, and then with Mr. Pitt hurried off to the King; and on that day, at the Court of St. James's, the twenty-fourth of March, present the King's most Excellent Majesty in Council, a new seal was ordered to be made forthwith. It was indeed finished by noon on the day following. Lord Thurlow having received it, took it to Great Ormond Street, but it had been made with a haste outrageous to the legal mind. A few days afterwards, deliberate steps began to be taken for the making of a seal. A sketch was ordered on the second of April, seen and approved six weeks afterwards, and engraved in the course of the next ten or eleven months. The work produced thus deliberately, was delivered in exchange for the makeshift to the man with black brows and a large wig; and so it happened that he took to number forty-four, Great Ormond Street, three several editions of the mighty seal which it is high treason to counterfeit.

Not long ago, Lord Thurlow's house was in the occupation of a club; now, as before said, it is the home of girls who, by uniting their resources, hope to make the little intervals of rest from the long drudgery of needlework healthier and happier than they are easily to be made by people of their means in London. Since needs must, there shall go many needles to one housewife. They do not choose to

divide their young lives wholly between the toil of the work-room and the cheerfulness of the narrow, lonely lodging. They come together to obtain, by their united efforts, the full blessing of light and air, of warm and spacious rooms, of company, and of something like family life. They help each other to attain to better things than they can compass singly, many of them having felt how

— hard it is to wear their bloom
In unremitting sighs away;
To mourn the night's oppressive gloom,
And faintly bless the rising day.

All honour—and all help, too—to their effort! Their own effort it is, and must be. Help of ours can consist only in making it known, as far as these pages can, to others of their class, and in recommending them to give their hearty support to the undertaking.

We have spoken of this little community before.* It is the same that was established first at a house in Manchester Street, Manchester Square. The house in Manchester Street was filled; and, to make the experiment perfectly successful, it was found that a good deal more space was wanted, but with only a slight increase of rent.

Queen Square and Great Ormond Street exist as of old, except that the noble gentlemen in wigs, and their noble ladies in sedan chairs and in coaches, no longer throng the roadway. There is no flaring of links at night, because my lady the Duchess is holding an assembly. The old bustle has ceased, and silence follows it. Thus it happens that for a few pounds a-year more than they paid in a more western quarter of the town, the milliner's girls are established in a house where there is room for threescore, instead of thirty. Here they can gossip together after work is over, in a pillared saloon, wherein ministers of state have received company. Its rich furniture is gone; but, well lighted with gas, and warmed in wintertime with a bright fire, the present occupant may be as much at home in it as ever my Lord Thurlow was. It is a room that will be as delightful in the summer as it is snug in the winter; for its windows open on a broad terrace, from which the rural landscape used to be enjoyed, and which is still a pleasant promenade. From the terrace one descends by steps into a garden larger than is usually to be found in London. The bedrooms are numerous, large, airy, and well lighted. There are kitchens, pantries and store-rooms, with the cooking accommodation that was used by the departed club.

The invitation to help is addressed, by the milliner's day-workers within the home, to their companions without it. Its maintenance depends on them; although it would not have existed, but for Lady Hobart and the

Viscountess Goderich; and that, in its first days, it is kept from falling by their generous assistance. But it is to be remembered that there is no man or woman in any station who has not to receive very often in this world—thank Heaven, that it is so—the kind offices of others. It is obvious that the most industrious needlewoman in the establishment of Madame Crinoline could not persuade any landlord to grant her a lease of a house at a hundred a year rental. Such a home as that of which we speak can only be established when there are persons known to possess worldly means ready to become surety on its behalf. That is the position in which the two ladies whom we have named stand with regard to the community of day-workers at number forty-four, Great Ormond Street. They knew that the usual price of a week's industry with the needle would not provide one girl with a home as good as she could wish to have, and with the comforts that she ought to have; they knew also, that if a sufficient number of girls contributed out of their lillies, they could make a mickle that would give them power to overcome a host of difficulties, and make them richer by the saving of much waste expense. Clearly, however, they could not themselves have either time or power, without help at the beginning, to set such an experiment fairly in action. Lady Hobart and Lady Goderich undertook then, that on this account the experiment should not miss being tried. They became, answerable for the rent of the former house, furnished it as a home for a community of day-workers, and fixed a scale of payment for those who should take lodgings in it, which would suffice, they believed, to make the establishment support itself. For a single bed, with use of kitchen fire, and of the common sitting-room and library, with fires, and light, and books (and also medical attendance, when required), half-a-crown a week. This establishment became so full during the season, that there was not room for all who wished to join it; at the same time it was found that, to make the home one that could be supported wholly by the girls themselves, more house-room must be obtained in proportion to the money paid for rental. So the house was taken in Great Ormond Street.

There is nothing whatever in the constitution of the household thus established, which, in the least degree, interferes with the just independence of its members. They pay for accommodation of a certain kind the price asked for it, and it is theirs. The kind of accommodation they pay for is one that gives them many of the comforts of family life, and it is an essential part of every family that there should be somebody who occupies the central place; to whom, especially, the servants are responsible, and who takes thought for the maintenance of that good order which is necessary to the health and peace of every household. This place is occupied at Great

* See volume Thirteen, page seventy-seven.

Ormond Street by a Lady Resident, who ministers, we are quite sure, in no slight degree to the happiness of those with whom she lives, and whose domestic interests she represents. Nothing is farther from the thoughts of this lady and the originators of the home than to assume any undue authority over its inmates. They have proved their friendship to the day-workers, and ask to be received as friends. They place instruction in French and other useful things within reach of those members of the Ormond Street household who care to have them, they bear the risk of any money loss through incomplete fulfilment of their good intentions. From the Queen downwards we all need in some ways and at some times help to the attainment of our wants, and they who help us the most kindly and most wisely, become reckoned naturally as our friends, such friends as we are proud to have and to acknowledge.

If anybody were to take a house in Portman Square, furnish it luxuriously with carpets, mirrors, couches, pictures, statues, provide an array of cooks and footmen satisfied beforehand on the score of wages, put in the stables carriage-horses and a carriage, order butcher, baker, poulterer, fishmonger, fruiterer, &c., to leave at the door daily the best provisions, with receipted bills, and were to say that any milliner's day-worker might have that house and its comforts, and live in it as an independent lady, for the sole consideration of a payment of two shillings a week, where is the girl who would not look upon this as the best lodging in the market, and be anxious to strike the easy bargain? If a tradesman really were to sell his goods at one half the cost price, he might be unwise in his way of selling, but it would be simply natural in customers to buy. A bargain is a bargain, they would say. If the house in Great Ormond Street should not be adequately filled the ladies who are responsible for its rent will be losers of money, but for such risk or loss the girls who have occupied part of the house, and paid what was asked of them, are the last persons to be thought or to think themselves responsible. They purchased wisely the best lodging that was offered to them for the money they could spare, paid what was asked, and had nothing to forfeit in so doing. That is the wordly way of looking at the matter.

Upon looking further at it, worldly interest and honest feeling both give the same counsel. If the contract by which we are benefiting should continue to be burdensome to one of the contracting parties, it is not likely to last for ever. I wish it, says worldly interest, to last for ever; so do I, adds good feeling, and I do not wish it to be burdensome to those who meant us friendship when they became parties to the contract. Upon our prompting, therefore, cry both interest and feeling, let the girls say, "When enough of us have come together, we can pay our

way and hold the ample roof above our heads by the points of our own needles. Together let us come then. The healthy shoot having been planted and watered, let it strike root and grow into a tree by its own innate vigour."

There is left only one view of the case to which we desire to direct attention. Except in close and dingy places we do not know where else than in Great Ormond Street a house good enough at a price low enough for the particular purpose we have been discussing could be found. Great Ormond Street is in a central position between the West End of London and the City; it is within reach, therefore, of girls attached to establishments in either of those regions, but it forces upon either the advantage of a slight walk to and from business. As day-workers with the pen we ourselves can in this respect have perfect sympathy with those who sit all day over the needle. An inevitable half-hour's walk morning and evening, however irksome it may now and then appear, is one of the best means of preserving a fresh cheek and healthy stomach.

It is worth adding that employers from some of the best West End houses have already learnt to apply at the home for any workers who may happen to be disengaged, and have had occasion to remark upon the more than usually healthy look of those who live there.

PERFUMES.

HAVE any of the uninitiated ever had an idea how perfumes were obtained from flowers? It is to many a mystery, an occult art, a pretty kind of alchemy, a mild witchcraft. There is a rough notion of machines, like miniature wine-presses, where the flowers were squeezed, and bruised, and mangled, and made to give up their perfumes in a rude masterful manner; though it is puzzling to think how *mignonette*, or sweet pea, or any other flower which lost its odour when crushed or dead, could be treated thus to any advantage. The mystery, however, is now cleared up. Mr. Septimus Piesse, analytical chemist, has written a book treating of perfumes, their modes of preparation and their manner of combination; and whoever reads it may emerge from ignorance respecting perfumery. It is an old subject. Apollonius, of Herophila, wrote a treatise on perfume:—"The iris," he says, "is best at Elis, and at Cyzicus; perfume from roses is most excellent at Phasalis, Naples, and Capua; that made from crocuses is in highest perfection at Soli, in Cilicia, and at Rhodes; the essence of spikenard is best at Tanius; the extract of vine-leaves at Cyprus, and at Adramyttium; the best perfume from marjoram and from apples comes from Cos; Egypt bears the palm for its essence of Cypirus, and the next best is the Cyprian and Phœnician, and after them comes the

Sidonian; the perfume called Panathenaicum is made at Athens; and those called Metopian and Mendesian are prepared with the greatest skill in Egypt. Still the superior excellence of each perfume is owing to the purveyors, and the materials, and the artists, and not to the place itself."

The ancients indulged in perfumes much more luxuriously than we do. Mr. Sidney Whiting, in his imaginative and scholarly production, *Heliondé, or Adventures in the Sun*, fancifully describes the inhabitants of that orb as sustaining life solely upon sweet scents. The more prosaic Mr. Piesse tells us the manufacturing and trade secrets of perfumes.

There are, it appears, four modes of obtaining the perfume of plants and flowers. The first is by expression—a mode only adopted when the plant is very prolific in its volatile or essential oil; that is, in its odour. The outer rind or pellicle of the lemon, orange, citron, and a few others of the same class, is chiefly subjected to this process. The parts to be expressed are put into a cloth bag, and placed under a screw press; sometimes laid, without any bag at all, on the perforated plate through which the oil is to run. When all the oil is expressed, it is left standing in a quiet place for some time, to allow it to separate itself from the water which came with it. It is then poured off and strained.

The second method is by distillation—a method used for lavender, cloves, seeds, herbs, but not for the rarer flowers, the odours of which are lost by heat; only to be gained indeed by loving contact and careful influence. The only notable fact in this process of distillation is that, in France, they apply fire directly to the still; in England, they distil by steam. Excepting for this difference, this mode of chemical manipulation is too well known to need description here. The fire applied directly to the still sometimes gives a burnt odour to the distillate, which is not entirely disagreeable in some combinations.

Maceration is the third process. Purified beef or deer suet is placed with purified lard in a clean metal or porcelain pan, a bain Marie, or steam pan. When melted, the flowers required to be used are thrown in and left to remain from twelve to forty-eight hours; the liquid fat is then strained, and fresh flowers are added. This is repeated as often as is necessary; and the pomatum obtained therefrom is known as six, twelve, eighteen, or twenty-four, according to the strength of the odour. For perfumed oil the same process is gone through; fine olive oil only being substituted for lard and suet. The oils made thus are called *Huile antique à la rose, à la fleur d'orange, &c.* Orange, rose, and cassie, are prepared thus; violet and *réséda* are begun thus, and finished by enfleurage.

This is the daintiest method of all. En-

fleurage, or absorption, is very little practised in England, though uniformly used in France for all the finest odours. Square frames with glass bottoms, called *châsses*, are spread with a layer of fat about a quarter of an inch thick; then sprinkled abundantly with flowers. They are suffered to remain forty-eight hours, when a fresh supply of the spent and exhausted blossoms is given; which process is repeated over and over again until the pomatum is sufficiently powerfully scented. For perfumed oil, coarse cotton cloths are saturated with fine olive oil, and laid on frames of wire gauze. These are treated in the same manner as the *châsses*; and, when thoroughly perfumed, are placed under a screw press and the oil wrung from them—rich, sweet, flowery oil, such as *Juno* or *Venus* might have used, and been proud of, too.

The south of Europe is the perfumer's *Dorado*. Cannes and Nice are the principal flower-growing places; for there the flower farmer may have any climate he will within a short distance one of the other, and so produce on the mild sea-coast the cassie which one night's frost further inland would destroy for a whole season; while, at the foot of the mountains, his violets are sweeter than if they were grown in the sheltered valleys, where his orange-blossoms and *mignonette* are brought to perfection. But flowers are grown at other places besides these. In England not much; her speciality being lavender and peppermint only. But the lavender farms at Mitcham and Hitchin produce essential oils which realise eight times the price of those extracted from French lavender and French peppermint, and are worth the difference. At Cannes we have rose, tuberose, cassie, jasmine, and *orange-neroli*; at Nîmes thyme, rosemary, lavender, and *aspie*; at Nice violets and *réséda*; from Sicily lemon, bergamot, and orange; while the Damascus rose-fields, those of Fayoum in Egypt, and the sweet Cashmerian plains, give us the famous *Attar Gul*, or otto of roses, renowned over the whole world.

Odours are extracted from various parts of plants or flowers: different in different kinds. The roots of orris and of *vitivert*; the stem or wood of cedar, santal, and rosewood; the leaves of mint, thyme, and patchouli; the flowers of roses, violets, and other flowers; the seeds of *Dipterix odorata*, or Tonquin bean, and carraway, the bark of the cinnamon; many gums and resins—benzoin, olibanum, &c.; these are a few instances of the various odoriferous parts of different plants. Some indeed are more varied in their odoriferous elements. For instance, the orange-tree gives three distinct scents, and most flowers give two, according to their manner of preparation. From the leaves of the orange-tree, comes *petit-grain*; from the flowers, *neroli*; from the rind, the essential oil known as *Portugal*. Again, the orange flower or *neroli*, macerated in pomade, is

known as orange-flower pomatum. This, chopped up fine and put into rectified spirit, makes *extrait de fleur d'orange*, which Mr. Piesse says cannot, with closed eyes, be distinguished from the original, and which is one of the most valuable bases to the perfumer—passing, with slight modifications, for sweet-pea, magnolia, and scents of that class. Orange-flowers distilled with water give the otto known as oil of neroli; when procured from the flowers of the *Citrus aurantium*, called neroli petale; when from the flowers of the *Ditrus bigaradia*, or Seville orange, called neroli bigarade, and ranked of second quality. The petit grain, a quite different odour, is extracted from the leaves and the young, unripe fruit of various species of citrons, and is used for scenting soaps. The neroli petale and bigarade help to form Hungary-water and eau de Cologne. The water which was used in distilling the oil of neroli, when freed from oil, is imported as eau de fleur d'orange, a cheap and fragrant cosmetic of three qualities. The first is made from the distilled flowers; the second, of the water used in distilling the oil of neroli; and the third from the leaves, stems, and young, unripe fruit of every kind of orange-tree. They are easily tested; the first turning rose-colour under a few drops of sulphuric acid; the second turning rose-colour, too, when quite fresh; but, after a short time this chemical result and the aroma both disappear; the third does not change its colour at all under sulphuric acid, and smells more of lemon than of orange. The orange flowers are grown at Cannes for pomade, and at Nice for distillation.

Cassie is another valuable agent in the perfumer's repertoire, though not so extensively used as it might be, since it grows exclusively at Cannes, belonging neither to Nice nor to Grasse. Cassie and cassia are often confounded together; but they are totally different. Cassia is made from the outer bark of the *Laurus cassia*, is not unlike cinnamon in odour, being aromatic and spicy rather than flowery, and is principally used in military soap. Cassie is procured by maceration from the *Acacia farnesiana*. It is to be found in most of the best handkerchief bouquets, but alone is sickly-sweet, and of an intense violet odour. Allspice, called also pimento, is got by distilling the dried, unripe fruit of *Eugenia pimenta* and *Myrtus pimenta*; it also is chiefly used for scenting soap, on account of its supposed medicinal qualities. Who does not know the magic virtues attributed to almond-paste? But the largest amount of the almond perfume of commerce comes from distilled laurel leaves and the kernels of stone-fruit; also from the skin of bitter almonds. The essential oil of almonds is got from the nut itself; first pressed into a cake, then moistened with salt and water; from the fermentation of this is produced the amygdalin and emulsine contained in the almonds.

Laurel leaves and other analogous substances give the same results under the like treatment. Fourteen pounds of this almond-cake yield one ounce of essential oil, which then must be diluted with spirit to become pleasant: the concentrated essence being too powerful to be tolerable. It is much used in soap, cold cream, &c., being esteemed as a good cosmetic. Miribane, is imitated oil of almonds; made from benzole (a product of tar oil), and patented by Mr. Mansfield of Weybridge. This miribane was used for perfuming soap; but it did not succeed; and, after a short time, the licence was withdrawn: since when miribane, or chemically speaking, nitro-benzole, has not been applied to any of the general uses of perfumery.

Bergamot, again, is one of the indispensable agents in a perfumatory. Obtained by expression from the rind of *Citrus bergamia*, it forms the basis of most bouquets. In the celebrated *Ess bouquet* it is a leading element, though well covered by orris and other ingredients. It is best preserved in closely stoppered bottles, kept cool and dark; which remark applies to all perfumes, excepting rose. The honey soap, which made so many believe in the advent of a cosmetic specific, is but fine yellow soap mixed with citronella; and citronella comes from the distilled leaves of the *Andropogon schœnonthus*, a weed ranking wild in Ceylon. Dill water, sacred to nurseries, when mixed with rose-water makes likewise a good cosmetic; the oil of dill also perfumes soap. Cloves perfume soap, as well as aid in forming bouquets. *Rondeletia* (the Guards' Bouquet), owe their peculiar odour, in chief part to the oil of cloves they contain. Indeed many of our most valuable culinary spices, are also valuable perfumatory ingredients; mace (for soaps and sachets); nutmeg (otto of nutmeg is one of the principal ingredients in all the frangipanni series); cinnamon; caraway seeds for soaps and sachets; dried fennel herbs; vanilla; lemon; marjoram—forming orgeat oil, used for *Tablet Monstre Soap*, and by French soap-makers generally; rue, rosemary, mint, and sage; all these serve double duty, one in the kitchen, and one in the still-room, of the olden times—in the perfumatory of the modern. Besides other herbs which we have not space to enumerate.

Some of our sweetest flowers are not available. Eglantine and sweet-briar can only be imitated; the perfume being destroyed under any process possible. Spirituous extract of rose pomade, of cassie, and of fleur d'orange, esprit de rose, verbina, and neroli oils, are the ingredients which very fairly imitate the eglantine of the summer-hedges. Lily of the valley, is another unextracted, but imitated odour—extract of tuberose, jasmine, fleur d'orange, vanilla, cassie, and rose, with otto of almonds, making up the masque of this sweetest perfume. Lilies

are found to be too powerful, and are not used, though Mr. Piesse says, they might well be brought into combination with other odours: as indeed seems patent, even to the ignorant. Wall-flower is not used, but it is imitated; that most delicious fragrance of the clove pink also is only imitated; sweet-pea again, is made out of tuberose, fleur d'orange, rose pomade, vanilla, but of real sweet pea there is none; myrtle is rarely genuine, and magnolia is too expensive to be genuine; but both are imitated, not unaptly; heliotrope and honey-suckle come under the same category, but Mr. Piesse gives instructions for pomade and extract of heliotrope which we trust will be carried into practice. No perfume would have a greater success than genuine heliotrope, judging by the universal love accorded to the flower. Mignonette alone does not give a useful essence. It wants violet, or extract of tolu, to bring it up to market odour. M. March of Nice, has a spécialité for essence of mignonette; but it does not answer on the whole, as a trade perfume. Essence of pine-apple is butyrate of ethyloxyde diluted with alcohol; apple-oil is valerianate of amyloxyde; and an alcoholic collection of acetate of amyloxyde gives the fragrance of pears, which few people could distinguish from the real odour. But these are confectioners' secrets, rather than perfumers'.

Scents are not only imitated; they are adulterated. Thus, the leaves of the Geranium odoratissimum—the sweet, rosy-smelling geranium—are used to adulterate the otto of roses sent out from France. And this geranium, in its turn, is adulterated with ginger-grass oil—andropogon—which makes a profitable kind of cheater; seeing that real geranium fetches about twelve shillings the ounce, while ginger-grass oil is worth the same amount the pound. Syringa makes orange pomatum; and pure violet essence is scarcely to be had. It is to be had, but only at special places, and at an exorbitant price. Cassie, esprit de rose, tincture of orris, tuberose, and otto of almonds, make up three-fourths of the essence of violet bought by the unwary. It reads strangely, this adulteration of flower-scents! It is a sad adoption into the perfumatory of the tricks of the trade current in less beautiful manufactures.

Of all extracts, jasmine is one of the most delicious. A fine sample of six ounces, in the Tunisian department of the Crystal Palace, was worth nine pounds the ounce. The odour is obtained by enfleurage; as, indeed, how should any other process be employed for a flower so sweet, so fair, so pure? Tuberose, the sweetest flower for scent that blows, is another of the luscious extracts obtained by enfleurage; but needing to be fixed by a less volatile essence. Tuberose alone flies at once; but fixed by vanilla, or some other strong and enduring scent, it is one of the most valuable of the whole list,

entering largely into the composition of almost all the most fragrant and popular bouquets. As to these fixing scents—storax, benzoin and tolu, musk, vanilla, ambergris, orris, and vitivert (kus-kus) are the principal ones used; orris especially in the Jockey Club bouquet; in all fashionable dentifrices—in the famous odonto above all—and the rest in their degree in very nearly every composition known. Less pure in scent, but more potent and more enduring than jasmine or tuberose, the leaves and stem of that Eastern herb, patchouli, are also of invaluable service to the perfumer. Indeed, we cannot understand how Bond Street got on at all in the days when patchouli was not. We all remember the rage there was for this scent a short time ago; and how the whole world was delighted with patchouli in essence and patchouli in powder, patchouli sachets and patchouli bouquets, till one grew almost to loathe the very name of the sweet scent; which, when well disguised and well accompanied, gives such delicious results. The peculiar scent of Chinese and Indian ink is owing to patchouli and camphor; and the test of the real Indian shawl used to be this strange odour, which had not then found its way into the Western world. The shawl could be imitated, but not the perfume; so that all knowing purchasers of true Cashmeres judged by the sense of smell as well as by those of touch and sight. And they could not be deceived in this. Now, with patchouli in the market, and with such splendid fabrics in our looms, who is to know the true Cashmere of the Indies from the spurious Cashmere of Paisley or Glasgow? Vitivert, or kus-kus, the rhizome of an Indian grass, is another importation, which leaves us in doubt as to how the perfuming world existed without it. The famous Mousseline des Indes, which made Delcroix's fortune, was chiefly extract of vitivert; and the Maréchal Bouquet and the Bouquet du Roi owe their characteristic scents to this plant also.

We have spoken of otto of roses, which comes principally from the East. But there is a very sweet, if somewhat peculiar, otto of roses, made of the Provence rose, grown at Cannes and Grasse; the peculiarity of the odour arising, it is said, from bees carrying the pollen of the orange flowers to the rose-beds. The perfume is obtained by maceration and enfleurage. When the powder, chopped fine, is dropped into rectified spirit, it is called esprit de rose. Rose-water is made at Mitcham in Surrey; but not to any great excellence; lavender and peppermint—the last-named herb, by-the-bye, is the basis of the celebrated Eau botot—holding supremacy there. Peppermint is dearer and more prized, because less cultivated, abroad, than here in England. It is the mouth-wash of the continent generally. Speaking of herbs, rosemary is largely used in eau de Cologne and in Hungary water; and sassafras, in a weak

solution, is the renowned eau Athénienne, which is supposed to cure all hair defects whatsoever.

Snuff is perfumed by tonquin bean; the odour heightened by ammonia. Smelling salts are made of ammonia, ambergris, musk, civet; and other ingenious sachets have in them orris, vitivert, rhodium, santal-wood, patchouli in powder, ottos of rose, neroli, santal; musk-pods, ground, and civet too; tonquin beans, cloves, rose-leaves. All the perfumes, in fact, which can be reduced to powder, moistened with a few drops of otto. For pastil, benzoin and olibanum; the last used chiefly in the Greek church; believed also to be good for ophthalmia, and a specific for consumption. But far more ingredients are used than these. Santal wood, gum benzoin and tolu, otto of santal, cassia, and of cloves; nitrate of potass, and mucilage of tragacantha are the ingredients of the Indian or yellow pastils. Cascarilla, myrrh, chanval, otto of cloves and of nutmegs, vanilla, neroli; carraway, rose, thyme, lavender ottos, are among the recipes given for the rest. But it is to be remembered that the burning material is charcoal, and that after all a pastil is simply scented charcoal.

What shall we say of the chapter on soaps? Our space is too much narrowed to enable us to extract all the details which our readers would find interesting. We can but give a few leading facts. Such as,—that the primary soaps are divided into hard and soft, the hard containing soda, the soft, potash, as the basis; that curd soap—a nearly neutral soap of pure soda and fine tallow—forms the basis of all the perfumed soaps; and that oil soap, Castille soap, marine soap, a cocoa-nut oil soap, of soda, an excess of alkali and much water; yellow soap—tallow, resin and lead; palm soap; fig soft soap—a combination of oils and potash—and Naples soft soap—fish oil, Lucca oil, and potash—are, in their degree, the real bodies or bases of all the highly-scented soaps of Bond Street; curd soap being the saponaceous majority of them all. These various soaps are cut into small slices, melted, scented, fashioned into shape of fruits, sometimes—tablets generally, and sold at a large profit; the public paying for name and perfume, literally cent per cent, or cent per cent, more properly. The rest of the toilet requisites we must also leave unrecorded. Cold creams, lip salves, pomade divine, cosmetics, tooth-powders, hair-dyes, bandolines, mouth-washers, toilet vinegars, rouges, and depilatories—we must leave them all to those of the curious fair, who choose to consult Mr. Piesse, thereon. He gives copious recipes for those same matters; but when we have given the method of preparation, and the ingredients used in handkerchief perfumes, we have given the alphabet of all the rest. It is merely the same thing

under different phases—the same materials variously combined—the vehicle or form alone being different.

There is in flowers as in music, and as in geometry, a certain fixed law of unity and harmony, wonderfully in accordance with what we know of the laws of nature in wider spheres.

“There is,” says Mr. Piesse, “an octave of odours like an octave in music; certain odours coincide like the keys of an instrument. Such as almond, heliotrope, vanilla, and orange-blossom blend together, each producing different degrees of a nearly similar impression. Again, we have citron, lemon, orange, rue, and verberna, forming a higher octave of smells, which blend in a similar manner. The metaphor is completed by what we are pleased to call semi-odours, such as rose and rose-geranium for the half-note; petit grain neroli a black key, followed by fleur d’orange. Then we have patchouli, santal wood, and vitivert, and many others running into each other. From the odours already known we may produce, by uniting them in proper proportion, the smell of almost any flower except jasmine.”

Is jasmine, then, the mystical Merù—the centre, the Delphi, the Omphalos of the floral world? Is it the point of departure—the one unapproachable and indivisible unit of fragrance? Is jasmine the *Ægis* of flowers, with veiled face and covered feet, to be loved of all yet discovered by none? Beautiful jasmine! If it be so, the rose ought to be dethroned, and the Inimitable enthroned queen in her stead. Revolutions and abdications are exciting sports; suppose we create a civil war among the gardens, and crown the jasmine empress and queen of all?

The art of perfumery, though in its use so essentially frivolous, is of some importance nationally. British India and Europe consume about one hundred and fifty thousand gallons of handkerchief perfumes yearly; and the English revenue from eau de Cologne alone is about eight thousand a-year. Nine thousand seven hundred and sixty-six pounds flowed into Britannia’s pocket in eighteen hundred and fifty-two, simply from the duty on imported essential oils, one hundred and ninety-five thousand three hundred and forty-six pounds weight of which landed on our shores. And the total revenue from imported perfumes is estimated at about forty thousand pounds per annum, including the spirits used for their home manufacture. So that we need not sneer at the art as wholly frivolous; it has its uses, and its advantages as well. And, practically, all things are better for a little adventitious perfumes. Linen, paper, houses, persons—all are improved by a little scent; and if coarse people overdo the quantity, and distort what was intended for refinement into vulgarity, the fault is theirs, not their material.

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THE PREDATORY ART.

CHAPTER THE FIRST. THE PRELUDE.

UNWILLINGLY complying with the exigencies of the present hour, I write now in the mother tongue that tractate de Arte Prædatoriæ, which it would have been my happiness to indite in Latin, had I been so blessed as to have broken into the world two or three hundred years ago. The day may yet return when Latin, or at any rate thieves' Latin, shall be spoken in the courts of emperors, the camps of generals, within the merchant's counting-house, the banker's parlour; by the steward of accounts in Crystal Palaces; by the reliever of the poor within the workhouse walls. Such a day may dawn even upon the generation to which I belong.

For free, art thou already, and famous, O light-fingered Predatory Art! Fortunate men are they who practise thee, and fear thee not. In a great town, on the approach of midnight, a sound, as of the grating of a million bolts, the rattle of a thousand chains, declares the terror of the herd to whom thy secrets are not open. The honest family commits itself every night to prison, sleeps under lock and key, and has not only imprisonment, but often torture also in its nightly dungeon. If the wind but shake a chimney-board, or if a mouse but nibble at a door, the heart of the trembler quakes in his domestic jail. The honest men occasionally lock up a few of the rogues; the rogues, however, lock up every night all the honest men. The best prerogative of citizens belongs, therefore, especially to him who cultivates the Predatory Art. In the land of freedom, it is he who is free, and who makes free.

What shall a nation prize next to its liberty? Its fame. The Predatory Art makes famous those who follow it. A most foolish poet—of the class weakly refusing to obtain repute by larceny of jewels from established verse shops—peached upon a man who would do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame. If that man would do his good by way of stealing he might have relied upon its publication in the papers. The smallest robbery is thought worthy of being detailed for the instruction of the public. A curate having laboured thirty years in a large parish, having destroyed his health by indefatigable toil, and having earned the eternal gratitude of many

souls, receives a silver teapot and a purse of sovereigns. Fame does not so much as take her trumpet in her hand. I step in between the curate and his friends, acquire, by my skill in the Predatory Art, the teapot and the gold: Fame puts her trumpet to her mouth, and makes known my achievement.

Here let me pause. I do but touch a chord where I might play a symphony. I will not linger over praises of the Predatory Art, but pass on to the next part of my treatise.

CHAPTER THE SECOND. THE THEORY PROPOUNDED.

The Predatory Art enables its professor to acquire in one hour, that for which another may have laboured many years; it places at his free disposal all the houses in the land; it closes hearts, and open pockets. The doctrine of the closed heart is, Expect nothing but what you can take; the doctrine of the open pocket is, Take what you would have. Among beasts, man reckons as king the lion, which is the most easily successful as an animal of prey; among birds, those only which are predatory, are accounted noble. The men whose deeds history recounts with most applause, and who are especially called great, are those who exercised upon the largest scale the Predatory Art.

The peculiar advantages offered to the practitioner of this art, arise chiefly from its simplicity and its directness. By throwing out of life the element of truth, the great obstacle to plain dealing is overcome. And this needs hardly to be proved. For every man knows how often on his path of life he is brought to a standstill, at a point where inconvenient truth obliges him to say or do what forces him into a way that is tortuous, or even stubbornly opposed to that which he sees leading straight towards his object. In the Predatory Art success is most complete, wherever this unmanageable principle of truth is most effectually overcome. He may walk straight to his destination, who knows that he is at liberty to throw over any chasm in his solid ground of fact, a flying bridge of falsehood. He may please men who is at liberty to tell them anything they like to hear, and he who has no strength to suit circumstances to his will, may yet know how to suit his will to circumstances, bending as

they bend, and following with happily adapted lies all their contortions. Now ingenuity of this kind is not difficult, and that it is easy constitutes the great charm of the art we are discussing. The learned Baronus Martinus proved himself very little of a thief, when recently, in passing sentence on one of our eminent professors, he informed him that only a tenth part of the skill he had shown in dishonesty, would have obtained for him eminence in any honest calling. Dishonesty has all the world before it where to choose what it shall do or say. Because a man chooses to run fast down the broad road, we are not to think that with a tenth of the trouble he would have climbed as rapidly had he but taken to the narrow one.

CHAPTER THE THIRD. THE PRACTICE EXPOUNDED.

SECTION THE FIRST. OF CLASSIFICATION.

The Predatory Act is practised in three ways, by robbery, by theft, by swindling. If a child, when the mother's face is turned away, were to transfer secretly a piece of sugar from the basin to his mouth, he would become a thief. If, when his mother had a piece of sugar in her hand, he were to grasp it, and by violence, against the mother's will, transfer the sugar to his mouth, he would become a robber. If by a false representation of his father's wish, that sugar should be given to him, he should cause his mother with her own hands to present the sugar to his lips, he would become a swindler. In every case, it is to be observed, he is a clever child who eats the sugar.

SECTION THE SECOND. OF ROBBERS, AND OF A NICE QUESTION THAT ARISES ON THIS HEAD.

In the class of robbers the first order is the imperial, and in this order the genus Russian is remarkable. We deal here, however, only with the more popular applications of the Predatory Art, beginning with robbery, which is that art displayed in its most elementary condition. There is a nice question upon which I should like to hold some disputations in the schools of Europe, and it is this: Whether a man who obtains goods by secret poisoning, in as far as he obtains goods, is to be regarded as a robber or a swindler? If murder be an act of violence, and it will need much acumen to show that it is not, then since poisoning is murder, he who obtains goods by poisoning must be a robber. Palmerus seeking gain by the death of wife and friend, comforted their last hours by affectionate attendance, and seemed to embrace them tenderly with human arms, while really he had gripped them like a vulture in his clutches. By virtue of the false appearances was Palmerus a swindler, or by virtue of the violence was he a robber? In either case, he it observed, even the usage of society would have me say, by virtue.

SECTION THE THIRD. OF ROBBERY IN-DOORS AND OUT-OF-DOORS.

Between robbery in-doors and the same out-of-doors stands robbery committed on a threshold. Viator, in a public thoroughfare heard screams. He saw a woman on the threshold of an open door, behind whom was a man holding her about the neck. This he at first believed to be the sequel to one of those little differences incidental to the married state; on second thoughts, however, he turned back; the man, an unknown professor of the Predatory Art, was no more to be seen. He had knocked at a private door as a dealer in blacking, with a view to depreciation upon great-coats and umbrellas; the door being accidentally opened by the mistress of the house, he had applied to her at once by the method known as garotting for her purse, but was defeated in his purpose by her struggles.

The wisdom of the East has contributed to the perfection of the Predatory Art. From the Thugs of India has been learnt the mystery of the garotte, which is not less to be remembered than the electric telegraph, or than the photograph, among the great advances made by art and science in our day. Placing my hand suddenly between your neckcloth and your neck, I grasp, I twist, and what is yours is mine, or should be mine. As conqueror I have a right to dictate terms. To the garotte we owe some beautiful examples of the clemency of victors in the humblest walks of life.

Jarveius, who had found but little custom for his cab, took notice of the comfortable appearance of a gentleman who passed his stand. He followed, seized, and twisted; of the gentleman made suddenly uncomfortable, he demanded money; the answer was, "I have none," though the conquered man had in his pocket seven shillings. "Money I must and will have," said Jarveius, "but—I will be satisfied with fourpence." Hear ye that, shades of Alexander, Attila, Napoleon, and Nicolas.

But there are conquerors of the true type, who by the garotte prey on the sick man and make victims on the provocation of debility. Not long ago—only with recent instances do I enforce the doctrine of this treatise—not long ago, a man so poor that he had in his pocket but a single penny, so old also that there was but little of life left in him, and that little—if a popular opinion be correct—only the remainder of the ninth part of a man, a poor worn-out tailor, went upon an errand through some market-gardens in the neighbourhood of Camberwell. He was garotted, robbed of the one penny that he had, and of his coat. So left, and deprived by throttling of the use of speech and of his memory, the old man crawled about all night among the snow, was found in the morning near his home, and taken in to die, unable by word or sign to touch the safety

of his conqueror. Now, let honest men say what they please, I ask where is the industry, not fostered by the Predatory Art, that would do so much work as was done in this case for one penny. A penny having been thus hardly earned, one is disposed to wonder what was bought with it, and where the coin itself is now. It may be in my pocket or yours, or be in some young child's hand, making its owner innocently happy.

The simplest form of robbery is that which is achieved within a house at night. There has indeed been lately invented an extremely simple form of in-door robbery by day. The very marrow of it is simplicity. The master of a house or any other able-bodied occupant having been seen to depart, a person calls to see the mistress, and with an alarming face demands five shillings for a bottle of furniture polish or a set of tracts which he admonishes her she had better buy. Menace of violence is to a simple woman violence itself, and the five shillings are earned with little trouble.

Bradlejus lives in a lone country house surrounded by a garden. At midnight, in mid-winter he retires to bed—his wife is in another chamber nursing her sick mother. Suddenly he is awakened by his wife's cry of alarm as she enters to him, and at the same instant five sturdy men, in masks and slops and navvies' boots, enter his room by another door. One of the men carries a lantern, one a candle, the three others weapons; one of them a life-preserver, with a knob at each end. They rush straight towards the bed, and the head of Bradlejus is struck at, but the wife pushes it from under the first murderous blow. Three strike on the bed once. The master of the house holds up a hand to save his head, and immediately one finger is broken and disjointed. He escapes, under a rain of blows, into the space between the bedside and the wall, and his wife stands before him and defends him. Husband and wife both beg for their lives, and offer all. Bradlejus himself says, "They were pressing upon my wife, and I was pushing her in front to keep them off, when I was struck with a weapon on the arm, which cut through to the bone. The contest must have lasted twenty or twenty-five minutes. I then told them that my money was in my left-hand trousers pocket." Thirty or forty pounds having been found in this pocket, actual violence ceased, and, under threat of repeated violence, the conquered persons were kept quiet, and used as assistants in a search for property worth carrying away. Omitting faithful report of the oaths used by these masters of the Predatory Art, I will relate farther in the words of Bradlejus:—"After they had rifled my pockets of the money, they wrenched open the top one of a chest of drawers in the room, and turned all the contents on the floor. Among them were some gold brooches, pins, and old English and foreign coins, which I had

been all my life collecting. I said, 'Those are of no value to you,' and one of them raised his life-preserver, and said something in a threatening manner. They took the jewellery and silver coins, but left the copper ones. They were breaking the other drawers open, when I offered to open them with my keys. In one of the drawers were some deeds of property. I said, 'Don't take those,' and one of them very politely handed them back to me. One of them said, 'He's a good watch, t' old un has—where is it?' I said, 'It is on the table.' They did not seem satisfied with that, and were turning in an angry manner towards me, when I put my hand on the table and handed it to them, saying, 'The watch is here; I'm not deceiving you.' They then threatened that if we made any alarm they would murder us. We promised faithfully we would not, and they left, shutting the doors after them. As near as I can judge they were half-an-hour in our bedroom. After they left our room they turned into my wife's dressing-room. One of them halloed out, 'Hey, lads, this is the shop,' and I then heard them all go there, and there was a noise of breaking open boxes, &c. While they were ransacking the drawers, one of the men stood with a revolver pistol pointed at us and threatened to shoot. I saw it was my own revolver, and knew it was not loaded. It had been stolen from a drawer in the dining-room. Before the men left the house, they returned to the chamber-door and said, 'We're going downstairs to get something to eat; we shall be two hours, and if you make any noise we'll return and murder you.' They then went downstairs, and I think did not remain long there, for directly after they had gone down several of the bells were rung by the servant-girls, and we heard nothing of the men in the house. Half-an-hour after they had gone downstairs we went down and found they were gone. We found that an entrance had been effected by the dining-room window. They had broken a pane, and thrown the sash up, and then attempted to bore through the shutters, but had failed, because they were lined with iron. They had then forced the shutter open with a crowbar. Great force must have been used. Both back and front doors had been opened from the inside, and were left unfastened. The cupboards and boxes, in which I kept my silver plate, had all been broken open by a chisel, or some instrument of that sort. They had taken all the solid silver articles, and had left all the plated articles, except a sugar basin and three pairs of nutcrackers."

Here is simple robbery in a form suited to beginners, since it demands no particular skill in the Predatory Art. In a lonely house inhabited by one man, apparently infirm, a wife, a sick mother, and a couple of maids, five stout Yorkshiremen enter as five to five, with odds entirely in their favour. When

one of these men is afterwards caught and identified, and beyond distinct personal recognition a peculiarity in the nailing of his heavy boots is found to match exactly with one set of footprints in the garden, he declares that he can prove an alibi. Of course he can. Offence and defence are alike of the most elementary description. It is not every one who has mastered the mere elements of the art here discussed, who will be found able to advance to the practice of its higher branches.

SECTION THE FOURTH. OF THIEVES.

We descend as we advance on the broad highway of gain by depredation. It is baser to thief than to rob; it is yet baser to swindle than to thief. The child who tears openly the sugar from the mother's hand and eats it, commits a robbery, which is, in the act, a theft without a lie. The child who steals the sugar from the basin, when the mother looks another way, in being a thief, adds to robbery the lie of concealment. The child who gets the sugar from the mother by presenting a forged order from the father, in being a swindler, adds to robbery the utmost lie. Few children are swindlers. When society is in its infancy the Predatory Art advances but a little way beyond some general diffusion of a rude habit of robbery. In the middle ages we read of the forcible descent of knights, from castles upon hill-tops, whence they spy the coming of the caravan of traders,—of the wresting of possessions from each other by kings and commoners.

The art has advanced greatly of late. It has, like natural and mechanical philosophy, made rapid strides during the last thirty or forty years. A knight is now able to plunder traders and wayfarers, from a bank in the city, much more quietly, although indeed more cruelly, than from a castle in the desert; great potentates can aim at the conquest of ground by treatise based on maps conveniently incorrect, and commoners now plunder one another by the use of such weapons as were scarcely known in days when the bill-men went with the bowmen, and portended to cross-bills broken heads rather than broken hearts.

Theft is achieved by sleight of hand, swindling by sleight of wit. A thief may yet have principle enough to make it impossible for him to descend or advance—descent being advance in this art, as I have repeated frequently—impossible for him to advance to the position of a swindler. He may steal secretly from a pocket, a till, or a house, and use much skill in concealment. I leave him hidden among his ways. Let it suffice to mention Agar; who, by dexterity, obtained the keys of a great gold chest, and who, having taken out the gold, sent lead across the waters.

SECTION THE FIFTH. OF SWINDLING.

Sawardus, commonly known as the lawyer,

or as Jem the Penman, was a barrister-at-law of the Inner Temple, and of the Home Circuit. Dissatisfied with the slow course of prosperity as a junior barrister, he betook himself to the Predatory Art, and, in the first instance, practised only as a thief's assistant. He kept a large number of skeleton keys for the use of thieves, and afterwards advanced to the very low position which he now takes among foremost swindlers. Sawardus, being clever with his pen, could, in half-an-hour, perfect an imitation of whatever signature was placed before him. Common thieves, having obtained blank cheques by any chance from houses or from pockets, would leave those cheques to be dealt with by the penman. He would find out some person keeping an account with the firm to whose banking business the cheques might pertain; he would, by help of an accomplice, and of many false names borne in many lodgings taken for the nonce, obtain a letter from such person, and then, filling the cheque up with an imitation of his handwriting and signature, would, in his name, demand of the bank in question pounds by the hundred. Upon this principle a cheque and bill business was established by a firm of swindlers, with Sawardus at its head. Sawardus was the forger, but another was the sender, and it was the sender's business to find innocent persons who should be used as the presenters of the cheques. The heels of the presenter were dogged by a member of the firm, who served as follower; and, if any hitch occurred, this person gave timely notice to his partners, or when the cheque was cashed, followed the bearer of the money to insure its due delivery to those who had earned it by their predatory skill. The money so delivered was divided fairly among the respective members of the firm, a double share being allowed to the person bringing the cheque, of which use was made. If Sawardus had obtained, in course of business, not a blank cheque, but a good commercial signature, he would find out in what banker's eyes the signature was good, and would engage a common pickpocket, working in such case by the job, to find some blank cheques on that banking firm. On one occasion arrest was made of an innocent presenter, who was tried by mistake for a member of the firm, and sentenced to transportation. The firm met and consulted on the subject. It was decided that it might produce unpleasant consequences were one of them to interfere with the appointed course of law, but, paying a sovereign a-piece, they sent out of their secret charity five pounds to the wife of the man whom they had ruined. Hardwicke—a distinguished member of this firm—kept an account of his own at Coutts's.

Happy is that professor of the Predatory Art who can direct a predatory bank or company, or who has been trusted with the books and money of trustworthy associations. Rob-

sonus could distribute true shares in a Crystal Palace, why, therefore, being so accredited and trusted, should he not distribute false shares, too, and out of the proceeds of these rear a palace for himself? His own structure was one of glass, indeed; but a glass palace will stand as well as any marble halls if battery be never made against it; and it certainly is not in rule for over-lookers to be so ungentlemanly as to annoy men enjoying trust and confidence with questions. If Redpattus, keeping the accounts of a gigantic enterprise, can write in his books three nothings after one, and clear nine hundred and ninety-nine pounds by the transaction, ought he not to grow rich, and upon an income of five hundred pounds a-year to expend forty thousand on the furniture of such a happy home as he is thus enabled to establish? Himself supported by the predatory art, Redpattus could support the arts of painting and sculpture, patronise literature, smile beneficently on the poor out of subscriptions' lists to public charities. So Paulus, banker, could say grace before his daily meal on widows' houses, in daily prayer offered up before his clerks. Charity is the very oldest cloak that selfishness can wear, and still the best, still for good and for evil, the great coverer of sin. Paulus, the union-clerk, called by his mates Honestus, keeping the books of the houseless poor, not only took part of the money given to the destitute, while earning testimonials by his show of honesty, but even with the help of a collector, attained such perfection in the Predatory Art that he would rate householders in his parish with an extra penny or two in the pound for the increase of his own private income. After narrating this achievement, I sink to a bathos if I name the good Samaritan who stood by one of the way-sides in a great city, and made application to the rich for food and drink, that he might give them to the poor, but maintained his own kitchen therewith, and sent away unaided and uncomfortable many a neighbour who, even in the very house of that Samaritan, had fallen among thieves.

Seeing that merchants take as goods, and for a long time pass from hand to hand for documents which represent goods as securely as bank notes represent money, dock warrants written in accordance with a certain form, Carbo rented a small wharf, so situated, that it seemed to be part of a noble pile of attached warehouses, and with the aid of a friend, Carbo set up in a predatory line of business, as a manufacturer of dock warrants. In this way he very literally made a great deal of money. Quislibet was a yet cleverer man. He contrived letters from a London firm on a colonial bank, went to the colony, had his draughts honoured, summoned great dinner-parties by notes headed with a coat-of-arms, lived as the chief man in those distant parts, and when detection followed, Quislibet evaded punishment by legal diffi-

culties that he had created on the score of jurisdiction. Meagerus, alias Morus, alias Jennerus, or Our Mr. Jenner, succeeded as a swindler on a smaller scale. He knew the slang of true commercial correspondence, and could forge the signatures of firms dealing with certain City houses. Thus he delivered to the house of Folius, this letter:

Manchester, September 6, 1856.

Gentlemen,—We can do with a few flounced silks. Have you something new and pretty, about sixty shillings to seventy shillings? You will oblige by sending us a few on appro. Please send them to our Mr. Jenner, at Gregory's Hotel, Cheapside, and oblige

Yours, respectfully,

BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CINNAMON.

C.

Messrs. Folius and Co.

Our Mr. Jenner changed the dresses sent on appro. for pawnbro's dups.

Leo began business as a London merchant, with a capital of fifty pounds, and taking lodgings, proceeded to incur household expenses as a single man, at the rate of nine hundred and fifty-five pounds a-year. At the end of three years' trade, the debts and liabilities of Leo came to thirty thousand pounds. There were no assets. There were no profits. It is an achievement in the Predatory Art, if, after three years thus enjoyed at the expense of society, a certificate of bankruptcy square all accounts.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH. THE SUMMARY.

Thus far have I taught by example those persons, who, being unversed in the Predatory Art, would learn what they may accomplish, if they follow it successfully. They may convert lead into gold. They may earn a thousand pounds in a second, by the drawing of three little circles in a book; they may make money out of paper. If they go abroad they may feast like princes, and be honoured for nothing; if they stay at home, they may, without any act of forgery, live at the rate of a thousand pounds a-year upon a capital of fifty. It is no part of my task to tell the perils of the road. I recommend it to those who like a run down-hill in search of fortune. I speak not of the troubles by the way, and of the deep slough at the bottom. Who fears them?

Let me add, as a last recommendation to the art of which I have been treating, that he who pursues it will not lack for company, seeing that like most other professions it is in these days evidently crowded. I do not say that in England it is overcrowded, for here prey abounds—there is no lack of honest, fat, and unsuspicious men. In other countries the art may have greater difficulties to contend with. Thus we learn that in France, two London pick-pockets have just been arrested, who express unfeigned disgust at the circumstance that of ten purses stolen at the Comic Opera, the aggregate contents did not amount to eight pounds. This little

incident enables us to understand why for the perfecting of the Predatory Art so much pains have been taken among the English.

LITTLE COMMISSIONS.

SUFFER me, Mr. Conductor of Household Words, to put a question—or a case. I wish to ask what I am to do for the abatement of a certain nuisance to which I am much exposed. The question is one of those which, I feel sure, that nobody on earth can answer, for which reason I am the more deeply impressed with the necessity of putting it.

Mine is the case of A. B., a single man, who says he is not likely to marry. His age he refuses to state with precision; but admits that it is not under fifty-nine: is not a wealthy man; thinks that, if living in England, he should be considered poor. To make the most of his income, he has resided in Neufchâtel for the last thirteen years, as an independent gentleman. During the period before said, A. B. has been in the habit of seeking recreation, as often as his income would permit, in little excursions to Paris and London in the first instance, and perhaps, on the way home, to Vienna and Berlin. He may have been in the habit of making such excursions once every two years; or sometimes he might stay at home for three years. Is quite sure that he never went on any such journey without being loaded with Commissions. Cannot be deceived in his recollection on that subject. Said commissions have on several occasions broken his peace, and deprived him of the liberty of action to which he considers himself by law entitled. They are the nuisances of which he seeks abatement.

He thinks it may be true that, as a general rule, a little commission, taken singly, is a trifle; but that little commissions become onerous by reason of their multitude and their variety. He doubts whether a man going on a journey be not an ass, when he stands still and permits his panniers to be laden to his own discomfort. His particular misery is, that he himself knows not how to avoid being such an ass, unless he be content that all his friends should regard him as a good-for-nothing, disobliging curmudgeon. He has thought of quitting Neufchâtel for ever; he has also thought of never quitting Neufchâtel for half-an-hour; but he has been unable to resolve upon the solution of his difficulty in either of these ways.

The origin of A. B.'s grievance is to be found, perhaps, in his possession of a certain reputation for the scrupulous exactness, which is not uncommon in old bachelors, and for good-nature, as well as a conscientious desire to discharge himself honestly of any trust reposed in him. He has known young friends to keep a commission in reserve three or six months, in order that it might be his felicity to execute it.

To quit Neufchâtel without a formal leaving is not permitted by the customs of the country. A. B. made, therefore, before his last departure, a list of the houses at which it was his duty to call, and proceeded to make all his calls in their due order, beginning with the most distant; that of the most distant friend was Madame Verdier Potts. Potts is the lady's maiden name, as commonly used in Switzerland to distinguish different members of one family. After the ascent of a steep and not undefiled staircase, the deponent states that he knocked at the door of Madame Verdier, which was inscribed with her name on a brass plate. After a sufficient number of courtesies had passed, deponent made allusion to the journey he was contemplating, upon which there ensued, as nearly as he can remember, this conversation:

Madame Verdier: "O, my dear Mr. A. B., you have no idea how anxious I have been you should set out. You know the state my poor little Hofer is in. His second teeth, I may say, are all breaking out in a mob over the roof of his mouth, instead of coming up in file out of his gums. You know Mr. Tugwell, in Paris?"

A. B.: "The American dentist?"

Madame Verdier: "O yea. You know every one. I have been told that if I were to take a model of my Hofer's mouth in wax, and send it to him, he can have an instrument made, which, when worn, will restore the teeth to order. I have already taken the model, and it will carry very nicely in this little tin box. How long do you remain in Paris?"

A. B.: "I think about a week."

Madame Verdier: "I am sure if you tell him that, he will have the machine made in time for you to bring it."

A. B.: "But I shall be three or four months absent."

Madame Verdier: "No matter. You always execute commissions so well that I have nobody else to depend upon. I wish Hofer were here that you could look into his mouth, and then you would know how to explain the state of it exactly. I dare say Tugwell will make it in less than a week; but, if there should be a delay of a day or so longer, I am sure you will not mind."

Deponent further states that, having parted from this lady with a promise to fulfil her wish, and with the model of the mouth of Hofer in his pocket, he called next upon Lady Fanfare. The Lady Fanfare is not in the peerage or the knighthood; gossips asserting that her husband's knighthood was bestowed on him in India by a governor-general with whom he bore the brunt of an attack of after-dinner hiccups. Deponent wishes in this place to observe, that he piques himself upon his sound pronunciation of the English language, and insists that the English of the present day has become a jargon of strange tongues. He is always firm

to the upholding of the good old pronunciation of the word obliged. He says, *obleegeed*; but, whenever he does so, Lady F. makes it a point of saying after him obliged, and once she had the impertinence to add her wish that he would bury the word, as it was dead, and belonged to the last century. Supposes that statements of this nature may be irrelevant, but thinks that they may be admissible as evidence to character. Lady Fanfare receives, once a-week—with three whist-tables, tea, cakes, and syrups. Pledged to keep to the point A. B. will only depose that a discharge of cannon could not have startled him more than the production, by Lady F., of a fragile box of cardboard, which seemed to be about a foot-and-a-half high, and of the same circumference,—a muff and tippet-box,—which she placed sideways before him on a chair, and which she declared would take up no room at all in his portmanteau; that it was simply a Grebe muff and tippet that a friend in London had commissioned her to send by the first opportunity.

A. B.: "Your ladyship must pardon me. It will not go into my portmanteau. I should be obliged to carry it about loose."

Lady Fanfare: "I should not object to that, if you will be sure that you don't lose it or get it spoiled, and be good enough to see that it always travels inside the Diligence." (After-thought expressed with a sweet smile) "It can sit on your knees."

Deponent owns that he became, at this suggestion, desperate. As a single gentleman, he loves his ease at all times; and most of all when on a journey of pleasure. The lady observed his uneasiness and her brow darkened. A happy difficulty then occurred to him, and he stammered eagerly, "The Custom-House. The duty on furs upon entering England."

Lady Fanfare: "A jest. Look round the steamer, Monsieur, for a pretty lady's maid. She will pass them off for you."

A. B. felt bound to smile amiably while determining to himself that he would be shot before attempting any matter of the sort, and he further deposes that he took the muff and tippet, and was under the necessity of paying duty on them out of his own pocket.

Monsieur Delamotte, the doctor, was then visited,—a kind, old friend to whom A. B. cheerfully offered any services he could perform. Monsieur produced, with a great many apologies, a flat, tin-box—about a foot square—and said, that his brother in New Zealand wished to introduce the sweet chestnut into the colony,—that he had been selecting choice seed in Savoy; and that if A. B. would carry them to London they would thence be forwarded. A. B. assured his friend, with all sincerity, that he was most happy to lend a hand in anything so useful.

Mr. and Mrs. Cooble were next visited. This married couple had been resident dur-

ing three years in Neuchâtel. Mr. Cooble is a fine, handsome Briton, who spends most of his time with fishing-rod or gun among the mountains. Mrs. Cooble—(well! if all women were like Annie Cooble, there would be no bachelors on earth. Most people in Neuchâtel spoke of her as "a veritable rose").

Mrs. Cooble: "So you are going. I wish we were going also. It is four years since I have seen England. But what matter, after all? One's home is wherever husband and children are. By the by, talking of the children, I must not forget a little commission that I have to give you."

A. B.: "What is it? Anything in my power I shall do with all my heart for you or Mr. Cooble."

Mrs. Cooble (laughing): "O, I have only a very little, foolish thing to ask. You will laugh at me, perhaps. But I remember hearing my mother speak of the benefit her children derived from it."

A. B. (taking out tablets and pencil): "And it is——"

Mrs. Cooble: "An anodyne necklace. Perhaps, two——"

A. B.: Half-a-dozen, if you like."

Mrs. Cooble (playing with her baby): "That will be too many. No, two. Then my little darling will not have the pain her sister had in cutting tootie-tittle teethums."

A. B.: "Good bye, then, I must call now on your neighbour, Madame de Lamert."

Mrs. Cooble: "Ah, that reminds me. She is gone into the country, and I was to tell you that she has nothing for you to take; but, if you would have the kindness to call on her mother before leaving London, they have a little parcel for her. It is some trifle, I think, for the expected son and heir."

Deponent adds that he paid other visits and received other commissions; finally coming home with the opinion that the requests of his friends had been by no means extravagant; that he had got off pretty easily. But the whole harvest of commissions was not reaped. In the evening he received a parcel of six small French books—a square, hard, unmanageable parcel, that was perverse as a fiend, when it had to be packed. There came a note from an old skeleton of eighty-five, who seemed to be fully persuaded that cod-liver oil would bring flesh to her bones, and the colour of youth to her cheek, and that cod-liver oil was to be had pure nowhere but in London. Deponent was to bring some of that oil (which he utterly loathes and abominates) back in his portmanteau. The bottle was not likely to break, if packed among his linen. On the morning of departure, A. B. further states, as he was entering the steamer, he felt his arm grasped from behind, and a soft French voice said, "Dear Monsieur, very dear Monsieur." The voice was that of our famous little wit, Madame d'Epingle. "One word, one only word. What

reproach for me to let you depart without *Adieu*." This friend's only commission was, that when passing through *Dôle*, I would see a sister of hers, and tell her that their very amiable and very esteemed friend, *Mademoiselle de V.*, was in *Paris*. I was very much relieved, indeed, on finding that I had nothing more bulky than that message to carry.

I hope that the Grebe was none the worse for being squeezed as flat as fists and knees could press it into my portmanteau.

The journey to *Dôle* was tolerably well got through: the witness being ousted, as has often happened with him, from his seat on the banquette, was compelled to travel inside; and, as the weather was hot, and the vehicle was full, the air was not agreeable. At *Dôle*, while horses were being changed, it did not prove difficult to find the house of *Madame d'Épingle's* sister; indeed, she seemed to be on the look-out for her visitor.

The message concerning the existence in *Paris* of the amiable and esteemed *Mademoiselle V.* was delivered to the fascinating sister of *Madame d'Épingle* in her garden.

Madame d'Épingle's sister: "How good you are! how amiable you are! And this charming *Mademoiselle V.* you will see her, is it not so?"

A. B.: "It would give me happiness to do so, but it will, I fear, be quite out of the question."

Madame d'Épingle's sister: "Ah! yes, yes. (With her hand on her forehead, in deep thought.) And what have I—(Suddenly very radiant.) What happy idea!"

The lady darted forward, and selected from a stand a tall, flowering shrub, of what nature complainant (who is no botanist) is unable to testify; but it shot up to the height of three feet from a large pot, and was covered with blossoms of a powerful and sweet, but very sickly odour.

Madame d'Épingle's sister: "Dear Monsieur, I will send it; you will take it."

A. B.: "Utterly impossible, *Madame*."

Madame d'Épingle's sister (caressingly): "Yes, yes. You are so good you cannot refuse me. What do you say? It will be spoilt? Not one blossom will arrive at *Paris*? You speak true. (Looks very serious, recovers, calls a gardener, and gives an order in which A. B. catches the word *Pasteboard*.) Nothing is impossible, my kind friend, for you and for me. *Adieu*, dear Monsieur. My kindest friendship to *Mademoiselle V.* Quick, *Adolphe*! Quick!"

Adolphe was quick, and complainant testifies that he had scarcely taken his old place inside the stifling diligence, when *Adolphe* appeared; and, with some difficulty, succeeded in thrusting between his legs the detested shrub, so packed as to bear a strong resemblance to a funnel, and of such height that it reached to within not many inches of his nose. The diligence started; but, before

twenty minutes had elapsed, a young woman, who was sitting opposite the said shrub, turned suddenly pale, and then fainted; whereupon a man, who seemed to be her husband, uttering many *sacres* and *pestes*, wrenched the said shrub from between A. B.'s legs, and without a word of apology, threw it out of window. Did A. B. threaten a duel, or even expostulate? O, no.

A. B. deposes that he pursued his travels and endured all attendant troubles, duly fulfilling all commissions as his power served, but that he had firmly resolved on leaving *London* to forget the cod liver oil. His portmanteau was packed for departure, when there was a knock at the door of his *London* lodgings, and a servant brought up a half-gallon bottle of that medicine which was to his mind so offensive and disgusting. The lady for whom it was intended had with the prudence of age despatched her order in a letter to the chemist, to save her kind friend the trouble of a journey to the shop.

Furthermore, there arrived at the last moment a draught-board for *Neufchâtel*, which there was no time to pack, and which A. B. was compelled to wear under his great coat, after the manner of a strait-waistcoat. For the young friend who expected a gift from mamma, said A. B. carried, in a round card-box tied to the handle of his hat-box, a baby's cap and hood, the exposure of which at various custom-houses provoked mirth in the douaniers. He completes the statement of his case by the relation of this grievance:—

On signing a book at the Prussian frontier deponent, who takes no part in political affairs and seldom thinks about them, innocently entered his address as being *Neufchâtel*, and brought himself in consequence under the eye of the police. At last he was arrested; and, being unable to speak German—while his captors spoke with volubility an unintelligible sort of French—he did not learn, until after a night's captivity, that he was accused as a suspicious person, because he had in his luggage a quantity of poison, made up into large round balls, strongly impregnated with opium. Two of them had killed a healthy rabbit. Not until the poison was produced did A. B. credit its existence. The production of the anodyne necklaces explained to him this mystery. He was accused further of importing into Switzerland a work styled *Daniel the Prophet*, which some person had asked him to take to the clergyman of *Neufchâtel*, and he was asked solemnly, whether in that book *Nebuchadnezzar* was not intended to personify the King of Prussia. He replied that he had not opened the volume, and knew nothing of its contents; that if *Nebuchadnezzar* was intended for the King of Prussia, he had no part in such intention. For his speedy release A. B. was indebted to Lord Bloomfield, who had been told by some friendly Englishman of these ridiculous proceedings.

Mr. Conductor, I have set down my case as judiciously and temperately as I can, and now I ask you what am I to do? or what is any man to do who is in a position similar to mine? I have removed for a time to Lausanne, because political commotion disturbs the easy tenor of my life, and commissioners of police are less agreeable even than those commissioners against whom this complaint is laid. Shall I stay at Lausanne and be a hermit?

A JOURNEY DUE NORTH.

THE IKS.

THE title of this paper may seem exceedingly absurd. But there are many Iks and Chiks and Niks in Russland, whom it behoves to have information about.

In the Nevskoi—the great avenue of the Tents of Kedar I am so strangely constrained to dwell amongst and in its immediate ducts, the Great and Little Morskais—you will see panorama-passing during the day, all the Iks worth noticing. In these streets only will you be able to view anything approaching to the Johnsonian or Fleet Street aspect of City Life. Away from the Nevskoi and the Morskais, the vast streets of Petersburg are, at all seasons, little better than deserts. Solitary figures of slaves and soldiers glide by occasionally, ghost-like; but, on Quay or Esplanade, in Oulitza, Perspective, Ploschad, or Pereoulouk, there is (as I have hinted in the Tchorni-Narod,) nor throng nor pressure—and I have seen, at high-noon, standing in the centre of the Admiralty Square, one dog: a mangy cur with a ridiculous tail—who, in the insolence of undisputed possession, set his four paws all wide apart, and, wagging that truncated handle of his, barked shrilly and scornfully at the high palaces, as though they had been the walls of Balclutha, and he was delighted that they were desolate.

Very slowly, but with crustaceous tenacity, has the Nevskoi in its ways, its ins and outs, and its Iks, fixed itself upon me. It was shy and coy at first. Let me, as briefly as I may, essay to go round the clock with you on the Nevskoi, and trot out the Iks, in their morning as well as evening aspects. Remember, this is summer time; the beginning of July; (for I know nothing of Acris Hyems in Russia); and take note, if you please, that the time is four o'clock in the morning.

I am not at all ashamed to say that I have been out all night—at least all the time usually set apart in civilised countries for that appalling season of existence—at a ball, and that I am rattling home behind an Ischvostchik from the seventeenth line at Wassily-Ostrow; and, though wrapped in a thick overcoat, shivering with cold. The sun is manifest enough and bright enough in all conscience, and the smiling morn (smiling a polite, heartless, soulless, Sheffield plate, thoroughly Muscovite smile) is busily employed in tip-

ping the gaudy domes with a brighter lustre than their gold leaf gives them. Not a shop, above ground, is open as yet—the aristocratic Boutiquiers of the Nevskoi are as late risers as their customers—but, in the basement, there are plenty of small “Lavkas”—grocery, chandlery, and bakery shops open: to say nought of the vodki-dens with the great bunches of grapes in gold leaf suspended over their portals, to show, I presume, that wine is not sold there—which dram establishments never seem to be closed at all. The water-carts go heavily lumbering past; then I hear a clanking as of many tin-pots, or of marrowbone and cleaver music, in which the metal unduly preponderates; and see advancing towards me a gaunt, bony, ill-favoured woman in a striped petticoat held up by the usual braces, the usual full-sleeved innermost garments, a crimson handkerchief tied over her freckled face, and streaming behind, like a Bedouin's burnouse when the capuchin is thrown suddenly back from the head. Over each shoulder she carries a heavy arc of wood, like a fully bent bow, but hollowed out in the centre so as to fit her shoulder, and serve as a yoke; to either end of which are suspended fasciculi of the before mentioned tin-pots, much battered, and with brazen lids and spouts. This is a milk-woman. She does not deliver the caseous beverage from house to house, as with us, but takes her stand at some patented spot—generally at the “Auge” or feeding-trough of a droschky-stand. There are no such things as nosebags in the cabbicular hierarchy in this country; and, by a most humane provision, the animals are rendered independent of the caprice, or cruelty, or stinginess of their drivers, and are fed under police superintendence at the public auges or troughs, to whose support all the Ischvostchiks contribute their quota at stated times and in abundance. She either stands at one of these or close to the cabane or wooden hut of a Boutotsnik. Hither come either the dvorniks (yard-men), or the slough (man-servants), or the sloujanka (maid-servants), to lay in the stock of milk for the day. What the Petersburgers, who are not Tartars (for these live almost entirely upon milk) can want with milk, I am puzzled to discover. They almost uniformly drink black coffee after dinner, and seldom indulge in that beverage for breakfast (the rich prefer champagne and Lafitte; the poor, quass or vodki); they drink their tea without milk in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. I never saw any remarkable profusion of custards or ice-creams at Russian dinner-tables; and it is my firm impression that there are no children in St. Petersburg to drink it. There are little men and women, little cadets, little grand-dukes, small Tchinnovniks, miniature policemen, Lilliputian admirals, infinitesimal Archimandrites and Protopopes, minified countesses, minute coquettes; diamond, ruby, and pearl edi-

tions of that Book which will be Reviewed some day; but, of bouncing, bawling, buoyant, bothering, delightful children, there are none to be found here. It makes one shudder here to see the small tots of humanity, who only knew your ankles yesterday, and are scarcely tall enough to be on speaking terms with your kneecaps even now, conversing gravely in two or three languages, and bowing, and scraping, and lifting their caps, and unbuckling their sword-belts, as though, good Lord! as though they had been banded about, and worn, and punched, and bitten, as often as a George the Third sixpence, instead of being silver pennies, bright, sharp, fresh, new from Nature's mint. The babies here, too—the very babies in arms—frown sternly on you as they pass by, or solve mathematical problems on their nurses' arms, with their limp tiny fingers, biting their lips thoughtfully the while.* These precocious civil and military functionaries, incipient diplomatists, sprouting philosophers, conquerors—what need have they of a milk diet! Babies though they be, they require strong meat. Give them their bird, let them crack their bottle, light their pipes, lace them the tightest of corsets, hand them the daintiest of fans, for they are grown up, before they are grown at all.

Whoever drinks the milk, there are plenty of *Laitières* and *Crémères* in the capital. They have a quarter to themselves too, not exactly in St. Petersburg, but on the other side of the water, in the village of Okhta, where they dwell among their pots and keep their cows. The Petersburg milk-women are, I believe, mainly the property of that colossal slave proprietor (he has a hundred thousand

they say) Count Tcherémétieff. SUCH cows, too, the milk-women have! You may frequently see them being led about the streets, gaunt, bony, woebegone little brutes, and I declare not one whit bigger than Shetland ponies. Or perhaps, indeed, Shetland cows, if the cattle of the Ultima Thule are as diminutive as their horses. It is only very early in the morning that cattle or sheep are seen about the streets; they are then mostly on their way to Wassily-Ostrow, where are the slaughter-houses and the majority of the summer butchers' shops. I see, still rattling along in this early late *droshky* of mine (the *Ischvostchik* has not, probably, been to bed for a week, but is considerably fresher than I am), multitudes of horned beasts and sheep, yet for all their numbers, only speckling the vastness of the open, coming adown the great street from the Smolnoi road, along the quays, across the Pont-Neuf or Novi-Most, and so on to their doom to be made meat of. The sheep, albeit somewhat longer-wooled, are much like ours; they are not ruddled, but appear to be branded with a curious cross within a circle, and a distinguishing letter, on the left flank. I wonder they don't stamp them with the double eagle! The pigs are truculent evil-eyed animals enough, with gashed-snouts and switch-tails. Observing the remarkable bright russet hue of some of these porcine Russians, I can for once acknowledge as a truth that legend which in my scepticism I had hitherto been led to rank, as fabulous, with Guy Earl of Warwick's Dun Cow, and More of More Hall's Wantley Dragon. The sheep (in Russia) are driven by *moujiks*, clothed in touloupes or loose leathern coats, which with an utter disregard of delicacy and consideration for the feelings of the animals themselves are evidently made of sheepskin. Their legs are swathed in criss-cross bandages of leather or bark, much resembling the cruciform-leggings worn by Mr. James Wallack in the melo-drama of the Brigand. These *Corydons* wield the instrument we so often read about, and so seldom see, the real shepherd's crook—not the long pole with a squeezed-up hook, which the Sussex pastors carry, but exactly resembling a bishop's crosier. The shepherds have no collies—no dogs to worry the sheep, or keep them together; their crook serves them for all in all; and they possess a peculiar agility in intertwining the hook with the woolly locks of the sheep's fleece, and then, dexterously reversing the instrument, driving the end of the staff (sharpened and shod with iron) into his ribs in a manner calculated to cause great agony to the mutton, but highly conducive to discipline and good order. The pig-drivers have Cossack whips, with thongs about six times as large as the staff, with a little perforated ball of lead, strung, which runs up and down the lash, so that the pig is sure to have it somewhere. This whip makes, when cracked, a tremendous noise; and from the

* Whenever I go into a strange country I set myself sedulously to work to discover (and this you may perhaps have already inferred) something like a national and picturesque costume. Generally I am disappointed, and find nothing but prosaic hats and coats, bonnets and shawls, black cotton stockings, and linsey woolsey petticoats. I experienced great delight, however, and thought I had at last found a land of handsome dresses, when, walking the streets during my sojourn in Petersburg, I lighted upon divers females, generally ruddy, comely often, and clad in the same description of gaily costume I have attempted to describe in the holiday dress of the "Baba." The most plainly attired had sarafannes or tunics of crimson silk edged with broad gold lace, embroidered shoes, petticoats of rich stuff, necklaces, massive gold earrings, and kakoschniks glistening with sham jewels and seed-pearls. They invariably had small Russians with them, either in arms or toddling by their sides; and I conjectured them to be wives of wealthy native merchants; but I was very soon afterwards, and to my extreme disappointment, informed that they were *Wet-nurses*; and that this masquerade costume was worn by them as a matter of course, and with as little picturesque truth as John Thomas wears the maroon plush and chrome yellow aiguillettes of the Countess of Squilpington. These *wet-nurses* are usually from Southern Russia. (They say no babies can live that are nursed by women from the marshy Government of St. Petersburg.) Not one in five hundred of them is married. They have a child, and cast it into the Foundling Hospital, get a certificate of health from a doctor, and become *wet-nurses* in noble families. It is a profession. It is a paying one. A discontented *Sloujanka* (if she be not a *serf*) will say, "This does not suit me; I cannot support the *Barynia*. I shall go and be a *wet-nurse*."

expression I have observed on the baconian physiognomy, I don't think that animal likes it. Finally, the cattle drivers, clad (also in seeming insult to their victims) in loose capes of pie-bald calf-skin, as if they had been foraging in the Pantechnicon, London, and had robbed some hair-trunks of their coverings. They blow veritable cow-horns which make an unearthly wailing noise, and sound so discordantly that I very much marvel that the cows don't die of that tune.

Over the glassy Neva, blue as the sky that roofs it, with ships from all parts of the world mirroring their cobweb rigging in its depths, over the Neva by the new bridge on to the Quai Anglais, and I am not half home yet. See, here are the Iks all at once, and in great force all over the new bridge without crowding it, and stationary, though there is no show to see, no orator to hear, no time to laze away; for they are all bound for a weary day's work.

That man with a short, stunted, scrubby but thick beard, with the leathern cap and blue cloth band in lieu of the ordinary Ischvoschik's hat; with the blue striped shirt, pink-striped breeches, and immutable boots, and fluttering over all like the toga of an ancient Roman in difficulties, or the time-worn, and by stern-creditor not-renewed mantle of Don Caesar de Bazan—a tattered, patched, greasy, stained, villanous, but voluminous leathern apron—is a Batchmatchnik, a shoemaker. He beside him, with the cunning fox-face, the unwholesome complexion, the bloodshot eyes, the slight stoop in the back, the large hands with lissome fingers crooked somewhat at the tips, the general weary, done-up, hunted-dog look, telling of late hours, and later vodka; he who has a square bonnet of stiff blue paper something like a lancer's cap on his head, a black calico apron over his caftan, and black calico sleeves reaching half-way up his arms, must be a Typograpschchik—a journeyman printer, who has just knocked off work at the bureaux of the Journal de St. Pétersburg in the Pochta-Oulitzka, or General Post-Office-street hard by; or else he has been setting all night in type, positive or superlative lies in some imperial oukase, or edict, or prikaz. Yonder fellow, with the herculean frame, the fair-haired, blue-eyed, full-bearded, Richard-Cœur-de-Lion-head, and the eye like Mars to threaten or command, (he was whipped yesterday) is—it needs not his bared arm, his coarse canvas suit, but always with boots, the rope tied round his waist, and the tape round his forehead, and the film of fine drab powder with which he is covered from hair of crown to ball of toe—to tell you, a Kammenstchik, or stone-mason. Beside him is his brother in building—not an Ik this time but an Ar; but he may be allowed, I hope, to press in with the ruck—a ruddy fellow in a pink shirt and the usual etceteras with a hatchet stuck in his girdle; a merry-

faced varlet with white teeth, who, if he had but an ass to lead, might be Ali Baba; but who is his own beast of burden, wots of no caverns, and is simply Axinti Ivanoff the Stoliar, or carpenter. He can do more feats of carpentry, joinery, ay and cabinet-making and upholstery, with that single clumsily-made, blunt-looking toulah hatchet of his, than many a skilled operative in London who earns his three pounds per week. Axinti, of course, is a slave; and, being very clever at his trade, is at high obrok, and is very profitable to his master. The facility and dexterity with which the Russian mechanics handle the hatchet, and make it serve in lieu of other tools, are marvellous, and almost incredible,—are certainly unequalled, save by the analogous skill of the peasants of the Black Forest, who are reported to be able to cut down trees, square timber for houses, carve comic nutcrackers and ugly-mugged toys, shave themselves, and cut their meat, all with the aid of one single pen-knife. The hatchet of the Russian carpenter seems to serve him in lieu of plane, saw, chisel, and mallet, and (it would almost seem) gimlet and screwdriver. I knew a Russian who declared "qu'il avait un paysan" ("J'avais un paysan")—I had a peasant—is as common a commencement to a Russian conversation as "once upon a time" to a fairy tale, or "it is now some eighteen years since" to the speech of a virtuous venerable in a melo-drama (at home) who could glue boards together with his hatchet. No men (I except the Batmen) who have traversed Moscow or Petersburg streets, and have watched the carpenters at work, either in their open shops or at the ligneous pavement, can have failed to remark the wonderful dexterity with which they convert a rough, shapeless piece of wood, into a plank, a panel, an hexagonal paving-block, a staff, a batten, a faggot, a quoin, a board, or a shelf. The process seems instantaneous. The carpenters have other tools besides the hatchet, doubtless; though I never saw a Russian Stoliar with a complete basket of tools beside him. But the hatchet is emphatically an implement germane and to the Russian manner born, as the cloth-yard shaft was to the English bowmen of yore, before the long bow came to be used in England in a manner that our stout ancestors of Crecy and Agincourt never dreamt of. With the hatchet, the Russian moujik hews at the black pine-forests of Olonetz and Wiborg, for logs for his houses, for timber for the Czar's ships; with the hatchet he defends himself against the grisly bear and ravenous wolf; with the hatchet he cuts a way, for his sledge, in winter through the frozen snow; with the hatchet he joints frozen meat, and cuts up frozen fish, and chops frozen vegetables. The hatchet is his principal aid in building his house, and in constructing his furniture, and in cutting his fuel: all of which he does him-

self. If your Kibitka, or Tarantasse, or Telega break down on the road, you holloa out at the full strength of your lungs for assistance; whereupon a group of peasants presently appearing Sitchasse! (directly!) who mend your broken trace, or spring, or axle, or reshoe your near-wheeler, or heal your drunken yemtschik's broken head, with a hatchet;—charging you many roubles for the accommodation. With a hatchet Peter the Great commenced the massacre of the Strelitzs; with a hatchet some say he murdered his own son; with a hatchet sometimes, even in these days of grace, the Russian moujik, maddened by drink and despair, rushes on the lord who has oppressed him, and with that murderous tool dashes out his brains. It puzzles me that the government should allow the slaves to carry these ugly-looking weapons constantly in their girdles. I shouldn't like to offer my serf fifty blows with a stick when he had an axe in his belt. I wouldn't have minded trusting Uncle Tom with a bowie-knife; but I should have kept my hatchets under lock and key if I had Sambo, or Quimbo, or Three-fingered Jack about my property.

It is not only in the use of the hatchet that the Russian peasant displays extraordinary dexterity, and power of achieving great things, with apparently the most contemptible and inadequate means. There is a well-known anecdote, which I may be excused for repeating here, of a Russian peasant, named Telouchkine, who, some thirty years since, contracted for the sum of eighty silver roubles (the materials of course being found him), to regild the spire, the cross, and the angel surmounting it, of the cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul (the burial-place of the Czars, from Peter to Nicholas) in the fortress of Petersburg. He accomplished this gigantic task without the aid of any scaffolding or platform work whatsoever, simply sitting astride on a little saddle suspended by cords. The spire, from its base to the summit of the cross, is sixty-five sagènes or four hundred and fifty-five English feet in height (455): the cross alone being eight sagènes or fifty-six feet high. I never heard the authenticity of this feat disputed. I have never heard what reward beyond the eighty roubles contracted for, was bestowed on Telouchkine. Perhaps his proprietor as a compliment to his talents increased his yearly obrok; but I am afraid that when he died, he did not leave his secret to any one. When I left St. Petersburg, the angel and cross in the church in the fortress, had fallen, as to gilding, into a woeful state of second-hand looking dinginess. It had become again a question of regilding these ornaments; but, this time, no Telouchkine came forward with an eighty rouble offer. A most elaborate scaffolding, whose symmetry of proportions seemed to me quite astonishing, had been erected round the spire for the use

of the workmen. It had cost, I was told, a good many thousand roubles, and was to cost a good many thousand more, before even a book of gold leaf could be applied to cross, or angel, or spire.

No man who knows these poor Russian people with their rude tools, and hands, seldom disciplined by regular apprenticeship, can doubt that it is Faith that helps them along in such works as Telouchkine accomplished. That strong and blind belief in the Czar and in the saints, in a material reward from St. Peter and St. Paul, St. Sergius or St. George, St. Wladimir or St. Nicholas, in the shape of heaven-sent roubles, or a dupe sent by the saints in their way to swindle, or a cash-box for them to steal (without the possibility of detection), or a miraculous softening of their master's hearts, and their exemption from the Stick for years; together with a certain hope and trust that for this good deed done to the Saints and the Czar, they will be rewarded with a real golden crown, a real white robe, a real harp, a real cloud to sit upon, to all eternity, while the Barynn, the Starosta, and the Bourmister, go to the devil, to be beaten to pieces by Gospodin Sohropschin (Lord Beelzebub), and burnt to cinders by Gospodin Tchort (Lord Lucifer: the Russians are very polite to their devils, and give them titles of honour). This strong belief leads men like Telouchkine to swing four hundred feet high on six inches of wood hung to a hempen cord; it led the moujiks who built up the Winter Palace in eleven months, and perished by thousands building it, to work, cheerfully, patiently, enthusiastically, in the broiling sun and the icy blast, because it was the Lord, the Czar's house, and because the government had caused it to be given out, that the works had been blessed by an angel; it led the gaunt grey-coated men in the flat caps to fight, and stand and march, and charge, and starve and die, uncomplainingly, unyieldingly, heroically, on the heights of Alma and in the valley of Inkermann, in casemates full of blood and smoke; in hospitals, where the wounded could not lie for the dead that were a-top of them; on bone-covered steppes, in pestilential marshes; on muddy tongues of ooze, and weed, and treacherous sand, that skirt the Putrid Sea.

Are not these all Iks?—for what is the Coldatt, the soldier, but a shaven moujik—and have I been digressing? I know, though, these Iks are not those I left on the bridge. There is another Ik. Big beard, red face, but all the rest as white and floury, as the mason is grey. This is a boulotechnik, or baker—a journeyman baker, mind; for were he a master, he would not be a Russian or a serf at all, but a free German. For a wonder, he is not booted, but wears a pair of coarse canvas trousers, and drab list slippers. You must not confound him with that bow-legged industrial, clad also from head to foot

in white, but not floury, who is circulating restlessly among the Iks, and bears before him a flat tray, or shallow basket, full of bread of the multiform shapes the Russians delight in—bread in long twisted rolls; bread in double semicircles, hollow, like a pair of handcuffs; bread in round balls, and bricks and tablets, and big flat discs, and lumps of no particular shape. Some of this seems white and light enough, almost cake or puff-paste in appearance; but the great mass is of the approved Rye or Pumpernickel pattern; and, though appetisingly light in its rich brownness without, is, when cut, as dark as the skin of a mulatto. This Ik is a *Xhlaibehik*, literally Bread-man—if indeed Ik or Chik or Nik may be understood to mean man. Perhaps the Ik is only synonymous with our “er” in Costermonger, Fishmonger, Fruiterer, Poulterer. The *Xhlaibehik* is doing a smart trade on the bridge among the Iks (whom I hope you have by this time discovered form part of the *Tchorn-Narod*, the Black people); for from four to five in the morning is breakfast time with them. Some other peripatetic tradesmen minister to the co-epicurean wants of the Iks. There is the *Tchaichik*—the teaman—who carries a glowing samovar beneath his arm wrapped in a thick cloth, from whose centre protrudes a long horizontal spout and tap. He also carries, by a strap over his shoulder, a flat tray, covered with a fair linen cloth, on which is his array of tumblers, and earthen mugs, pewter spoons, lumps of sugar, (seldom called for) and slices of lemon, much in demand. He serves his tea, all hot, as the merchant in the cab-rank centre of the Haymarket, London, does his potatoes. The tea is of the very coarsest, bitterest, and vilest of flavour. I tasted it, and it costs two copecks a tumbler. It is full of strange ingredients that float about in it, herbaceous, stony, gritty and earthy; but it is not adulterated in Russia, being made from the cheap brick tea—so called from the bricks or ingots into which the leaf is compressed—brought by caravans out of China, by way of *Kiatka*. It is written that you must eat a peck of dirt before you die; and I think that about four tumblers of hot Petersburg street tea would go a long way towards making up the allowance. There is another *Tchaichik*—the cold tea man. He with a prodigious vase of glass, with a pewter top, and through whose pellucid sides (the vase’s) you can see the brown liquid frothing with much oscillation, and with much sliced lemon bobbing up and down in it, leans moodily against the parapet of the *Novi-Most*; for the morning air is a nipping and an eager one, and the cry is, as yet, almost entirely for warm tea. Not so with the *Kolbasnik*, or dealer in charcuterie:—there is positively no strictly English word for it, but seller of pork fixings will explain what I mean. He

is a blithe fellow with a good face, and a shirt so bright that he looks like a Russian Robin Red-breast, and goes hopping about among the Iks, vaunting his wares, and rattling his copecks, till a most encouraging diminution begins to be apparent in his stock of sausages, pig’s and neat’s feet, dried tongue, hung beef, salted pork fat (a great *Kolbasnik* delicacy, in lumps, and supplying the place of bacon, of whose existence the Russians seem unaware), and balls of pork mincemeat, resembling the curious viands known in cheap pork butchery in England, I believe, as *Faggots*.

There are, as yet, few women or children crossing the bridge; and of those few the former are counterparts of the *Okhta* milk-women, without her yoke and bundle of tin cans. There pass occasionally, silent files of soldiers, clad either in vile canvas blouses, or else in grey capotes gone to rags, whose military character is only to be divined by their shaven chins, and closely cropped heads, and long moustaches. These are men drafted off from the different regiments not on actual duty, to work in the docks, at unloading ships at the custom-house; or warehousing goods; or at the private trades or occupations at which they may be skilled. They receive wages, which are said facetiously to go towards the formation of a regimental reserve fund; but, which in reality go to augment the modest emoluments of his excellency the general, or his high-born honour the major, or his distinguished origin the captain.

The background of these groups is made up by the great Iks of all Iks, the *Moujiks*, the *Rabotniks* (the generic term for workmen, as a *Moujik* and Christian are for slaves), the indefinable creatures in the castans who are the verb active of the living Russ condemned for their lifetime to be, to do, and to suffer. This is why they tarry on the bridge on their way to work: these multifarious Iks. There is a shrine-chapel at its foot towards *Wassily-Ostrow*:—a gilded place, with pictures, filagree, railings, silver lamps suspended from chains; huge waxen candles continually burning; and steps of black marble. Every Ik, every woman and child, every soldier, every *Ischvostchik* as he passes this shrine, removes his hat or cap, crosses himself, and bows low before it. Many bow down and worship it—literally, grovelling in the dust; touching the earth repeatedly with their foreheads, kissing the marble steps and the feet of the Saint’s image, and looking devoutly upward as though they longed to hug the great, tall, greasy wax candles. Not the poorest Ik, but fumbles in his ragged castan to see if he can find a copeck for the Saint’s money-boxes, which, nailed to the wall, guard the staircase like sphynxes.

Drive on thou *droschky* (of which the *Ischvostchik* has reverently lifted his hat,

crossing himself repeatedly as we passed the joss-house), for I am very hungry and want my breakfast!

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH. OUTSIDE THE HOUSE.

THE next morning wrought no change in the resolution at which Uncle Joseph had arrived overnight. Out of the amazement and confusion produced in his mind by his niece's avowal of the object that had brought her to Cornwall, he had contrived to extract one clear and definite conclusion—that she was obstinately bent on placing herself in a situation of uncertainty, if not of absolute peril. Once persuaded of this, his kindly instincts all sprang into action, his natural firmness on the side of self-sacrifice asserted itself, and his determination not to let Sarah proceed on her journey alone, followed as a matter of course. In that determination he took refuge from the doubt, the perplexity, the vague uneasiness and alarm which her looks, her language, and her conduct had caused in him. Strong in the self-denying generosity of his purpose—though strong in nothing else—when he and his niece met in the morning, and when Sarah spoke self-reproachfully of the sacrifice that he was making, of the serious hazards to which he was exposing himself for her sake, he refused to listen to her just as obstinately as he had refused the previous night. There was no need, he said, to speak another word on that subject. If she had abandoned her intention of going to Porthgenna, she had only to say so. If she had not, it was mere waste of breath to talk any more, for he was deaf in both ears to everything in the shape of a remonstrance that she could possibly address to him. Having expressed himself in these uncompromising terms, Uncle Joseph abruptly dismissed the subject, and tried to turn the conversation to a cheerful every-day topic, by asking his niece how she had passed the night.

"I was too anxious to sleep," she answered. "I can't fight with my fears and misgivings as some people can. All night long they keep me waking and thinking as if it was day."

"Thinking about what?" asked Uncle Joseph. "About the letter that is hidden? about the house of Porthgenna? about the Myrtle Room?"

"About how to get into the Myrtle Room," she said. "The more I try to plan and ponder, and settle beforehand what I shall do, the more confused and helpless I seem to be. All last night, uncle, I was trying to think of some excuse for getting inside the doors at Porthgenna Tower—and yet, if I was standing on the house-step at this moment, I should not know what to say when the servant and I first came face to face. How are

we to persuade them to let us in? How am I to slip out of sight, even if we do get in? Can't you tell me? you will try, Uncle Joseph—I am sure you will try? Only help me so far, and I think I can answer for the rest. If they keep the keys where they used to keep them in my time, ten minutes to myself is all I should want—ten minutes, only ten short minutes, to make the end of my life easier to me than the beginning has been; to help me to grow old quietly and resignedly, if it is God's will that I should live out my years. O, how happy people must be who have all the courage they want; who are quick and clever, and have their wits about them! You are readier than I am, uncle; you said last night that you would think about how to advise me for the best—what did your thoughts end in? You will make me so much easier if you will only tell me that."

Uncle Joseph nodded assentingly, assumed a look of the profoundest gravity, and slowly laid his fore-finger along the side of his nose.

"What did I promise you last night?" he said. "Was it not to take my pipe and ask him to make me think? Good. I smoke three pipes, and think three thoughts. My first thought is—Wait! My second thought is again—Wait! My third thought is yet once more—Wait! You say you will be easy, Sarah, if I tell you the end of all my thoughts. Good. I have told you. There is the end—you are easy—it is all right."

"Wait?" repeated Sarah, with a look of bewilderment which suggested anything rather than a mind at ease. "I am afraid, uncle, I don't quite understand. Wait for what? Wait till when?"

"Wait till we arrive at the house, to be sure! Wait till we are got outside the door; then is time enough to think how we are to get in," said Uncle Joseph, with an air of conviction. "You understand now?"

"Yes—at least I understand better than I did. But, there is still another difficulty left. Uncle! I must tell you more than I intended ever to tell anybody—I must tell you that the letter is locked up."

"Locked up in a room?"

"Worse than that—locked up in something inside the room. The key that opens the door—even if I get it—the key that opens the door of the room is not all I want. There is another key besides that, a little key—"

She stopped, with a confused, startled look.

"A little key that you have lost?" asked Uncle Joseph.

"I threw it down the well in the village, on the morning when I made my escape from Porthgenna. Oh, if I had only kept it about me! If it had only crossed my mind that I might want it again!"

"Well, well; there is no help for that now. Tell me, Sarah, what the something is which the letter is hidden in."

"I am afraid of the very walls hearing me."

"What nonsense! Come! whisper it to me."

She looked all round her distrustfully, and then whispered into the old man's ear. He listened eagerly, and laughed when she was silent again. "Bah!" he cried. "If that is all, make yourself happy. As you wicked English people say, it is as easy as lying. Why, my child, you can burst him open for yourself!"

"Burst it open? How?"

Uncle Joseph went to the window-seat, which was made on the old-fashioned plan, to serve the purpose of a chest as well as a seat. He opened the lid, searched among some tools which lay in the receptacle beneath, and took out a chisel. "See," he said, demonstrating on the top of the window-seat the use to which the tool was to be put. "You push him in so—crick! Then you pull him up so—crack! It is the business of one little moment—crick! crack!—and the lock is done for. Take the chisel yourself, wrap him up in a bit of that stout paper there, and put him in your pocket. What are you waiting for? Do you want me to show you again, or do you think you can do it now for yourself?"

"I should like you to show me again, Uncle Joseph, but not now—not till we have got to the end of our journey."

"Good. Then I may finish my packing-up, and go ask about the coach. First and foremost, Mozart must put on his great coat, and travel with us." He took up the musical box, and placed it carefully in a leather case, which he slung by a strap over one shoulder. "Next, there is my pipe, the tobacco to feed him with, and the matches to set him alight. Last, here is my old German knapsack, which I pack last night. See! here is shirt, night-cap, comb, pocket-handkerchief, sock. Say I am an emperor, and what do I want more than that? Good. I have Mozart, I have the pipe, I have the knapsack, I have—stop! stop! there is the old leather purse; he must not be forgotten. Look! here he is. Listen! Ting, ting, ting! He jingles; he has in his inside, money. Aha, my friend, my good Leather, you shall be lighter and leaner before you come home again. So, so—it is all complete; we are ready for the march now, from our tops to our toes. Good-bye, Sarah, my child, for a little half-hour; you shall wait here and amuse yourself while I go ask for the coach."

When Uncle Joseph came back, he brought his niece information that a coach would pass through Truro in an hour's time, which would set them down at a stage not more than five or six miles distant from the regular post-town of Porthgenna. The only direct conveyance to the post-town was a night-coach which carried the letter-bags, and which stopped to change horses at Truro at

the very inconvenient hour of two o'clock in the morning. Being of opinion that to travel at bed-time was to make a toil of a pleasure, Uncle Joseph recommended taking places in the day-coach, and hiring any conveyance that could be afterwards obtained to carry his niece and himself on to the post-town. By this arrangement they would not only secure their own comfort, but gain the additional advantage of losing as little time as possible at Truro before proceeding on their journey to Porthgenna.

The plan thus proposed, was the plan followed. When the coach stopped to change horses, Uncle Joseph and his niece were waiting to take their places by it. They found all the inside seats but one disengaged, were set down two hours afterwards at the stage that was nearest to the destination for which they were bound, hired a pony-chaise there, and reached the post-town between one and two o'clock in the afternoon.

Dismissing their conveyance at the inn, from motives of caution which were urged by Sarah, they set forth to walk across the moor to Porthgenna. On their way out of the town, they met the postman returning from his morning's delivery of letters in the surrounding district. His bag had been much heavier, and his walk much longer, that morning than usual. Among the extra letters that had taken him out of his ordinary course, was one addressed to the house-keeper at Porthgenna Tower, which he had delivered early in the morning, when he first started on his rounds.

Throughout the whole journey, Uncle Joseph had not made a single reference to the object for which it had been undertaken. Possessing a child's simplicity of nature, he was also endowed with a child's elasticity of disposition. The doubts and forebodings which troubled his niece's spirit, and kept her silent and thoughtful and sad, cast no darkening shadow over the natural sunshine of his mind. If he had really been travelling for pleasure alone, he could not have enjoyed more thoroughly than he did the different sights and events of the journey. All the happiness which the passing minute had to give him, he took as readily and gratefully as if there was no uncertainty in the future, no doubt, difficulty, or danger lying in wait for him at the journey's end. Before he had been half an hour in the coach, he had begun to tell the third inside passenger—a rigid old lady, who stared at him in speechless amazement—the whole history of the musical box, ending the narrative by setting it playing, in defiance of all the noise that the rolling wheels could make. When they left the coach, he was just as sociable afterwards with the driver of the chaise, vaunting the superiority of German beer over Cornish cider, and making his remarks upon the objects which they passed on the road with the pleasantest familiarity, and the heartiest en-

joyment of his own jokes. It was not till he and Sarah were well out of the little town, and away by themselves on the great moor which stretched beyond it, that his manner altered and his talk ceased altogether. After walking on in silence for some little time, with his niece's arm in his, he suddenly stopped, looked her earnestly and kindly in the face, and laid his hand on her's.

"There is yet one thing more I want to ask you, my child," he said. "The journey has put it out of my head, but it has been in my heart all the time. When we leave this place of Porthgenna, and get back to my house, you will not go away? you will not leave Uncle Joseph again? Are you in service still, Sarah? Are you not your own master yet?"

"I was in service a few days since," she answered. "But I am free now. I have lost my place."

"Aha! You have lost your place; and why?"

"Because I would not hear an innocent person unjustly blamed. Because—"

She checked herself. But the few words she had said were spoken with such a suddenly heightened colour, and with such an extraordinary emphasis and resolution of tone, that the old man opened his eyes as widely as possible, and looked at his niece in undisguised astonishment.

"So! so! so!" he exclaimed. "What! You have had a quarrel, Sarah?"

"Hush! Don't ask me any more questions now!" she pleaded earnestly. "I am too anxious and too frightened to answer. Uncle! this is Porthgenna Moor—this is the road I passed over, sixteen years ago, when I ran away to you. O! let us get on, pray let us get on! I can't think of anything now but the house we are so near, and the risk we are going to run."

They went on quickly, in silence. Half-an-hour's rapid walking brought them to the highest elevation on the moor, and gave the whole western prospect grandly to their view.

There below them was the dark, lonesome, spacious structure of Porthgenna Tower, with the sunlight already stealing round towards the windows of the west front! There was the path winding away to it gracefully over the brown moor, in curves of dazzling white! There, lower down, was the solitary old church, with the peaceful burial-ground nestling by its side. There, lower still, were the little scattered roofs of the fishermen's cottages! And there, beyond all, was the changeless glory of the sea, with its old seething lines of white foam, with the old winding margin of its yellow shores! Sixteen long years—such years of sorrow, such years of suffering, such years of change, counted by the pulses of the living heart!—had passed over the dead tranquillity of Porthgenna, and had altered it as little as if

they had all been contained within the lapse of a single day!

The moments when the spirit within us is most deeply stirred, are almost invariably the moments also when its outward manifestations are hardest to detect. Our own thoughts rise above us; our own feelings lie deeper than we can reach. How seldom words can help us, when their help is most wanted! How often our tears are dried up when we most long for them to relieve us! Was there ever a strong emotion in this world that could adequately express its own strength? What third person brought face to face with the old man and his niece, as they now stood together on the moor, would have suspected, to look at them, that the one was contemplating the landscape with nothing more than a stranger's curiosity, and that the other was viewing it through the recollections of half a life-time? The eyes of both were dry, the tongues of both were silent, the faces of both were set with equal attention towards the prospect. Even between themselves there was no real sympathy, no intelligible appeal from one spirit to the other. The old man's quiet admiration of the view was not more briefly and readily expressed, when they moved forward and spoke to each other, than the customary phrases of assent by which his niece replied to the little that he said. How many moments there are in this mortal life, when, with all our boasted powers of speech, the words of our vocabulary treacherously fade out, and the page presents nothing to us but the sight of a perfect blank!

Slowly descending the slope of the moor, the uncle and niece drew nearer and nearer to Porthgenna Tower. They were within a quarter of an hour's walk of the house, when Sarah stopped at a place where a second path intersected the main foot-track which they had hitherto been following. On the left hand, as they now stood, the cross-path ran on until it was lost to the eye in the expanse of the moor. On the right hand, it led straight to the church.

"What do we stop for now?" asked Uncle Joseph, looking first in one direction and then in the other.

"Would you mind waiting for me here a little while, uncle? I can't pass the church-path—" she paused, in some trouble how to express herself—"without wishing (as I don't know what may happen after we get to the house), without wishing to see—to look at something—" she stopped again, and turned her face wistfully towards the church. The tears which had never wetted her eyes at the first view of Porthgenna, were beginning to rise in them now.

Uncle Joseph's natural delicacy warned him that it would be best to abstain from asking her for any explanations. "Go you where you like, to see what you like," he said, patting her on the shoulder. "I shall

stop here to make myself happy with my pipe ; and Mozart shall come out of his cage, and sing a little in this fine fresh air." He unslung the leather case from his shoulder while he spoke, took out the musical-box, and set it ringing its tiny peal to the second of the two airs which it was constructed to play—the minuet in Don Giovanni. Sarah left him looking about carefully, not for a seat for himself, but for a smooth bit of rock to place the box upon. When he had found this, he lit his pipe, and sat down to his music and his smoking, like an epicure to a good dinner. "Aha !" he exclaimed to himself, looking round as composedly at the wild prospect on all sides of him, as if he was still in his own little parlour at Truro. "Aha ! Here is a fine big music-room, my friend Mozart, for you to sing in ! Ouf ! there is wind enough in this place to blow your pretty dance-tune out to sea, and give the sailor-people a taste of it as they roll about in their ships."

Meanwhile, Sarah walked on rapidly towards the church, and entered the inclosure of the little burial-ground. Towards that same part of it, to which she had directed her steps on the morning of her mistress's death, she now turned her face again, after a lapse of sixteen years. Here, at least, the march of time had left its palpable track—its footprints whose marks were graves. How many a little spot of ground, empty when she last saw it, had its mound and its headstone now ! The one grave that she had come to see—the grave which had stood apart in the bygone days, had companion-graves on the right hand and on the left. She could not have singled it out, but for the weather-stains on the headstone, which told of storm and rain passing over it, that had not passed over the rest. The mound was still kept in shape ; but the grass grew long, and waved a dreary welcome to her, as the wind swept through it. She knelt down by the stone, and tried to read the inscription. The black paint which had once made the carved words distinct, was all flayed off from them now. To any other eyes but her's, the very name of the dead man would have been hard to trace. She sighed heavily, as she followed the letters of the inscription mechanically one by one, with her finger ;—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
HUGH POLWHEAL,
AGED 26 YEARS.
HE MET WITH HIS DEATH
THROUGH THE FALL OF A ROCK
IN
PORTHGEMMA MINE,
DECEMBER 17TH, 1823.

Her hand lingered over the letters after it had followed them to the last line ; and she bent forward and pressed her lips on the stone.

"Better so !" she said to herself, as she rose from her knees, and looked down at

the inscription for the last time. "Better it should fade out so ! Fewer strangers' eyes will see it ; fewer strangers' feet will follow where mine have been—he will lie all the quieter in the place of his rest !"

She brushed the tears from her eyes, and gathered a few blades of grass from the grave—then left the churchyard. Outside the hedge that surrounded the enclosure, she stopped for a moment, and drew from the bosom of her dress the little book of Wesley's Hymns, which she had taken with her from the desk in her bed-room on the morning of her flight from Porthgemma. The withered remains of the grass that she had plucked from the grave, sixteen years ago, lay between the pages still. She added to them the fresh fragments that she had just gathered, replaced the book in the bosom of her dress, and hastened back over the moor to the spot where the old man was waiting for her.

She found him packing up the musical-box again in its leather case. "A good wind," he said, holding up the palm of his hand to the fresh breeze that was sweeping over the moor. "A very good wind indeed, if you take him by himself—but a bitter bad wind if you take him with Mozart. He blows off the tune as if it was the hat on my head. You come back, my child, just at the nick of time—just when my pipe is done, and Mozart is ready to travel along the road once more. Ah, have you got the crying look in your eyes again, Sarah ! What have you met with to make you cry ? So ! so ! I see—the fewer questions I ask just now, the better you will like me. Good, I have done. No ! I have a last question yet. What are we standing here for ? why do we not go on ?"

"Yes, yes—you are right, Uncle Joseph—let us go on at once. I shall lose all the little courage I have, if we stay here much longer looking at the house."

They proceeded down the path without another moment of delay. When they had reached the end of it, they stood opposite the eastern boundary wall of Porthgemma Tower. The principal entrance to the house, which had been very rarely used of late years, was in the west front, and was approached by a terrace road that overlooked the sea. The smaller entrance, which was generally used, was situated on the south side of the building, and led through the servants' offices to the great hall and the west staircase. Sarah's old experience of Porthgemma guided her instinctively towards this part of the house. She led her companion on, until they gained the southern angle of the east wall—then stopped and looked about her. Since they had passed the postman and had entered on the moor, they had not set eyes on a living creature ; and still, though they were now under the very walls of Porthgemma, neither man, woman, nor child—not even a domestic animal—appeared in view.

"It is very lonely here," said Sarah, looking round her distrustfully. "Much lonelier than it used to be."

"Is it only to tell me what I can see for myself, that you are stopping now?" asked Uncle Joseph, whose inveterate cheerfulness would have been proof against the solitude of Sahara itself.

"No, no!" she answered, in a quick, anxious whisper. "But the bell we must ring at is so close—only round there—I should like to know what we are to say when we come face to face with the servant. You told me it was time enough to think about that when we were at the door. Uncle! we are all but at the door now. What shall we do?"

"The first thing to do," said Uncle Joseph, shrugging his shoulders, "is surely to ring."

"Yes—but when the servant comes, what are we to say?"

"Say?" repeated Uncle Joseph, knitting his eyebrows quite fiercely with the effort of thinking, and rapping his forehead with his forefinger, just under his hat. "Say! Stop, stop, stop, stop. Ah! I have got it! I know! Make yourself quite easy, Sarah. The moment the door is opened, all the speaking to the servant shall be done by me."

"O, how you relieve me! What shall you say?"

"Say? This;—'How do you do? We have come to see the house.'"

When he had disclosed that remarkable expedient for effecting an entrance into Porthgenna Tower, he spread out both his hands interrogatively, drew back several paces from his niece, and looked at her with the serenely self-satisfied air of a man who has leapt, at one mental bound, from a doubt to a discovery.

Sarah gazed at him in astonishment. The expression of absolute conviction on his face staggered her. The poorest of all the poor excuses for gaining admission into the house, which she herself had thought of, and had rejected, during the previous night, seemed like the very perfection of artifice by comparison with such a childish simple expedient as that suggested by Uncle Joseph. And yet there he stood, apparently quite convinced that he had hit on the means of smoothing away all obstacles at once. Not knowing what to say, not believing sufficiently in the validity of her own doubts to venture on openly expressing an opinion either one way or the other, she took the last refuge that was now left open to her—she endeavoured to gain time.

"It is very, very good of you, uncle, to take all the difficulty of speaking to the servant on your own shoulders," she said; the hidden despondency at her heart, expressing itself, in spite of her, in the faintness of her voice, and the forlorn perplexity of her eyes. "But would you mind waiting a little before we ring at the door, and walking

up and down for a few minutes by the side of this wall, where nobody is likely to see us? I want to get a little more time to prepare myself for the trial that I have to go through; and—and in case the servant makes any difficulties about letting us in—I mean difficulties that we cannot just now anticipate—would it not be as well to think of something else to say at the door? Perhaps, if you were to consider again—"

"There is not the least need," interposed Uncle Joseph. "I have only to speak to the servant, and—crick! crack!—you will see that we shall get in. But, I will walk up and down as long as you please. There is no reason, because I have done all my thinking in one moment, that you should have done all your thinking in one moment, too. No, no, no—no reason at all." Saying those words with a patronising air, and a self-satisfied smile, which would have been irresistibly comical under any less critical circumstances, the old man again offered his arm to his niece, and led her back over the broken ground that lay under the eastern wall of Porthgenna Tower.

While Sarah was waiting in doubt outside the walls, it happened, by a curious coincidence, that another person, vested with the highest domestic authority, was also waiting in doubt inside the walls. This person was no other than the housekeeper of Porthgenna Tower; and the cause of her perplexity was nothing less than the letter which had been delivered by the postman that very morning.

It was a letter from Mrs. Frankland, which had been written after she had held a long conversation with her husband and Mr. Orridge, on receiving the last fragments of information which the doctor was able to communicate in reference to Mrs. Jazeph.

The housekeeper had read the letter through over and over again, and was more puzzled and astonished by it at every fresh reading. She was now waiting for the return of the steward, Mr. Munder, from his occupations out of doors, with the intention of taking his opinion on the singular communication which she had received from her mistress.

While Sarah and her uncle were still walking up and down outside the eastern wall, Mr. Munder entered the housekeeper's room. He was one of those tall, grave, benevolent-looking men, with a conical head, a deep voice, a slow step, and a heavy manner, who passively contrive, by some inscrutable process, to get a great reputation for wisdom without the trouble of saying or doing anything to deserve it. All round the Porthgenna neighbourhood, the steward was popularly spoken of as a remarkably sound, sensible man; and the housekeeper, although a sharp woman in other matters, in this one respect shared to a large extent in the general delusion.

"Good morning, Mrs. Pentreath," said Mr. Munder. "Any news to-day?" What a weight and importance his deep voice and his impressively slow method of using it, gave to those two insignificant sentences!

"News, Mr. Munder, that will astonish you," replied the housekeeper. "I have received a letter this morning from Mrs. Frankland, which is, without any exception, the most mystifying thing of the sort I ever met with. I am told to communicate the letter to you; and I have been waiting the whole morning to hear your opinion of it. Pray sit down, and give me all your attention—for I do positively assure you that the letter requires it."

Mr. Munder sat down, and became the picture of attention immediately—not of ordinary attention, which can be wearied, but of judicial attention, which knows no fatigue, and is superior alike to the power of dulness and the power of time. The housekeeper, without wasting the precious minutes—Mr. Munder's minutes, which ranked next on the scale of importance to a prime minister's!—opened her mistress's letter, and, resisting the natural temptation to make a few more prefatory remarks on it, immediately favoured the steward with the first paragraph, in the following terms:—

"Mrs. Pentreath,

"You must be tired of receiving letters from me, fixing a day for the arrival of my husband and myself. On this, the third occasion of my writing to you about our plans, it will be best, I think, to make no third appointment, but merely to say that we shall leave West Winston for Porthgenna the moment I can get the doctor's permission to travel."

"So far," remarked Mrs. Pentreath, placing the letter on her lap, and smoothing it out rather irritably while she spoke—"so far, there is nothing of much consequence." The letter certainly seems to me (between ourselves) to be written in rather poor language—too much like common talking to come up to my idea of what a lady's style of composition ought to be—but that is a matter of opinion. I can't say, and I should be the last person to wish to say, that the beginning of Mrs. Frankland's letter is not, upon the whole, perfectly clear. It is the middle and the end that I wish to consult you about, Mr. Munder."

"Just so," said Mr. Munder. "Only two words, but what volumes of meaning in them! The housekeeper cleared her throat with extraordinary loudness and elaboration, and read on thus:—

"My principal object in writing these lines is to request, by Mr. Frankland's desire, that you and Mr. Munder will endeavour to ascertain, as privately as possible, whether a person now travelling in Cornwall—in whom we happen to be much interested—has been yet seen in the neighbourhood of Porthgenna. The person in question is known to us by the name of Mrs. Jazeph. She is an elderly woman, of quiet lady-like manners, looking nervous and in delicate health.

She dresses, according to our experience of her, with extreme propriety and neatness, and in dark colours. Her eyes have a singular expression of timidity, her voice is particularly soft and low, and her manner is frequently marked by extreme hesitation. I am thus particular in describing her, in case she should not be travelling under the name by which we know her.

"For reasons, which it is not necessary to state, both my husband and myself think it probable that, at some former period of her life, Mrs. Jazeph may have been connected with the Porthgenna neighbourhood. Whether this be the fact or no, it is indisputably certain that she is familiar with the interior of Porthgenna Tower, and that she has an interest of some kind, quite incomprehensible to us, in the house. Coupling these facts with the knowledge we have of her being now in Cornwall, we think it just within the range of possibility, that you, or Mr. Munder, or some other person in our employment may meet with her; and we are particularly anxious, if she should by any chance ask to see the house, not only that you should show her over it with perfect readiness and civility, but also that you should take private and particular notice of her conduct from the time when she enters the building to the time when she leaves it. Do not let her out of your sight for a moment; and, if possible, pray get some trustworthy person to follow her unperceived, and ascertain where she goes to, after she has quitted the house. It is of the most vital importance that these instructions (strange as they may seem to you) should be implicitly obeyed to the very letter.

"I have only room and time to add, that we know nothing to the discredit of this person, and that we particularly desire you will manage matters with sufficient discretion (in case you meet with her) to prevent her from having any suspicion that you are acting under orders, or that you have any especial interest in watching her movements. You will be good enough to communicate this letter to the steward, and you are at liberty to repeat the instructions in it to any other trustworthy person, if necessary.

"Yours truly,

"ROSAMOND FRANKLAND.

"P.S.—I have left my room, and the baby is getting on charmingly."

"There!" said the housekeeper. "Who is to make head or tail of that, I should like to know! Did you ever, in all your experience, Mr. Munder, meet with such a letter before? Here is a very heavy responsibility laid on our shoulders, without one word of explanation. I have been puzzling my brains about what their interest in this mysterious woman can be, the whole morning; and the more I think, the less comes of it. What is your opinion, Mr. Munder? We ought to do something immediately. Is there any course in particular which you feel disposed to point out?"

Mr. Munder coughed softly, crossed his right leg over his left, put his head critically on one side, coughed softly for the second time, and looked at the housekeeper. If it had belonged to any other man in the world, Mrs. Pentreath would have considered that the face which now confronted her's expressed nothing but the most profound and vacant bewilderment. But it was Mr. Munder's face, and it was only to be looked at

confidingly, with sentiments of respectful expectation.

"I rather think—" began Mr. Munder.

"Yes?" said the housekeeper, eagerly.

Before another word could be spoken, the maid-servant entered the room to lay the cloth for Mrs. Pentreath's dinner.

"There, there! never mind now, Betsey," said the housekeeper, impatiently. "Don't lay the cloth till I ring for you. Mr. Munder and I have something very important to talk about, and we can't be interrupted just yet."

She had hardly said the word, before an interruption of the most unexpected kind happened. The door-bell rang. This was a very unusual occurrence at Porthgenna Tower. The few persons who had any occasion to come to the house on domestic business, always entered by a small side gate, which was left on the latch in the daytime.

"Who in the world can that be!" exclaimed Mrs. Pentreath, hastening to the window, which commanded a side view of the lower door steps.

The first object that met her eye when she looked out, was a lady standing on the lowest step—a lady dressed very neatly in quiet, dark colours.

"Good Heavens, Mr. Munder!" cried the housekeeper, hurrying back to the table, and snatching up Mrs. Frankland's letter, which she had left on it. "There is a stranger waiting at the door at this very moment! a lady! or, at least, a woman—and dressed neatly, dressed in dark colours! You might knock me down, Mr. Munder, with a feather! Stop, Betsey;—stop where you are!"

"I was only going, ma'am, to answer the door," said Betsey, in amazement.

"Stop where you are," reiterated Mrs. Pentreath, composing herself by a great effort. "I happen to have certain reasons, on this particular occasion, for descending out of my own place and putting myself into yours. Stand out of the way, you staring fool! I am going up-stairs myself to answer that ring at the door."

ACROSS COUNTRY.

ACROSS country to Utah. Many make the trip; for, of the Mormon population at the Great Salt Lake, nine persons in ten have come out of Great Britain or Ireland. There is even said to be a Welsh colony in those parts, dating from before the days of the prophet Smith—a village of white men living in houses without doors, and entering at their first-floor windows by ladders; as if, when they first settled as a lonely band in the great wilderness, they feared the savages by whom they were environed. But the beaten Mormon track to the Great Salt Lake city is less perilous than that short cut across the country which we just now purpose to describe, following in our description the report

of an American artist, Mr. S. N. Carvalho, who accompanied as painter and photographer one of Colonel Fremont's adventurous exploring journeys.

We consider this traveller to be entitled to especial praise for his sincerity. He never magnifies his prowess, or professes that he has prowess to magnify. He sets out on a perilous excursion, trusting in his guide; but he goes forth confessedly as a man used to dwell in towns and to lead a sedentary life—a creature with quick home affections (he has the daguerreotypes of mother, wife, and children, in his pocket), with a stomach easily turned by bad meat, a heart not of the kind to leap with pleasure at the near sound of the war-whoop, and legs unaccustomed to bestride a prancing horse. Nevertheless, he sets out, having full faith in Colonel Fremont's wisdom, and a strong determination to do all that must be done, and to distinguish himself by the zealous discharge of his duties. It is to be observed that it is one thing to make hand-pictures or sun-pictures in a warm room, another thing to use colours, or to buff, coat, and mercurialise plates, on the top of the Rocky Mountains, standing up to one's middle in snow. Heavy cases of instruments had to be carried out; and, when the painter came with them to the stage by which he and they were to be conveyed to the rendezvous of the whole party at St. Louis, the proprietor of the stage refused to have the conveyance loaded with them. All prayers and remonstrances were vain; till by chance Colonel Fremont's name was mentioned. Then, said the lord of the coach, "Are those cases Fremont's?" Answer: Yes. Decision: Boy, harness up an extra team of horses. Stow away the boxes. I will put them through for Fremont without a cent. expense. I was with him on one of his journeys, and a nobler sort of man don't live about these parts."

The artist having reached St. Louis, Colonel Fremont started on the same afternoon with his whole party by steamer to Kansas, landed baggage, and established for a little time a camp near Westport, a few miles distant from the river. Then mules were bought; messengers were despatched to purchase India-rubber blankets; arms and ammunition were distributed—to every man a rifle and a Colt's revolver. Ten Delaware braves, some of whom had been with the Colonel before, were selected as the Indian comrades. These were to join the white men near the Kansas river, a hundred miles more to the west. Horses and mules also were branded, and to each its duty was allotted: to the painter was confided for his own use an Indian pony, recommended as a first-rate hunter of buffaloes. To this pony he was to be groom as well as rider; he was to catch him on the prairie every day, saddle him, ride him twice to water, and so forth. The new way of living was begun.

All being arranged, the party started ; but they had not gone far before serious illness compelled Colonel Fremont to return to Westport. His little company was requested to march on to the place where they were to join the Delawares, near the principal town of the Pottawatomies, and there encamp. They had been two days in this camp when word came from their leader that increasing illness forced him to go to St. Louis for medical attendance, and that they had better proceed as far as Smoky Hills, and encamp on the saline fork of the Kansas river, where there were plenty of buffaloes, and where he hoped to rejoin them in about a fortnight. So the camp was moved, and the expedition lived for a few weeks the gay life of a prairie party. Game was abundant. The Indians brought in buffalo, antelope, and deer ; the white gunners bagged wild turkeys, ducks, rabbits, and prairie hens. The cook dressed buffalo steaks and haunches of venison, made olla podridas, and served out, at the will of a quartermaster bent upon enjoyment, coffee, tea, and sugar, three or four times a-day. The white men smoked all their cigars ; the Delawares puffed at tobacco and red sumach in their pipes, which were generally tomahawks with a bore in the handle and a bowl at the butt end, serving the turn of peace or war ; handy instruments for every occasion.

The company was, in fact, in the absence of the Colonel, eating up its stores. The artist and the topographical engineer went out into the woods one day with a Delaware, and saw some luscious grapes hanging in a garland between two tree-tops. The grapes were tempting ; the Delaware waited to see what his white brethren would do ; they began each of them to climb a tree to gather bunches. When they were half-way up, the Delaware below pulled the whole vine down by an attack upon its roots, and was filling his dress with the best clusters when his friends came down to earth again. To gather a few grapes the Indians recklessly destroyed a vine ; and for the sake of a few weeks' pleasure, civilised and savage travellers were eating up the store that was meant for their sustenance and comfort in the future days of peril.

The quarter-master having discovered that the commissariat was empty, sent two of the Indians to Fort Riley for more supplies. The expedition had been delayed for a month by the illness of its chief ; the last day of October was at hand. Still Colonel Fremont had not arrived in the camp which was at that time encircled by a prairie fire. The camp itself was apparently protected by its situation, for it had the Kansas River on one side, Solomon's Fork on another, Salt Creek on another, and a large belt of wood distant about four miles, on the fourth. Colonel Fremont was expected daily, and the prairie was on fire upon the other side of the belt of wood, through which he would have to pass. The fire on the north side had burnt up to

the water's edge ; fire seemed to bound the whole horizon. On the morning of the last day of October, the magnificent woods had become a forest of charred trunks. The fire had increased. It was not easy to decide whither to go, if the camp were moved ; moreover it might be difficult for Fremont to find his men if they once quitted the appointed place of rendezvous. After breakfast, however, there was a loud whoop from a Delaware who first espied the welcome Colonel galloping through fire in the direction of the camp. He had with him his Indian guide, his cook, and an immense man on an immense mule, his doctor, who had come to see him safely started on his onward journey. Preparation was at once made for setting forward. The season was advanced. There would be game to live upon until Bent's Fort was reached, and there the expedition might be, as to all essential things, refitted. At midnight the fire crossed the Kansas River, and on the next day escape had to be made through the blazing grass. It was a scamper through fire of not more than a hundred feet, for the grass kindles quickly, and as quickly burns into dead cinder, so that among prairie grass the sea of fire is not a wide one through which one must dash to the black waste of ashes on the other side.

Through the ordeal of fire, this sudden dash led to the ordeal of frost. The next night's encampment was on the dry bed of a creek, where the cold was so intense that about an hour after the midnight watch had been relieved, one of the men on horse-guard left his duty, and came in to warm himself. Colonel Fremont's maxim of travel through the wilds is that the price of safety is eternal vigilance. The horse-guard had scarcely warmed his finger-tips before the watchful Colonel appeared by the camp-fire, accosted the delinquent and asked whether he had been relieved. The man pleaded frost as his apology for coming in, was seriously lectured, and expected to warm himself by walking through the next day's travel. Another man was sent out to occupy the vacated post. Morning brought with it justification of the Colonel's earnestness, five of the animals were missing, and as white men would pretty surely perish if left in the prairie, six hundred miles from the frontier of civilised life in the midst of hostile Indians, without mules and horses, it was necessary to spend several days in following the track of the Cheyenne Indians, who were declared by the Delawares to be the thieves. The animals were discovered at last, and with them some of the thieves, who confessed that they had watched the camp for an opportunity to run off with the horses, but had found them guarded until one man left his watch to warm himself by the camp-fire, during which time they stole five, and if they had had an hour left to them they would have stolen many more. They even pointed out the man to whose

error they had been indebted for their opportunity.

Journeying on, the country was at first found to be peopled by vast herds of buffaloes; at one time it is the painter's estimate that there must have been two hundred thousand buffaloes in sight. The prairie was black with them; sometimes they stopped the way. There was an hour's halt to allow only a single herd to gallop at full speed across the path. Civilisation mounted the dark box, but in vain tried to daguerreotype fragments of a moving herd. Prairie-dogs run to their holes as the travellers approach. At the entrance to a dog-hole there commonly stood a small owl as sentinel. Delawares say, that the prairie dog, the owl, and the rattlesnake always congregate.

Having reached the Arkansas river, and being encamped, some Indian-hunters came in to the travellers with their bows and arrows, and their game. There is something pleasant in the notion of wild Indians in a Chagenne village sitting for daguerreotypes, but they were not so much amazed and pleased at the daguerreotypes as at the silvering of some of their brass ornaments by dipping into quicksilver. Silver ornaments are their ideal of magnificence,—few compass more than brass, and the great alchemist who, by a touch, could turn brass into silver, was an exalter of horns whom they would gladly have prevailed upon to settle in their district.

At Bent's Trading Port the expedition was re-fitted, and Colonel Fremont having perfectly recovered health, the doctor halted to return by the first train of waggons to St. Louis. Onward then went the exploring party up the Arkansas to the mouth of the Huerfano, and then tracing the course of that river to the beautiful Huerfano valley, where the abundant cereals feed only herds of antelope and deer that roam through the primeval forests, and have sole dominion over the magnificent vales, the fertile hills and undulating plains. There is not the smoke even from a single human dwelling to cloud the pure air. Hereabouts there is a sugar-loaf rock of granite four or five hundred feet high, the Huerfano Butte, and the American suggests that whenever a railroad passes through this valley, a statue of Fremont be placed upon the Butte.

At the base of the Rocky Mountains, as the party was approaching Sand-hill Pass, fresh bear tracks were discovered, and a bear hunt followed, ending in bear steaks of which the painter who has still a tender stomach could eat little, inasmuch as fat bear-meat proved too luscious and greasy for his palate. On the day following, Colonel Fremont went into the Roubidoux Pass, from the summit of which our painter had the first view of the San Louis valley, and head-waters of the Rio Grande del Norte. Forty miles across were the San Juan Mountains, the scenes of

Colonel Fremont's most terrible disasters on a former expedition. The daguerreotype apparatus was set up, and the valley, and the river, and the mountains wrote the story of their loneliness on silver plates.

Entering the Sans Louis valley through the Sand-hill Pass, the expedition travelled about twenty miles up verdant slopes through which meandered a fresh stream of water fringed with cotton-wood elms. The camp was fixed in an immense natural deer-park under wide-spreading cedars, and it was scarcely fixed when a venison supper trotted down to the water-side close by. Out of a herd of black-tail deer descending from the mountain every shot killed a fine buck, and it was determined to remain for a few days in this position, killing and curing meat for use among the wintry mountains which were next upon the road. Then the way of the travellers was up the valley to the Cocho-tope, and upward still through forest, surrounded by huge granite mountains, till at last the little streams which had been running as if to meet the comers, began running in the same direction with them, and so it was clear that the high land was reached which parts the waters flowing towards the Atlantic from those bound for the Pacific. After issuing from these woods Colonel Fremont camped on the edge of a rivulet. Near this camp there was a rugged and barren mountain covered with snow, and inaccessible to mules. The leader of the exploration regretted that the important views which might be taken from its summit should be lost, but gave up the idea of an ascent as impracticable. Our painter—bold in his vocation—volunteered to climb; Colonel Fremont resolved, therefore, to accompany him, and in three hours they were at the top,—one making observations with barometer and thermometer; the other, up to his middle in snow, copying in daguerreotype the whole panorama.

On New Year's Day (the journey was made three years ago) the members of the expedition had a feast among the snow-covered rocks across which they were labouring. The cured venison was gone, the horses that gave out as beasts of burden became next assailable as meat, and there were several pounds of candles made of buffalo tallow, which had been preserved at Bent's Station, and which had been broken to pieces. The cook's brilliant conception for a New Year's dinner was to fry in the tallow the horse-steaks which came to table after the horse-soup, and this he did. The painter had also a surprise in store. He meant to follow up the horse-steak and tallow sauce with a huge mass of blancmange. He had preserved carefully in his private store two boxes, one containing a pound of preserved eggs, the other a like quantity of preserved milk. He had also a paper of arrowroot, which his wife had packed up for him in

case he should need sick diet. By boiling the eggs and milk and arrowroot together in six gallons of water, there was produced an incomparable blancmange. Great was the delight of the company when, after a rich dinner of horse and candle, all palates were soothed with a blancmange of sugar, arrowroot, and egg, thickening six gallons of water and a pint of milk.

The period of real suffering and privation was begun with the new year. A few days after the descent of the Cochetope Pass, a high and steep mountain had to be scaled. When half way up, one of the foremost baggage mules lost his balance from the sinking of his hind feet in the snow, and tumbling back heels over head, knocked down nearly all the animals below him, so that there rolled an avalanche of fifty mules and horses down over the snow to the bottom of the mountain. One mule and a horse were killed. On the day following, during the descent on the other side of the same mountain, all the poles of the large lodge or tent were broken by contact with the trees; the lodge then became useless, and the men thenceforward had to sleep in their blankets and buffalo-robcs upon the open snow.

After having crossed another snow mountain, a Delaware brought in a fat young horse that he had killed, and that proved much more palatable than their own starved and weary animals, upon which the explorers had been feeding. There were found also recent tracks of Utah Indians. Again the utmost vigilance was needed in the camp; all were warned to look to their arms, and it occurred then to our painter that as he had used his rifle for a walking-stick while traversing deep snow, it might not be in good condition. He therefore retired into a corner, and attempted to discharge it; both caps exploded, but the gun would not go off, the barrel, in fact, being full of ice. At the same moment, the face of the sharp-eared and sharp-sighted colonel was upon the culprit, and it was the painter's turn to receive solemn warning on the danger of neglects that might seem trivial, but were indeed most serious, among men travelling with their lives in daily peril. There were visits to the camp from two sets of Indians, each claiming, and the first getting compensation for the fat horse, then only half eaten. The first party was lachrymose, the second bellicose. The threats of the Utah warriors alarmed the painter, but the colonel quietly remarked that he was quite sure there was not powder enough to load a rifle in the whole tribe of the Utahs; for he knew those Indians, and if they had any ammunition they would have surrounded us, he said, and massacred us, and stolen what they now demand and are parleying for. Thereat the painter regained courage, and obeying the word of his chief, went forth and demon-

strated to the Indians, by causing bullet after bullet to be fired at a mark from a navy revolver (secretly substituting another when the six barrels were all discharged), that it was of no use to contend with travellers whose guns never required loading. After this display, the savages, who had but muskets, and with them no powder, became very pacific in their dispositions.

The Grand River (eastern fork of the Colorado) had to be crossed by swimming the cold flood and by scrambling and leaping over blocks of ice. In spite of every such incident, of beds on the snow under the open heaven, and exposure to extreme severity of frost, snow-storms, and once a deluge of rain all night long, throughout this journey, says Mr. Carvalho, "I never took the slightest cold, either in my head or chest; I do not recollect ever sneezing. While at home, I ever was most susceptible to cold."

The country between the Grand River and the Green River is very sterile; there was no water at all between these rivers when the expedition crossed. When the Green River was reached, Indians were seen on the high sand-bluffs on the other side; these led them to a fertile spot on which their village was erected, and gave them grass-seed which they collected in the autumn, and upon which they lived all the year through. Their women parch and grind it. It is nourishing and easy of digestion. The resources of the expedition were so far reduced, that our painter gladly gave for a quart of this dried seed, everything that he could spare out of his daguerreotype box and several articles of necessary clothing. Colonel Fremont bought a lame horse which was in very good condition, and he and his men, who had not tasted food for the last two days, supped upon it joyfully. The painter satisfied himself so well, that when next day an exceedingly fat porcupine was killed, his stomach returned to its daintiness, and he sat hungry, while his companions were enjoying the white meat, which looked very much like fat pork.

The artist, the topographical engineer, and the assistant engineer—because they had to make halts to perform their several duties—usually marched far in the rear of the whole band of explorers. They came up with all the strayed and stubborn mules and to their lot it fell to drive them on. Many of the party, whose horses had given out and been slaughtered for food, were on foot, and that was the case with the three men in the rear, who like the rest had worn out their mocassins and were marching nearly barefoot among flinty mountains. One day the assistant engineer, Mr. Fuller, who had never uttered a word of complaint while there remained in him any power at all, surprised his companions by telling them that he had given out. "Nonsense, man! rest, and try again."

He was content to try again, but it was only too true that his last remnant of strength was expended—he could not move ten paces without extreme suffering. It was inevitable to leave him in the snow, carefully wrapped up, and push on in the hope of sending early succour back. It was ten hours before the camp was reached by the two limping travellers. Delawares were sent for Mr. Fuller, and the whole camp sat sorrowfully awake throughout the night expecting their return. The sick man was brought in on the following night, alive, but with feet black to the ankles. He was carried forward by his comrades, but the powers of his life were spent, and he survived not many days.

After the crossing of the Green River the whole party went on foot, and the men were becoming weaker every day for the want of food. The painter, who had one foot badly frozen, became at last, through lameness, constantly the last man on the trail, and once his energy almost deserted him. He was at the top of a mountain of snow, with not a tree to be seen for many miles. Night was approaching, and, in the direction taken by his comrades, not a sign of life could be descried. He sank exhausted on the snow-bank, and took out of his pocket for a farewell look the miniatures of his wife and children. Power came to him out of their faces. He thought how little his wife could afford to be a widow or his children to be fatherless, beat down his despair, and struggled forward. It was not till late at night that he arrived at the camp fire, where Colonel Fremont awaited his arrival. Before the men Colonel Fremont jested with him; but, after supper, he talked with him in the tent, comforted him, entreated him to say nothing dispiriting in presence of the others, and said that on the next day he would take some measures for mounting the whole party. Next day, accordingly, it was declared that all baggage, including the daguerreotype apparatus, was to be buried in a cache, that the men were to mount the baggage mules, relieving them as much as possible by sometimes walking at their side. When an animal gave in he was shot down by the Indians, and divided into twenty-two parts—two for the colonel and his cook, ten for the whites of the camp, ten for the Delawares. Soup was made of the offal. As to the division between man and man, there was so much jealousy among the hungry whites that the several pieces of meat had to be allotted to the several men by one of the number, who decided blindfold. The Delawares, by frugal use of their own share, always had a little meat, and they were never known to rob each other; the men of the white camp, painter included, robbed one another of food, more or less, and ate up their

allowances improvidently at the cost sometimes of a two days' fast. For fifty days, life was sustained on horseflesh only.

Arrived in the midst of deep snow, at the foot of the Warsatch mountains, Colonel Fremont called a council of the chief Delawares to consider the possibility of crossing a particular mountain; of which the ascent was at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the height about a thousand feet. The Delawares declared the snows to be too deep. That night there was an occultation, and the Colonel, assisted by the painter (who was now become assistant astronomer), standing in three or four feet of snow took observations. The next morning Colonel Fremont said that Parawan, a small Mormon settlement in the little Salt Lake Valley, was distant so many miles in a certain direction immediately over that snow-covered mountain. Cross it he would—and did, he himself leading the way and breaking a path for his comrades. On the day and at the very hour when he had said he meant to reach the place, the Colonel led his men into Parawan, a settlement not visible at two miles distance, having come straight upon it by the help of science. A mariner, says Mr. Carvalho, may direct his course to an island in the sea or to a port; and, if his calculation be right even within fifty miles, he will have practical ways of correcting so much error. But he who leads men suffering from cold and hunger among mountains over trackless snow, if he be only three miles wrong in his reckoning, may miss the place of rest, and wander lost among the wilds. Colonel Fremont was precise, not only in his calculations, but in all his conduct as a leader. He maintained the temper of a gentleman through every trial; under no provocation did he utter any oath, but kept perfect discipline by showing that he knew how to respect himself; thus securing the respect of his companions.

Having entered Parawan, Mr. Carvalho collapsed. He and his comrades were lank men, with hair uncut and uncombed, and faces that had not been washed for a month. Lodged with a Mormon family, at length a declared invalid, the painter had his hair cut and his face scrubbed. Fremont and his companions travelled on still westward towards new perils; Mr. Carvalho, invalided, stayed among the Mormons, received hospitality from Brigham Young; and, in three months, under the care of the people of Great Salt City, added sixty-one pounds to his weight, that being seventeen pounds more than he had lost by the privations of the journey. He has much to tell about the Mormons, but we leave all who wish to know what is his report concerning their strange commonwealth to hear it from himself.

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THE HIMALAYA CLUB.

It is some eighteen years since this institution was founded, at Mussoorie, one of the chief sanatoria in the Himalaya Mountains. Here all those who can obtain leave, and who can afford the additional expense, repair to escape the hot weather of the plains. The season begins about the end of April, and ends about the first week in October. The club is open to the members of the civil and military services, to the members of the bar, the clergy, and to such other private gentlemen who are on the government-house list, which signifies "in society." The club-house is neither an expensive nor an elegant edifice, but it answers the purposes required of it. It has two large rooms, one on the ground-floor, and the other on the upper story. The lower room, which is some sixty feet long by twenty-five wide, is the dining-room, breakfast-room, and reception-room. The upper room is the reading and the ball-room. The club has also its billiard-room, which is built on the ledge of a precipice; and its stables, which would astonish most persons in Europe. No horses, except those educated in India, would crawl into these holes cut out of the earth and rock.

Facing the side-door is a platform about forty yards long by fifteen feet wide; and, from it, on a clear day the eye commands one of the grandest scenes in the known world. In the distance are plainly visible the eternal snows; at your feet are a number of hills, covered with trees of luxuriant foliage. Amongst them is the rhododendron, which grows to an immense height and size, and is, when in bloom, literally covered with flowers. On every hill, on a level with the club, and within a mile of it, a house is to be seen, to which access would seem impossible. These houses are, for the most part, whitened without as well as within; and nothing can exceed in prettiness their aspect as they shine in the sun.

From the back of the club-house—from your bedroom windows (there are twenty-three sets of apartments) you have a view of Deyrah Dhoon. It appears about a mile off. It is seven miles distant. The plains that lie outstretched below the Simplon bear, in point of extent and beauty, to the Indian

scene, nothing like the proportion which the comparatively pigmy Mont Blanc bears to the Dewalgiri. From an elevation of about seven thousand feet the eye embraces a plain containing millions of acres, intersected by broad streams to the left, and inclosed by a low belt of hills, called the Pass. The Dhoon, in various parts, is dotted with clumps of jungle, abounding with tigers, pheasants, and every species of game. In the broad tributaries to the Ganges and the Jumma, may be caught (with a fly) the mahseer, the leviathan salmon. Beyond the Pass of which I have spoken, you see the plains of Hindoostan. While you are wrapped in a great coat, and are shivering with the cold, you may see the heat, and the steam it occasions. With us on the hills, the thermometer is at forty-five; with those poor fellows over there, it is at ninety-two degrees. We can scarcely keep ourselves warm, for the wind comes from the snowy range; they cannot breathe, except beneath a punkah. That steam is, as the crow flies, not more than forty miles from us.

We are all idlers at Mussoorie. We are all sick, or supposed to be so; or we have leave on private affairs. Some of us are up here for a month between musters. We are in the good graces of our colonel, and our general—the general of our division, a very good old gentleman.

Let us go into the public room, and have breakfast; for, it is half-past nine o'clock, and the bell has rung. There are not more than half-a-dozen at the table. These are the early risers who walk or ride round the Camel's Back every morning: the Camel's Back being a huge mountain, encircled about its middle by a good road. The majority of the club's members are asleep, and will defer breakfast until tiffin time—half-past two. At that hour the gathering will be great. How these early risers eat to be sure! There is the major, who, if you believe him, has every complaint mentioned in Graham's Domestic Medicine, has just devoured two thighs (grilled) of a turkey, and is now asking Captain Blossom's opinion of the Irish stew, while he is cutting into a pigeon-pie.

Let us now while away the morning. Let us call on some of the grass widows. There are lots of them here, civil and military. Let us go first to Mrs. Merrydale, the wife

of our old friend Charley, of the two hundredth and tenth regiment. Poor fellow! He could not get leave, and the doctors said another hot summer in the plains would be the death of his wife. They are seven hundred pounds in debt to the Agra bank, and are hard put to it to live and pay the monthly instalments of interest. Charley is only a lieutenant. What terrible infants are these little Merrydales! There is Lieutenant Maxwell's pony under the trees, and if these children had not shouted out "Mamma! Mamma! Here is Captain Wall, Sahib!" I should have been informed that Mrs. Merrydale was not at home, or was poorly, which I should have believed implicitly. (Maxwell, when a young ensign, was once engaged to be married to Julia Dacey, now Mrs. Merrydale, but her parents would not hear of it, for some reason or other.) As it is, we must be admitted. We will not stay long. Mrs. Merrydale is writing to her husband. Grass widows in the hills are always writing to their husbands, when you drop in upon them, and your presence is not actually delighted in. How beautiful she looks! now that the mountain breezes have chased from her cheeks the pallor which lately clung to them in the plains; and the fresh air has imparted to her spirits an elasticity, in lieu of that languor by which she was oppressed a fortnight ago.

Let us now go to Mrs. Hastings. She is the wife of a civilian, who has a salary of fifteen hundred rupees (one hundred and fifty pounds) per mensem, and who is a man of fortune, independent of his pay. Mrs. Hastings has the best house in Mussoorie. She is surrounded by servants. She has no less than three Arab horses to ride. She is a great prude—is Mrs. Hastings. She has no patience with married women who flirt. She thinks that the dogma—

"When lovely women go astray,

Their stars are more in fault than they"—

is all nonsense. Mrs. Hastings has been a remarkably fine woman; she is now five-and-thirty, and still good-looking, though disposed to embonpoint. She wears one with her discourses on the duties of a wife. That simpering corset, Stammersleigh, is announced, and we may bid her good-morning.

The average rent for a furnished house is about five hundred rupees (fifty pounds) for the six months. Every house has its name. Yonder are Cocky Hall, Belvidere, Phoenix Lodge, the Cliffs, the Crags, the Vale, the Eagle's Nest, &c. The value of these properties ranges from five hundred to fifteen hundred pounds. The furniture is of the very plainest description, with one or two exceptions, and is manufactured chiefly at Bareilly, and carried here on men's shoulders, the entire distance—ninety miles.

Where shall we go now, for it wants an hour to tiffin-time? Oh! here comes a janpan! (a sort of sedan-chair carried by four hill-men, dressed in loose black

clothes turned up with red, yellow, blue, green, or whatever colour the proprietor likes best.) And in the janpan sits a lady:—Mrs. Apsley, a very pretty, good-tempered, and well-bred little woman. She is the grand-daughter of an English peer, and is very fond of quoting her aunts and her uncles. "My aunt Lady Mary Culnerson," "my aunt the Countess of Tweedleford," "my uncle, Lord Charles Banbury Cross, &c." But that is her only weakness, I believe; and, perhaps, it is ungenerous to allude to it. Her husband is in the Dragoons.

"Well, Mrs. Apsley, whither art thou going? To pay visits?"

"No. I am going to Mrs. Ludlam's to buy a new bonnet, and not before I want one you will say."

"May I accompany you?"

"Yes, and assist me in making a choice."

There is not a cloud to be seen. The air is soft and balmy. The wild flowers are in full bloom, and the butterfly is on the wing. The grasshopper is singing his ceaseless song, and the bees are humming a chorus thereto.

We are now at Mrs. Ludlam's. The janpan is placed upon the ground, and I assist Mrs. Apsley to step from it.

Mrs. Ludlam is the milliner and dressmaker of Upper India, and imports all her wares direct from London and Paris. Everybody in this part of the world knows Mrs. Ludlam, and everybody likes her. She has by industry, honesty of purpose, and economy, amassed a little fortune; and has brought up a large family in the most respectable and unpretending style. Some people say that she sometimes can afford to sell a poor ensign's wife a bonnet, or a silk dress, at a price which hardly pays. What I have always admired in Mrs. Ludlam is that she never importunes her customers to buy her goods; nor does she puff their quality.

The bonnet is bought; likewise a neck-scarf for Jack. And we are now returning: Mrs. Apsley to her home, and I to the club. Mrs. Apsley invites me to dine with them; but that is impossible. It is public night, and I have two guests. One of them is Jack, who does not belong to the club, because Mary does not wish it.

Mrs. Apsley says she wants some pickles, and we must go into Ford's shop to purchase them. Ford sells everything; and he is a wine, beer, and spirit merchant. You may get anything at Ford's—guns, pistols, swords, whips, hats, clothes, tea, sugar, tobacco. What is this which Ford puts into my hand? A raffle paper! "To be raffled for, a single-barrelled rifle, by Purdy. The property of a gentleman hard-up for money, and in great difficulties. Twenty-five chances at one gold mohur (one pound twelve shillings) each."

"Yes, put my name down for a chance, Ford."

"And Captain Apsley's, please," says the lady.

After promising Mrs. Apsley, most faithfully, that I will not keep Jack later than half-past twelve, and taking another look into those sweet eyes of hers, I gallop away as fast as the pony can carry me. I am late; there is scarcely a vacant place at the long table. We have no private tables. The same board shelters the nether limbs of all of us. We are all intimate friends, and know exactly each other's circumstances. What a clatter of knives and forks! And what a lively conversation! It alludes, chiefly, to the doings of the past night. Almost every other man has a nickname. To account for many of them would indeed be a difficult, if not a hopeless task.

"Dickey Brown! Glass of beer?"

"I am your man," responds Major George, N. I. Fencibles.

At the other end of the table you hear the word, "Shiney!" shouted out, and responded to by Lieutenant Fenwick of the Horse Artillery.

"Billy! Sherry?"

Adolphus Bruce of the Lancers lifts his glass with immense alacrity.

It is a curious characteristic of Indian society that very little outward respect is in private shown to seniority. I once heard an ensign of twenty years of age address a civilian of sixty, in the following terms: "Now then, old moonsiff, pass that claret, please."

The tiffin over, a gool, or lighted ball of charcoal, is passed round the table in a silver augdan (fire-holder). Every man present lights a cigar, and in a few minutes there is a general move. Some retire to the billiard-room, others cluster round the fire-place; others pace the platform; and two sets go up-stairs into the reading-room to have a quiet rubber—from three till five. Those four men seated at the table near the window have the reputation of being the best players in India. The four at the other table know very little of the game of whist. Mark the difference! The one set never speak, except when the cards are being dealt. The other set are finding fault with one another during the progress of the hand. The good players are playing high. Goldmohur points—five gold mohurs on the rub—give and take five to two after the first game. And sometimes, at game and game, they bet an extra five. Tellwell and Long, who are playing against Bean and Fickle, have just lost a bumper—twenty-seven gold mohurs—a matter of forty-three pounds four shillings.

In the billiard-room, there is a match going on between four officers who are famed for their skill, judgment, and execution. Heavy bets are pending. How cautiously and how well they play! No wonder, when we consider the number of hours they practise, and that they play every day of their lives. That tall man now about to strike, makes a revenue out of billiards. I shall be

greatly mistaken if that man does not come to grief some day. He preys upon every youngster in every station he goes to with his regiment. He is a captain in the native infantry. His name is Tom Locke. He has scored forty-seven off the red ball. His confederate, Bunyan, knows full well that luck has little to do with his success. He, too, will come to grief before long. Your clever villains are invariably tripped up sooner or later, and ignominiously stripped of their commissions and positions in society.

It is five o'clock. Some thirty horses and as many ponies are saddled and bridled, and led up and down in the vicinity of the club. Everybody will be on the mall presently. The mall is a part of the road round the Camel's Back. It is a level of about half a mile long and twelve feet broad. A slight fence stands between the riders and a deep khud (precipice). To gallop along this road is nothing when you are accustomed to it; but, at first, it makes one very nervous even to witness it. Serious and fatal accidents have happened; but, considering all things, they have been far fewer than might have been expected.

The mall is crowded. Ladies and gentlemen on horseback, and ladies in jansans—the janpaneas dressed in every variety of livery. Men in the French grey-coats, trimmed with white serge, are carrying Mrs. Hastings. Men in the brown clothes, trimmed with yellow serge, are carrying Mrs. Merrydale. Jack Apsley's wife is mounted on her husband's second charger. "Come along, Captain Wall," she calls out to me, and goes off at a canter, which soon becomes a hand-gallop. I follow her, of course. Jack remains behind, to have a quiet chat with Mrs. Flower of his regiment; who thinks—and Jack agrees with her—that hard-riding on the mall is a nuisance, and ought to be put a stop to. But, as we come back, we meet the hypocrite galloping with a Miss Pinkerton, a new importation, with whom—much to the amusement of his wife—he affects to be desperately in love. The mall, by the way, is a great place for flirtations.

Most steady-going people, like Mrs. Flower, not only think hard-riding on the mall a nuisance, but make it the theme of letters to the editors of the papers, and sometimes the editors will take the matter up, and write leading articles thereon, and pointedly allude to the fact—as did the late Sir C. J. Napier, in a general order—that beggars on horseback usually ride in the opposite direction to heaven. But these letters and leaders rarely have the desired effect; for what can a man do when a pretty woman like Mrs. Apsley says, "Come along—let us have a gallop"?

Why are there so very many people on the mall this evening? A few evenings ago it was proposed at the club, that a band should play twice a week. A paper was sent round at once, and every one subscribed a sum in

accordance with his means. Next morning the required number of musicians was hunted up and engaged. Two cornets, two flutes, two violins, a clarionet, a fife, and several drums. It is the twenty-ninth of May—a day always celebrated in “this great military camp,” as Lord Ellenborough described British India. At a given signal, the band strikes up God save the Queen. We all flock round the band, which has taken up a position on a rock beetling over the road. The male portion of us raise our hats and remain uncovered while the anthem is played. We are thousands of miles distant from our fatherland and our Queen; but our hearts are as true and as loyal as though she were in the midst of us.

This is the first time that the Himalaya mountains have listened to the joyous sound of music. We have danced to music within doors; but never, until this day, have we heard a band in the open air in the Himalaya mountains. How wonderful is the effect! From valley to valley echo carries the sound, until at last it seems as though

Every mountain now had found a band.

Long after the strain has ceased with us we can hear it penetrating into and reverberating amidst regions which the foot of man has never yet trodden, and probably will never tread. The sun has gone down, but his light is still with us.

Back to the club! Dinner is served. We sit down, seventy-five of us. The fare is excellent, and the champagne has been iced in the hail which fell the other night, during a storm. Jack Apsley is on my right, and I have thrice begged of him to remember that he must not stay later than half-past twelve; and he has thrice responded that Mary has given him an extension of leave until daylight. Jack and I were midshipmen together, some years ago, in a line-of-battle ship that went by the name of the House of Correction. And there is Wywell sitting opposite to us—Wywell who was in the frigate which belonged to our squadron—the squadron that went round the world, and buried the commodore, poor old Sir James! in Sydney churchyard. Fancy we three meeting again in the Himalaya mountains!

The cloth is removed, for the dinner is over. The president of the club—the gentleman who founded it—rises. He is a very little man of seventy years of age—fifty-three of which have been spent in India. He is far from feeble, and is in full possession of all his faculties. His voice is not loud; but it is very distinct and pierces the ear.

They do not sit long after dinner at the club. It is only nine, and the members are already diminishing. Some are off to the billiard-room, to smoke, drink brandy-and-water, and look on at the play. The whist parties are now at work, and seven men are engaged at brag. A few remain; and, drawing

their chairs to the fire-place, form a ring and chat cosily.

Halloa! what is this? The club-house is heaving and pitching like a ship at anchor in a gale of wind. Some of us feel qualmish. It is a shock of an earthquake; and a very violent shock. It is now midnight. A thunderstorm is about to sweep over Mussoorie. Only look at that lurid forked lightning striking yonder hill, and listen to that thunder! While the storm lasts, the thunder will never for a second cease roaring; for, long before the sound of one peal has died away, it will be succeeded by another more awful. And now, look at the Dhoon! Those millions of acres are illuminated by incessant sheet lightning. How plainly we discern the trees and the streams in the Dhoon, and the outline of the pass which divides the Dhoon from the plains. What a glorious panorama! We can see the black clouds descending rapidly towards the Dhoon, and it is not until they near that level land that they discharge the heavy showers with which they are laden. What a luxury would this storm be to the inhabitants of the plains; but, it does not extend beyond the Dhoon. We shall hear the day after to-morrow that not a single drop of rain has fallen at Umballah, Meerut, or Saharanpore.

The party from the billiard-room has come up to have supper, now that the storm is over. They are rather noisy; but the card players take no heed of them. They are too intent upon their play to be disturbed. Two or three of the brag party call for oyster-toast to be taken to the table, and they devour it savagely while the cards are dealt round, placing their lighted cheroots meanwhile on the edge of the table.

And now there is singing—comic and sentimental. *Isle of Beauty* is followed by the *Steam Leg*, the *Steam Leg* by the *Queen of the May*, the *Queen of the May* by the facetious version of *George Barnwell*, and so on. Jack Apsley—who has ascertained that dear Mary is quite safe, and not at all alarmed—is still here, and is now singing *Rule Britannia* with an energy and enthusiasm which are at once both pleasing and ridiculous to behold. He has been a soldier for upwards of sixteen years; but the sailor still predominates in his nature; while his similes have invariably reference to matters connected with ships and the sea. He told me just now, that when he first joined his regiment, he felt as much out of his element as a live dolphin in a sentry-box, and he has just described his present colonel as a man who is as touchy as a boatswain's kitten. Apsley's Christian name is Francis, but he has always been called Jack, and always will be.

It is now broad daylight, and high time for a man on sick-leave to be in bed. How seedy and disreputable we all look, in our evening dresses and patent-leather boots!

And observe this carnation in my button-hole—the gift of Mrs. Apsley—she gave it to me on the mall. The glare of the lights, and the atmosphere of smoke in which I have been sitting part of the night, have robbed it of its freshness, its bloom, and perfume. I am sorry to say it is an emblem of most of us.

Go home, Apsley! Go home, reeking of tobacco smoke and brandy-and-water—with your eyes like boiled gooseberries, your hair in frightful disorder—go home! You will probably meet upon the mall your three beautiful children, with their rosy faces all bloom, and their breath, when they press their glowing lips to those feverish cheeks of yours, will smell as incense and make you ashamed of yourself. Go home, Jack! I will tiff with you to-day at half-past two.

Two young gentlemen were victimised last night at the Brag party. The one, a lieutenant of the N. I. Buffs, lost six thousand rupees; the other, a lieutenant of the Foot Artillery, four thousand. The day after to-morrow, the first of the month, will be settling day. How are they to meet these debts of honour? They have nothing but their pay, and must borrow from the banks. That is easily managed. The money will be advanced to them on their own personal security, and that of two other officers in the service. They must also insure their lives. The premium and the interest, together, will make them forfeit fourteen per cent. per annum on the sum advanced. The loan will be paid off in three years, by monthly instalments. The paymaster will receive an order from the bank secretary to deduct for the bank so much per mensem from their pay. For the next three years they will have to live very mildly indeed.

There were also two victims (both youngsters) to billiards. One lost three thousand rupees in bets, another two thousand five hundred, by bad play. They, too, will have to fly for assistance to the banks. Captains Locke and Bunyan won, between them, last night, one thousand four hundred pounds. There was but little execution done at whist. Not more than one hundred and fifty pounds changed hands. Those four men who play regularly together, and who never exceed their usual bets, have very little difference between them at the end of each month—not thirty pounds, either way. This will not hurt them; for they have all good appointments, and have private property besides.

I find, on going to tiffin at Jack Apsley's, that Mrs. Jack has heard all about the winnings and losings at the club. Some man went home and told his wife, and she has told everybody whom she has seen. In a short time the news will travel to head-quarters at Simlah, and out will come a general order on gambling, which general order will be read aloud at the Himalaya Club, with comments by the whole company—comments which

will be received with shouts of laughter. Some youngster will put the general order into verse, and send it to a newspaper. This done, the general order will be converted into pipe-lights. This is no doubt very sad; but I have no time to moralise. My duty is simply to paint the picture.

Mrs. Apsley is not angry with her husband for staying up till daylight. She thinks a little dissipation does him good; and it is but a very little that Jack indulges in, for he is a good husband and a good father. Jack has a severe headache, but he won't confess it. He says he never touched the champagne, and only drank two glasses of brandy and water. But who ever did touch the champagne, and who ever did drink any more than two glasses of brandy and water? Jack came home with his pockets filled with almonds, raisins, prunes, nut-crackers, and two liqueur glasses; but how they got there he has not the slightest idea—but I have. Wywell, from a sideboard, was filling his pockets all the while he was singing Rule Britannia.

"Mrs. Apsley, I have some news for you."

"What is it, Captain Wall?"

"The club gives a ball on the seventh of June."

"You don't say so."

"And what is more, a fancy ball."

The tiffin is brought in. Mulligatawny soup and rice, cold lamb and mint sauce, sherry and beer. The Apsleys are very hospitable people; but Mary, who rules the household, never exceeds her means for the sake of making a display.

The soup and a glass of wine set Jack up; and he becomes quite chirpy. He proposes that he and I and Wywell shall go to the fancy ball as middies, and that Mary shall appear as Black-eyed Susan. Then, darting off at a tangent, he asks me if I remember when we were lying off Mount Edgecombe, just before sailing for South America? But he requires a little more stimulant, for the tears are glistening in his soft blue eyes when he alludes to the death of poor Noel, a middy whom we buried in the ocean a few days before we got to Rio. In a very maudlin way he narrates to his wife the many excellent qualities of poor Noel. She listens with great attention; but, observing that his spontaneous emotion is the result of the two over-night glasses of brandy—plus what he cannot remember drinking over-night—she suggests that Jack shall make some sherry cobbler. What a jewel of a woman art thou, Mrs. Apsley! Several of the men who returned home, as Jack did, none the better for their potations, have been driven by their wives' reproaches to the club, where they are now drinking brandy and soda-water to excess; while here is your spouse as comfortable as a cricket on a hearth; and now that he confesses he was slightly screwed, you, with quiet tact, contradict his assertion.

For the next week the forthcoming fancy ball, to be given by the club, will be the chief topic of conversation amongst the visitors at Mussoorie. Mrs. Ludlam is in immense demand. She knows the character that each lady will appear in; but it is useless to attempt to extract from her the slightest particle of information on that head. This ball will be worth seven hundred and fifty rupees to Mrs. Ludlam.

Let us keep away from the club for a few days; for, after several officers have been victimised at play, their friends are apt to talk about the matter in an unpleasant manner. This frequently leads to a quarrel, which I dislike to witness.

Where shall we go? To the Dhoon. It is very hot there; but never mind. No great-coat, no fires, an hour hence; but the very lightest of garments and a punkah. The thermometer is at eighty-five degrees there. The Dhoon is not a healthy place in the summer. It must have been the bed of an enormous lake, or small inland sea. Its soil being alluvial, will produce anything; every kind of fruit, European and tropical. You may gather a peach and a plantain out of the same garden. Some of the hedges in this part of the world are singularly beautiful, composed of white and red cluster roses and sweetbriars. There is an excellent hotel in the Dhoon, where we are sure to meet people whom we know.

Sure enough I find a party of five at the hotel; all club men and intimate friends of mine. They, too, have come down to avoid being present on the first settling day; for, if there should be any duelling, it is just possible that some of us might be asked to act as second.

We must dine off sucking-pig in the Dhoon. The residents at Mussoorie used to form their pig-parties in the Dhoon, just as the residents of London form their whitebait banquets at Greenwich. I once took a French gentleman, who was travelling in India, to one of these pig-parties, and he made a very humorous note of it in his book of travel, which he showed to me. Unlike most foreigners who travel in English dominions, he did not pick out and note down all the bad traits in our characters; but gave us credit for all those excellent points which his experience of mankind in general enabled him to observe.

The Governor-General's body-guard is quartered just now in the Dhoon, and there is a Goorka regiment here. The Dhoon will send some twenty couples to the fancy ball on the seventh. Every lady in the place has at this moment a Durzee (man tailor) employed in her back verandah, dress-making. We are admitted to the confidence of Mrs. Plowville, who is going as Norma. And a very handsome Norma she will make; she being rather like Madame Grisi—and she knows it.

We return to the club on the second of June. There has been a serious dispute, and a duel has been fought; but happily, no blood shed. The intelligence of the gambling at the club has reached the Commander-in-Chief at Simlah; and he has ordered that the remainder of the leave granted to Captains Locke and Bunyan be cancelled, and that those officers forthwith join their respective regiments. The victims also have been similarly treated; yet every one of these remanded officers came up here on medical certificate.

It is the morning of the seventh of June. The stewards of the ball are here, there, and everywhere, making arrangements. Several old hands, who hate and detest balls, and who voted against this ball, are walking about the public room, protesting that it is the greatest folly they ever heard of. And in their disgust they blackball two candidates for admission who are to be balloted for on the tenth instant. They complain that they can get no tiffin, no dinner, no anything. But the stewards only laugh at them.

The supper has been supplied by Monsieur Emille, the French restaurateur, and a very splendid supper it is. It is laid out in the dining-room. Emille is a great artiste. He is not perhaps equal to Bragier—that great man whom Louis Philippe gave to his friend, Lord William Bentinck, when Lord William was going out to govern India—but Emille, nevertheless, would rank high even amongst the most skilful of cuisiniers, in Europe.

It is a quarter past nine, and we, of the club, are ready to receive our guests. The ladies come in janpans; their husbands following them, on horseback or on foot. It is a beautiful moonlight night. We are always obliged to wait upon the moon, when we give a ball in Mussoorie. Before ten o'clock the room is crowded. There are present one hundred and thirty-six gentlemen, and seventy-five ladies. Of the former nine-tenths are soldiers, the remainder are civilians. Of the latter, seventy are married; the remaining five are spinsters.

Here we all are in every variety of costume—Turks, Greeks, Romans, Bavarian—broom-girls, Medoras, Corsairs, Hamlets, Othellos, Tells, Charles the Seconds, and Quakers. Many have not come in fancy costume, but in their respective uniforms; and where do you see such a variety of uniforms as in an Indian ball-room? Where will you meet with so great a number of distinguished men? There is the old general: that empty sleeve tells a tale of the battle of Waterloo. Beside him is a general in the Company's service; one who has recently received the thanks of his country. He has seen seventy, but there is no man in the room who could, at this very time, endure so great an amount of mental or bodily fatigue. That youngster to the right of the general is to be made a brevet-major and a C.B. as soon as he gets

his company. He is a hero, though a mere boy. That pale-faced civilian is a man of great ability, and possesses administrative talents of the very highest order. Seated on an ottoman, talking to Mrs. Hastings, is the famous Hawkins, of the Third Dragoons. Laughing, in the side doorway, is the renowned William Mumble. He is the beau ideal of a dashing soldier. Yonder is Major Starcross, whose gallantry in Afghanistan was the theme of admiration in Europe. And there is Colonel Bolt, of the Duke's Own. All of these men have been under very hot fire—the hottest that even Lord Hardinge could remember. All of them are decorated with medals and ribbons. Where will you see handsomer women than you frequently meet in a ball-room at Mussoorie, or Simlah? Amongst these now assembled there are three who, at any court in Europe, would be conspicuous for their personal attractions—Mrs. Merrydale, Mrs. Plowville, and Mrs. Banks. Mrs. Apsley is a pretty little woman; but the three to whom I have alluded are beautiful.

The dancing has commenced, and will continue until four o'clock, with an interval of half an hour at supper-time. The second supper—the ladies being gone—will then commence, and a very noisy party it will be. Unrestrained by the presence of the fair sex, the majority of those who remain will drink and smoke in earnest, and the chances are, there will be several rows. Ensign Jenks, when the brandy and water inflames him, will ask young Blackstone of the Civil Service, what he meant by coming up and talking to his partner during the last set of quadrilles. Blackstone will say, "the lady beckoned to him." Jenks will say, "it is a lie!" Blackstone will rise to assault Jenks. Two men will hold Blackstone down on his chair. The General will hear of this, for Captain Lovelass (who is himself almost inarticulate) has said to Jenks, "Consider self unarrest!" Jenks will have to join his regiment at Meerut, after receiving from the General a very severe reprimand.

While talking over the past ball, an archery meeting, or a pic-nic, is sure to be suggested. It must originate at the club: without the countenance of the club—which is very jealous of its prerogative—no amusement can possibly be successful. A lady, the wife of a civilian, who prided herself on her husband's lofty position, had once the temerity to try the experiment, and actually sent round a proposal-paper in her own handwriting, and by one of her own servants. She failed, of course. All the club people wrote the word "seen," opposite to their names; but withheld the important word "approved." Even the tradespeople at Mussoorie acknowledge the supremacy of the Himalaya Club.

The season is over. The cold weather has commenced in the plains. It is the fifth of

October, and everybody at Mussoorie is on the move—going down the hill, as it is called. Every house which was lately full is now empty, and will remain so till the coming April. The only exceptions will be the schools for young ladies, and for little boys; the convent, the branch of the North West Bank, and the Post Office. Invalided officers who reside at the Sanatorium during the summer, will go down the hill, and winter in Deyrah-Dhoon. In another month the mountains will be covered with snow; and it would be dangerous to walk out on these narrow roads; few of which are railed in.

Let us sum up the events of the season: Four young men were victimised; two at cards and two at billiards. Two duels were fought on the day after the ball. In one of these duels an officer fell dead. In another the offending party grievously wounded his antagonist. Four commissions were sacrificed in consequence of these encounters. There were two elopements. Mrs. Merrydale went off with Lieutenant Maxwell, leaving her children under the care of the servants, until her husband came to take them away. Mrs. Hastings, who used to bore us about the duties of a wife, carried off that silly boy Stammersleigh. These elopements led to two actions in H. M. Supreme Court of Calcutta, and seven of us (four in one case and three in the other) had to leave our regiments, or appointments, and repair to the Supreme Court to give evidence. Some of us had to travel fourteen hundred miles in the month of May, the hottest month in India.

There was another very awkward circumstance connected with that season at Mussoorie. The reader knows that Captains Locke and Bunyan were ordered to join their regiments, the unexpired portion of their leave having been cancelled by order of his excellency the Commander-in-Chief. In the hurry of his departure from the hills, Locke had left in the drawer of a table a letter from Bunyan, containing a proposal to victimise a certain officer—then in Mussoorie—in the same manner that they had victimised one Lord George Straw,—namely, to get him to their rooms, and play at brag. Lord George Straw had lost to these worthies eighteen hundred pounds on one eventful night. The general opinion was, touching a very extraordinary fact connected with the play, that Lord George had been cheated. This letter from Bunyan to Locke was found by the servant of the officer who now occupied the apartments recently vacated by Locke. The servant handed it to his master, who, fancying that it was one of his own letters, began abstractedly to read it. Very soon, however, he discovered his mistake. But he had read sufficient to warrant his reading the whole, and he did so. A meeting of gentlemen at the club was called; and, before long, Locke and Bunyan left the army

by sentence of a general court-martial. I have since heard that Locke lost his ill-gotten gains in Ireland, and became eventually marker at a billiard-room; and that Bunyan, who also came to poverty, was seen driving a cab, for hire, in Oxford Street.

It behoves me, however, to inform the reader that, recently, the tone of Anglo-Indian Society, during the hot seasons, is very much improved. Six or seven years ago there never was a season that did not end as unhappily as that which I have attempted to describe; but it is now four years since I heard of a duel in the Upper Provinces,—upwards of four years since I heard of a victim to gambling,—and nearly three since there was an elopement. It is true that the records of courts-martial still occasionally exhibit painful cases; but, if we compare the past with the present, we must admit that the change is very satisfactory. I do not attribute this altered state of things to the vigilance of commanding officers or the determination of the commanders-in-chief to punish severely those who offend. It is due chiefly to the improved tone of society in England, from which country we get our habits and manners. The improvement in the tone of Indian society has been very gradual. Twenty years ago India was famous for its infamy. Ten years ago it was very bad. It is now tolerable. In ten years from this date, if not in less time, Indian society will be purged entirely of those evils which now prey upon it, and trials for drunkenness and other improper conduct will happen as rarely as in England. Year by year, this communication between our fatherland and the upper part of India will become more speedy and less expensive; and thus will a greater number of officers be enabled to come home on furlough for a year or two. Nothing does an Indian officer so much good as a visit to Europe. When a man has once contracted bad habits in India, he cannot reform in India. To be cured he must be taken away for a while from the country. There have been instances of officers who have had strength of mind to alter their course of life without leaving the East; but those instances are very few.

The East India Company should do all in its power to encourage young officers to spend a certain time every seven years in Europe. Instead of six months' leave to the hills—which six months are spent in utter idleness, and too frequently in dissipation—give them nine months' leave to Europe. This would admit of their spending six months in England, or on the Continent, where they would improve their minds and mend their morals, as well as their constitutions.

The East India Company should also bring the Peninsula and Oriental Company to reasonable terms for the passage of officers to and from India. A lieutenant who wishes to come home, cannot at present get a passage

from Calcutta to Southampton under one hundred and twenty pounds. So that he gives up more than four months' pay for being "kept" thirty-six days on board of a steamer. Three pounds ten shillings per diem for food and transit!

A WHALE IN WHITECHAPEL.

A FEW days ago there appeared in the Times an advertisement for a vacant bit of ground whereon a whale might be exhibited. We watched anxiously for the result, and with success, for shortly we read another notice to the effect that the whale had arrived, and was now on view in the Mile End Road, Whitechapel, near King Henry the Eighth public-house. That same day saw us on the top of a Bow and Stratford omnibus, the conductor promising to set us down "at the whale." Our money paid, we entered a tent, and for the first time in our life enjoyed a full and uninterrupted view of the monster. We had expected to have seen a skeleton; but instead, the proprietor has preserved, stretched on a frame-work, the skin entire. The head remains attached with the bones, whalebone and all complete, so that it was a stuffed whale we went to see, and not a skeleton—none the less interesting for that. It rarely happens that Londoners have a chance of seeing a specimen of the largest animal in creation. Pictures certainly convey an idea of a whale, but, to have a notion of its huge bulk, the thing itself must be seen extended on the ground, examined by the eyes, and felt by the fingers. The specimen is a young female—Rorqual, or razor-backed whale (so called from its having a fin on its back somewhat like a razor). It was driven on shore at Winterton, eight miles from Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, in a tremendous gale from east-south-east, on the fifth day of January last. His full length is forty-eight feet; his weight about twenty-five tons. The colour of the skin is dark brown on the back, vanishing off towards the body in a bluish grey. The tail measures, from tip to tip, eleven feet. This is composed of a dense, fibrous mass, and feels to the touch like a thick sheet of india-rubber. It is placed at right angles to the body, in the reverse way to that usually seen in fish. The eye is remarkably small, and the folds of the eye-lids well marked; as it was impossible to preserve the eye in its natural bright state, an artificial glass model has been inserted into the eye-lids—the natural colours of the eye having been closely imitated. The liver of this animal completely filled a one-horse cart, and was as much as the horse could draw. The heart about filled a good-sized washing-tub, and a section of the principal artery (the aorta) would about fit round an ordinary-sized bucket. The weight of the blubber was not ascertained.

It seems extraordinary that the captors were not aware of the value of the oil, for they cut the great masses of blubber off and spread it as manure over the fields. The fin which is placed by the side of the animal is remarkable; it contains four fingers, like human fingers, not, however, all separated one from the other, but enclosed in the skin of the fin, which looks like that of an ordinary fish. Imagine a human hand inserted into a hedge-cutter's glove, and wax poured round it, and you have (minus the thumb, of which the whale has no trace) an exact model of the whale's fin.

When the whale found himself on shore, he roared loudly, as the proprietor described it to us. This noise was probably produced by the whale expelling air through his spiracles or blow-holes. A man went into the water with an anchor, and rope attached, by way of a harpoon; twice, with all his force, did he dig the anchor into the fat blubber of the beast—twice did the beast by his tremendous struggles tear the weapon out again; but, the third time the anchor luckily turned, and thus caught about two feet of the skin in one of its flukes, and thus was the whale secured. The three gaping tears in the skin are plainly visible. The operator, however, had a dangerous task; for the whale, in his agonies, struck right and left with his tail, nearly drowning his enemy in the whirlpool caused thereby.

Its gigantic mouth is placed wide open by means of props, and a moderate sized man can stand upright in it. This mouth is by far the most curious part of the exhibition, for in it can be seen in their natural position the plates of whalebone, or baleen, so much used: not only in the arts, but by ladies in almost every portion of their dress: and of which they would greatly feel the loss should all the whales suddenly become extinct, and the supply of bone in consequence cease. Now, true bone it really is not—put a bit of so-called whalebone by the side of the bone of a leg of mutton, and the difference will be perceived. There are three hundred and eighty plates on each side of the mouth; on the right side, the foremost hundred and twenty are of a beautiful milk-white, the rest being nearly black. This is simply a variety; some whales have been killed entirely white—they answer to the Albinos in the human species. Whalebone is composed of a substance of a horny appearance and consistence; internally it is of a fibrous texture resembling hair; and the external surface consists of a smooth enamel capable of receiving a good polish. It answers the purpose of teeth to the whale, and is placed in the position where teeth are usually found in other animals, in the upper jaw; none whatever are found in the lower jaw, which is covered by a hard firm gum, as polished and as smooth as a mahogany table. Along each side of the jaw are found plates or

layers of this whalebone. These can be counted from the outside, looking like the portions of a Venetian-blind when half opened; inside they cannot be counted, because they appear to be covered with hair. This hair is in reality nothing more than the actual substance of the baleen, unravelled as it were. If the reader wishes to prove this, let him take a thin bit of whalebone, boil it well, and soak it well, and then beat it with a wooden mallet. The result will be a bundle of coarse hair like horsehair. This hair hangs in thick masses inside the beast's mouth; in the specimen we saw, it gave us exactly the idea of the silky white beard of an old man. This is a thing which cannot be seen in any museum, and of which a picture would convey but an erroneous idea.

Upon going to the College of Surgeons we found but few specimens of the baleen, but those very interesting. The indefatigable John Hunter, it appears, dissected a bottle-nosed whale which was cast ashore from the Thames in seventeen hundred and eighty-three. Its skeleton is now suspended from the roof of the new and magnificent room of the museum, and sections of its baleen are preserved in bottles. It appears from his observations that the baleen, like the teeth of rodent animals, is endowed with perpetual growth, and that material is supplied from above, as it is worn away from below—moreover, it is composed of three parts; the centre portion being secreted from a soft cone becomes hair; the external portions become horn inclosing the hair; these three appear solid; but, when the baleen has grown to a certain extent the two external walls become worn off, and, as a matter of necessity, leave the hair exposed, so that, as said before, the mouth appears to be lined with hair. Aristotle has remarked this fact, for he writes: "The whale has hairs inside his mouth in the place of teeth like the bristles of a pig." A superficial observer, looking at our Whitechapel whale, would probably make exactly the same remark. In a picture we have of the Rorqual there is drawn a tuft of hair projecting from the anterior end of the upper jaw. There is no real tuft there, but upon examining our specimen we perceived how the mistake originated. The baleen at this part consists entirely of hair, unconfined at either side by the side portions as above described. When the animal is in the water this would probably float upward, giving the appearance of a tuft of hair on the tip of the nose.

Now for its use. It has been aptly remarked by a learned dean lately deceased, that the whale, being the largest of warm-blooded animals, and requiring a vast quantity of food to support its huge carcase, would have starved to death if, like other creatures which have hearts and lungs, and not gills like fish, it had been sent to sustain itself on land either in the form of a carnivorous or

graminivorous animal. The Great Creator has in His omniscience therefore ordained that this, the largest of His creatures, should have the wide expanse of the ocean for its habitat; there, it would have plenty of room for its roamings, and plenty of food for its support. The whale, therefore, preserving every organ typical of the land animal and remaining a true mammalian in every sense, associates with fishes, and grazes upon the products of the deep.

The sea, as we well know, swarms with life; but, the minute creatures therein exceed by myriads the larger forms. Upon these atoms the whale feeds, and not only feeds, but gets fat, which fat it converts into blubber. Now, for the sake of this blubber man will brave the perils of the Arctic seas, and bring home with him, in the form of valuable lamp oil, the substance of acres of minute sea creatures, which, but for this wise economy in the system of creation, would have lived and died, neglected and useless. Thus we see in the works of the benevolent Creator wheel within wheel—nothing lost, nothing allowed to decay, all working together with an admirable and designed order. The creatures which principally form the food of the whale are a delicate mollusk called the *Clio Borealis* (of which specimens may be seen in the College of Surgeons). These creatures live in patches on the surface of the Northern Ocean; and could we look down on those Arctic seas from a balloon, we should see greenish and blackish patches here and there—these are formed by colonies of the *Clio Borealis*. A somewhat similar appearance may be observed on stagnant fresh-water ponds, where the water is coloured here and there by the larva of guats and other insects.

Having found out the whereabouts of his food, the whale opens his gigantic mouth, and charges at full speed in among them. Drawn into his mouth by the vast current of water thus created, like sticks in a mill tail, they become engulfed in the natural trawl-net of the sea giant, who then composedly shuts his mouth, and expels the water through the interstices of the baleen, leaving the *Clios*, and whatever else he is lucky enough to catch, high and dry upon the hairy roof of his mouth. In the specimen under notice we observed that there were several folds of skin, extending from the tip of the lower jaw some distance down the belly; and the man informed us that when the lower jaw was lifted off the ground, the tongue was left on it some three feet below, the folds of skin at the same time becoming quite smooth. Here, then, we have an explanation of the use of these folds: they form an immense pouch, into which the detained animals drop, being freed from the hair. The bag of a lady's work-table gives a very good idea of the pouch of the whale—the silk portion repre-

senting the folds, and the board at the bottom, the tongue.

The reader is not very likely ever to see a whale at feed; he may, however, very likely, see a duck feeding in a gutter. Let him observe, and he will see, that (to compare great things with small) the duck goes to work in a very similar manner to the whale. The duck is looking after minute creatures—so is the whale; so he takes a billful of mud, and, squirting out the refuse, he retains what is good to eat. The bird has no baleen, and no pouch; but, nevertheless, he has an equally beautiful apparatus in the conformation of his bill, which answers the same purpose, and at the same time is less cumbersome. From the size of the whale's mouth one would naturally be led to conclude that the gullet (or *œsophagus*) is of an enormous size. No such thing—it is exceedingly small. In the whale examined—forty-eight feet long—the entrance to the gullet is hardly large enough to admit a man's hand. Why is this? The *Rorqual* does not confine himself to the *Clio Borealis*, but he feeds upon sprats, herrings, and little fish. If he had a capacious gullet, the fish having been swallowed might, not liking their new quarters, wish to return again to the sea; had the whale an enormous gape, like a boa constrictor, they might easily do this, as the stomach is on the same line as the mouth. This is, however, anticipated by the form of the *œsophageal* pipe. Upon examining a section of it, which is not much larger than the thickness of a good-sized walking-stick, we see that it has numerous muscular fibres surrounding it, and which can close it effectually; nay, more—the inner lining is disposed in longitudinal fibres the size of a little finger, which, meeting together in the centre, effectually render it impervious at the will of the animal.

Wishing to examine more minutely the base of the skull of the Whitechapel specimen, we crawled in, through the place where the throat formerly was situated, and the idea of the prophet Jonah naturally crossed our mind. It is not, however, quite certain that Jonah was swallowed by a whale in the strict acceptance of the term. In the book of Jonah the word *whale* is not used; we read, Now the Lord prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah; in St. Matthew we have, in the English translation, the word *whale* expressly mentioned; in the Greek, however, the word is *κῆτος*, which signifies, usually, a whale, but may mean also any large fish. If we may, without presumption, attempt to account for a miracle, we may mention that it has been supposed by some that the fish in question was a shark, whose gullet in a large specimen is quite large enough to admit a man. Under this idea, a shark called *Squalus Charcharias* has sometimes had the name *Jona Piscis*, or the Fish of Jonah, applied to it.

The exhibition of whales has not been un-

common in this country. We have a notice of the skeleton of the one which was found dead, floating on the coast of Belgium, at the distance of twelve miles from Ostend, on the third of November, eighteen hundred and thirty-seven. It was exhibited at Charing Cross under the title of the pavilion of the gigantic whale. This whale, it appears, was ninety-five feet in length; its weight two hundred and forty tons; quantity of oil extracted from the blubber four thousand gallons; weight of the rotten flesh buried in the sand, eighty-five tons. The upper jaw contained eight hundred fanons, or whale bones; and, proceeding on the calculations made by Monsieur le Baron Cuvier and the professors of the King's Gardens in Paris, this enormous animal must have lived from nine hundred to one thousand years, the cartilages of the fingers of the fins being quite ossified. We ourselves never saw the whale, but a gentleman—who, according to the charges mentioned in the bill, must have paid two shillings to inspect and sit inside the skeleton—informs us that the whale had the gout, for his fingers were all covered with chalk-stones.

We find another notice of a skeleton of a whale that was exhibited in Gloucester Green, Oxford, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-four. This specimen was taken at Plymouth, in October eighteen hundred and thirty-one; weighed four hundred and forty-eight thousand pounds; length one hundred and two feet; circumference seventy-five feet. One hundred and fifty-two children were within its mouth at one time, the roof of which appears like an excavated rock overhead. The children, probably, formed a charity school, admitted by contract, and then turned into use by the proprietor of the whale, who wished to measure the capacity of its mouth. Lucky it was for the hundred and fifty-two children that the Whale had no longer the power of shutting his jaws together, for what a meal he might have made of them like an ogre of old!

In May, eighteen hundred and thirty-seven, the wonderful remains of an enormous head, eighteen feet in length, seven feet in breadth, and weighing one thousand seven hundred pounds, was exhibited at the Cosmorama in Regent Street. This turned out to be the head of a large whale, recent, for the bones were full of oil.

At the College of Surgeons there is an enormous head of a whale (the bones only, without the baleen). It would contain three heads of the Whitechapel whale and an infinity of children. This was the first head ever seen in this country, and has been described and figured by the great Baron Cuvier himself. The form of the bones is that of three bows, two placed on the ground with their concave parts facing each other (the lower jaws), the third being represented by the upper jaw arching over them, its two

ends corresponding with the points where the other bows touch one another. Hanging upon the walls close by are other bones of the whale—among them the ribs—which at once determined us that the rib of the Dun Cow at Warwick and the gigantic rib at St. Mary Redcliff's Church at Bristol were the bones of whales. There is also suspended at the college a gigantic blade-bone, with an anchor painted in gold on it, and Calvert and Co.'s Entire underneath. This bone, we were told, formed for half a century the sign of a public-house at Portsmouth, where they sold Calvert's beer. The blade-bones of whales are not uncommonly seen at the present day in the bone shops of London. There is one now hanging at such a shop in Hammersmith, and we have seen another in a shop near the Vauxhall Road; they seem placed, not for sale but to attract attention. We have seen the bones of whales turned to ornamental purposes. In the garden of a lady at Abingdon the bones of the under-jaw of a very large specimen are placed in the form of an arch, at the end of a gravel-walk. The ivy has grown over them, and they form a very pretty object. In a garden at Clapham we have seen one of the huge dorsal vertebrae converted into a chair by being mounted on three wooden legs; the broad part makes a capital seat, and the projecting spines form the back and sides of the chair.

In the tent where the Whitechapel whale is exhibited, it cannot be denied that there is a slight smell as of lamp-oil: which, however, reminded us that from whales a substance called ambergris is procured, which is much used by the manufacturers of scents. It is found floating on the sea, or cast ashore by the waves. It is secreted by glands in the intestines of the animal, and when in the soft state answers some unknown purpose in the process of digestion; it not unfrequently becomes hardened into masses, and is in this state expelled with the exuviae. In lumps of it sometimes are found the beaks of cuttle-fish the whale has eaten and has not been able to digest. At the College of Surgeons is a fine specimen which even shows the markings of the folds of the intestines where it was secreted. In itself ambergris has but little scent, but it has, we are informed, the remarkable property of bringing out the more delicate and finer aromas of other scents, and for this purpose is principally used. It bears a high market price, and in consequence is frequently adulterated, so that a pure genuine specimen is rare.

THE MIDNIGHT BOAT.

A BOAT comes down a deep broad stream;
The white oars in the moonlight gleam;
The drops a spray of silver seem.

By wooded hills the stream is flowing;
Through meadowy vales its steps are going,
As if the fairest pathway knowing.

The velvet banks slope down to meet
The dense bright waves, that crowd to greet,
With eddying smiles, their blossom'd feet.

The bathing grasses bend and quiver,
As with a sportive fond endeavour
To stay the lordly moving river.

A slight bridge parts the glassy course,
Far on, a strong weir mutters hoarse
Against the water's quiet force.

The round stars and the rounder moon
Are sitting in a placid swoon,
With faintest cloud-bloom o'er them strewn:

The lull'd air, like an infant's breath,
Sways in the solemn dome beneath,
And stirs the thin mist's gauzy wreath.

While, all about the slumbering earth,
To-morrow's life is gathering birth—
To-morrow's gush of grief and mirth.

But some will wake in space of sleep:
'Tis known that some must wake to weep;
And some, unworthy vigils keep.

The midnight, too, is kindly time
To tune the poet's music-chime,
And mould the softly sliding rhyme.

And lover's lutings sweetest sound,
When diamond dew-drips star the ground,
And bulb'd roses rest around.

And, deep in hoary college towers,
Tense bosoms grow to fuller powers,
Upon the student's richest hours.

And here; within a dreamy shade,
By drooping broad-leaf'd lime-trees made,
A lonely Child of Thought is laid.

No doubt, in raptur'd reverie,
His peace-fill'd spirit wanders free,
Forgetting daytime misery.

Perchance he clears away a stain,
That, in the moil, his soul has ta'en,
And nerves him for the strife again.

It may be that his lids have tears,
To give the unreturning years,
Whose footfalls linger in his ears.

It may be, on his melting eye
Some faces look from yonder sky,
That long ago have faded by.

Then cleanse him, Summer's bath of night!
And, boundless space of holy light,
Be balm upon his wounded sight!

A boat comes down the deep broad stream;
The white oars in the moonlight gleam;
The drops, a spray of silver seem.

Through trellises of sombre shades;
Through mellow spans from opening glades,
The fairy vessel gently wades.

The lithè mast, like a mountain larch,
Slips on beneath the slender arch,
And holds a forward central march.

While, full within the tiny bow,
A frail form swayeth to and fro,
A lorn voice lifts a song of woe!

She hath a face most angel-fair—
Most winning, spite the reigning air
Of wondrous sorrow seated there.

Her soft hair sinks along her breast;
Her quivering lily hands are press'd
In action that despaireth rest.

Thou elfin-skiff! whence didst thou bring her—
This sweet-faced, trembling, tear-eyed singer—
And whither, whither dost thou wing her?

There is no touch upon the oar;
But now, besilver'd as before,
It glimmers nearer to the shore.

Ha! stoops she o'er the parted tide;
And bends she to the hither side,
With frantic arms extended wide:

And, gushes to the distant sky
A heart-exhausting, doleful cry,
Whose panting echoes slowly die.

The cold space takes the piteous moan:
The startled cattle feebly groan:
The ripple plashea round a stone.

Away the phantom-vessel goes:
High up the still moon softly glows:
The hoarse weir's murmur ruder grows.

Ah me!—The dreamer's dew-wet hair
Is surging from his forehead bare;
And joins his plaint the plaining air:—

“O Thou, whose form I lived to see!
Foreshadow'd doom is upon thee—
Foreshadow'd sorrow upon me!”

From twining love too soon thou'rt torn;
Too soon to vacant distance borne;
Too soon this soul is left forlorn!”

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH. INSIDE THE HOUSE.

MRS. PENTREATH'S surprise at seeing a lady through the window was doubled by her amazement at seeing a gentleman, when she opened the door. Waiting close to the bell-handle, after he had rung, instead of re-joining his niece on the step, Uncle Joseph stood near enough to the house to be out of the range of view from Mrs. Pentreath's window. To the housekeeper's excited imagination, he appeared on the threshold with the suddenness of an apparition—the apparition of a little rosy-faced old gentleman, smiling, bowing, and taking off his hat with a superb flourish of politeness, which had something quite superhuman in the sweep and the dexterity of it.

“How do you do? We have come to see the house,” said Uncle Joseph, trying his infallible expedient for gaining admission, the instant the door was opened.

Mrs. Pentreath was struck speechless. Who was this familiar old gentleman with the foreign accent and the fantastic bow? and what did he mean by talking to her as if she was his intimate friend? Mrs. Frankland's letter said not so much, from beginning to end, as one word about him.

"How do you do? We have come to see the house," repeated Uncle Joseph, giving his irresistible form of salutation the benefit of a second trial.

"So you said just now, sir," remarked Mrs. Pentreath, recovering self-possession enough to use her tongue in her own defence. "Does the lady," she continued, looking down over the old man's shoulder at the step on which his niece was standing; "does the lady wish to see the house too?"

Sarah's gently-spoken reply in the affirmative, short as it was, convinced the housekeeper that the woman described in Mrs. Frankland's letter really and truly stood before her. Besides the neat, quiet dress, there was now the softly-toned voice, and, when she looked up for a moment, there were the timid eyes also to identify her by! In relation to this one of the two strangers, Mrs. Pentreath, however agitated and surprised she might be, could no longer feel any uncertainty about the course she ought to adopt. But in relation to the other visitor, the incomprehensible old foreigner, she was beset by the most bewildering doubts. Would it be safest to hold to the letter of Mrs. Frankland's instructions, and ask him to wait outside while the lady was being shown over the house? or would it be best to act on her own responsibility and to risk giving him admission as well as his companion? This was a difficult point to decide, and therefore one which it was necessary to submit to the superior sagacity of Mr. Munder.

"Will you step in for a moment, and wait here while I speak to the steward," said Mrs. Pentreath, pointedly neglecting to notice the familiar old foreigner, and addressing herself straight through him to the lady on the steps below.

"Thank you very much," said Uncle Joseph, smiling and bowing, impervious to rebuke. "What did I tell you?" he whispered triumphantly to his niece, as she passed him on her way into the house.

Mrs. Pentreath's first impulse was to go down-stairs at once, and speak to Mr. Munder. But a timely recollection of that part of Mrs. Frankland's letter which enjoined her not to lose sight of the lady in the quiet dress, brought her to a stand-still the next moment. She was the more easily recalled to a remembrance of this particular injunction, by a curious alteration in the conduct of the lady herself, who seemed to lose all her diffidence, and to become suprisingly impatient to lead the way into the interior of the house, the moment she had stepped across the threshold.

"Betsey!" cried Mrs. Pentreath, cautiously calling to the servant after she had only retired a few paces from the visitors. "Betsey! ask Mr. Munder to be so kind as to step this way."

Mr. Munder presented himself with great

deliberation, and with a certain dark and lowering dignity in his face. He had been accustomed to be treated with deference, and he was not pleased with the housekeeper for unceremoniously leaving him the moment she heard the ring at the bell, without giving him time to pronounce an opinion on Mrs. Frankland's letter. Accordingly, when Mrs. Pentreath, in a high state of excitement, drew him aside out of hearing, and confided to him, in a whisper, the astounding intelligence that the lady in whom Mr. and Mrs. Frankland were so mysteriously interested, was, at that moment, actually standing before him in the house, he received her communication with an air of the most provoking indifference. It was worse still, when she proceeded to state her difficulties—warily keeping her eye on the two strangers all the while. Appeal as respectfully as she might to Mr. Munder's superior wisdom for guidance, he persisted in listening with a disparaging frown, and ended by irritably contradicting her when she ventured to add, in conclusion, that her own ideas inclined her to assume no responsibility, and to beg the foreign gentleman to wait outside while the lady, in conformity with Mrs. Frankland's instructions, was being shown over the house.

"Such may be your opinion, ma'am," said Mr. Munder severely. "It is not mine."

The housekeeper looked aghast. "Perhaps," she suggested deferentially, "you think that the foreign old gentleman would be likely to insist on going over the house with the lady?"

"Of course, I think so," said Mr. Munder. (He had thought nothing of the sort; his only idea just then being the idea of asserting his own supremacy by setting himself steadily in opposition to any preconceived arrangements of Mrs. Pentreath.)

"Then you would take the responsibility of showing them both over the house, seeing that they have both come to the door together?" asked the housekeeper.

"Of course, I would," answered the steward, with the marvellous promptitude of resolution which distinguishes all superior men.

"Well, Mr. Munder, I am always glad to be guided by your opinion, and I will be guided by it now," said Mrs. Pentreath. "But, as there will be two people to look after—for I would not trust the foreigner out of sight on any consideration whatever—I must really beg you to share the trouble of showing them over the house along with me. I am so excited and nervous, that I don't feel as if I had all my wits about me—I never was placed in such a position as this before—I am in the midst of mysteries that I don't understand—and, in short, if I can't count on your assistance, I won't answer for it that I shall not make some mistake. I should be very sorry to make a mistake, not only on my own account, but—" Here the house-

keeper stopped, and looked hard at Mr. Munder.

"Go on, ma'am," said Mr. Munder, with cruel composure.

"Not only on my own account," resumed Mrs. Pentreath, demurely, "but on yours; for Mrs. Frankland's letter certainly casts the responsibility of conducting this delicate business on your shoulders, as well as on mine."

Mr. Munder recoiled a few steps, turned red, opened his lips indignantly, hesitated, and closed them again. He was fairly caught in a trap of his own setting. He could not retreat from the responsibility of directing the housekeeper's conduct, the moment after he had voluntarily assumed it; and he could not deny that Mrs. Frankland's letter positively and repeatedly referred to him by name. There was only one way of getting out of the difficulty with dignity, and Mr. Munder unblushingly took that way, the moment he had recovered self-possession enough to collect himself for the effort.

"I am perfectly amazed, Mrs. Pentreath," he began, with the gravest dignity. "Yes, I repeat, I am perfectly amazed, that you should think me capable of leaving you to go over the house alone, under such remarkable circumstances as those we are now placed in. No, ma'am! whatever my other faults may be, shrinking from my share of a responsibility is not one of them. I don't require to be reminded of Mrs. Frankland's letter; and—no!—I don't require any apologies. I am quite ready, ma'am—quite ready to show the way up-stairs, whenever you are."

"The sooner the better, Mr. Munder—for there is that audacious old foreigner actually chattering to Betsey now, as if he had known her all his life!"

The assertion was quite true. Uncle Joseph was exercising his gift of familiarity on the maid-servant (who had lingered to stare at the strangers, instead of going back to the kitchen), just as he had already exercised it on the old lady passenger in the stage-coach, and on the driver of the pony-chaise, which took his niece and himself to the post-town of Porthgenna. While the housekeeper and the steward were holding their private conference, he was keeping Betsey in ecstasies of suppressed giggling by the odd questions that he asked about the house, and about how she got on with her work in it. His inquiries had naturally led from the south side of the building, by which he and his companion had entered, to the west side, which they were shortly to explore; and, thence, round to the north side, which was forbidden ground to everybody in the house. When Mrs. Pentreath came forward with the steward, she overheard this exchange of question and answer passing between the foreigner and the maid:—

"But tell me, Betzi, my dear," said Uncle Joseph. "Why does nobody ever go into these mouldy old rooms?"

"Because there's a ghost in them," answered Betsey, with a burst of laughter, as if a series of haunted rooms and a series of excellent jokes meant precisely the same thing.

"Hold your tongue directly, and go back to the kitchen," cried Mrs. Pentreath, indignantly. "The ignorant people about here," she continued, still pointedly overlooking Uncle Joseph, and addressing herself only to Sarah, "tell absurd stories about some old rooms on the unrepaired side of the house, which have not been inhabited for more than half a century past—absurd stories about a ghost; and my servant is foolish enough to believe them."

"No, I'm not," said Betsey, retiring, under protest, to the lower regions. "I don't believe a word about the ghost—at least, not in the day-time." Adding that important saving clause in a whisper, Betsey unwillingly withdrew from the scene.

Mrs. Pentreath observed with some surprise that the mysterious lady in the quiet dress, turned very pale at the mention of the ghost-story, and made no remark on it whatever. While she was still wondering what this meant, Mr. Munder emerged into dignified prominence, and loftily addressed himself, not to Uncle Joseph and not to Sarah, but to the empty air between them.

"If you wish to see the house," he said, "you will have the goodness to follow me."

With those words, Mr. Munder turned solemnly into the passage that led to the foot of the west staircase; walking with that peculiar slow strut in which all serious-minded English people indulge when they go out to take a little exercise on Sunday. The housekeeper adapting her pace with feminine pliancy to the pace of the steward, walked the national Sabbatarian Polonoise by his side, as if she was out with him for a mouthful of fresh air, between the services.

"As I am a living sinner, this going over the house is like going to a funeral!" whispered Uncle Joseph to his niece. He drew her arm into his, and felt, as he did so, that she was trembling.

"What is the matter?" he asked under his breath.

"Uncle! there is something unnatural about the readiness of these people to show us over the house," was the faintly-whispered answer. "What were they talking about, just now, out of our hearing? Why did that woman keep her eyes fixed so constantly on me?"

Before the old man could answer, the housekeeper looked round, and begged, with the severest emphasis, that they would be good enough to follow. In less than another minute they were all standing at the foot of the west staircase.

"Aha!" cried Uncle Joseph, as easy and talkative as ever, even in the presence of Mr. Munder himself. "A fine big house, and a very good staircase."

"We are not accustomed to hear either the house or the staircase spoken of in those terms, sir," said Mr. Munder, resolving to nip the foreigner's familiarity in the bud. "The Guide to West Cornwall, which you would have done well to make yourself acquainted with before you came here, describes Porthgenna Tower as a Mansion, and uses the word Spacious, in speaking of the west staircase. I regret to find, sir, that you have not consulted the Guide Book to West Cornwall."

"And why!" rejoined the unabashed German. "What do I want with a book, when I have got you for my guide? Ah, dear sir, but you are not just to yourself! Is not a living guide like you, who talks and walks about, better for me than dead leaves of print and paper? Ah, no, no! I shall not hear another word—I shall not hear you do any more injustice to yourself." Here Uncle Joseph made another fantastic bow, looked up smiling into the steward's face, and shook his head several times with an air of friendly reproach.

Mr. Munder felt paralysed. He could not have been treated with more easy and indifferent familiarity if this obscure foreign stranger had been an English duke. He had often heard of the climax of audacity; and here it was visibly and marvellously embodied in one small, elderly individual who did not rise quite five feet from the ground he stood on!

While the steward was swelling with a sense of injury too large for utterance, the housekeeper, followed by Sarah, was slowly ascending the stairs. Uncle Joseph seeing them go up, hastened to join his niece, and Mr. Munder, after waiting a little while on the mat to recover himself, followed the audacious foreigner with the intention of watching his conduct narrowly, and chastising his insolence at the first opportunity with stinging words of rebuke.

The procession up the stairs thus formed, was not, however, closed by the steward: it was further adorned and completed by Betsey, the servant-maid, who stole out of the kitchen to follow the strange visitors over the house, as closely as she could without attracting the notice of Mrs. Pentreath. Betsey had her share of natural human curiosity and love of change. No such event as the arrival of strangers had ever before enlivened the dreary monotony of Porthgenna Tower, within her experience; and she was resolved not to stay alone in the kitchen, while there was a chance of hearing a stray word of the conversation, or catching a chance glimpse of the proceedings among the company up-stairs.

In the meantime, the housekeeper had led the way as far as the first-floor landing, on either side of which the principal rooms in the west front were situated. Sharpened by fear and suspicion, Sarah's eyes immediately detected the repairs which had been effected

in the banisters and stairs of the second flight.

"You have had workmen in the house?" she said quickly to Mrs. Pentreath.

"You mean on the stairs?" returned the housekeeper. "Yes, we have had workmen there."

"And nowhere else?"

"No. But they are wanted in other places badly enough. Even here, on the best side of the house, half the bedrooms up-stairs, are hardly fit to sleep in. They were anything but comfortable, as I have heard, even in the late Mrs. Treverton's time; and since she died——"

The housekeeper stopped with a frown, and a look of surprise. The lady in the quiet dress, instead of sustaining the reputation for good manners which had been conferred on her in Mrs. Frankland's letter, was guilty of the unpardonable discourtesy of turning away from Mrs. Pentreath before she had done speaking. Determined not to allow herself to be impertinently silenced in that way, she coldly and distinctly repeated her last words:—

"And since Mrs. Treverton died——"

She was interrupted for the second time. The strange lady quickly turning round again, confronted her with a very pale face and a very eager look, and asked, in the most abrupt manner, an utterly irrelevant question.

"Tell me about that ghost-story," she said. "Do they say it is the ghost of a man, or of a woman?"

"I was speaking of the late Mrs. Treverton," said the housekeeper in her severest tones of reproof, "and not of the ghost-story about the north rooms. You would have known that, if you had done me the favour to listen to what I said."

"I beg your pardon; I beg your pardon a thousand times for seeming inattentive! It struck me just then—or, at least I wanted to know——"

"If you care to know about anything so absurd," said Mrs. Pentreath, mollified by the evident sincerity of the apology that had been offered to her, "the ghost, according to the story, is the ghost of a woman."

The strange lady's face grew whiter than ever; and she turned away once more to the open window on the landing.

"How hot it is!" she said, putting her head out into the air.

"Hot, with a north-east wind!" exclaimed Mrs. Pentreath, in amazement.

Here Uncle Joseph came forward with a polite request to know, when they were going to look over the rooms. For the last few minutes he had been asking all sorts of questions of Mr. Munder; and, having received no answers which were not of the shortest and most ungracious kind, had given up talking to the steward in despair.

Mrs. Pentreath prepared to lead the way into the breakfast-room, library, and drawing-

room. All three communicated with each other, and each room had a second door opening on a long passage, the entrance to which was on the right hand side of the first-floor landing. Before leading the way into these rooms, the housekeeper touched Sarah on the shoulder to intimate that it was time to be moving on.

"As for the ghost-story," resumed Mrs. Pentreath while she opened the breakfast-room door, "you must apply to the ignorant people who believe in it, if you want to hear it all told. Whether the ghost is an old ghost or a new ghost, and why she is supposed to walk, is more than I can tell you." In spite of the housekeeper's affectation of indifference towards the popular superstition, she had heard enough of the ghost-story to frighten her, though she would not confess it. Inside the house, or outside the house, nobody much less willing to venture into the north rooms alone could in real truth have been found than Mrs. Pentreath herself.

While the housekeeper was drawing up the blinds in the breakfast-parlour, and while Mr. Munder was opening the door that led out of it into the library, Uncle Joseph stole to his niece's side, and spoke a few words of encouragement to her in his quaint, kindly way.

"Courage!" he whispered. "Keep your wits about you, Sarah, and catch your little opportunity whenever you can."

"My thoughts! My thoughts!" she answered in the same low key. "This house rouses them all against me. O, why did I ever venture into it again!"

"You had better look at the view from the window now," said Mrs. Pentreath, after she had drawn up the blind. "It is very much admired."

While affairs were in this stage of progress on the first floor of the house, Betsey, who had been hitherto stealing up by a stair at a time from the hall, and listening with all her ears in the intervals of the ascent, finding that no sound of voices now reached her, bethought herself of returning to the kitchen again, and of looking after the housekeeper's dinner, which was being kept warm by the fire. She descended to the lower regions, wondering what part of the house the strangers would want to see next, and puzzling her brains to find out some excuse for attaching herself to the exploring party.

After the view from the breakfast-room window had been duly contemplated, the library was next entered. In this room, Mrs. Pentreath, having some leisure to look about her, and employing that leisure in observing the conduct of the steward, arrived at the unpleasant conviction that Mr. Munder was by no means to be depended on to assist her in the important business of watching the proceedings of the two strangers. Doubly stimulated to assert his own dignity by the disrespectfully easy manner in which he had

been treated by Uncle Joseph, the sole object of Mr. Munder's ambition seemed to be to divest himself as completely as possible of the character of guide, which the unscrupulous foreigner sought to confer on him. He sauntered heavily about the rooms, with the air of a casual visitor, staring out of window, peeping into books on tables, frowning at himself in the chimney-glasses—looking, in short, anywhere but where he ought to look. The housekeeper, exasperated by this affectation of indifference, whispered to him irritably to keep his eye on the foreigner, as it was quite as much as she could do to look after the lady in the quiet dress.

"Very good; very good," said Mr. Munder, with sulky carelessness. "And where are you going to next, ma'am, after we have been into the drawing-room? Back again, through the library, into the breakfast-room? or out at once into the passage? Be good enough to settle which, as you seem to be in the way of settling everything."

"Into the passage, to be sure," answered Mrs. Pentreath, "to show the next three rooms beyond these."

Mr. Munder sauntered out of the library, through the doorway of communication, into the drawing-room, unlocked the door leading into the passage—then, to the great disgust of the housekeeper, strolled to the fireplace and looked at himself in the glass over it, just as attentively as he had looked at himself in the library mirror, hardly a minute before.

"This is the west drawing-room," said Mrs. Pentreath, calling to the visitors. "The carving of the stone chimney-piece," she added, with the mischievous intention of bringing them into the closest proximity to the steward, "is considered the finest thing in the whole apartment."

Driven from the looking-glass by this manoeuvre, Mr. Munder provokingly sauntered to the window, and looked out. Sarah, still pale and silent—but with a certain unwonted resoluteness just gathering, as it were, in the lines about her lips—stopped thoughtfully by the chimney-piece, when the housekeeper pointed it out to her. Uncle Joseph, looking all round the room in his discursive manner, spied, in the furthest corner of it from the door that led into the passage, a beautiful maplewood table and cabinet, of a very peculiar pattern. His workman-like enthusiasm was instantly aroused; and he darted across the room to examine the make of the cabinet, closely. The table beneath, projected a little way in front of it, and, of all the objects in the world, what should he see reposing on the flat space of the projection, but a magnificent musical-box at least three times the size of his own!

"Aie! Aie!! Aie!!!" cried Uncle Joseph in an ascending scale of admiration, which ended at the very top of his voice. "Open him! set him going! let me hear what he

plays!" He stopped for want of words to express his impatience, and drummed with both hands on the lid of the musical-box, in a burst of uncontrollable enthusiasm.

"Mr. Munder!" exclaimed the housekeeper, hurrying across the room in great indignation. "Why don't you look? why don't you stop him? He's breaking open the musical-box. Be quiet, sir! How dare you touch me?"

"Set him going! set him going!" reiterated Uncle Joseph, dropping Mrs. Pentreath's arm, which he had seized in his agitation. "Look here! this by my side is a music-box, too! Set him going! Does he play Mozart? He is three times bigger than ever I saw! See! see! this box of mine—this tiny bit of box that looks nothing by the side of yours—it was given to my own brother by the king of all the music-composers that ever lived, by the divine Mozart himself. Set the big box going, and you shall hear the little baby-box pipe after! Ah, dear and good madam, if you love me—"

"Sir!!!" exclaimed the housekeeper, reddening with virtuous indignation to the very roots of her hair.

"What do you mean, sir, by addressing such outrageous language as that to a respectable female?" inquired Mr. Munder, approaching to the rescue. "Do you think we want your foreign noises, and your foreign morals, and your foreign profanity here? Yes, sir! profanity. Any man who calls any human individual, whether musical or otherwise, 'divine,' is a profane man. Who are you, you extremely audacious person? Are you an infidel?"

Before Uncle Joseph could say a word in vindication of his principles; before Mr. Munder could relieve himself of any more indignation, they were both startled into momentary silence by an exclamation of alarm from the housekeeper.

"Where is she?" cried Mrs. Pentreath, standing in the middle of the drawing-room, and looking with bewildered eyes all around her.

The lady in the quiet dress had vanished.

She was not in the library, not in the breakfast-room, not in the passage outside. After searching in those three places, the housekeeper came back to Mr. Munder with a look of downright terror in her face, and stood staring at him for a moment, perfectly helpless and perfectly silent. As soon as she recovered herself she turned fiercely on Uncle Joseph.

"Where is she? I insist on knowing what has become of her! You cunning, wicked, impudent old man! where is she?" cried Mrs. Pentreath, with no colour in her cheeks, and no mercy in her eyes.

"I suppose, she is looking about the house by herself," said Uncle Joseph. "We shall find her surely as we take our walks through the other rooms." Simple as he was, the

old man had, nevertheless, acuteness enough to perceive that he had accidentally rendered the very service to his niece of which she stood in need. If he had been the most artful of mankind, he could have devised no better means of diverting Mrs. Pentreath's attention from Sarah to himself than the very means which he had just used in perfect innocence, at the very moment when his thoughts were farthest away from the real object with which he and his niece had entered the house. "So! so!" thought Uncle Joseph to himself, "while these two angry people were scolding me for nothing, Sarah has slipped away to the room where the letter is. Good! I have only to wait till she comes back, and to let the two angry people go on scolding me as long as they please."

"What are we to do? Mr. Munder! what on earth are we to do?" asked the housekeeper. "We can't waste the precious minutes staring at each other here. This woman must be found. Stop! she asked questions about the stairs—she looked up at the second floor, the moment we got on the landing. Mr. Munder! wait here, and don't let that foreigner out of your sight for a moment. Wait here while I run up and look into the second-floor passage. All the bedroom doors are locked—I defy her to hide herself if she has gone up there." With those words, the housekeeper ran out of the drawing-room, and breathlessly ascended the second flight of stairs.

While Mrs. Pentreath was searching on the west side of the house, Sarah was hurrying, at the top of her speed, along the lonely passages that led to the north rooms.

Terrified into decisive action by the desperate nature of the situation, she had slipped out of the drawing-room into the passage the instant she saw Mrs. Pentreath's back turned on her. Without stopping to think, without attempting to compose herself, she ran down the stairs of the first floor, and made straight for the housekeeper's room. She had no excuses ready, if she had found anybody there, or if she had met anybody on the way. She had formed no plan where to seek for them next, if the keys of the north rooms were not hanging in the place where she still expected to find them. Her mind was lost in confusion, her temples throbbed as if they would burst with the heat at her brain. The one blind, wild, headlong purpose of getting into the Myrtle Room drove her on, gave unnatural swiftness to her trembling feet, unnatural strength to her shaking hands, unnatural courage to her sinking heart.

She ran into the housekeeper's room, without even the ordinary caution of waiting for a moment to listen outside the door. No one was there. One glance at the well-remembered nail in the wall showed her the keys still hanging to it in a bunch, as they had hung in the long past time. She had them

in her possession in a moment; and was away again, along the solitary passages that led to the north rooms, threading their turnings and windings as if she had left them but the day before; never pausing to listen or to look behind her, never slackening her speed till she was at the top of the back staircase, and had her hand on the locked door that led into the north hall.

As she turned over the bunch to find the first key that was required, she discovered—what her hurry had hitherto prevented her from noticing—the numbered labels which the builder had methodically attached to all the keys, when he had been sent to Porthgenna by Mr. Frankland to survey the house. At the first sight of them, her searching hands paused in their work instantaneously, and she shivered all over, as if a sudden chill had struck her.

If she had been less violently agitated, the discovery of the new labels and the suspicions to which the sight of them instantly gave rise would, in all probability, have checked her further progress. But the confusion of her mind was now too great to allow her to piece together even the veriest fragments of thoughts. Vaguely conscious of a new terror, of a sharpened distrust that doubled and trebled the headlong impatience which had driven her on thus far, she desperately resumed her search through the bunch of keys. One of them had no label; it was larger than the rest—it was the key that fitted the door of communication before which she stood. She turned it in the rusty lock with a strength which, at any other time, she would have been utterly incapable of exerting; she opened the door with a blow of her hand, which burst it away at one stroke from the jambs to which it stuck. Panting for breath, she flew across the forsaken north hall, without stopping for one second to push the door to behind her. The creeping creatures, the noisome house-reptiles that possessed the place, crawled away, shadow-like, on either side of her towards the walls. She never noticed them, never turned away for them. Across the hall, and up the stairs at the end of it, she ran, till she gained the open landing at the top—and there, she suddenly checked herself in front of the first door.

The first door of the long range of rooms that opened on the landing; the door that fronted the topmost of the flight of stairs. She stopped; she looked at it—it was not the door she had come to open; and yet she could not tear herself away from it. Scrawled on the panel in white chalk was the figure—"I." And when she looked down at the bunch of keys in her hands, there was the figure "I," on a label, answering to it.

She tried to think, to follow out any one of all the thronging suspicions that beset her, to the conclusion at which it might point. The effort was useless; her mind was gone;

her bodily senses of seeing and hearing—senses which had now become painfully and incomprehensibly sharpened—seemed to be the sole relics of intelligence that she had left to guide her. She put her hand over her eyes, and waited a little so, and then went on slowly along the landing, looking at the doors.

No. "II," No. "III," No. "IV," traced on the panels in the same white chalk, and answering to the numbered labels on the keys, the figures on which were written in ink. No. "IV," the middle room of the first floor range of eight. She stopped there again, trembling from head to foot. It was the door of the Myrtle Room.

Did the chalked numbers stop there? She looked on, down the landing. No. The four doors remaining were regularly numbered on to "VIII."

She came back again to the door of the Myrtle Room, sought out the key labelled with the figure "IV,"—hesitated—and looked back distrustfully over the deserted hall.

The canvases of the old family pictures, which she had seen bulging out from their frames, in the past time when she hid the letter, had, for the most part, rotted away from them now, and lay in great black ragged strips on the floor of the hall. Islands and continents of damp spread like the map of some strange region over the lofty vaulted ceiling. Cobwebs, heavy with dust, hung down in festoons from broken cornices. Dirt stains lay on the stone pavement, like gross reflections of the damp stains on the ceiling. The broad flight of stairs leading up to the open landing before the rooms of the first floor, had sunk down bodily towards one side. The banisters which protected the outer edge of the landing were broken away into ragged gaps. The light of day was stained, the air of heaven was stilled, the sounds of earth were silenced in the north hall.

Silenced? Were *all* sounds silenced? Or was there something stirring that just touched the sense of hearing, that just deepened the dismal stillness, and no more?

Sarah listened, keeping her face still set towards the hall—listened, and heard a faint sound behind her. Was it outside the door on which her back was turned? Or was it inside—in the Myrtle Room?

Inside. With the first conviction of that, all thought, all sensation left her. She forgot the suspicious numbering of the doors; she became insensible to the lapse of time, unconscious of the risk of discovery. All exercise of her other faculties was now merged in the exercise of the one faculty of listening.

It was a still, faint, stealthily-rustling sound; and it moved to and fro at intervals, to and fro softly, now at one end, now at the other of the Myrtle Room. There were moments when it grew suddenly distinct—other moments when it died away in gradations too light to follow. Sometimes it

seemed to sweep over the floor at a bound—sometimes it crept with slow, continuous rustlings that just wavered on the verge of absolute silence.

Her feet still rooted to the spot on which she stood, Sarah turned her head slowly, inch by inch, towards the door of the Myrtle Room. A moment before, while she was as yet unconscious of the faint sound moving to and fro within it, she had been drawing her breath heavily and quickly. She might have been dead now, her bosom was so still, her breathing so noiseless. The same mysterious change came over her face which had altered it when the darkness began to gather in the little parlour at Truro. The same fearful look of inquiry which she had then fixed on the vacant corner of the room, was in her eyes now, as they slowly turned on the door.

"Missress!" she whispered. "Am I too late? Are you there before me?"

The stealthily-rustling sound paused—renewed itself—died away again faintly; away at the lower end of the room.

Her eyes still remaining fixed on the Myrtle Room, strained, and opened wider and wider—opened as if they would look through the very door itself—opened as if they were watching for the opaque wood to turn transparent, and show what was behind it.

"Over the lonesome floor, over the lonesome floor—how light it moves!" she whispered again. "Missress! does the shroud they buried you in rustle no louder than that?"

The sound stopped again—then suddenly advanced at one stealthy sweep, close to the inside of the door.

If she could have moved at that moment; if she could have looked down to the line of open space between the bottom of the door and the flooring below, when the faintly rustling sound came nearest to her, she might have seen the insignificant cause that produced it lying self-betrayed under the door, partly outside, partly inside, in the shape of a fragment of faded red paper from the wall of the Myrtle Room. Time and damp had loosened the paper all round the apartment. Two or three yards of it had been torn off by the builder, while he was examining the walls—sometimes in large pieces, sometimes in small pieces, just as it happened to come away—and had been thrown down by him on the bare, boarded floor, to become the sport of the wind, whenever it happened to blow through the broken panes of glass in the window. If she had only moved! If she had only looked down for one little second of time! But she was past moving and past looking: the paroxysm of superstitious horror that possessed her, held her still in every limb and every feature. She never started, she uttered no cry, when the rustling noise came nearest. The one outward sign which showed how the terror of its approach shook

her to the very soul, expressed itself only in the changed action of her right hand, in which she still held the keys. At the instant when the wind wafted the fragment of paper closest to the door, her fingers lost their power of contraction, and became as nerveless and helpless as if she had fainted. The heavy bunch of keys slipped from her suddenly-loosened grasp, dropped at her side on the outer edge of the landing, rolled off through a gap in the broken banister, and fell on the stone pavement below, with a crash which made the sleeping echoes shriek again, as if they were sentient beings writhing under the torture of sound!

The crash of the falling keys, ringing and ringing again through the stillness, woke her, as it were, to instant consciousness of present events and present perils. She started, staggered backward, and raised both her hands wildly to her head—paused so for a few seconds—then made for the top of the stairs with the purpose of descending into the hall to recover the keys.

Before she had advanced three paces, the shrill sound of a woman's scream came from the door of communication at the opposite end of the hall. The scream was twice repeated at a greater distance off, and was followed by a confused noise of rapidly advancing voices and footsteps.

She staggered desperately a few paces farther, and reached the first of the row of doors that opened on the landing. There Nature sank exhausted: her knees gave way under her—her breath, her sight, her hearing all seemed to fail her together at the same instant—and she dropped down senseless on the floor at the head of the stairs.

THE HUMBLE CONFESSION OF A TENOR.

I LIVE in a suburban village, which fast begins to be a town. London bubbles up here and there all along our line of railway. We have improvement commissioners, gas-lamps always alight when there is no moon, and postmen with red coats. We have our squabbles about church-rates, and boast a newspaper, which, by the way, is quite able to boast for itself. In summer we have our cricket-club (the match between Little Toddlcombe and Ourselves is a marked era in the history of cricket); we have our boating, too, for we live near the river; now and then we have dancing and evening parties. Still, I required in the winter something more; when behold Hullah, like a ripe plum, jumped into my mouth: a music-class was formed A.D. eighteen hundred and fifty-five.

I am a shy man, and I understood from a very reliable quarter that ladies were about to join the class. I drew back. How was I to stand up and to be looked at, worst of all, to be heard, by those fair creatures? However, I ventured. In my first attempts at

harmony our master stood beside a large black board—we were ranged on benches row behind row; and I confess that I ungallantly left the ladies to bear the brunt of his observations and corrections, myself shamefully retiring behind the tallest and stoutest of the lovely singers. Other gentlemen followed my example; and, for some time, we were left to ourselves, although now and then alluded to, rather than addressed by, our teacher. Often have I felt that his eye was upon me when I forgot for a moment my fears, and ventured a little way from my shelter. Sometimes he said that he could not hear the gentlemen's voices. This simple but too true observation filled me with trepidation. At last we were obliged to come forward, dragged into the light with all our false notes and bad time; and it is impossible to describe the agony of our situation. Mr. Batten (Mr. Hullah's deputy), our able and kind master, exhorted us to make mistakes, rather than not sing at all. "Gentlemen," he said, "I wish that you would make some mistakes." In this respect I soon became his best pupil.

Miss Sophia Lute was, from the commencement, a member of the Hullah class: taking her place at once among the soprano voices. I do not know why she joined us, for she knew music sufficiently well before. I believe that she did it out of pure good nature. Sometimes, when I made abortive attempts to reach G—a note to which I have a fixed dislike—the other ladies of the class smiled. One young lady even laughed, and I hated her. Two other tenors, who confided their dislike to me, also hated her; but Miss Sophia always looked at me in a manner so kind and encouraging, that, although I never properly reached G, I felt pleased with my mistakes for bringing out such a look. G, indeed, has never been attainable to me.

There is always more shyness among the gentlemen than among the ladies. Several gentlemen on the stock exchange, a lawyer, and a Greek merchant, have successively come to our class-room with the intention of joining us; but, have never summoned sufficient courage. Jones Smith (brother of Smith of the Admiralty, our best bass) actually ran away one evening, after knocking at the door.

We have three facetious members; one of whom, instead of singing, imitates all the others, one by one, in a ludicrous and covert manner, between the pieces. They give us, in addition, puns, conundrums, and witty observations. Miss Sophia does not like this. She says that it interrupts the singing. The humorous gentlemen were on the qui vive a few days ago in consequence of an observation made by a very sharp solicitor, who, seeing ♯ at the beginning of a piece of music (to indicate that there were six quavers in the bar), could not imagine what it signified. He thought that he had seen the

figures somewhere else, written in a line, but could not distinctly remember where.

There have been several jealousies. Those who live on the common looked down on us whose houses are not so stylish. They were quite angry when we called them the common people; but harmony was soon restored.

We have formed a Hullah madrigal club. Simpkins is secretary, and the committee meet every month. Hence, several most delightful parties. Besides, we have a Hullah picnic, and a Hullah boating association. And from the formation of that society I date my present ecstatic state of happiness.

It was on a Thursday in June, eighteen hundred and fifty-five (I was brought up to be very careful about dates), that we had our first picnic. Jones—the bass Jones—who sometimes comes to our practisings and réunions, has a villa on the Thames, between Teddington and Twickenham; a very pretty place it is, but more favourable to bass than to tenor voices in winter. I am told that a catarrh quite improves a bass voice; but, at the same time, Nature seems to have settled that the tenor requires more care, and, being scarcer, is the more valuable. So I could never live so very near the Thames as Jones.

It was arranged that there should be four boats—one respectively for the sopranos, altos, tenors, and basses. Of course the sopranos and altos did not row themselves—four gentlemen of the tenors rowed the soprano boat, four gentlemen of the basses the alto. I was stroke-oar of the sopranos, and sat just opposite to Miss Sophia. It was agreed as soon as we had made a little way, to sing *Since first I saw your Face*—a very pretty madrigal. But it all went wrong in consequence of my unhappy self-consciousness and my intractable G. In the second verse, at

No, no, no, my heart is fast and cannot disentangle,
I broke down completely. The words were so true, and the notes so false, that there was no help for it—the madrigal was a failure through my mischance, and I felt such a tingling and blushing all over me that I believe my very ear would have tingled and blushed if it could.

We arrived at our destination without any further misadventure, and found the hospitable Jones anxiously awaiting us with a large party of ladies and gentlemen, whom he had invited to his house for the day; and certainly we had come to a lovely spot. A smoother and greener lawn was never seen, very gradually sloping to the water's edge. Here and there a willow dipped its branches into the river, while at one end of our friend's property was a little harbour into which our fleet was taken, and where it was safely moored. The house is a long building with verandahs; although glistening in the sunshine, still suggestive of coolness.

Either the sunshine, or the music, or something else, drew Miss Sophy and myself

together, and made us take great delight in one another that day. The words of each song had a new meaning. Then I did not fully know who the kind interpreter was; now I do know, and he has since made a translation of my whole life, turning the dark into the bright, the bitter into the sweet, the miserable into the happy, the silent into the chatty, the lonely into the sociable—in fine, the bachelor into the Benedict.

This small and ubiquitous dragoman was particularly busy as we were singing Mendelssohn's Winter, surly Winter. I felt deeply the melancholy feelings intended to be conveyed by the first part, which is in a minor key—I was minimus; but, when the words Summer, joyous Summer, burst forth in the major, I was maximus. I was something beyond maximus when we came to, Beside her daily I stray, And I press her close to my heart.

We were ranged on the lawn in our usual order—Mr. Batten before us. I have heard since, that Captain Coppercap, R.N., was all the time making a caricature of us, which he did in his best style. There was Smith of the Admiralty, who looked as if he were a disconsolate widower trying to cry. There was Robinson, too; he wrote a celebrated pamphlet on the currency (it was very kind of him to send me a copy, and I mean to read it). He has a way while he is singing, of staring up at the roof or the sky, as if he were looking out for an eclipse. There were three others, all of whom have contracted a habit of jerking out their heads at each note, not unlike hens pecking at a grain. These were represented with fatal fidelity. Coppercap caught also the expression of my face just as I was standing with my head somewhat aside, gazing sentimentally at Sophy.

What a delightful afternoon that was! Most especially delightful towards its close, when I won from the lips of Sophy herself the tenderest of all avowals in the sweetest of all tones. The magnificent cold collation, during which Jones proposed the health of the tenors, and I answered in a manner which drew applause from everybody—tears of sympathy from some; the archery, all but fatal to a stout gentleman fishing from a punt in the middle of the river. Smith has always been suspected of having shot the poor man on purpose: as he is only one step above Smith at the naval department of the Circumlocution Office. All faded from my memory—wholly concentrated on one blessed moment, a few precious words.

Our return home was by moonlight. Calcott's Mark the Merry Elves of Fairyland, was a signal success. To me everything breathed enchantment. The moonlit river, the dark trees, the murmur of the distant weir, the measured plash which marked our progress, the light drip of the suspended

oar—nay, the appearance of a deputation from the elves in any impossible bark, from a nutshell to a leaf of the Victoria regia, would not have astonished me at all—nor did I astonish Mrs. Lute (what a mother-in-law she makes!) the next morning when I spoke to her about Sophy. She had seen it all from the beginning, and was sure that we were well suited to each other.

Our wedding was the most splendid that had been seen in the neighbourhood for many a day. The breakfast was unique. The whole Hullah class attended—Mr. Batten also gave us the pleasure of his company, and conducted us to church.

My dear wife and myself still continue members of that admirable conductor's class, and find that our love for music increases steadily with our love for each other. It was only last week that Yawhaw, of the twentieth Dragoon Guards, to whom I had lent, in a moment of unsuspicious friendship, five pounds, repudiated the debt in the most audacious manner. I was very angry at first; but, on my return to Tottleton in the evening, Sophy asked Smith, Barker, Matilda Long, and May Burgoyne—and after two catches and a madrigal, I utterly forgot the existence of Yawhaw, the twentieth, and that such things as five-pound notes ever existed.

What can I recommend better to the inhabitants of small towns and villages in general, than a Hullah singing class. Although the case of the Parish of Twiddledum versus the Rector is very important in the eyes of the world; although the present beadle of Hoggletuncum-Poggletun is an outrageous despot; although the curate of Talkum Parva does take snuff; although Mrs. Fitz Urse de Courcy Vernon de Vere is much to be blamed for being the daughter of Sir Augustus de Tadpole, while Mrs. Figgins is still more to be blamed as the daughter of old Bugginsson—although all these matters ought to worry all our lives and make us all hate one another—I wish that a Hullah class were established in each of these great centres of thought and intelligence; for, peace and harmony are heavenly gifts.

JEMIMA COURT-HOUSE.

IN Virginia, where I am, some of the counties into which the state is divided are called by the first names of females. I am in Jemima county, and am on my way to Jemima Court-House. I have been in Jemima one hour and a half precisely, during which time I have made the acquaintance of the chief-man, an ex-congressman (of the county), of the proprietor of the iron-works only sixteen miles off from the ex-congressman's, of two farmers—who I suppose are called so by courtesy; they doing nothing, and there being nothing to farm, living only ten miles off again—and of the gentleman of

the county, horse-breeder, fox-hunter, loafer, general drinker, and the fashionable beau at the summer watering-places near by. I am at once instantly invited by each and every one of these kind people to come and make their house my home. No matter how long I stay; the longer, the better. They insist on it. "Twasn't often they got a stranger down in those parts and, when they did, they wanted to behave good to him." None of them had ever seen my face before, nor had ever heard of my name. I had no letter, save one on business to the ex-congressman. I might have been a burglar, or the president of the union, or a Methodist parson, or a member of the swell-mob—it made no difference. They wanted company. Come I must. One man can drink mint-juleps as well as another man, can't he?

I could begin with one; stay a few weeks or so; and then go on with the rest in rotation. But my stay could only be three days, so I was obliged to cast gloom over the hearths of five Jemimaes, and beglorify the home of one. That home was the home of the ex-congressman: so, towards it we went. I walked; he trailed, he sauntered, he lagged, he loafed, he pottered. He had a dozen of half-naked negro cubs and a half-dozen foxhound pups mingled together in gambols around his legs, and he amused his toilsome march with gently switching them with twigs broken off as he passed along; the cubs and the pups seemed pretty much of one family and one stock; and, as they got themselves mixed up and entangled in one another's legs and arms on the ground on every side of him, it was sometimes difficult to distinguish in the twilight the human from the brute. We met on the road several persons, all of whom, without exception, asked me to "put up at thar shanty, whilst I was down Virginny."

I am not a great man. On the contrary, I am insignificant in appearance. I am entirely not notorious. I never had my likeness published, neither do I resemble, nor am I likely to be mistaken for, anybody else who is great. I am therefore naturally astonished at this extreme desire for my society, which seems to animate the entire population of Jemima. I begin to attribute it to some sinister motive. Perhaps they think I am an employé of the underground railroad,* and wish to keep an eye on me. Mayhap I have speculation in my eye, and they own a gold-mine which they would like to "prospect." Am I to be ridden on a rail? or shall I receive a polite epistle, stating that my appearance in that county for another week will be the signal for disunion and secession; that the peculiar institution is in danger; and that the safety of the union demands my instant departure? No. None

of these kindly manifestations await me. I am told that it is the custom of the country. Every man's home is every other man's home. All the houses seem to be everybody's, and everything else nobody's.

We stop in at a planter's on the road. There is a long rail, supported at each end by a post, parallel to the front of the house. To this are hitched six or eight half-bred horses, standing up to their fetlocks in a pool of negroes. I learn that these are the animals of visitors from around the country—say within a circle of twenty miles—who have come to take supper and spend all night. We enter. The long-room on the ground-floor is crowded; they are about sitting down to supper. They greet us as if we were expected. They don't postpone the repast, or ask us to partake of it. But we do, nevertheless, and sit down with the rest, without anything being said on either side.

I thought I had an acquaintance with corn,* which I rather flattered myself was intimate. I find myself mistaken. The conceit is taken out of me. I never before knew what corn meant. I have been on the most distant terms with corn—a mere nodding acquaintance with corn; but now I am introduced to him, and obliged formally to acknowledge him. I could not have helped it had I wished it. Corn in sixteen different modes of preparation. Corn in mush; corn in hominy; corn in slap-jacks, in dabs, in slappers, in ash-cakes; corn in hot yellow bread; corn in wasting ears, and corn under more names and disguises than even the potatoes in Voltaire's (wasn't it Voltaire's?) feast with the Irish lord. You are in a gold country, and you may fancy that the inhabitants have learned the use of the metal as an edible. When you have retired to bed at night, you are confident that this theory is correct.

The niggers are pulled out of a black concrete mass, looking something like a Laocoon in bronze, semi-melted down, into which they have been fused by the warmth of a kitchen fire; and we are off. Half-an-hour's lagging and loitering—I can't call it walking; ten minutes of that would have sufficed—brings us to the ex-congressman's dwelling. Here I spend a charming evening with himself and family—and find him, notwithstanding his indolence, his pride, his insolence, of caste, his bumptiousness or proneness to take offence, his opposition to public schools, and his denial of many of my cardinal indisputable points of faith—a courteous, gallant, mild-spoken, considerate gentleman, and posted up to a wonderful degree in the most minute details of American history and American government. Politics is the only labour which is permitted to the Southern gentleman, and he certainly does make the most out of it. The most ill-

* Underground railroad is the cant phrase to express the means whereby slaves are secretly enabled to escape, from the south to the north.

* Corn means, in the United States, Indian corn or maize.

educated Southerner, who is too high-mighty to condescend to ask the time of day if he wished to know it, knows by heart the public and private life of every public man of his country: all the phases and shiftings of present or past parties, the arguments and decisions pro and con of all the questions that have agitated it, and the state of its relations to everybody and everything. At first I am interested by the violent contrast of his ideas to those I am accustomed to hear; but I don't care much about these things. I grow sleepy, and am shown to bed.

On awakening in the morning, I find there had been placed at my bedside:

First, A small table;

Second, Placed thereon, a tumbler and spoon;

Third, A bowl of sugar;

Fourth, A pitcher of iced water;

Fifth, A plateful of bright green, strong-smelling mint-leaves;

Sixth, A decanter of brandy!

Is it proper for the maintenance of the Institution in Virginia, that a mint-julep should be taken before rising? Is this the regular morning pabulum which has enabled Ole Virginny to perform that feat denied to all the rest of mortality—never to tire? or is this the way Ole Virginny refreshes before tiring? I am doomed to be considered a spooney during the extra day remaining for my stay here. I know it: the girl who clears my room; the boy, sixty years old, who fetches up my water and brushes my clothes, will report on my worthlessness. I have disrespected a household god, and summary indignation awaits me. I feel that the eyes—not only of the household in which I am staying, but that of the entire population of Jemima, among whom my imbecility will soon become known—will look upon me with scorn and contempt as a puny weakling, who couldn't take his julep before breakfast—a light-headed, poor-stomached, degenerate spawn of the Free Institutions.

Feeling, of course, the ignominy which ought reasonably to attach itself to any one guilty of so grave an offence, I refrain from giving any one a chance for open derision at the breakfast-table, by preserving a discreet silence. I am there told that it is court-day at Jemima to-day, and I must be there to transact my affairs. I am to ride. A boy, who is grey-headed and a grandfather, brings my steed to the door; two more boys hold on to the bridle while the nag switches off the flies with his tail; and three more boys assist him in switching them off with fern branches. While engaged in this laborious toil, one of them—although it is only seven o'clock A.M.,—falls asleep against the side of the horse, snoring, with his great bullet head shining in the sun like a perspiring black pudding, till some one arouses him by sticking grass into his nose. The

horse is a fine animal. Nearly all Virginia horses are, albeit bred too fine for English tastes, and now getting poor by too much inter-breeding;—but the equipments! They don't believe in the saying "that there's nothing like leather" in Virginia. It is evident that they think string a great deal like leather. There is more rope used in my accoutrements than if I had been Mazzeppa, and was to be bound on. The buckle is broken off the belly-band, and that is tied with string; the cheek-strap is another piece of string; so also is the left-hand bridle. There is no stirrup on one side, and more string is used to hitch up the other. But the roads are very bad at that time of the year, they say; so I would have to walk my horse, anyhow, so it makes no difference. The Court-House is three miles distant. A boy is given to me to show me the road through the scrub, and take care of my charger; and I start, all the darkies on the farm following me to the gate. The road at first runs through a small forest of stunted shrubs, and then debouches into a rolling country of bare bleak hills, with a soft red clayey soil. It is supposed to be enclosed on each side with what is called a worm or V fence, which has a battered, hag-and dissipated look. Half the rails are down, some with one end sticking in the fence, the other upright, prodding the air; others lying about loose, giving a most dilapidated air to a landscape not of itself attractive. Presently we come to a spot where late rains have moistened the clay into an oozy ointment, which the rays of the sun have encrusted with a hard, pie-crusty looking cover. After I have passed this spot a few rods, my antiquated boy of course lagging far behind me, I hear "Massa! Massa!" I turn in my saddle. "Yah, yah! Iis um keep right on. Dah's um," and my youth drops as if struck with epilepsy, plump into the middle of the red pastry slush. Alarmed, fearing a sun-stroke, I ride hastily back. What a picture! He has chosen this spot of soft mud for his noon-day nap, and there he lies, sound asleep in a moment—a huge piece of jet set in cornelian—the great glaring sun streaming down on him, and a myriad of small yellow butterflies and bluebottles settled on his body. I shout and crack my whip in vain. He is probably away off in the midst of a corn-husking or a break-down, and why should I disturb him?

I don't, but ride on. And, if somebody hasn't accidentally found him, (for I know that his master won't miss him, or if he did, it would be too much trouble to hunt for him), and has had the energy and power of will, which I very much doubt, to kick him up, I should not be surprised to hear of his sleeping there to this day.

I have arrived at Jemima Court-House, and my first impression is, that Jemima

Court-House means horses; that I, together with a dozen other human beings are in the land of Houhynhym. The horses are evidently the people here, and the men the strangers.

Jemima Court-House is a straggling, muddy, hoof-marked, and trampled-upon lane of about one hundred feet wide. On one side, a low, dingy, two-winged, one-storied brick house of primeval griminess, flanked on either side by ranges of sheds, and the invariable horse-rail for a hundred yards or so. The middle of the street is filled with horses, dogs, buggies, a pedlar's waggon, and men. On the other side, the tavern. More horse-rails, and more horse-sheds, horses, mares, and colts, buyers, sellers, swappers, stealers, traders, and more horses, and a solitary Yankee standing on the roof of a long, low, box-like black waggon, selling tin-ware, clocks, and books particularly, but open to a trade of any kind, generally. Court-day in Jemima is horse-day. Everybody in Virginia has horses, and on every court-day to the court-house they are all brought. For any particular purpose, think you? Oh, no! If you ask any one of these idle gentlemen, if he wishes to sell any out of his lot (for no matter if a man has fifty horses, he is bound to bring them all to court), the chances are he will say—"He don't care, he will sell, but he'd as lieve not, he didn't bring 'em to sell, but he has sold some before. But he don't care, and it don't make any difference. Come, let's take a drink!" Does the Virginia gentleman want to buy? No, he don't want to buy, but if he saw anything he wanted, he would buy. He's just come down to look around and see things, nothing particular; come home and stay with us. Can't? Well, then, come take a drink! There is some difficulty in understanding why a man should bring a drove of horses a distance of fifteen or more miles, and then spend the whole day lolling against the side of a house, or looking at the horses of others, who have done like him.

Feeling, as I said before, that I am in the country of the Houhynhym, I look about me for the Yahoos. I don't have to make an extensive exploration, for I hear a bell ding-donging. There is a little rush of part of the crowd, including the Yankee, and I follow to see what it is about. Behind the Court-House I find an inevitable horse-shed. Into this the crowd hurries. In the middle there is a barrel standing on one end, and on the top of the barrel I find my Yahoo. It is a male. He has on a mangy fur cap, whose lapels hang loosely about his ears; one corner of it is pulled over his right eye. A monkey jacket, one pocket of which is stuffed full of dirty papers, with bits of rope hanging out, a tan-

coloured pair of pantaloons, rolled up over a pair of penitentiary-made brogans, complete his costume. In one hand he holds a printed hand-bill, and in the other a short knobbed baton. He reads from the hand-bill a description of a negro:

Boy Joe, fifty-four years of age, sound in wind and limb, two children last fall, is a field hand, but has waited on table.

To the negro: "Now then, d—n yer, yer lazy skunk, gone to sleep behind the barrel, have yer? Come now, stand up."

To the crowd: "Har, gentlemen, air as fine a nigger." (To the darkey): "Cuss yer, don't stand gazing there, but show yer ivories to the gentlemen."

The boy is pinched, poked, punched, and felt like an ox, his mouth looked into, and his eyes prodded open and examined.

Negro to one of the bystanders: "'Sposin Massa Smif buy dis nigga. Iis don't want to go under Loaf. Ole Virginny suit dis nigga."

"Smith, I wish you would buy him, he's a good hand, and you won't regret your money, and as sound as a roach," says the owner, who is standing by—a gentleman who has met with losses—has been solacing himself during the morning by mint-juleps at intervals of five minutes each. Massa Smif buys Joe, and then the others are sold, among them some women. There is no crying, no shrieking, nor tearing away, nor beating, nor any emotion of any kind manifested in any way. The negroes come when they are called, and not a spark of intelligence, of pleasure, or pain gleams on their countenances to signify they own a human face divine. After the first one, and the curiosity, and disgust, the utter degradation of feeling that man, born in God's image, can be so low and not know it, it is a common-place, tiresome, uninspiring affair. You have your reflections (and I advise you to keep them), but I defy any one, unless he is blessed with Sterne's portable fire-engine sympathy, which can squirt a tear over a dead jackass, to have his feelings excited, or interested by any individual appeal to his heart, arising from the manners, or the condition of such miserable objects as I saw before me at the negro vendue in Jemima.

All the mint must have been nearly used up by the time the Court adjourns. So the Yankee shuts up his waggon, the gentlemen collect their horses and negroes, and away they all go with a great clatter. The writer goes also; thinking that, if in his own country, such a phase of life be new and curious to him, it will be a good and strange thing for our cousins across the ocean to see a picture (however clumsily drawn) of the way they live in Jemima.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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THE COLLIER AT HOME.

It is not very long since a very fearful accident in a Welsh colliery that had been imperfectly ventilated, prompted some comments in *Household Words*, on the necessity of defining clearly and sharply the responsibility of mine-owners and overseers.* While I write this, the public mind is distressed with details of another accident—the most appalling in its character that mind can conceive—by which more than one hundred and seventy men were consumed in a burning furnace, by the sudden spread of fire over the coal of an English pit. The pit in which this accident occurred is said to have been well ventilated; for the seam of coal worked in it, and in other pits of the same district, was known to be fiery. There had been one previous explosion in this colliery, which has been two years in use; but that killed only two or three persons. In a pit a mile or two distant sunk into the same coal, seventy-three persons were killed ten years ago. In another pit, closely adjoining, seventy-five persons were killed seven years ago. In another pit, five or six miles distant, sunk into the same coal, fifty persons were killed; all these deaths being the results of explosion. Thus, there have been in ten years three hundred and seventy men in the prime of life, upon whose labour and whose love no one knows how many women and children were dependent for support, destroyed—as we might almost say—upon a single spot of ground. We shall soon be shuddering to look at coal within our grates, when it burns blood-red.

The men working in this coal have not been using safety-lamps, but open candles. It is quite within the power of an owner or an overlooker to command and enforce the use of Davy lamps. It is quite within the power of an owner to cause the gauzes of the Davy lamps to be locked on. This is often done. Any objection to the lamps on the part of the men has only to be over-ruled by a strict order. If the light they give be insufficient—we have never heard other objections—surely a not very costly increase of the power of the lamp, or a slight expenditure of wit for the overcoming of any other cause of defect,

* See page 361 of the fourteenth volume.

would end that difficulty, and raise the illuminating power to a point beyond that of a dip-candle. It is unjust to make the men responsible for the grave error of habitually working with the naked candle. The poor fellows are not there to teach, but to be taught by, their masters.

I do not think they are less teachable than other men—than their charter-masters, for example—or than even the greater number of owners of the mines in which they work. They accept things as they find them, as all men are apt to do; they do not love change less than their employers. I speak as their friend, because I know them. There is, after all, only half truth in the impression about civilisation among miners which the most humorous of our English artists has expressed by showing one of them indignant with his wife, because she has given the milk to the child when she ought to have gi'd it to the bull-pup; or two of them thus discoursing of a gentleman who passes:

"Who's that?"

"A stranger."

"'Eave 'arf a brick at him."

The hundred and seventy men for whom mothers, wives, and children are now mourning at Landhill were not of this stamp. The truth about the colliers is not very flattering; but, it is worth while that it should be known fairly by a public that is often asked to look on them as answerable for their own calamities.

It has been part of my own fortune in life to spend four years in intimate association with the colliers and colliers' families of a large mining district. Seeing them habitually in their pleasure and their pain, entrusted by them with many of their little secrets, I have had them for my employers, my friends, and my servants. It happens, also, that I have been on equally close terms of acquaintance with the working people of a district purely agricultural, and I am very well convinced that the men working underground have more wit than the men who work on the earth's surface. There is the same material of character in both. There are traces of the divine hand of the Creator in us all. Whether we look upward or downward in society, if we will only see each other rightly, we can come to

no truer conclusion than that men and women are good fellows in the main. The bond of fellowship clips all society together, and is a law of nature much more powerful than all the laws of all the lands.

A recognition of this truth should lie at the base of all discussion about men. Thus it is possible to blame—and I do, for my own part, blame heavily—the supineness of many pit-owners in adopting measures of precaution for the safety of the men. This, however, arises, not from carelessness of life, but from that habit of doing to-day what was done yesterday, out of which it is usually so very difficult to force an Englishman. The relations between pit-owner and pit-men I have always seen to be very much more cordial than those between a farmer and his labourers. The pit-men, as being a more independent race, are more likely to strike than the farm labourers; but, they are, as a rule, infinitely less disposed to be dissatisfied with their employers. When they are sick, they send to them not in vain for wine and little sick-room luxuries; they also confide in them often, when they require help in private trouble. Attending as surgeon at the sick-bed of the ill-paid agricultural labourer, I have found him languishing unaided in his poverty. The law of settlement has perhaps driven him to lodge far away from his master's farm; but, far or near, sickness has thrown him on the parish for relief, and for comfort he looks out of his own little poverty-stricken circle rarely beyond the clergyman and union surgeon. Among the miners, on the contrary, I have found that, in time of sickness, the master gave more than a good word to the sufferers. Their sick funds usually kept them from the parish; and, for the supply of any little want that was beyond their means, they trusted safely in the master's liberality. A note to him from the doctor was as good as a bank-note for any necessary. His sympathy, too, was direct; and he was not the only friend and helper. I have never seen anywhere so distinctly as among the mines, the rich helping the poor, knowing them all personally, visiting them when sick, and sorry without ostentation or intrusion—looked upon by them as helpers and friends without any mean or cringing flattery. From a west country Paradise—where every man in a round frock, stranger or not stranger, bowed to my hat and black coat as to an idol—I went to a middle or north country Pandemonium; where my first day's ride was in company with an unpopular man, (though nobody heaved half a brick at me) yet, certainly, irreverent boys hooted as I passed. Experience, however, proved that the people in the Pandemonium paid respect when it was earned, and only then; whereas, the people in the Paradise were ready with their outward worship whether goodwill had been earned or not.

They were the same men in each case. I

mean to say no more than that, according to my own experience, the collier lives under conditions by which he is developed better, as a man, than the farm labourer. That the better state is much below what ought to be the worst, it will be only too easy to show.

The first advantage that the miner gains over the agricultural labourer is, that he is three times better paid—and then is not too highly paid, considering the peril of his occupation—that his work is constant, and that, if it please him to go from one mining district to another, he can have no difficulty in changing his employer. He has the disadvantage of close underground work, that tempts strongly to the taking of a Monday's as well as a Sunday's holiday in the sun; a complete deprivation, during a great part of life, of the humanising influence exerted by the sights and sounds of nature; and therefore a more than ordinary temptation to break the monotony of life with sensual indulgence. In the galleries of a mine, monotony of life and occupation is complete; but there can be little or no monotony to a man labouring above ground under the sun. The aspect of the sky changes incessantly, the winds make every kind of music, birds come and go, trees blossom, bear fruit, and shed their leaves, and the labourer on the earth changes his own work with the changes of the season. Very different is the work of the man always shut up in the same black cavern, dealing the same dull blows with the pick in the same heavy atmosphere, hearing the same come and go of trucks all the year round; the deadly monotony only broken by seeing, every now and then, a companion burnt, or maimed, or killed, in the pursuit of his cheerless vocation.

We cannot wonder, then, if we find men who have not been reasonably well educated, seeking change from such a life in sensual indulgence. This fault in their character would be more evident and painful than it is, if it were not to a considerable degree checked by the opportunity afforded them of forming families. The women do not labour in the mines. The husbands and sons earn enough for the wants of the house: even the young girls earn money on the pit-bank. Thus the mother is free to stay in the house, to maintain cleanliness, to market, to bake the week's bread of the household, to wash, and to mend. The father and sons go home from their work, wash off the coal-dirt, and find ready prepared for them a hot meal, both more necessary and more attractive than anything they would be likely to find in the public-house. They come home tired; and, after eating, they are lazy. They go early to bed, because they are obliged to be up at four or five in the morning for their work. Here is obviously a very great natural check upon undue indulgence; and, although in the pit-country, public-houses are numerous, and much frequented at night, yet, as a rule

the men are not intemperate on working days. On Sundays, those who do not go to church or chapel—the idler and worse sort of men and boys—do not know what to do with themselves. They lean against all the posts in the district, and stand at all the corners of the roads, criticising all persons who pass; talking idly to each other, and looking inexpressibly awkward and clumsy. When the public-houses open, they slink into them. On Monday, nearly all give way either to simple out-of-door idleness, or to a dull sort of rejoicing in the public-house. Thus, although many of them become sottish by fits and starts, the pit-men can by no means be said, as a class, to be given to drunkenness.

But, while there is a home life thus tending to humanise the collier, it has in itself certain inevitable defects. At eighteen, or nineteen, he can earn what he will earn at fifty. After he is married, sons, as they grow up, will by their earnings add to his prosperity: as a question of money, therefore, it is as wise for him to marry at nineteen, as at nine and twenty. Very early marriages are, for this reason, common; they are founded upon a rough sort of calf-love; and form a tie that is maintained, on the whole, pleasantly between husband and wife, but is maintained by no very peculiar community of interest or feeling. The husband is in the pit all day, and the satisfaction of his animal wants fills the main part of the time at home. This may in part explain why, among the colliers, there are very many to whom the marriage bond does not appear so sacred or so necessary as it ought to be. In too many cases, if a collier leaves his wife, and goes upon a journey, it is not a Penelope who stays behind. I speak only, of course, in all that is here said, from my own observation in a single district. I have seen in that district nearly all the colliers' wives, and some few of their daughters, working indefatigably in their respective households; famous helpers to the men, and, with the rarest exceptions, kindly treated by them. I have seen very many acts of noble self-devotion on the part of husband on behalf of wife, or of wife on behalf of husband or of child; but I could not, possibly, avoid seeing that the ties of family were worn loosely, as well as comfortably, by a large part of the community, and that, in a most material respect, the morality of the district was painfully low. I have seen rough men become as women for a child's sake, and have very seldom seen or heard in the pit-country of children that were beaten or ill-used. But, I have seen not unfrequently superfluous children by a sort of indirect murder wilfully left to slip into the grave, and I have seen gaps made in a household by bereavement, bitter in the first few days, filled up so speedily, and forgotten, as grief, so completely, as they could not be if the home ties were really strong. It is a sad sight to see

in four or five adjoining houses the blinds down and shutters closed, because house-fathers and sons have been brought home dead from the pit; but, of the greater number of the mourners, the grief seems to be over very soon after the blinds are up. Doubtless, familiarity with sudden death breeds some part of this temper; which may have other causes. We are never right in assigning only one reason to anything in nature; not even to material things; but, to refer to a single cause the workings of anything so complex as the human mind, is unquestionably wrong.

In another respect, I used to observe among the miners, laxity of principle that stopped short of assuming any violent or repulsive form. They yielded a proportion of thieves, bold in a small way, but guilty of nothing like house-robbery or violence upon the roads. To a popular pear-tree in my orchard, there was a regular footpath established across a gap in the hedge, made for the purpose of robbing it in its due season. Buried treasure in the shape of potatoes would be also lifted; but, in four years, among a population of more than ten thousand miners, among whom was many a house worth plundering and easy of access, I never heard of one house robbery. From the surgery at the back of my house and detached from it, valuable things could have been taken constantly. It was open and unwatched; but I never lost even the most trifling article of property by direct theft. Of indirect theft, which did not appear theft at all to a dull moral sense, there was plenty, and it took plenty of forms; but that is not at all peculiar to miners and their wives.

Of brute violence in any form I have seen little or nothing among pit-men. I have walked or ridden hundreds of times at night about the wildest parts of the pit-country, and have seen rough-looking men start from wild-looking fires, but it never once entered into my mind that there was anything to fear; for, there was nothing. I should know myself to be really safer at midnight on the blasted ground occupied by the pit-men, than by daylight in a shady lane among a population purely agricultural. Whoever reads the trials at assizes, knows that the agricultural ignorance yields crimes more foul and terrible than the less dense ignorance of a community of colliers. The difference depends, not on the men, but on the conditions under which they live.

I have endeavoured to represent fairly the main points of a collier's character as it is formed by his occupation. The mining population is not by any means so rough as it appears, in its first aspect, to a stranger, and I cannot for a moment admit that it is to be made answerable for any defect whatever in the construction or working of a mine. Like other men, miners have opinions and prejudices; but, in their own calling,

they take them from their masters and their overlookers. Masters continue year after year to build cottages without due attention to the wants of health; they know moreover that arms and legs are broken by the accidental fall of stones while men descend the shaft; nevertheless, they do not properly face and protect the pitmouth. They know that men are burnt in the pit, and are generous to them, feel a true compassion for them in their suffering; but they do not exert themselves sufficiently to strike at the root of all such accidents: because, as the working of pits has been, so it shall be. The men who talk about improvements are mere innovators, meaning well and knowing little; persons to be looked upon as the heretics used to be looked upon by orthodox believers who had on their side, as they believed, all the traditions of the church. We must be chary of blaming men for this. Orthodoxy belongs not only to divinity, but to law, to physic, to all callings and all trades. If it makes improvement slow, it perhaps makes degeneration slower. To all obstinacies of custom we are willing to give due respect. All that we care to assert, is, that the miners themselves are not the men to whom we must look for an abatement of the frequency of accidents in mines. Nothing can be done with the miner except through the master. If the master come to the opinion that all his men ought, for their own safety and for the credit of his mine, to work with safety-lamps—any practical improvement necessary to the lamps being first duly made—he has only to say so to his manager, explaining clearly why he is of that opinion, and that he has firmly made up his own mind upon it, and such lamps will be used. A master resident on the spot has so much influence that, if he be in earnest, he will himself speak to the charter-masters who are in authority over working companies; or, better still, to all the men in public, and in private to those whom he knows to be more obstinate than their neighbours or more influential. The men thus prompted would not be slow to see their own advantage; and, in a very short time, they themselves would extinguish any naked candle employed by a refractory companion. It is not by the great accidents that get into the newspapers that a collier is admonished of the risks he is encountering. Every week has its mishap—the peril of the way of life is manifest—is almost daily in some form stated and accepted. It is accepted as a supposed necessity not, of course, as a welcome incident of labour. When the accident is death by the breaking of a chain or rope, the master or the manager is censured by the colliers often enough for having mended an old coil when he should have furnished a new one. When the accident is death by burns from a stray firing of foul air, no one is blamed; but, let the men once get an efficient safety-lamp fairly among them, and there will be found

none readier than they to exclaim against the wrong done to themselves in any accident caused by the use of candles.

HOW THE AVALANCHE COMES DOWN AT BARÈGES.

IN a long, narrow, bleak Pyrenean valley, and at a height of four thousand feet above the level of the sea, there springs from the rock hot, sulphurous water, reputed to be the most efficacious of the many mineral springs of the Pyrenees. There is, naturally, an *établissement des bains*; and, in spite of the cold, inhospitable site, a long irregular street, which is called Barèges.

The avalanche does not fall from the mountains which tower above the village, but down an ominous cleft in the rocks on its right bank, and on the opposite side of the valley. And the inconvenience is, that not content with rushing from the snowy summits and sweeping bare the face of the rocks, and marking its desolate track with the scattered pines which it has uprooted, and choking the noisy river, it rushes up the opposite bank, and so through the very centre of Barèges. Of course the inhabitants of Barèges know this, expect it, and are prepared for it. In winter there is a great gap in the one long street—no house, nor shed, nor tree, nor bush being visible. This is the road left clear for the avalanche, which sometimes travels that way five or six times in the course of the winter. In the spring, when his visits are supposed to be at an end, the disjointed street is united by wooden houses, or baraquas, in which the various merchants from neighbouring towns display their wares. There is something to an Englishman almost incredible, and quite incomprehensible, in erecting a village in the very teeth of an avalanche. Why not put the houses lower down the valley in safety? the walk or ride, in summer, to the *établissement* being so easy. Why not convey the water in pipes? Why not—in fact—fifty other things? But no—the Bérnais of the mountains is familiar with the danger, he does not despise it, but he considers the being buried under an avalanche as one of the necessary conditions of life, and at all times the possible termination of it. Even in Barèges, where, as Pierre Palassou, the guide, will tell you, they take such good precaution, it is not always found a sufficient one; and the avalanche will swerve to the right or left, and cover part of the village; or it will exceed the dimensions deemed desirable, and overwhelm the houses on both sides of it.

In May of last year the winter, which had been an unusually fine one, was supposed to be at an end, and many of the marchands began to erect their baraquas. Thirteen were completed, and others begun, when the weather changed, and a snow-storm came on. All that day it snowed, and in the evening

the long sweep of the wind was heard at intervals through the valley.

"There is snow enough up there to bury the whole village!" said the old men who were standing in groups, consulting as to what was to be done.

"Well, well, the barques must be left—for who will help to pull them down with this danger threatening us?"

"Depend on it this will be no light affair," said another, "and the neighbours in the end houses had better come to us for to-night."

And they separated; each, who considered himself safe from possible danger, offering shelter to others who might be overtaken by it. Thus it happened that, besides the thirteen barques, many houses on either side of the high road for the avalanche, were left empty. But there were two households regardless of the danger—one consisted of father and mother and three children; the other was an auberge, a little inn frequented by Spaniards and mountaineers in their contraband excursions; and, on the night in question, there were thirteen under this roof. In both cases they relied for safety on the fact of the house being built against a projecting rock, which would afford shelter from the wind that precedes the avalanche. The snow is a minor inconvenience that no one troubles himself much about.

The evening wore into night and nothing came of anyone's expectations, so everybody went to bed and to sleep. Not everybody—for one man sat listening intently for sounds in the upper regions which might indicate the approach of danger. At length he rose, and went into the little room, where his only child, a youth of seventeen, was sleeping.

"Jules, mon ami, get up!"

Jules slept soundly, and only pulled the bed-clothes over his head at this appeal.

"Jules!" said his father more loudly, "make haste—get up and run to neighbour Henri; tell him I am sure the avalanche is on the point of falling, and he must catch up the three children and come with his wife at once—I feel quite certain they are not safe. Make haste! It is midnight, and very dark." Jules had hastily thrown on his clothes; and, as his father was speaking the last words, he left the house.

A few minutes only elapsed when there was that terrific sweep of the wind and crash of obstacles opposing it, which tells of the avalanche. The father who stood straining his eyes through the darkness, thought he could see the pale spirit that followed silently and swiftly, and drew its white mantle over the desolation left by the storm.

As soon as it was daylight, all Barèges was at work; for Jules had not been heard of, and many houses were under the snow: among them the two which were inhabited. The father of Jules stood by, and watched

the work in silence. Few words were uttered by anybody, for who could tell what the result of the search might be?

They had begun to work, as near as they could possibly judge, just over Henri's house. At mid-day they had reached the roof; and, hastily breaking through, entered. All was safe. Henri and his wife and children waiting patiently for their deliverers.

"Jules is not here, then! I sent him to warn you."

"Ah, mon Dieu," said Henri, "we heard a cry—just one—it sounded close to the house—I thought it was some poor beast swept away by the wind."

The neighbours broke open the house-door and groped about in the snow. There, lying across the threshold, and crushed by an adjoining wall which had fallen on him, lay poor Jules, dead.

The workers left the father to his grief and to the care of the women, and hurried to the auberge, at which some few had already been occupied since day-break. The snow beneath which it was buried, lay so thickly over it, that it was after dusk before an entry was effected—of course through the roof. The house was unharmed, and all within it were safe. Jean Cahasse, the aubergiste, told the neighbours that neither he nor any of the others had heard any unusual noise in the night, though he fancied he remembered something like a clap of thunder. But, in the morning he awoke and said, "Wife, it is very dark, and yet I seem to have had a long sleep. It must surely be time to get up." So, he carried his watch to the window, intending to open the outer shutters. But he could not move them. He went down to the house-door; fast again, in spite of all his pushing. Then up to the trap-door in the roof; and, finding that he could not lift it, he returned to his wife and said, "Wife, the avalanche has fallen; so you had better get up and make the breakfast."

After breakfast all the men took out their knitting, hanging the skein of wool round their necks; the women and children were busy spinning flax, and thus they sat round the fire telling tales of past dangers till the evening. Then Jean Cahasse said,

"I am sure the neighbours would begin to dig as soon as it was light—but, doubtless, the snow lies deep. Wife, if the onion-soup is ready, we will have supper."

It was whilst they were at supper that the neighbours entered, and were greeted, of course, with much effusion; tears, and kisses, and loud cries, and altogether in the manner of men who suddenly became aware that they had escaped a great danger, and did not think it worth while to exercise any self-control in the matter. Except the life of poor Jules no lives were lost, and no further damage was done than some four or five stone houses levelled, and all the wooden barques swept away.

"C'est un rien," said Pierre Palassou, the guide, with a shrug of the shoulders. "It is the flood avalanche that we are afraid of. Ah! To hear it come roaring down in summer when the snows have melted on the mountains—rocks, and stones, and trees, and rivers of mud, one trembles to think of it."

Fortunately the flood avalanche descends by another ravine, which you pass just before reaching Barèges, and the flood has never yet done more than threaten the village, and make the approach to it a most unpromising one. On the whole, therefore, we may fairly say that the avalanche, or rather the avalanches, do come down at Barèges in an almost inconceivably uncomfortable manner, and with a rapidity of recurrence which it takes one's breath away to think of. But those who are most affected by the inconvenience, the inhabitants, think nothing of it.

"The neighbours are so near," they say, "and we all help one another! What would you have more?"

What, indeed! Rightly understood, there is, under these circumstances, very little more to be desired.

A VISION OF A STUDIOUS MAN.

LONG ago—how many years since I do not like to think of, but it was when I was a young man, and just beginning the world—I took delight in being a book-fancier; not a bibliomaniac, as the profane have it, but an ardent, eager bibliophile, gathering together volumes from the ends of the earth. The famous collection at Donninghurst attests pretty well the extent of my labours in this vineyard. Arrayed in snowy vellum raiment, or in old tooled calf, or, better still, in ancient French morocco, they line these shelves of mine in the oak room, and are still the admiration—perhaps the envy—of the curious. Now that the fit has passed from me, I look on them as so many memorials of an old folly, and find myself gazing at them curiously, as a lover might do at the faded writings of an unworthy mistress. How I came to forswear this seductive pursuit, and flee for ever from the temples of Christie, and Sotheby, and such famous brethren of the hammer, I will now try and set forth, as some entertainment for this passing hour.

When I first went down to Donninghurst, which was just after leaving Oxford, this book-fever, as it may be called, was very strong upon me, and I took exceeding delight in arranging and cataloguing the contents of certain great chests which had come down to me from London. And now, before going further, I may say a word concerning Donninghurst itself. It was nothing more than a small village—a quiet, retired, innocent little village of the Auburn kind, lying in a sheltered valley far from the busy hum of men. To look down from the brow of the hill upon the ancient church disguised in ivy,

green and brown; upon the little bridge over the brook which divided the village; upon the noisy water-mill, the tiers of snowy cottages sloping down to the water's edge; this was pleasant and fit recreation for any contemplative man, and was as fair a prospect as could be seen upon a long summer's day.

Naturally enough, I had a great liking for Donninghurst, and were it not for the utter dearth of all congenial society—that is, of bibliophilist brethren—I should have pitched my tent there for good and all. True, there was the parson, who is traditionally supposed to be ardent in such matters, but who in our instance happened unfortunately to be a placid easy man, full of soft words, and with little scholarship beyond his Bible; in short, a smooth shaven respectability, as Mr. Carlyle would phrase it. I did not, therefore, grieve very much when I heard, on my second visit, that this reverend person had passed away to a brighter sphere—to a wealthier parish, that is—and that Doctor Erasmus Ashmole, F.R.S., F.S.A., Corres. Mem., &c., &c., had been appointed in his place. This was joyful news for me. In those mystic characters I saw wondrous visions shadowed forth: long Attic nights, earnest disputations, eager criticism, unique and matchless exemplars. Soon my card found its way to the vicarage, and within a very brief span I found myself in the full enjoyment of his friendship. I found him a fierce rude scholar of the true Bentley school—a man that called you Sir in loud tones, after the Johnsonian manner—with a way of beating the table savagely in the warmth of argument. All the golden visions I had read in the cabalistic letters were realised to the full. He had brought down a matchless collection—whole regiments of *Editiones Principes*; camel-loads of *Fathers*, clean and unsullied, with virgin pages; *Bollandists*, *Variorums*, *Aldines*, all in superb condition and original bindings. *Elzevirs*, too, were there, not to speak of *Plantins*, *Jansens*, *Baskervilles*, *Tonsons*, and other famous *Imprinters*. There were also strange black-letter volumes—creatures in ponderous oak covers, with rude metal fittings. And, last of all, he had brought down with him an exquisite copy from Nature's own press, printed in the fairest characters, one unique and beyond all price; in short, no other than his own fair daughter, sweet Miss Lizzie Ashmole.

She was a bright little creature, with a beaming face and dark brilliant eyes, with arched pencilled eyebrows and soft wavy hair worn à la Grecque, which I was told fell nearly to her feet. Indeed, the other day, when I went to see a famous *Little Lady* at one of our great theatres, I was perfectly startled at the likeness. No wonder, then, that Doctor Erasmus loved her, if anything, better than his books. From long habit, too, she had caught up some odds and ends of bibliographical doctrine, upon which she used to discourse very gracefully; and it was very

pleasant to see her striving hard to feel due reverence for the dusty inhabitants of the doctor's study. She had, besides, a tinge of romanticism, very refreshing in these flinty days of ours, and was filled with a kind of buoyant earnest faith, which she was not long in communicating to others—delighting, moreover, in rehearsing ghostly narrative, and spectral appearances. This she did so prettily, and so mysteriously, that I, before a scoffer and unbeliever, came at last to feel uneasy of nights, and rather shrank from the idea of going up stairs in the dark.

In short, to this complexion it came at last, as indeed was only to be expected—that the Attic nights with the doctor grew to be insufferably dull, and the doctor himself, and the Johnsonian manner, something of a bore. I soon began to see a deal of truth in that passage of the ingenious Mr. Little, where he informs us that his only books were woman's looks. What if he had seen the precious little volume always open before me, and which I took such wondrous delight in perusing! I felt the Poisoned Arrow with the Golden Shaft smarting more keenly every day. In brief, I found myself one morning asking the Reverend Erasmus for a few moments' private conversation, at the conclusion of which I received a paternal accolade and numberless benedictions. Then was sweet Lizzie sent for, who came in blushing most bewitchingly, as though she had a faint suspicion of what was going on. After a month's interval, during which time I conceived an utter disgust for all things of leaves and parchment, the usual ceremony took place, and the happy pair departed for London en route to foreign parts, as was only proper.

During the happy days that followed, I never once thought of Elzevir or Aldine—never felt the least yearning towards my old objects of affection, until—yes, until we came to the ancient city of Bruges. No human virtue could have withstood that seductive town. We had been admiring its halls, churches, paintings, carvings, bits of Gothic, all day long, and were returning pretty well tired to our hostelry, when we suddenly found ourselves before one of those picturesque little alleys wherein this city abounds. "Oh!" said sweet Lizzie, "how like a Turkish bazaar! We must walk down—just once." With a gentle remonstrance, as though I had a presentiment of what was impending, I suffered myself to be led into the fatal street, and was utterly ravished, as the French say, with all I saw. Dark monstrosities carved out of oak, ancient china, arquebuses, vestiments of rich stuffs, silver statues, bits of stained glass, and Heaven knows what besides, were gathered there, tempting sweet Lizzie to the very verge of distraction. While I—my hour had come at last—was irresistibly drawn to some quaint shelves crowded with old tomes in the livery that was so familiar to me. With the first glance I saw they were of a

superior order, doubtless noble exiles from some rich library in the Faubourg, bearing on their backs the insignia of their haughty masters. I took one in my hand, and, as I did so, felt a queer sensation coming over me. They were bound in that famous old red morocco; and there was, besides, a second series arrayed in rich mottled calf—altogether a very choice and tempting lot. I was back under the old dominion in a moment.

"Look here, sweet Lizzie," I said, "did you ever see such a treasure?"

"Yes," said Lizzie, smiling; "very nice indeed"—she was at that moment studying an old Spanish rosary, thinking what a rare armlet it would make.

"Look," continued I, in a perfect transport—"such a superb piece of mottled calf; veined and freckled like a bit of jasper!"

"It is very pretty," said poor Lizzie, trying hard to admire it; "won't you buy it?"

Buy it! I hesitated—not for the price, which was scarcely a hundred francs or so, but because I knew how much depended on that moment. A look at the old red morocco decided me, and I was back again under the thralldom of the Book Demon.

The next day was spent in diligent investigation of my new-found prizes, and all their beauties were dwelt on pitilessly for the behoof of poor Lizzie. The day after, we were to have commenced our journey home, but it occurred to me that there were some famous libraries at Ghent, scarce an hour's travel from Bruges. It would be a positive sin to leave these unexplored; such an opportunity might never occur again. At Ghent, as everybody knows, are temptations enough for the book-gatherer; and from that city I returned very late at night, with a small sack filled with marvels of type and binding. Poor Lizzie, who had been sitting up for hours expecting me, looked ruefully at these trophies as I tumbled them out on the carpet before her. She was very tired, she said, and had passed a very weary day. What could have kept me? "There is type! There's margin!" I said, opening one wide. "I tell you what, sweet Lizzie; I have a rare scheme in my head—I planned it as I came along. Suppose we go back to Brussels; I hear there are things to be had there literally for a song. We might stay—let me see—a fortnight, whilst I rummage the great libraries. What say you, Lizzie?"

This was too much. I saw her bright little face suffused suddenly with a deeper crimson. How could I be so cruel to her! Especially when I knew she was dying to get home to her poor father. But she had been warned of this long, long ago. She ought to have taken advice. She knew, that, in my heart, I preferred those horrid books to her and everything else in the world.

Good Heavens! here was a burst! I was astonished and indignant. But the fact was, women were so unreasonable, so very un-

reasonable. I must make allowance for that. Still, I did not like this trait in sweet Lizzie's character; I would speak to her seriously when we got home. And so, with a pitying smile, I said it was no matter; I would make any sacrifice for peace and quiet. The next day I suffered myself to be led away, out of Belgium, home again to London.

There, in sight of all my favourite haunts, the old fever came upon me with tenfold vigour. I was welcomed once more at Christie's and Sotheby's, and passed hours and days in their famous temples; while sweet Lizzie pined and languished at home, utterly neglected. And, such was the strange blindness over me, I could see none of this, but wondered, and sulked, and fell back on my old complaint of women being so unreasonable. Not a little of our money, too, was going in this wild fashion, in spite of imploring looks and gentle remonstrances from Lizzie. But I only held this for more of woman's folly; and, wrapped up in this selfish doctrine, I saw her cheeks fade and her light spirits sink without setting it down to any cause but whim and caprice. Ah! a cloud settles down upon me as I think over those days, and my own stupid blindness—sacrificing living affection, truth, and love, on the altars of these cold paper gods!

So it went on for some ten months, when news came that the Reverend Erasmus had been suddenly called away to his last account when sitting in his study chair. This was a sore trial to Lizzie, who loved her father dearly. She grieved very much, and said, what should she do now that her only friend in the world was gone. At this epoch I felt a twinge of remorse, and for the next few days was so devoted and attentive, that I saw the roses coming back to her cheeks, and the old bright look into her eyes once more. But my enemies were still in wait for me. Had not Doctor Erasmus left me the rare and valuable library at Donninghurst, as one who would take care of it and keep it together for his sake? I was burning to get down and explore its treasures; and, after many faint struggles, fell back under the old yoke.

It was just coming on to the winter of that same year, a very raw unpromising season I well recollect, when I received one morning, with Messrs. Sotheby's respects, a catalogue of the extensive library of a distinguished person, lately deceased, which was about to be submitted to public competition. Glancing down its long files of names, my eye lit upon a work I had long sought and yearned for, and which, in utter despair, I had set down as *introwable*. This coveted lot was no other than the famed Nuremberg Chronicle, printed in black-letter, and adorned with curious and primitive cuts. At different times, some stray copies had been offered to me, but these were decayed, maimed, cut-down specimens, very different from the one now before me, which, in the glowing lan-

guage of the catalogue, was a "Choice, clean copy, in admirable condition.—Antique—richly embossed binding, and metal clasps.—A unique and matchless impression." So it was undoubtedly. For the next few days I had no other thought but that one. I discoursed Nuremberg Chronicle; I ate, drank, and inhaled nothing but Nuremberg Chronicle. I dropped in at stray hours to look after its safety, and glared savagely at other parties who were turning over its leaves. Poor little Lizzie complained of being unwell, and lay all day upon the sofa; but what were such trifles compared with the well-being of the Chronicle? So I implored her to be careful of herself, and hurried away to watch over the precious treasure. What a change was here! And yet, not so long since, to save her a moment's pain I would gladly have made a huge pyre of all the black-letter rarities ever printed. But that was in the sunny days, when we lived at Donninghurst; she was very different then! So said I, shaking my head wisely, and hugging myself in my own folly.

The sale was to take place in about a week's time; and this particular lot was expected to come on about two o'clock, or thereabouts. All that morning I was very nervous and fidgety, and thought the hour would never draw near.

I had thirty pounds in clean crisp notes laid providently by for such an emergency. Such a sum, I calculated, would be more than sufficient to secure the prize, though I was aware that at the Fonthill and other great sales copies had fetched considerably more. My coffers at this period were at a very low ebb: I had been indulging this wild taste to an extravagant degree, giving fancy prices whenever required; and there were to be seen in our hall significant groups of dissatisfied claimants, who were only to be got away with lame excuses and abundant promises. Still, I had contrived to gather together these thirty pounds, which had lain *perdus* in my drawer until such an occasion as the present. It had now got on to one o'clock, and I was thinking it was full time to be setting out, when my agent from the country was announced. Was ever anything more unfortunate? Still he had business, business not to be deferred; and besides, had to leave town that evening; so I had to sit patiently and hear him out. When he had departed, and I was just getting my hat and gloves, down came an express from Lizzie, begging to see me before I went out, just for one moment. It was out of the question, I said; utterly out of the question. I would be too late as it was; she must wait till I came back. Here the Abigail, who bore the message, putting on a mysterious manner, began to hint darkly concerning her mistress's health—that she had been ailing these few days back, and must be treated gently. Muttering certain ejaculations, I bounded up the

stairs, and rushed violently into the drawing-room, where Lizzie was still lying upon her sofa, "Well, what is it?" said I, impatiently; "I am in a hurry."

"O," said Lizzie, in her gentle way, "do come and sit down beside me; I want to speak to you very much—that is, to ask a great favour."

"Is the child mad?" I said, very roughly I fear. "I tell you I haven't a moment to spare; can't you say it out at once?"

Poor Lizzie sighed. "Well, then," she said, "you'll promise me not to be angry?"

"No, no," said I, stamping, "do be quick."

"Well," said she, taking out a little bit of paper from behind the cushion, "here is Madame Dupont been writing me a most impertinent letter, and——"

"What have I to do with Madame Dupont?"

I interrupted; "who is she?"

"Don't you know?—the milliner," said Lizzie; "and now I want you, like a good dear, to give me the money for her—only twenty pounds; only to pay her and have done with her."

She said this so prettily, with that little earnest manner of hers, that my heart smote me; and, for a moment, she and the famous Chronicle were balancing each other in the scales. It was only for a moment. Ah, the choice copy! the rich embossed binding and clasps! It was not to be thought of!

"No, Lizzie, I have no money to spare at present; we must try and put off Madame Dupont."

"Well, ten pounds; only ten!"

"Impossible."

"What," said Lizzie, with a little sigh, "couldn't you spare me that much out of all I saw in your desk yesterday?"

I blushed scarlet, not from shame, but from rage at being detected. "A spy!" I exclaimed, in a perfect fury; "a spy upon my actions! I hate such mean tricks. But," I added, turning sharp upon her with a feeling that I must put a stop to this work, "I won't tolerate this interference; I'm not to be brought to an account for the little money I lay out on myself. Such low, mean prying! But money must be had for all your finery—of course, of course," and more to the same effect, which it chills my very heart to dwell on now. My only hope and consolation is that I was beside myself all that time. Poor Lizzie listened to me, perfectly overwhelmed, and trembling like an aspen leaf. She never answered me, but sank down upon the sofa without a word. I left her, thinking I had given a wholesome lesson, and walked out of the house in a proper state of indignation.

But the Chronicle—the famous Chronicle! I had utterly forgotten it. I felt a cold thrill all over me as I took out my watch. Just two o'clock. I flew into a cab, and set off at a headlong pace for Sotheby's. But my fatal presentiment was to be verified. It was over; I was too late. The great Chronicle, the

choice, the beautiful, the unique, had passed from me for ever, and beyond recall; and, as I afterwards learned, for the ridiculous sum of nineteen pounds odd shillings.

And who was I to thank for this—this cruel prostration of all my hopes? Here was the prize torn from me, lost by a minute's delay, and all for a woman's absurd whim and caprice. By Heaven, it was enough to drive me distracted. But no matter; when I got home I would give her a piece of my mind. I would be master in my own house. Lashing myself thus into a rage, I strode moodily into the house, and made my way straight to the drawing-room. There I burst into a catalogue of all my griefs, mingled with a torrent of reproaches. She had ruined me—such an opportunity would never come again; I never would forget it to her. But let her take warning in time. I would put up with this kind of interference no longer. Poor Lizzie listened first with astonishment, but, as she began to understand me, I saw her bright eyes flashing in a way I had never seen before. "And so," she said, her voice trembling with excitement, "this was why you refused me the little sum I asked. For shame! I could not have believed you so cruel—yes, so selfish. But I ought to have known this before; kind friends told me that this would come to pass—that you would sacrifice me to this wretched passion."

Again my heart smote me, and I felt a longing to sink down before her and beg forgiveness; but at the same instant I heard something whispering secretly in my ear that she it was who had lost me my precious treasure. On this I froze again in a moment. What right had she to hold this tone to me? I asked. I was sickened and repelled, I said, with her coldness and want of interest in all that concerned me. Then Lizzie, raising herself up from her sofa, and her eyes flashing more than ever, said she would speak now, for my sake as well as her own: that as to my unkindness and neglect, that was not so much matter—she would try and bear it—she would get accustomed to it, she supposed; but that I was fast ruining myself, making myself a laughing-stock—yes, a laughing-stock—to every one. It was a pity we had ever come together.

"Yes," I said, bitterly, "it was a pity, a great pity, I did not meet one more suited to my tastes—one that might have made some allowance, at least, for any old habits and associations. But it was no use talking about it now; it was too late." With that I hastily turned away; and, feeling that I had been aggrieved, retreated to my study, full of bitterness and disappointment. Was there ever anything so unreasonable? And, instead of showing some sorrow for causing me such a disappointment, to turn round and beard me in this manner. A laughing-stock! Those words grated unpleasantly on my ear, as I thought them over. I felt an envenomed

sensation against poor Lizzie, which I cannot describe.

And how long was this to go on? (I put this question to myself, sitting among the dark gloomy shadows of my study.) Were all my studies to be broken in upon with cold looks and harsh words? Was I to have my chief hope and comfort in life embittered? An idea struck me. In a day or so I should have to go down to Donninghurst on business. Suppose I went that very evening instead? I would be there in an hour or so, and could return to-morrow if it suited me. Here was a ready means of release offered me. I could withdraw myself for a little from London, which I had begun to hate, and from home, which was growing distasteful to me. It would be a pleasant change of scene; and I felt, besides, a craving for solitude and the companionship of my books. I longed for a quiet evening in my little study, many miles removed from unkindness and domestic bickerings. So all these things then appeared to my distorted vision.

It seemed a rare scheme; and so I lost no time in executing it. I packed up a few things, and telling Lizzie, coldly enough, that I would most likely return early in the morning, departed by that night's train.

About seven o'clock that evening we came rolling into Donninghurst. It was a raw, bleak night, with a harsh, black frost abroad;—not your true, genial, inspiring weather, covering the ground with crisp snow, and making the cheeks tingle,—but a dark, lowering atmosphere, very dispiriting and oppressive. Therefore it was that I felt very uncomfortable and out of sorts as I stood in the cold, comfortless study, watching the slow process of kindling a fire. No one had expected me on such a night—naturally enough—so I found everything cold and desolate. There was an ancient retainer always left in charge of the house, whom I took a dismal pleasure in likening to Caleb Balderstone, in the Novel. His queer ways and curious make-shifts in providing for the emergency were so many occasions of identifying myself with the unhappy Master of Ravenswood and his follower. At last a fire was lighted, and I settled myself down for the night. What should I have done, I said, looking round affectionately on the shelves. Old Fuller?—None better—Old Fuller, by all means. I got him down reverently and cleared the dust from him gently. I was going to have a night of enjoyment.

When he was properly bestowed upon the oaken reading-desk, and the lamp had been turned up to the full, and one last poke given to the fire, I felt that I had all the elements of a studious night to hand, and that I ought to be exceedingly pleasant and comfortable. Yet somehow Good Old Fuller seemed to me not quite so racy that night. I felt inexpressibly lonely, and every now and again I heard the wind, which had begun to rise, coming

round the corner with a low moan, which gave me a very dismal feeling. Do as I would, I could not shut out Caleb Balderstone. Then, too, I found my eyes were perpetually wandering from Good Old Fuller to the coals, where I would discover all manner of distracting visions.

It certainly was a noble edition—that Chronicle, said I, reverting to the events of the day—a noble one truly. O how could she have let me miss it! And yet who knows? I might fall in with another copy some of these days! But then she had no need to speak to me in that way—to ridicule me—to reproach me. No matter about that now—to business—With that, I came back again to old Fuller—for about a page and half of him—as it might be. It was very singular. I could not lay myself down to work. I grew annoyed—vexed. Impatiently I pushed the Ancient Worthy far from me, and leaning back in my chair fell to studying the fire once more—watching the wreaths of smoke curling upwards—every now and then taking the shape of a bright, gentle little face that seemed to look at me reproachfully.

Alone, here, in this desolate spot—alone with Old Fuller and his brethren. And these false slaves to whom I had bound myself, and sacrificed all, were now deserting me when I most needed their assistance. I likened them, bitterly, to the Familiars in the old Magic Legends who treacherously abandoned their masters in their greatest straits. And Lizzie (sweet Lizzie she was once!) all alone in the great London world, keeping her lonely vigil! Just then there came up before me, as it were, floating from the past, a vision of another time—not so long passed away—coming to me, as it were, in a flood of golden light, wherein Old Fuller appeared to shrivel up, and shrink away into a dry, sapless Ancient, as he was. It was on a clear moonlight night—I well recollected—with the ground all covered with snow, and I was coming out beneath the vicarage-porch, going home for that night—when she, sweet Lizzie, came out into the moonlight, and we lingered there for a few moments, looking round and admiring the scene. Such a soft tranquil night, with a bright glare shining forth from the midst of the dark mass rising behind us, showing where the Doctor was hard at work in his room. I often thought of that night after, and of the picture of Lizzie, as she stood there with her face upturned to the moon. Conjuring up this vision from the fire, and recalling her mournful, subdued face, as she lay upon the sofa, when I so abruptly quitted her, I felt a bitter pang of self-reproach, and found my repugnance for the cold, senseless creatures around me, increasing every instant.

After that there came a feeling over me that I had been sitting there for hours—for long weary hours, and that morning would never come. Suddenly it seemed to me that

I heard the sounds of wheels outside on the gravel, with strange confusion as of many tongues, and that some one came rushing in hurriedly—seeking me—and telling me I must lose no time—not an instant. I knew by a kind of instinct what it all was about,—and why it was I was thus brought away. There was a heavy load upon my heart, as of some evil impending, some dreadful blow about to fall. Then came the long, hurried journey through the dark night—the rattle over the pavement, and the flittering of lights past the window, as we drew near the noisy city. Then was I led up-stairs softly in a darkened room—the drawing-room, where were many people crowded together, and whispering. And there, on the sofa, just as I had left her, I caught a dim vision of sweet Lizzie—very pale and sad—with the same gentle look of reproach. I heard the old soft voice, full of affectionate welcome and forgiveness, and then it seemed as though the Shadows were beginning to fall, and shut me out from her for ever! With a wild cry I stretched forth my arms to the fading vision—and there was I back again in my old study at Donninghurst, with the fire sunk down in ashes and the lamp flickering uneasily on the verge of extinction, and great gaunt shadows starting up and down all round me on the wall. The scales had fallen from my eyes. The delusion had passed from me for ever. Just then the village clock began chiming out the hour—three quarters past eleven. I recollected there was a train to London at midnight, and in another instant I had fled from the house, and was rushing up the deserted street. There were scarcely any passengers—so late was the hour—and there was a lone deserted look over the vast station, very chilling and dispiriting to one in my mood—after what seemed a weary, never-ending journey, we reached London, and in ten minutes I was in my own house at the drawing-room door. She had not gone to bed; and, as I opened it softly, I saw her stretched upon where she had cried herself to sleep—just as I had seen her in my dream!

What a meeting followed on that waking, may be well imagined and need not be set down here. I never fell back into the old slavery. All my famous treasures were ruthlessly sent away into banishment down to Donninghurst, where they may now be seen. And, not very long after, I heard of another copy of the great Chronicle being in the market; but I heard it with the utmost placidity.

Thenceforth our lives ran on smoothly as a bright summer's day; and, as they tell of the good people in the story books, we lived happily together for ever after.

For ever after! It were better not to cast a shadow upon this vision of a poor lonely man, by dwelling on what befel me within a brief interval after that. I have not courage

to say it now. So let those cheerful words stand, by way of an endearing fiction, to receive, as my only hope and comfort, their full enduring truth in the long hereafter of another world.

CHIP.

A PUZZLING GAZETTEER.

In the copious index to a new Atlas of North America, published by the Messrs. Black, we find that the case made out on behalf of reform in the nomenclature of our London streets, is, in one sense, whipped throughout their whole land by the North Americans. Of course there is everywhere in the New World a confusion of languages remarkable enough. In the State of Maine we have Grand Lake and Spencer Ponds, and we have Mollycunkomug Lake, Lake Pemadumcook, and Lake Wallahgosquegamook. One stage from the town of La Grange is Edinburgh, on the River Passadamkeog, and Charlotte is but a few miles from Meddybemps.

There are seven Edinburghs in North America; one called New, four more that are spelt Edinburg, and one that is spelt Edinboro. Of Londons there are six, besides eleven New Londons and one London Bridge. There are ten Dublins, only one being a New Dublin. Ten towns are named Paris, thirteen towns Petersburg (without the Saint), fifteen Vienna, and eighteen Berlin. There are a dozen Romes, to which some Shakespearean aspirants among the pioneers has added a Romeo. The Romeo is not left unmatched with a Juliet; yet, while there are three places named Ovid, and there is place found also for Virgil, there is not a single Shakespeare in the land; although fifteen places have adopted the great Milton for their designation. There are eighteen different towns of Athens, and eleven Spartas, but there is only a single Thebes. Again, two Hannibals, seven Alexanders, three Anthonys, and a Pompey, exist in different parts of the States, yet no Cæsar, except as a name for slaves? There is not so much as a Julius, although there is a Junius. There is no Augustus, although of Augustas there are seventeen.

On the other hand, there are seventy-one Washingtons, sixty-five Franklins, fifty-eight Jeffersons—counties, towns, mountains, or rivers, named after the good men of the soil. There are eighteen La Fayettees, fifteen Fayettees without the La, and nine Fayettevilles. After John Adams, the first Vice-President, and second President of the National Administration of the United States, twenty-seven places are named—some of these, however, may be in honour of John Quincy Adams, the sixth President. After Jefferson, third President, fifty-eight places are called as before stated; after Madison, the fourth

President, thirty-seven; after Monroe, his successor, thirty-eight; to skip over an interval, and come to our own times, we find nine places called Polk, one called Zachary, and nine called Taylor—but Zachary Taylor is not godfather to all—six Fillmores, four Pierces, three Buchanans, and twelve Fremonts.

There is the home origin expressed in the seven Andovers, the seven Guildfords, the seven Bainbridges, the eleven Baths, the dozen-and-a-half of Manchesters, the score of Bedford, and the score of Dovers, and the three dozen Yorks and Yorktowns. There is the mark of puritan ancestry in the five Zions, the eight Bethanys, the half-dozen Bethlehems, the two dozen Bethels, the five and thirty Salems, the two rivers Jordan, the Nazareth and the two Jerusalems. There is the nature of the continent expressed in the sixteen places named after the Bear, the twenty-three after the Deer, thirty-four after the Beaver, twenty-nine after the Buffalo, and nine after the Racoon; in Grassy Creek, the town of Grey Eagle and the Rattlesnake Mountains.

The tide of westward emigration is indicated in eleven German-Towns, one Germanville, two Germans and two German settlements; in four Erins, an Ireland, Ireland's Eye and Irish Grove; while, at the same time, the tendency of the Scotch to get out of Scotland is displayed by thirteen Caledonias. There is the wide field before the settlers expressed in the ransacking for names which has pressed into service even Bagdad, and Paradise, and Purgatory. Their hope may have found expression in five Paradises, in the eight Edens, in the twenty-eight places called after Hope itself, and the eleven more called emphatically Hopewell. Content is expressed in the name of the town called Pleasant, in the Pleasanton and in the Pleasantville, in the four Pleasant Groves, the Pleasant Gap, the three Pleasant Ridges, the two Pleasant Points, the seventeen Mount Pleasants and eight Pleasant Hills, the five Pleasant Vallies and one Pleasant Vale, the two Pleasant Plains, and the two Pleasant Rivers, the one Pleasant View, the one Pleasant Run, the one Pleasant Spring and the one Pleasant Unity; which leads our minds at once to the ten Harmonies and the one Harmony Grove, to fourteen Concords and to four Concordias. There is, indeed, no lack of attempt to express the mind as well as matter of the land. Two counties and twenty-one towns are called Liberty; there are three Libertyvilles and two Liberty Hills. There is one county and eleven towns called Independence; a Cape called Independence breasts the storm; there are two Rocks of Independence, and there is also a River of Independence watering the soil. Let us not omit to add that there is also a place called Yellville, and a place called Tomahawk; and

that there are fourteen Hurricane Towns and three Hurricane Creeks, to one Serene and one Mount Serene.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH. MR. MUNDER ON THE SEAT OF JUDGMENT.

THE murmuring voices and the hurrying footsteps came nearer and nearer, then stopped altogether. After an interval of silence, one voice called out loudly, "Sarah! Sarah! where are you?" and the next instant Uncle Joseph appeared alone in the doorway that led into the north hall, looking eagerly all round him.

At first, the prostrate figure on the landing at the head of the stairs, escaped his view. But the second time he looked in that direction, the dark dress, and the arm that lay just over the edge of the top stair, caught his eye. With a loud cry of terror and recognition, he flew across the hall, and ascended the stairs. Just as he was kneeling by Sarah's side, and raising her head on his arm, the steward, the housekeeper, and the maid, all three crowded together after him into the doorway.

"Water!" shouted the old man, gesticulating at them wildly with his disengaged hand. "She is here—she has fallen down—she is in a faint! Water! water!"

Mr. Munder looked at Mrs. Pentreath, Mrs. Pentreath looked at Betsey, Betsey looked at the ground. All three stood stock-still; all three seemed equally incapable of walking across the hall. If the science of physiognomy be not an entire delusion, the cause of this amazing unanimity was legibly written in their faces; in other words, they all three looked equally afraid of the ghost.

"Water, I say! Water!" reiterated Uncle Joseph, shaking his fist at them. "She is in a faint! Are you three at the door there, and not one heart of mercy among you? Water! water! water! Must I scream myself into fits before I can make you hear?"

"I'll get the water, ma'am," said Betsey, "if you or Mr. Munder will please to take it from here to the top of the stairs."

She ran to the kitchen, and came back with a glass of water, which she offered, with a respectful curtsy, first to the housekeeper, and then to the steward.

"How dare you ask us to carry things for you?" said Mrs. Pentreath, backing out of the doorway.

"Yes! how dare you ask us?" added Mr. Munder, backing after Mrs. Pentreath.

"Water!" shouted the old man for the third time. He drew his niece backward a little, so that she could be supported against the wall behind her. "Water! or I trample down this dungeon of a place about your ears!" he shouted, stamping with impatience and rage.

"If you please, sir, are you sure it's really the lady who is up there?" asked Betsey,

advancing a few paces tremulously with the glass of water.

"Am I sure?" exclaimed Uncle Joseph, descending the stairs to meet her. "What fool's question is this? Who should it be?"

"The ghost, sir," said Betsey, advancing more and more slowly. "The ghost of the north rooms."

Uncle Joseph met her a few yards in advance of the foot of the stairs, took the glass of water from her with a gesture of contempt, and hastened back to his niece. As Betsey turned to effect her retreat, the bunch of keys lying on the pavement below the landing caught her eye. After a little hesitation, she mustered courage enough to pick them up, and then ran with them out of the hall as fast as her feet could carry her.

Meanwhile, Uncle Joseph was moistening his niece's lips with the water, and sprinkling it over her forehead. After a while, her breath began to come and go slowly, in faint sighs, the muscles of her face moved a little, and she feebly opened her eyes. They fixed affrightedly on the old man, without any expression of recognition. He made her drink a little water, and spoke to her gently, and so brought her back at last to herself. Her first words were, "Don't leave me." Her first action, when she was able to move, was the action of crouching closer to him.

"No fear, my child," he said soothingly; "I will keep by you. Tell me, Sarah, what has made you faint? What has frightened you so?"

"O, don't ask me! For God's sake, don't ask me!"

"There, there! I shall say nothing, then. Another mouthful of water? a little mouthful more?"

"Help me up, uncle; help me to try if I can stand."

"Not yet—not quite yet; patience for a little longer."

"O, help me! help me! I want to get away from the sight of those doors. If I can only go as far as the bottom of the stairs, I shall be better."

"So, so," said Uncle Joseph, assisting her to rise. "Wait now, and feel your feet on the ground. Lean on me, lean hard, lean heavy. Though I am only a light and a little man, I am solid as a rock. Have you been into the room?" he added, in a whisper.

"Have you got the letter?"

She sighed bitterly, and laid her head on his shoulder with a weary despair.

"Why, Sarah, Sarah!" he exclaimed. "Have you been all this time away, and not got into the room yet?"

She raised her head as suddenly as she had laid it down, shuddered, and tried feebly to draw him towards the stairs. "I shall never see the Myrtle Room again—never, never, never more!" she said. "Let us go; I can walk; I am strong now. Uncle Joseph, if you love me, take me away from this house;

away anywhere, so long as we are in the free air and the daylight again; anywhere, so long as we are out of sight of Porthgenna Tower."

Elevating his eyebrows in astonishment, but considerably refraining from asking any more questions, Uncle Joseph assisted his niece to descend the stairs. She was still so weak, that she was obliged to pause on gaining the bottom of them to recover her strength. Seeing this, and feeling, as he led her afterwards across the hall, that she leaned more and more heavily on his arm at every fresh step, the old man, on arriving within speaking distance of Mr. Munder and Mrs. Pentreath, asked the housekeeper if she possessed any restorative drops which she would allow him to administer to his niece. Mrs. Pentreath's reply in the affirmative, though not very graciously spoken, was accompanied by an alacrity of action which showed that she was heartily rejoiced to take the first fair excuse for returning to the inhabited quarter of the house. Muttering something about showing the way to the place where the medicine chest was kept, she immediately retraced her steps along the passage to her own room; while Uncle Joseph, disregarding all Sarah's whispered assurances that she was well enough to depart without another moment of delay, followed her silently, leading his niece.

Mr. Munder, shaking his head, and looking wofully disconcerted, waited behind to lock the door of communication. When he had done this, and had given the keys to Betsey to carry back to their appointed place, he, in his turn, retired from the scene at a pace indecorously approaching to something like a run. On getting well away from the north hall, however, he regained his self-possession wonderfully. He abruptly slackened his pace, collected his scattered wits, and reflected a little, apparently with perfect satisfaction to himself; for when he entered the housekeeper's room, he had quite recovered his usual complacent solemnity of look and manner. Like the vast majority of densely-stupid men, he felt intense pleasure in hearing himself talk, and he now discerned such an opportunity of indulging in that luxury, after the events that had just happened in the house, as he seldom enjoyed. There is only one kind of speaker who is quite certain never to break down under any stress of circumstances—the man whose capability of talking does not include any dangerous underlying capacity for knowing what he means. Among this favoured order of natural orators, Mr. Munder occupied a prominent rank—and he was now vindictively resolved to exercise his abilities on the two strangers, under pretence of asking for an explanation of their conduct, before he could suffer them to quit the house.

On entering the room, he found Uncle Joseph seated with his niece at the lower end

of it, engaged in dropping some sal-volatile into a glass of water. At the upper end, stood the housekeeper with an open medicine chest on the table before her. To this part of the room, Mr. Munder slowly advanced, with a portentous countenance; drew an arm-chair up to the table; sat himself down in it with extreme deliberation and care in the matter of settling his coat-tails; and immediately became, to all outward appearance, the very model, or picture, of a Lord Chief Justice in plain clothes.

Mrs. Pentreath, conscious from these preparations that something extraordinary was about to happen, seated herself a little behind the steward. Betsey restored the keys to their place on the nail in the wall, and was about to retire modestly to her proper kitchen sphere, when she was stopped by Mr. Munder.

"Wait, if you please," said the steward. "I shall have occasion to call on you presently, young woman, to make a plain statement."

Obedient Betsey waited near the door, terrified by the idea that she must have done something wrong, and that the steward was armed with inscrutable legal power to try, sentence, and punish her for the offence on the spot.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Munder, addressing Uncle Joseph as if he was the Speaker of the House of Commons, "if you have done with that sal-volatile, and if the person by your side has sufficiently recovered her senses to listen, I should wish to say a word or two to both of you."

At this exordium, Sarah tried affrightedly to rise from her chair; but her uncle caught her by the hand, and pressed her back in it. "Wait and rest," he whispered. "I shall take all the scolding on my own shoulder, and do all the talking with my own tongue. As soon as you are fit to walk again, I promise you this: whether the big man has said his word or two, or has not said it, we will quietly get up and go our ways out of the house."

"Up to the present moment," said Mr. Munder, "I have refrained from expressing an opinion. The time has now come, as it appears to me and Mrs. Pentreath, when, holding a position of trust as I do, in this establishment, and being accountable, and indeed responsible, as I am, for what takes place in it, and feeling, as I must, that things cannot be allowed, or, even permitted, to rest as they are—it is my duty to say that I think your conduct is very extraordinary." Directing this forcible conclusion to his sentence straight at Sarah, Mr. Munder leaned back in his chair, quite full of words and quite empty of meaning, to collect himself comfortably for his next effort.

"My only desire," he resumed, with a soft and plaintive impartiality, "is to act fairly by all parties. I don't wish to frighten any-

body, or to startle anybody, or even to terrify anybody. I wish to state remarkable facts of a singular nature. I wish to unravel, or, if you please, the expression being plainer to all capacities, which is all I want to be, to make out, what I may term, with perfect propriety—events. And when I have done that, I should wish to put it to you, ma'am, and to you, sir, whether—I say, I should wish to put it to you both, calmly, and impartially, and politely, and plainly, and smoothly—and when I say smoothly, I mean quietly—whether—in short, whether you are not both of you bound to explain yourselves."

Mr. Munder paused, to let that last irresistible appeal work its way to the consciences of the persons whom he addressed. The housekeeper took advantage of the silence to cough, as congregations cough just before the sermon, apparently on the principle of getting rid of bodily infirmities beforehand, in order to give the mind free play for undisturbed intellectual enjoyment. Betsey, following Mrs. Pentreath's lead, indulged in a cough on her own account—of the faint, distrustful sort. Uncle Joseph sat perfectly easy and undismayed, still holding his niece's hand in his, and giving it a little squeeze, from time to time, when the steward's oratory became particularly involved and impressive. Sarah never moved, never looked up, never lost the expression of terrified restraint which had taken possession of her face from the first moment when she entered the housekeeper's room.

"Now what are the facts, and circumstances, and events?" proceeded Mr. Munder, leaning back in his chair, in calm enjoyment of the sound of his own voice. "You, ma'am, and you, sir, ring at the bell of the door of this Mansion" (here he looked hard at Uncle Joseph, as much as to say, "I don't give up that point about the house being a Mansion, you see, even on the judgment-seat") "you are let in, or, rather, admitted. You, sir, assert that you wish to inspect the Mansion (you say 'see the house,' but, being a foreigner, we are not surprised at your making a little mistake of that sort); you, ma'am, coincide, and even agree, in that request. What follows? You are shown over the Mansion. It is not usual to show strangers over it, but we happen to have certain reasons—"

Sarah started. "What reasons?" she asked, looking up quickly.

Uncle Joseph felt her hand turn cold and tremble in his. "Hush! hush!" he said, "leave the talking to me."

At the same moment, Mrs. Pentreath pulled Mr. Munder warily by the coat-tail, and whispered to him to be careful. "Mrs. Frankland's letter," she said in his ear, "tells us particularly not to let it be suspected that we are acting under orders."

"Don't you fancy, Mrs. Pentreath, that I forget what I ought to remember," rejoined

Mr. Munder—who had forgotten, nevertheless, “And don’t you imagine that I was going to commit myself” (the very thing which he had just been on the point of doing). “Leave this business in my hands, if you will be so good. What reasons did you say, ma’am?” he added aloud, addressing himself to Sarah. “Never you mind about reasons; we have not got to do with them now; we have got to do with facts, and circumstances, and events. Be so good as to remember that, and to listen to what I was saying, and not to interrupt me again. I was observing, or remarking, that you, sir, and you, ma’am, were shown over this Mansion. You were conducted, and indeed led, up the west staircase—the Spacious west staircase, sir!—You were shown with politeness, and even with courtesy, through the breakfast-room, the library, and the drawing-room. In that drawing-room, you, sir, indulge in outrageous, and, I will add, in violent language. In that drawing-room you, ma’am, disappear, or rather, go altogether out of sight. Such conduct as this, so highly unparalleled, so entirely unprecedented, and so very unusual, causes Mrs. Pentreath and myself to feel——” Here Mr. Munder stopped, at a loss for a word for the first time.

“Astonished,” suggested Mrs. Pentreath, after a long interval of silence.

“No, ma’am!” retorted Mr. Munder severely. “Nothing of the sort. We were not at all astonished; we were—surprised. And what followed and succeeded that? What did you and I hear, sir, on the first-floor?” (looking sternly at Uncle Joseph). “And what did you hear, Mrs. Pentreath, while you were searching for the missing and absent party on the second-floor? What?”

Thus personally appealed to, the house-keeper answered briefly:—“A scream.”

“No! no! no!” said Mr. Munder, fretfully tapping his hand on the table. “A screech, Mrs. Pentreath—a screech. And what is the meaning, purport, and upshot of that screech? Young woman!” (here Mr. Munder turned suddenly on Betsey)—“we have now traced these extraordinary, these singular, and indeed these odd, facts and circumstances as far as you. Have the goodness to step forward, and tell us, in the presence of these two parties, how you came to utter, or give, what Mrs. Pentreath calls a scream, but what I call a screech. A plain statement will do, my good girl—quite a plain statement, if you please. And, young woman, one word more,—speak up. You understand me? Speak up!”

Covered with confusion by the public and solemn nature of this appeal, Betsey, on starting with her statement, unconsciously followed the oratorical example of no less a person than Mr. Munder himself; that is to say, she spoke on the principle of drowning the smallest possible infusion of ideas in the

largest possible dilution of words. Extricated from the mesh of verbal entanglement in which she contrived to involve it, her statement may be not unfairly represented as simply consisting of the following facts:—

First, Betsey had to relate that she happened to be just taking the lid off a saucepan, on the kitchen fire, when she heard, in the neighbourhood of the housekeeper’s room, a sound of hurried footsteps (vernacularly termed by the witness, a “scurrying of somebody’s feet”). Secondly, Betsey, on leaving the kitchen to ascertain what the sound meant, heard the footsteps retreating rapidly along the passage which led to the north side of the house, and, stimulated by curiosity, followed the sound of them, for a certain distance. Thirdly, at a sharp turn in the passage, Betsey stopped short, despairing of overtaking the person whose footsteps she heard, and feeling also a sense of dread (termed by the witness, “creeping of the flesh”) at the idea of venturing alone, even in broad daylight, into the ghostly quarter of the house. Fourthly, while still hesitating at the turn in the passage, Betsey heard “the lock of a door go,” and, stimulated afresh by curiosity, advanced a few steps farther—then, stopped again, debating within herself the difficult and dreadful question: whether it is the usual habit and custom of ghosts in general, when passing from one place to another, to unlock any closed door which may happen to be in their way, or to save trouble by simply passing through it? Fifthly, after long deliberation, and many false starts, forward towards the north hall and backward towards the kitchen, Betsey decided that it was the immemorial custom of all ghosts to pass through doors and not to unlock them. Sixthly, fortified by this conviction, Betsey went on boldly close to the door, when she suddenly heard a loud report as of some heavy body falling (graphically termed by the witness a “banging scraash”). Seventhly, the noise frightened Betsey out of her wits, brought her heart up into her mouth, and took away her breath. Eighthly, and lastly, on recovering breath enough to scream (or screech) Betsey did, with might and main, scream (and screech), running back towards the kitchen as fast as her legs would carry her, with all her hair “standing up on end,” and all her flesh “in a crawl” from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet.

“Just so! Just so!” said Mr. Munder, when the statement came to a close—as if the sight of a young woman with all her hair standing on end and all her flesh in a crawl, were an ordinary result of his daily experience of female humanity. “Just so! You may stand back, my good girl—you may stand back. There is nothing to smile at, sir,” he continued, sternly addressing Uncle Joseph, who had been excessively amused by Betsey’s manner of delivering her evidence.

"You would be doing better to carry, or rather transport, your mind back to what followed and succeeded the young woman's screech. What did we all do, sir? We rushed to the spot, and we ran to the place. And what did we all see, sir? We saw *you*, ma'am, lying horizontally prostrate, on the top of the landing of the first of the flight of the north stairs; and we saw those keys now hanging up yonder, abstracted, and purloined, and, as it were, snatched, from their place in this room, and lying horizontally prostrate likewise, on the floor of the hall. There are the facts, the circumstances, the events, laid, or rather placed, before you. What have you got to say to them? Yes! what have you got to say to them? I call upon you both solemnly, and, I will add, seriously!—in my own name, in the name of Mrs. Pentreath, in the name of our employers, in the name of decency, in the name of wonder—what do you mean by it?"

With that fiery conclusion, Mr. Munder struck his fist on the table, and waited with a stare of merciless expectation, for anything in the shape of an answer, an explanation, or a defence which the culprits at the bottom of the room might be disposed to offer.

"Tell him anything," whispered Sarah to the old man. "Anything to keep him quiet; anything to make him let us go! After what I have suffered, these people will drive me mad!"

Never very quick at inventing an excuse, and perfectly ignorant besides of what had really happened to his niece while she was alone in the north hall, Uncle Joseph, with the best will in the world to prove himself equal to the emergency, felt considerable difficulty in deciding what he should say or do. Determined, however, at all hazards, to spare Sarah any useless suffering, and to remove her from the house as speedily as possible, he rose to take the responsibility of speaking on himself, looking hard, before he opened his lips, at Mr. Munder, who immediately leaned forward on the table, with his hand to his ear. Uncle Joseph acknowledged this polite act of attention with one of his fantastic bows; and then replied to the whole of the steward's long harangue, in these six unanswerable words:—

"I wish you good day, sir!"

"How dare you wish me anything of the sort!" cried Mr. Munder, jumping out of his chair in violent indignation. "How dare you trifle with a serious subject and a serious question in that way? Wish me good day, indeed! Do you suppose I am going to let you out of this house without hearing from you, or from that person who is most improperly whispering to you at this very moment, some explanation of the abstracting and purloining and snatching of the keys of the north rooms?"

"Ah! it is that you want to know?" said Uncle Joseph, stimulated to plunge headlong

into an excuse by the increasing agitation and terror of his niece. "See, now! I shall explain. What was it, dear and good sir, that we said when we were first let in? This:—'We have come to see the house.' Now, there is a north side to the house, and a west side to the house. Good! That is two sides; and I and my niece are two people; and we divide ourselves in two, to see the two sides. I am the half that goes west, with you and the dear and good lady behind there. My niece here is the other half that goes north, all by herself, and drops the keys, and falls into a faint, because in that old part of the house it is what you call musty-fusty, and there is smells of tombs and spiders, and that is all the explanation, and quite enough, too. I wish you good day, sir."

"Damme! if ever I met with the like of you before!" roared Mr. Munder, entirely forgetting his dignity, his respectability, and his long words, in the exasperation of the moment. "You are going to have it all your own way, are you, Mr. Foreigner? You will walk out of this place when you please, will you, Mr. Foreigner? We will see what the justice of the peace for this district has to say to that," cried Mr. Munder, recovering his solemn manner and his lofty phraseology. "Property in this house is confided to my care; and unless I hear some satisfactory explanation of the purloining of those keys, hanging up there, sir, on that wall, sir, before your eyes, sir—I shall consider it my duty to detain you, and the person with you, until I can get legal advice, and lawful advice, and magisterial advice. Do you hear that, sir?"

Uncle Joseph's ruddy cheeks suddenly deepened in colour, and his face assumed an expression which made the housekeeper rather uneasy, and which had an irresistibly cooling effect on the heat of Mr. Munder's anger. "You will keep us here? *You?*" said the old man, speaking very quietly, and looking very steadily at the steward. "Now, see. I take this lady (courage, my child, courage! there is nothing to tremble for)—I take this lady with me; I throw that door open—so! I stand and wait before it; and I say to you, 'Shut that door against us, if you dare.'"

At this defiance, Mr. Munder advanced a few steps, and then stopped. If Uncle Joseph's steady look at him had wavered for an instant, he would have closed the door.

"I say again," repeated the old man, "shut it against us, if you dare. The laws and customs of your country, sir, have made of me an Englishman. If you can talk into one ear of a magistrate, I can talk into the other. If he must listen to you, a citizen of this country, he must listen to me, a citizen of this country also. Say the word, if you please. Do you accuse? or do you threaten? or do you shut the door?"

Before Mr. Munder could reply to any one

of these three direct questions, the housekeeper begged him to return to his chair, and to speak to her. As he resumed his place, she whispered to him, in warning tones, "Remember Mrs. Frankland's letter!"

At the same moment, Uncle Joseph, considering that he had waited long enough, took a step forward to the door. He was prevented from advancing any farther by his niece, who caught him suddenly by the arm, and said in his ear, "Look! they are whispering about us again!"

"Well!" said Mr. Munder, replying to the housekeeper. "I do remember Mrs. Frankland's letter, ma'am, and what then?"

"Hush! not so loud," whispered Mrs. Pentreath. "I don't presume, Mr. Munder, to differ in opinion with you; but I want to ask one or two questions. Do you think we have any charge that a magistrate would listen to, to bring against these people?"

Mr. Munder looked puzzled, and seemed, for once in a way, to be at a loss for an answer.

"Does what you remember of Mrs. Frankland's letter," pursued the housekeeper, "incline you to think that she would be pleased at a public exposure of what has happened in the house? She tells us to take *private* notice of that woman's conduct, and to follow her *unperceived* when she goes away. I don't venture on the liberty of advising you, Mr. Munder, but, as far as regards myself, I wash my hands of all responsibility, if we do anything but follow Mrs. Frankland's instructions (as she herself tells us), to the letter."

Mr. Munder hesitated; Uncle Joseph, who had paused for a minute when Sarah directed his attention to the whispering at the upper end of the room, now drew her on slowly with him to the door. "Betzi, my dear," he said, addressing the maid, with perfect coolness and composure; "we are strangers here; will you be so kind to us as to show the way out?"

Betsey looked at the housekeeper, who motioned to her to appeal for orders to the steward. Mr. Munder was sorely tempted, for the sake of his own importance, to insist on instantly carrying out the violent measures to which he had threatened to have recourse; but Mrs. Pentreath's objections made him pause in spite of himself—not at all on account of their validity, as abstract objections, but purely on account of their close connection with his own personal interest in not imperilling his position with his employers by the commission of a blunder which they might never forgive.

"Betzi, my dear," repeated Uncle Joseph, "has all this talking been too much for your ears? has it made you deaf?"

"Wait!" cried Mr. Munder, impatiently. "I insist on your waiting, sir!"

"You insist? Well, well, because you are an uncivil man, is no reason why I should be an uncivil man, too. We will wait a little,

sir, if you have anything more to say." Making that concession to the claims of politeness, Uncle Joseph walked gently backwards and forwards with his niece in the passage outside the door. "Sarah, my child, I have frightened the man of the big words," he whispered. "Try not to tremble so much—we shall soon be out in the fresh air again."

In the mean time, Mr. Munder continued his whispered conversation with the housekeeper, making a desperate effort, in the midst of his perplexities, to maintain his customary air of patronage, and his customary assumption of superiority. "There is a great deal of truth, ma'am," he softly began, "a great deal of truth, certainly, in what you say. But you are talking of the woman, while I am talking of the man. Do you mean to tell me that I am to let him go, after what has happened, without at least insisting on his giving me his name and address?"

"Do you put trust enough in the foreigner to believe that he would give you his right name and address if you asked him?" enquired Mrs. Pentreath. "With submission to your better judgment, I must confess that I don't. But supposing you were to detain him and charge him before the magistrate—and how you are to do that, the magistrate's house being, I suppose, about a couple of hours' walk from here, is more than I can tell—you must surely risk offending Mrs. Frankland by detaining the woman and charging the woman as well; for, after all, Mr. Munder, though I believe the foreigner to be capable of anything, it was the woman who took the keys, was it not?"

"Quite so, quite so!" said Mr. Munder, whose sleepy eyes were now opened to this plain and straightforward view of the case for the first time. "I was, oddly enough, putting that point to myself, Mrs. Pentreath, just before you happened to speak of it. Yes, yes, yes—just so, just so!"

"I can't help thinking," continued the housekeeper, in a mysterious whisper, "that the best plan, and the plan most in accordance with our instructions, is to let them both go, as if we did not care to demean ourselves by any more quarrelling or arguing with them; and to have them followed to the next place they stop at. The gardener's boy, Jacob, is weeding the broadwalk, in the west garden, this afternoon. These people have not seen him about the premises, and need not see him, if they are let out again by the south door. Jacob is a sharp lad, as you know; and, if he was properly instructed, I really don't see——"

"It is a most singular circumstance, Mrs. Pentreath," interposed Mr. Munder, with the gravity of consummate assurance; "but when I first sat down to this table, that idea about Jacob occurred to me. What with the effort of speaking, and the heat of

argument, I got led away from it in the most unaccountable way——”

Here, Uncle Joseph, whose stock of patience and politeness was getting exhausted, put his head into the room again.

“I shall have one last word to address to you, sir, in a moment,” said Mr. Munder, before the old man could speak. “Don’t you suppose that your blustering and your bullying has had any effect on me. It may do with foreigners, sir; but it won’t do with Englishmen, I can tell you.”

Uncle Joseph shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and rejoined his niece in the passage outside. While the housekeeper and the steward had been conferring together, Sarah had been trying hard to persuade her uncle to profit by her knowledge of the passage that led to the south door, and to slip away unperceived. But the old man steadily refused to be guided by her advice. “I will not go out of a place guiltily,” he said, “when I have done no harm. Nothing shall persuade me to put myself, or to put you, in the wrong. I am not a man of much wits; but let my conscience guide me, and so long I shall go right. They let us in here, Sarah, of their own accord; and they shall let us out of their own accord, also.”

“Mr. Munder! Mr. Munder!” whispered the housekeeper, interfering to stop a fresh explosion of the steward’s indignation, which threatened to break out at the contempt implied by the shrugging of Uncle Joseph’s shoulders, “while you are speaking to that audacious man, shall I slip into the garden and give Jacob his instructions?”

Mr. Munder paused before answering—tried hard to see a more dignified way out of the dilemma in which he had placed himself than the way suggested by the housekeeper—failed entirely to discern anything of the sort—swallowed his indignation at one heroic gulp—and replied emphatically in two words: “Go ma’am?”

“What does that mean? what has she gone that way for?” said Sarah to her uncle in a quick, suspicious whisper, as the housekeeper brushed hastily by them, on her way to the west garden.

Before there was time to answer the question, it was followed by another, put by Mr. Munder.

“Now, sir!” said the steward, standing in the doorway, with his hands under his coat-tails and his head very high in the air. “Now, sir, and now ma’am, for my last word! Am I to have a proper explanation of the abstracting and purloining of those keys, or am I not?”

“Certainly, sir, you are to have the explanation,” replied Uncle Joseph. “It is, if you please, the same explanation that I had the honour of giving to you a little while ago. Do you wish to hear it again? It is all the explanation we have got about us.”

“Oh! it is, is it?” said Mr. Munder. “Then all I have to say to both of you is—leave the house directly! Directly!” he added, in his most coarsely offensive tones, taking refuge in the insolence of authority, from the dim consciousness of the absurdity of his own position, which would force itself on him, even while he spoke. “Yes, sir!” he continued, growing more and more angry at the composure with which Uncle Joseph listened to him. “Yes, sir! you may bow and scrape, and jabber your broken English somewhere else. I won’t put up with you here. I have reflected with myself, and reasoned with myself, and thought with myself, and asked myself, calmly—as Englishmen always do—if it was any use making you of any importance, and I have come to a conclusion, and that conclusion is—no, it isn’t! Don’t you go away with a notion that your blusterings and your bullyings have had any effect on me. (Show them out, Betsey!) I consider you beneath—aye, sir, and below!—my notice. (Show them out!) I wash my hands of you, and I dismiss you (show them out!) and I survey you, and I look upon you, and I behold you, with contempt!”

“And I, sir,” returned the object of all this withering derision, with the most exasperating politeness, “I shall say, for having your contempt, what I could by no means have said for having your respect, which is, briefly,—thank you. I, the small foreigner, take the contempt of you, the big Englishman, as the greatest compliment that can be paid from a man of your composition to a man of mine.” With that, Uncle Joseph made a last fantastic bow, took his niece’s arm, and followed Betsey along the passages that led to the south door, leaving Mr. Munder to compose a fit retort at his leisure.

Ten minutes later, the housekeeper returned breathless to her room, and found the steward walking backwards and forwards in a high state of irritation.

“Pray make your mind easy, Mr. Munder,” she said. “They are both clear of the house at last, and Jacob has got them well in view on the path over the moor.”

BASHI-BAZOUKS.

I HAVE long entertained an indulgent feeling—a feeling which is, I trust, on the whole, well founded—towards several classes of men who are dealt hardly with by common report: such as cabmen, gipsies, and the conductors of omnibuses. Admitting, what I fear cannot be denied, that these fraternities contain their proportion of black sheep, I am not aware of any peculiar contagion attaching to their dinginess; and I totally disbelieve that the extra coat of soot so freely laid on by that admirable but extravagant colourist—public opinion—can be justified by appeal to any

ordinary models. People scarcely realise, perhaps, the extent to which they think evil of good neighbours and industrious public servants, on no better ground than that Badge 100756 occasionally uses language which, to his own perceptions, is only forcible and vigorous rhetoric,—or strives, on principles strictly commercial, to enhance the price paid for his exertions. I once attended a popular lecture upon temperance, illustrated by numerous highly-coloured prints representing, or professing to represent, the stomachs of drunkards. The theory appeared to be, that redness is the greatest of all evils, and the depicted stomachs became redder and redder; from the rose-coloured blush attaching to that bane of teetotalism, the moderate drinker, up to the rubicundity, at once deep and bright, discovered in a man who had died of delirium tremens. When this point was reached, there still remained a stomach unaccounted for,—one far redder than the rest. The intensely vivid scarlet of its centre passed gradually into maroon on one side, into purple on the other. There was no inscription to show the potatory sins which had been followed by such signal punishment. At last the lecturer pointed his wand towards this appalling object; and the expectant audience was hushed into breathless silence. A pin might have been heard to drop. "This, ladies and gentlemen,"—very slowly and deliberately uttered, as if in enjoyment of our suspense,—"this, as I may say, heart-rending diagram, presents to you a faithful and accurate delineation of—pausing again—a cabman's stomach!" And then, giving time only for the expiratory sounds, and for the rustle of subdued but general movement, which accompany the release of an assembly from highly-wrought attention, he proceeded to denounce those persons who, by riding in cabs, afford to the drivers thereof the means of rubifying their digestive organs! Of the effect that he produced on others I cannot speak; but, for myself, I was sufficiently struck by the injustice of the sweeping accusation which the words conveyed, to turn with no small disgust from the glib fanatic through whose lips they passed. From this small incident I date the origin of an involuntary regard, since confirmed by many incidents, for classes who suffer unduly in the estimation of their fellow-men.

It was, consequently, not without some lurking kindness for reputed scoundrelism, that I found myself, in the spring of eighteen hundred and fifty-five, brought into contact with the army of the Sultan, and with the Bashi-Bazouk element which that army contained. These irregulars were then the objects of general abhorrence. In England they were painted in the darkest pitch and the brightest vermilion, as a band of determined villains and ruffians. Stories of them (venerable

stories which had done duty for Tilly's Croats, and for Kirke's Lambs), appeared in out-of-the-way corners of weekly newspapers. Child-killing was mentioned as their common recreation; burning or plundering their daily business. An officer recruiting for the Bashi-Bazouks of the Contingent, the Osmanli Irregular Cavalry, as they were called, was in daily expectation of being murdered. Himself of known courage and capacity, he fully believed that his levies would resent the control he held over them, and that he should be shot or stabbed in some outbreak of general turbulence, or some mere caprice of individual insubordination. I was induced by his report to feel much curiosity about the men whom he confessed to fear. Perhaps they were not so very black.

Reaching Eupatoria a few weeks afterwards, I did not fail to ask who commanded the irregulars, and how the acquaintance of this commandant might be obtained. I was not long in hearing the name of Sifley Bey, nor in receiving an invitation to his tent. A friend who knew him, kindly offered me his services as interpreter; and I lost no time in setting out upon the visit.

Within its allotted space, the camp of the Bashi-Bazouks was so arranged as to maintain the irregular character of the corps, and to give the impression that the occupiers of each tent had pitched it where they pleased, without reference to any settled plan. The horses, also, were picketed about near the tents of their respective owners. They resented our intrusion upon their domain by neighing and squealing, and by such well-meant and practical endeavours to kick, that we were thankful for the strength of their heel-ropes. The noise brought out picturesque and fierce-looking figures, who quieted their horses by various delicate attentions, and looked curiously at us as we threaded our way to the centre of the camp; where an Arab lance, rising high into the air, its reed shaft decorated near the barb with three tufts of black ostrich-feathers, pointed out from a distance the quarters of the Bey. At the door of his tent fluttered a small silk standard, in alternate stripes of crimson and yellow, marked upon its centre by the stain of an outspread and bloody hand. Close around were fastened three or four fine chargers; two tents within call, occupied by personal attendants, were the only other intruders upon a considerable patch of ground. Other lances, decorated with two tufts of feathers only, rose here and there in the camp, and indicated, as I afterwards learnt, the quarters of inferior officers.

I should be sorry to do Sifley Bey injustice; but I must admit that my first impression of him recalled unpleasantly the statements of the recruiting-officer. If such the chief, I thought, what are the followers? There was a look of falseness in his demure face,—an

occasional gleam of tiger-like ferocity in his dark eyes, and a tone—sometimes audible—in his usually softened voice, which told plainly of hypocrisy and cruelty, and suggested an admixture of Lambro with Cormac Doil. Superficially, his appearance was not unpleasing: short, inclining to corpulence, with regular features and clear brown complexion; with manners of great suavity and polish, he did the honours of his tent with ready hospitality and courtly ease. He was probably forty-five years old, and the hair that peeped from beneath his crimson fez was streaked with silver grey. His countenance was placid—almost sleepy—in its habitual expression; but, it brightened at some scraps of news that I brought from the then great centre of interest,—the camp before Sebastopol. My companion told me that Sifley Bey always paid great attention to the English, and that it was the dream of his life to obtain an English military decoration. In this fancy he had been encouraged by some who either did not know, or did not care to tell him, that it could never be realised. A few months after the commencement of my acquaintance with him, his hopes were quite unwittingly raised to the highest pitch by the Duke of Newcastle, who chanced to call at his tent when riding round the lines. I knew the Bey better by that time, and had discovered that the faults of his character—visible as they were and brought out by circumstances as they had been—had not effaced much that was worthy of regard. His desire for the decoration, mentioned to me at first as an almost childish passion, sprang from very sufficient reasons he had, to seek for friends external to the divan at Constantinople. His past history revealed those reasons clearly; and, partly on his own authority—partly as gathered from other sources—I will compress into a paragraph enough of it to reveal them to the reader.

Sifley Bey was a Druse, born near Nablous, in Syria, at an old castle named El Rashaya (or the Feathers), of which his father's brother was owner, as well as seigniorial lord of the village clustered round its walls. His father died in his infancy; but, his uncle took care of the boy's education, to the extent of making him a good horseman and expert in the use of arms. He did such credit to this instruction, that, in his fifteenth year, he graduated as a shedder of human blood; and, for some time afterwards, following the then fashion of cadets in Syria, was distinguished, at the head of a band of men from his native village, as a very daring and successful robber. He laughed at the Pasha of Damascus, defeated several attempts to capture him, and was, in fact, the terror of the country. The even tenour of his life was interrupted by Ibrahim Pasha's invasion of Syria; and, foreseeing in its success a reign of law and order totally different from the

feeble sway of the Sultan, Sifley exerted himself vigorously in favour of the existing régime, augmented his band, and carried on a guerilla warfare with great activity. He proved so formidable an adversary that Ibrahim led forces against him in person; and, after many failures, succeeded in entrapping him in a pass or valley, from which every outlet was closed by a greatly superior force. The bandits were apparently doomed to certain destruction, either by starvation where they were, or by the tender mercies of the conqueror. But, their youthful leader preserved them. Alone, in the dead of night, he penetrated unobserved to the centre of the Egyptian camp, and, suddenly entering the tent of the Pasha, yielded up his sword, and demanded protection for himself and his followers. Ibrahim, charmed by a submission as brave as his resistance, returned the sword, made certain conditions for his good behaviour, and dismissed him and his men to their homes. They did not long remain in tranquillity; as soon as the assistance of England placed the Sultan's star once more in the ascendant, Sifley again took up arms in its defence, and claimed, when peace was restored, the honours and rewards due to so loyal and faithful a subject. He was met by perfidy equal to his own, and by address still greater. His old enemy, the Pasha of Damascus—who thought him too dangerous to be at large—treated him as if he were a pillar of the state, lured him into his power by flattering words and fair promises, induced him to visit him, and as soon as he entered the city, put him in irons and sent him to Constantinople. He remained there for nearly two years, loaded with chains and immured in a dungeon; at length, by bribery or some similar process, he obtained permission to live in a Turkish town under surveillance. Widdin was the place first selected for this purpose; and he was afterwards moved to Adrianople, and from thence to Broussa, without being allowed the smallest voice in the matter. It was probably suspected that he had secret hoards in Syria, and that time would disclose them for the benefit of influential people. The suspicion was true enough, but the expectation was never fulfilled. Perhaps the prisoner might think it not certain that he should receive his liberty after paying for it, and the influential people might doubt his paying after he was free. The Russian war brought about a solution of the difficulty. At its outbreak, Sifley Bey had been twelve years a prisoner and an exile; he offered, in exchange for his liberty and for the command of the men, to raise a body of four hundred Bashi-Bazouks, fully equipped, and to pay them for the first year after their enrolment. The offer was thought too good to be refused, especially at a time when it might come to the ears of officious Giaours. It was thus that I found Sifley Bey in the camp at

Eupatoria, and his wish for a decoration was, in fact, a wish for some tangible evidence that he had friends among the English—friends who might inquire for him if, as seemed likely, he were again imprisoned after the war. I saw him at large at Constantinople towards the end of May in the last year; but he did not then appear very tranquil about his future, or very confident that he should ever again be permitted to behold his native mountains. If I did not know him, and purposed travelling in Syria, I should desire him to be kept away from that country as long as might be possible.

Before I had been many minutes seated, and while servants were still bustling in and out, with pipes of fragrant tobacco and dishes of sliced water-melon, an officer entered the tent and presented to my gaze no less a marvel than a facial resemblance to the most mobile-nosed of orators and statesmen. At any public place in England the resemblance would have deceived dozens of people, and if exhibited in a country town the arrival and the incognito of his lordship would find speedy place in the local Sentinel or Echo. The new-comer was a tall, thin, ungainly man, who moved in military surtout and overalls with an indescribable air of discomfort and restraint, and whose long proboscis writhed again, as if in indignation at the unwonted confinement of his lower limbs. This was the second in command. He was an Algerian Arab, who, after vainly fighting for the independence of his country, had been for some time a prisoner in France. If he spoke truly, and in this particular I had no reason to doubt his word, he was none other than Bou Maza, the far-famed lieutenant of Abd-el-Kader, whose capture was the crowning exploit of the African campaign of St. Arnaud. It is certain that he spoke French passably, that he was a perfect horseman, and that, with a gun in his right hand, he had a knack of hitting a sparrow's head, thrown into the air by his left. Both he and his chief were sadly addicted to romance; of the two men, I think the tales of the subordinate were the more trustworthy.

At the time of which I write, vague rumours had reached Eupatoria of gross misconduct, mutiny, and acts of violence on the part of the Bashi-Bazouks of the Contingent. These rumours led me at once to question the Bey and Bou Maza with regard to the formation and management of the corps under their command; to ask how the men were obtained; and how, and in what degree, they were subjected to control. I learned that they were all volunteers; having their own horses and arms, and gathered by proclamation in towns and villages. They received rations and forage, something like a pound sterling per month of pay, were engaged to serve as long as they were required, and might be disbanded by the

government at any time. They had no uniformity of dress or weapons—a sword, a gun, or a lance, being insisted on as essential, and everything else left to their fancy or resources. Their subaltern and inferior officers were men who had been active in recruiting and in persuading others to join the standard: persons so qualified receiving rank according to the number of followers they brought, and retaining these followers under their command. Hence, when Bashi-Bazouks are wanted, a man of enterprise will often exert himself among his neighbours, or will even spend a little money, to induce them to accompany him, trusting to plunder or the chances of war to be repaid his outlay.

Thus Syrians and Africans, Lazes and Roumelians, Albanians and Bedouins, remain under the orders of the acquaintance who persuaded them to join; whom they probably respect on account of his local position at home, and to whom their several characters, histories, and circumstances, are matters of familiar knowledge. The commandant can learn from his subordinates the value of each individual, and the way to treat him. "I govern my men," said Sifley Bey, "by management. Some are scoffers, some fanatics—some liars and cowards, some truthful and brave. Some I cajole, some I threaten, some I bribe, some I beat. To one I speak of Paradise, to another of promotion. With an army around me, I could govern as I pleased; but, I prefer the system that I understand—the only system that would maintain my authority if there were no army to support it. I do not think," he added, "that much will be done with Bashi-Bazouks under European officers; who, from the very nature of things, cannot thus influence the men who must be strangers to their characters and feelings, and who will try to subject all to the same yoke. The recruits will not understand the necessity of submitting themselves; there will be no veterans to set them an example; the process of training will be tedious, often interrupted by outbreaks, and in many cases unsuccessful. There will be discipline enough to spoil irregulars, but not enough to make soldiers."

The tent occupied by Sifley Bey was little larger than those used by his men, and was fitted up with great simplicity. He was most obsequiously waited upon by a score of savage-looking fellows, bristling with weapons, and recognising in his orders their only notion of right. The man who brought in pipes, and the man who brought in coffee, each wore round his waist innumerable convolutions of shawl, rolled rope fashion, and supporting pouches of crimson leather, containing pistols, dirks, yataghans, bullet-bags, powder-flasks, and ramrods, all more or less adorned with ivory, coral, and silver. Others, similarly equipped, were drawn up in the neighbourhood of the tent; and one of them

would occasionally advance and peep in, as if to hint at his convenient proximity, in case the Bey should desire to cut the throats of the Giaours. These men were his own countrymen, and his most favoured retainers. They encamped close around him; some of them followed him when he rode out; and they formed a devoted body-guard in action. He was—and justly—proud of them.

The only things in the tent calculated to divert attention from the host and his truculent-looking servants, were, in the first place, some curious weapons, rich with barbaric ornament; in the second, hanging head downward, a mounted lithograph of her most gracious majesty. Remembering a certain farmer in Wiltshire who, after the repeal of the Corn Laws, thus treated the portrait of Sir Robert Peel, I took exception to the position of my sovereign lady, and requested that it might be reversed. Sifley Bey was profuse in his apologies and thanks, turned the picture (which he seemed to value highly, and to regard as a forerunner of the decoration), and had only, I afterwards found, been labouring under a delusion very common among Mussulmen. Ninety-nine Turks out of a hundred will always look at a picture upside down—why, I am at a loss to conjecture. Perhaps, being forbidden to depict living creatures, this curious fancy arises from defective cultivation of the artistic faculty; perhaps it may throw light on the philosophy of inverted vision; I recommend the fact to the consideration of savans. I can affirm that I had a picture which represented a group of dead birds lying on their backs at the foot of a tree; and every Turk who saw this picture, rejecting alike the position which placed the birds on their feet, and the position which made the tree grow upward, eventually elected to hold one or other of the sides uppermost, the dead birds standing erect upon their heads or tails, and the tree proceeding to the left or right, as might be. The portrait of the queen was presented to Sifley Bey by some English naval officers, to comfort him after a cruel check to his pride, which befel through their instrumentality. He told them that he could cut a sheep in two by a single sword-stroke; and, instead of believing him, they offered a bet that he could not. A stout middle-aged gentleman, after twelve years of imprisonment and compulsory peacefulness, was hardly likely to succeed in such an undertaking; the Bey failed most signally. It was an unfortunate piece of boasting, and the more so as, in the few opportunities he had, he sustained his youthful reputation as a brave man and a good leader.

The corps at Eupatoria, chiefly collected by the exertions of Sifley Bey, Bou Maza, and their agents, had in its composition, together with men of other nationalities, a

very large preponderance of the Syrian and pure Arab elements. Perhaps a fourth part of the men were Bedouins. Conspicuous in white burnouse, or in striped mantle, with sabres slung by a crimson cord, passing from the right shoulder to the left hip; with their heads covered with a crimson and yellow shawl, bound round their temples by a rope of worsted, and with its corners hanging over the shoulders and back; with their belts bristling with innumerable weapons and warlike appendages; they shouldered their way through the streets and the bazaars, keeping the crown of the causeway, and haughtily pushing Turks or Tartars to the wall or the kennel. In the evening they might be seen exercising their horses, and careering wildly over the sands beyond the town. The Syrians, although less striking in appearance than their Bedouin cousins, bore some resemblance to them in manners and costume, and tried, more or less successfully, to imitate their stately bearing. The Asiatic Turks had the appearance of men whom their Pasha had been accustomed to rob at his good pleasure, and to beat when they complained. They were the mauvais sujets of the little band, and differed from their fellows in sinning against the picturesque. In addition to their indescribably villanous countenances, they possessed and wore the ugliest of costumes—round jackets and enormous baggy trousers of dust-coloured cloth, faced by tortuous patterns in dark blue braid. An Albanian proprietor, who had brought thirty followers to the standard, and thereby obtained the rank of captain, was gorgeous in crimson vestments, enriched with gold embroidery, his tall fez drooping to his shoulder, borne down by the weight of its monstrous tassel. His men wore jackets and kilts, neat shoes and stockings, and fezzes like that of their leader. In contrast to these dandies, a few coal-black Abyssinians went grinning about, showing their white teeth in negro-like merriment, and with their nakedness barely concealed by rags of any fashion. There were two Circassians, one in clothes of camel-cloth, braided with silver, the other in a complete suit of chain armour. Nor did these several races exhaust the variety; for, one night, riding with the Bashi-Bazouks upon a reconnaissance, I was hindered from sleeping during a halt by a swarthy man, who squatted over against me upon the ground, and there, on the plains of the Crimea, talked of Burra Sahibs, of Calcutta, and of Benares.

The officers of this motley group, with the exception of the Albanian, were accustomed to wear Turkish uniform on ordinary occasions, and all of them on actual service were dressed like their men. The transformation thus effected was wonderful. Sifley Bey, with his keen eyes glittering from beneath the crimson shawl and his figure concealed by the loose Arab mantle, was

very different from the portly colonel who might be seen any day in his tent. Bou Maza was equally changed, seeming to put on the reality of freedom with the garb of the desert, and to forget the light trousers by which he was ordinarily fettered. Bou Maza, the last time that I saw him in fighting apparel, told me that, if his men encountered the enemy, he had determined to drag from his horse the commanding officer opposed to him, and to make him a prisoner at all risks. As it befel, he had not the opportunity; but, as he told me on the same day that he would, if I were hungry, cut off his flesh to feed me, it is very possible that both speeches were tempered, in the same degree, by Oriental hyperbole.

The arrangements for Bashi-Bazouk equitation, under the command of Sifley Bey, were based upon strictly Arab principles; all the men had acquired the balanced seat so remarkable in the horsemen of the desert. Without appearing to have the slightest hold with the leg, they turned in the saddle with perfect ease; and not only moved their bodies in any direction, but used their hands with facility, whatever the speed of the horse, and whether he was proceeding forward, wheeling, or suddenly stopping. They appeared to accommodate themselves intuitively to the movements of the animal, as a sailor does to the movements of his ship; and, in the same manner, to be always balanced and at their ease. They loaded their muskets during a charge, with extreme rapidity, and fired them with great steadiness: the Arabs carrying their cartridges in the cord that secured their head gear; but, their weapons were usually so old, and the powder served out to them was so bad, that their fire was very inefficient, and only useful for the sake of its moral effect upon themselves. In fact, I could not avoid the conviction that my friends were a thoroughly useless corps, in spite of their individual dash and gallantry. To an inexperienced eye, their appearance on a charge was most formidable—rushing along in loose array, with floating draperies and frantic yells, performing strange gymnastics upon their saddles, and guiding their horses to some spot where they were least expected. But, all this display would be worse than useless, against disciplined troops drawn up in line; and such, indeed, the Bashies would prefer to leave alone. I have seen them induce Cossacks to scatter, for the purpose of meeting them, and in order to cover the retreat of Russian infantry before a superior Turkish force; then, in a number of duels, the Bashies had it all their own way, and killed many of their adversaries without losing a man. But the Bashies are not to be depended upon, even for the sort of service for which they are adapted. Plunder is their great aim in warfare; if they enter a village, it is their practice to report that some of the horses in the troop are

lame, so as to give the riders an opportunity of pillage, and of returning quietly to camp with the booty that may reward their industry. The construction of the eastern horse-shoe (a plate with a small hole in the centre), affords facilities for the production of temporary lameness; and the arrangement is winked at by the officers who should control it. Hence, in every expedition undertaken from Eupatoria against the Russian corps of observation that surrounded the town, the Bashies went out in full force, and returned in dribbles, laden with heterogeneous trumpery. To do them justice, they showed great ingenuity in attaching the spoil to their saddles and persons: surrounding themselves with large and small articles, until the man in the centre could scarcely be distinguished. Weapons were the things that most excited their cupidity; but, if weapons were not to be had, nothing came amiss, from a bed or a table to a pack of cards or a corkscrew. I remember a man who rejoined the camp, hung all round with lithographed portraits of the Imperial family of Russia; and another who had found points of attachment for a dozen or so of champagne. The head-gear of this last worthy was surmounted by the smart helmet of an officer of Russian lancers, who had made his escape bareheaded. I vainly wished for a photographic camera, to preserve the stern grave face of the Arab, whose incongruous get-up would have moved a Mute to laughter, and whose bottles chinked as he rode along. A dead or wounded comrade to be carried, would tax the ingenuity of a regular cavalry man; but, a Bashi-Bazouk made light of such a burden, when circumstances imposed it on him, and managed so to arrange it as that his own arms were free. The corpses of their comrades were spoken of as those of witnesses, who had been summoned by the prophet to tell him about the conduct of the war; and Sifley Bey was accustomed to pronounce orations over them, declaratory of the blessedness of their lot, laughing in his sleeve the while at the simplicity of his followers. Like most Mussulmen in a position of military command, the Bey had his private opinions touching the character and inspiration of Mahomet.

The horses that carried these eccentric cavaliers were always swift, hardy, and useful; sometimes, of great beauty and value. They were always well fed, because ridden by their owners; who would not submit to commissariat mystifications about forage; but insisted—sternly toying with their yataghans—upon the chopped straw and the barley, in the full weight and the perfect tale. There was one horse in the camp, through whose veins flowed the best Arab blood of the desert, and whose owner slept with the end of the tether rope secured to his wrist. The horse, second in value, belonged to Sifley Bey: who refused an offer of

three hundred pounds for it from Omer Pasha, and had it killed under him in a skirmish not many days afterwards. With these exceptions, and a few others that were less noticeable, the men rode shaggy ponies, trained, for ordinary purposes, to a peculiar running gait with necks outstretched, and concealing all manner of good qualities beneath a very homely aspect. From the sudden checks to which they were habitually subjected when at their greatest speed, and from the contraction of the hind-legs necessary to answer to them, they were all frightfully cow-hocked; but, this deformity was disregarded, from the inevitable nature of its causes, just as broken knees are a small matter in Devonshire. Among other accomplishments, these ponies could turn, when at full gallop, almost as suddenly as if on a pivot, and continue their pace unchecked in any rear direction. It was common to see a race in the camp between a man on horse-back and a swift runner on foot, each having to turn round a lance pitched in the ground, and to come back to the starting place: the pedestrian having more or less start, according to the aptitude for turning, of the horse that was pitted against him. The excitement and gesticulation occasioned by these races, and other competitive sports, the dark faces lighted up by unwonted animation, the rapid Arabic gutturals, the exultation of the victors, and the ifs and explanations of the conquered, were pleasant foils to the dull listlessness and semi-narcotised monotony of the Turkish Nizam, whose men and officers would sometimes come and stare, in stolid bewilderment, at the energetic proceedings of the Bashies.

With regard to the bad qualities so liberally assigned to them, I found plenty of evidence to confirm my foregone conclusion, that the Bashi-Bazouks had been much maligned. During many months of trying inactivity at Eupatoria, they committed no greater offence than petty pilfering, which was commonly traceable to the Asiatic Turks, and for which those worthies, when discovered, were handed over to the town police, to be beaten with sticks after a manner revolting to humanity. The majority of the men were like great children, and their convictions often reminded me of a child's faith in the dogmas of papa. For instance: they believed that every English officer was the owner of a steam-vessel, and this with a firmness that was proof against all statements to the contrary. I assured a group of them, who discussed this subject with me, that (to my sorrow) I had no steam-vessel, and that others were in the same case. The spokesman gravely reproved me for telling lies, and said, not without certain pathos, that I was their

friend, and that I ought not to try and deceive them. He knew I had a steam-vessel, and those around him (here a general assenting murmur) knew it also. I might have contradicted him until doomsday without effect. He and his companions were assembled in a café, narrating the strangest stories about the war, and smoking bubbling narghils. Followers of the Prophet to the back-bone, and ready, in their phrase, at any time to become witnesses in the cause of Islâm, they never showed any antipathy to French or English on account of religion, and solemnly eulogised the brave deeds that were done before Sebastopol, and of which intelligence was every now and then brought, even to the camp of the Bashi-Bazouks. There was one Arab who had been at Silistria, and loved to talk of all the good qualities of Moussa Bey (Colonel Ballard), of his tried courage, his skill, and his constant thoughtfulness and care for the comfort of the humblest soldier. I met this same Arab at Constantinople after the peace; and he told me how Moussa Bey, at the battle of Inzour, had gone down to the front rank of his men under a heavy fire, and had personally inspected the sight of every rifle, to see that it was correctly set for the distance of the enemy. He shook his head mournfully at the close of this narrative, and said that he was sorry for Moussa Bey, and for me also, on account of our souls, because we were Christians. He would pray that the Prophet would enlighten us.

There was in all this a simplicity and kindness that I often saw evidenced among the Bashies, and that resulted in some measure, perhaps, from their comparative freedom. The Arab regular soldiery, taken from the degraded fellahs of the villages, were a set of foul-mouthed and ruffianly fanatics, who seldom passed an European without uttering the filthiest abuse, and who were only restrained by fear from acts of open violence. But, the worst faults of the Bashi-Bazouks arose out of the peculiarities summed up in the name. Bashi-Bazouk means Empty-head, or perhaps may be rendered Rattlepate. Of men so designated it would be useless to expect that they should be otherwise than reckless, daring, happy-go-lucky madcaps, ready at all times for a fight or a frolic. The ownership of a horse and arms gave them, so to speak, a stake in their country, and elevated them immeasurably, in personal qualities, above the drilled soldier of the time, who wore the coat and shouldered the musket of Abdul-Medjid. Taking them as a body only, and judging them by the standard of their co-religionists, I found the empty heads to be not bad fellows, and in some sort gentlemen.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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SHADOWS OF THE GOLDEN IMAGE.

Is the mere fact of a story being old, any reason why it should not be read (always premising, of course, that no one has heard it before)? As I am sitting alone, it is in vain to look for a reply, and I proceed accordingly to act upon my own suggestion, and to rescue from oblivion, and the waste-paper basket, a sketch written some time ago, faithfully descriptive, so far as it goes, of the effects produced in Tasmania, where I am a settler's wife, by the golden revolution.

When the first news of the Australian gold-finding was published, people were naturally incredulous of the great fact; nor did any considerable excitement prevail away in our parts, until a few persons, more enterprising, or with more leisure than their neighbours, had visited the land of gold, and returned again, with tales of wonder and of wealth. Then the disorder spread very rapidly. People of the working-classes left their vocations, their wages, and their wives, with about as rational ideas of what they went to seek, as our old friend Whittington, when he expected to pick up gold in London streets. In the morning, twenty shearers might be seen busy in the woolshed; before evening, ten of them would be stepping along the mountain track towards Launceston, driven out of their sober senses by some wild story plentifully studded with giant nuggets. Houses and vessels were left unfinished; sheep unshorn; corn unharvested. The baker's oven stood empty; the blacksmith's forge grew cold. Shops were shut up, and even cottages built of wood, were pulled to pieces, that the materials might be carried to Melbourne, and sold. "Gone to the Diggings," was the almost universal reply to all inquiries. Our cook decamped; and, with him, the milkman. Two or three of our shepherds, the groom and the gardener, besides ploughmen and farm-labourers, followed as fast as they became free. Many of our neighbours and persons of the middle class, also formed parties to go; taking with them carts, horses, and oxen; all such digging appendages rising rapidly in price at the same time. One family might be heard bewailing the departure of an invaluable overseer; while another was left in

a state of anarchy by the flight of the tutor. Our roads abounded with pedestrians carrying heavy knapsacks, horsemen with stuffed saddle-bags, and caravans of the most motley kinds. Some, giving glimpses of future domestic arrangements by a display of feather-beds, frying-pans, and small children; others consisting of a cartful of half-tipsy men, with spades, pipes, and bottles of rum; but all hastening northwards for embarkation at Launceston. At one time few, besides women and children, remained in the district. Then, servants nearly all went. Happily for the residents here, the idle, the dishonest, and the dissipated, were among the first to join so congenial a community as the diggings presented. Vagabonds who had never been known to gain a penny by honest industry, but who had lived on as cattle and sheep-stealers, kangarooers, sly grog-sellers, and petty thieves, gladly hastened to the tempting field for enterprise; and in this, the gold did us incalculable service, purifying our population to a prodigious extent. Great numbers of convict women who had become free, went over also. One, who had for a short time been my servant, and who rejoiced in the high-sounding appellation of Alexandrina, was seen in Melbourne, most sumptuously attired, with several splendid rings on every finger. Originally she had come to me, possessed but of one gown, and that a forlorn and ragged balzarine, with four dragged, torn flounces.

Convict women-servants never had decent clothing when they first entered one's service; at least the exceptions were very rare. If they had had any before being returned to the Factory, or Government, as they term it, they brought none out from thence. It appeared to be there subjected to a dissolving process; for they commonly confess to having drunk it. The first proceeding, therefore, with a new female servant of this unhappy class, was to furnish her with respectable attire, and to bring her outward aspect at least, as near the standard of English housemaid tidiness, as adverse circumstances would permit. How difficult a task this was, no one can truly realise, who has not seen the normal condition of the patient; the straggling, dishevelled hair; the gown gaping behind, with three hooks out of four disabled from

service; the slipshod shoes; the habitually dirty hands, and still dirtier feet and stockings; the endless horrors of dirt and disorder in all shapes that met us in our attempts at reform.

For several years we succeeded in obtaining good, honest emigrant house-servants, all of whom have married; and very highly did I appreciate the comfort of knowing that if the store-rooms or cellaret were left unlocked, or my drawers open, the wine and spirits would remain untouched, and my wardrobe unrummaged; but the subsequent scarcity of emigrants, and the difficulty of inducing any of them to live in the bush, when town places and exorbitant wages were thrust upon them, forced us again to endure the domestic miseries which we hoped had passed away for ever. In immigration lies our only resource; and we thankfully welcome the promise now given us, of an abundance of free emigrants.

Of the extravagant stories that came over, relative to the gains of individual diggers, I cannot now render any adequate account. The love of exaggeration which forms so prominent a feature in uncultivated minds, had here a magnificent opening, and ample employment was given to it. One of the first stories we heard, concerned the late servant of a friend; who, it was said, had in a month found gold to the value of twenty thousand pounds. We marvelled little at the stir such an announcement made, nor at the impetus it gave to the already active emigration to the diggings. Some time after, however, the fortunate man came to our house, bearing some letter or message from his former master, and, on our inquiring how he had invested his great capital, he explained that he had taken with him to the diggings the savings of several years' servitude, had spent all in the purchase of food and other necessaries, had found scarcely any gold, and had some difficulty in obtaining the means to return to his old master, into whose service he had again thankfully entered.

Hundreds of similar cases might be cited. Some men were, of course, much more fortunate than others, earned more in digging for gold, than they would have done in service; but they had to endure great hardship, privation, and the hardest labour; many, from drinking unwholesome water, and suffering from want, damp, and exposure, contracted serious disorders, which, though not immediately fatal, remain incurable. The persons who made the most money (excepting the great nugget-finders), were those who kept stores, or worked on the roads as carriers; these, from the enormous prices of many indispensable articles, and the immense charges made for conveying goods, often engrossed the lion's share of the digger's gains.

One of the most melancholy feelings I have connected with the diggings, and the great amount of wealth acquired thus sud-

denly by so many of the most ignorant and uneducated people, arises from the inevitable conviction of how very small an amount of good it has effected for the individuals themselves. The grand object of the common mass of gold-diggers seemed to be to dissipate and get through their gains as rapidly as possible; having no idea of a rational disposal of their hard-earned wealth.

Any one, witnessing for the first time, a gold-digger's wedding (and in Hobart, Launceston, and Melbourne, they were of daily occurrence, sometimes several at a time) would very naturally think he beheld a troop of lunatics escaped from Bedlam. Driving furiously through the streets in as many vehicles as could be hired and filled with guests, was one chief enjoyment of these people. Drivers, carriages, and horses alike streamed with long, broad, white satin ribbons. The bride, usually a convict of the lowest class, in every sense, was commonly attired in a dress of the most superb white satin, with a London bonnet also of white satin or lace, and frequently a magnificent Canton crape shawl; yellow the favourite colour. The jewellery, parasol, and other adjuncts of this costume being always as gorgeous as money could buy, and as heterogeneous in character; but always including an enormous gold watch and a massive chain. The bride's female friends were generally as fine as herself, and the occasional variety of black worsted stockings, or leather ankle boots, peering out beneath a dress of costly brocade or velvet, was common to the whole party. When an attempt was made in unison with the rest, white satin shoes invariably appeared, and almost as invariably were worn down at heel; never being made in the prospect of such ample dimensions of foot. In gloves, too, considerable discrepancies occurred; red, coarse, bare hands and wrists, loaded with valuable rings and bracelets, being usually preferred for street costume.

The male portion of these wedding-parties displayed still greater contrasts. Such dress-coats as are supplied by Jew slop-shops, with waistcoats and neckerchiefs of astonishing splendour, and shirt-pins of amazing dimensions, were often companioned by trousers of corduroy or fustian, turned up round the ankles (so as to show the lining, and the hob-nailed boots), and the whole outer man worthily finished off by a green or blue wide-awake hat. Nosegays of gigantic size, such as would fill an old-fashioned fire-place, bottles of rum, and short pipes, were the unailing accompaniments of these decorations. Thus armed at all points, and crowded by eights and tens into open carriages, standing on the seats, waving hats, handkerchiefs, and ribbons, and singing, or rather yelling in a maniacal tone ditties unknown to ears polite, as they tore furiously through the streets, from one public house to another—these wretched possessors of useless wealth, were wont to

exhibit their drunken lunacy, to the disgust and alarm of the respectable part of the community.

The finale of such marriages was, very frequently, the return of the husband, penniless, to the diggings; and that of the wife, if better than the average, to service. A lady, who had taken as cook one of these Golden Widows as we call them, was surprised at finding her new servant on her knees, scouring the stone floor of the kitchen, attired in a rich purple satin dress, nearly new.

"Mary! what are you doing, with that beautiful dress on to scour in, and not even an apron?" exclaimed the astonished mistress. "Do get up directly, and put on an old cotton gown."

"Laws alive! bless me, missis," responds Mary, sitting calmly back upon her slip-shod heels, and grasping brush and flannel in either hand, "I haven't got no cotton gowns; all my gownds is silk 'uns, this is the wust out of nineteen."

Every kind of silk material was infinitely dearer in proportion than any other fabric, and all prices being nearly doubled by the golden demand, the style of Mary's expenditure may be imagined. A rich satin dress, of the palest dove-colour, or pearl white, well and fashionably made, was observed one day trailing its delicate folds along a mean and dirty street in Hobart; the wearer was without shawl or bonnet, and carried before her a large tin dish, full of baked mutton and potatoes, from the oven.

Cost was the criterion—I verily believe the sole criterion—by which these people judged everything; neither comfort, fitness, nor the becoming (which Sam Slick declares all women study) seemed to enter their calculations. I was one day in a shop in Hobart, when a man and a woman came in to buy a black silk mantle. Some were shown them at four guineas each (one pound might perhaps have been asked for them in England). "Curse your trumpery!" exclaimed the woman. "Show us some worth more than that. I'm not a beggar."

"That's right, Poll" (in rather husky and faltering tones) from the husband. More mantles were brought—none better, some worse than the first lot.

"All these are ten guineas each, sir; beautiful articles, and quite the newest style," said the obsequious shopman.

"O! ay—that might do—Poll, turn to and try 'em on."

What Poll's selection was, I did not remain to see. Every one at that time could give similar instances of the determination with which the reckless creatures poured their gold into the shopkeepers' pockets. A young English lady, on her way here touched both at Adelaide and Melbourne. Whilst in a shop at the former place she observed a mean-looking woman come in, who desired to see some shawls. A

number were shown to her, the highest being three pounds each. "These are not good enough, show me some better than that." The heap of shawls was swept away and carried to another part of the shop, where a few were picked quickly out, folded differently, and then brought back at five pounds each. "That'll do," remarked the customer, scarcely noticing the shawls themselves, but satisfied with having to pay a large sum for them. "Wrap me four on 'em"—and laid twenty sovereigns on the counter. From the same friend I heard of a gold-digger in Melbourne, who went into a shop where a large doll was used to exhibit articles of baby-clothing upon, and inquired, pointing to the doll, "What's the price o' that himage?" Although the doll was not intended for sale, the shopman, knowing the absurd purchases often made by the class to which his customer belonged, pretended to look at some mark, and then replied, "Thirty guineas." The man paid down the money, and carried off the doll.

Very few of these golden extravagances, I imagine, were caused by ablutionary tendencies; but one notable specimen of the returned digger genus became possessed of the eccentric fancy that his wife should have a bath. What the condition of the dame in question had become, before so desperate a measure was determined upon is not pleasant to speculate about; but, at any rate, she was to have a bath. Water was not worthy to be used on so remarkable an occasion. The husband insisted that his wife's bath should cost more nor ever any real lady's bath cost; and, finally, fixed upon champagne as the purifying medium. Another story is of a party of lucky returned diggers, who assembled at a good hotel, and ordered a costly dinner; everything in the most expensive style, desiring the waiter to bring them "some of the wine that the swells drink." Hock was accordingly presented to them at dinner, but dismissed with no measured terms of dislike. Champagne was allowed to be better, but not as good as ginger-beer. Claret was tried, and flung away with execrations. The waiter, somewhat posed, awaited further orders, which were: "Bring us a pint of rum a-piece, and charge it the same as the swells' wine."

Port wine usually found most favour with such customers. A man (formerly in our service) who had come home with his gains, and who was oppressed with the common desire to dissipate them with all practicable despatch, ordered three or four dozens of port wine at every inn or public-house he came to on the road, had all the corks drawn, and called the passers-by, and the tap-room guests, to drink it: public-house port wine here, being usually a mysterious compound of bad cape, burnt sugar, capsicum and spice.

These are not a tithe of the owre true

tales I have been told. The comfortless profusion with which many of the successful returned diggers scattered their money woefully demonstrated how great an evil is wealth in untaught or unprincipled hands. Cigars, lit with bank-notes of value; sandwiches, made of bread and butter and bank-notes, and eaten by wretches boasting of their costly mouthful; sovereigns flung down in payment for a shilling glass of spirits; these, and hundreds of similar instances, might be narrated, were it pleasant or profitable to collect such degrading proofs of folly and wickedness.

Among the many servants who at different times left our service to go to the diggings, I only knew one instance where the gold gained became really beneficial. This happy exception was an industrious farm-labourer (formerly a prisoner), who, whilst with us, used to spend the long winter evenings in weaving baskets from the willows which border many of our meadows. Every house in the district had some of his baskets, which he sold at such prices as to provide himself with clothes, tobacco, and other extras, and could thus lay by all his wages in the savings' bank. I was not a little troubled at the intelligence that he purposed drawing his money, and starting for the diggings. He did so; and, in a few months wrote to us, saying that he had been very fortunate, had dug gold to the amount of eight hundred pounds, and was then on board an English ship on his way home. He has written again since, telling very pleasantly of his happy meeting with his wife and children, who had been industrious and thriving during his absence; and enclosing a card of his shop, having entered into a respectable business, and carefully purchased his stock-in-trade from the best markets, with the ready gold he had acquired. I wish we had more such cheering tales to tell; but, alas! this is—so far as my personal acquaintance with gold-digging results extends—a solitary instance.

Were I to take up the opposite side of the question, I might describe the deserted homes I have seen—the dismantled cottages and desolate gardens, that were bright and hopeful before the gold madness came amongst us. I might tell of wives, who conducted themselves soberly and decently whilst with their husbands; but who turned back to all their infamous habits when released from wholesome restraint by the men's departure for the diggings; of children neglected, scantily fed, and more scantily clothed, and often indebted to chance charity for sheer existence: this state of abject wretchedness and starvation being suddenly changed to one of boastful idleness and dissipation, if the husband returned with enough gold to produce a short-lived, drunken prosperity. Many working men came back with fifty or a hundred pounds, deeming that an inexhaustible

mine of wealth. The wife of one of these, who had been my servant, and who, after her marriage, was glad to do plain needlework for me, one day brought home her sewing unfinished, with a "Much obliged t' ye, ma'am, for what ye've give me, but ye see my Robert's come back, and he's got enough to keep huz comf'ble all we're lives, and I don't see as I need slave any more, an' so I've brought back the little shirts, and there's the buttons and the pattern shirt, all together, if you'll please to give me a settling for what I've done." The settling was very speedily effected. I saw no more of my retired seamstress; but the sequel was as I anticipated. She straightway relapsed into her old vices of inebriety and every kind of disorderly and bad conduct. She beat her children, one of them a baby, so cruelly as to endanger their lives; finally, she had her original sentence of transportation renewed. The great fortune which had thus ruined her industry, and caused the loss of her freedom, I found, amounted only to sixty pounds; and, as she and her husband, when living with us as laundress and cook, had received thirty-five pounds a-year wages, besides food, lodging, and fuel, the overwhelming effect of such a sum seems difficult to account for.

The wife of another servant who had been fortunate at the diggings, and had brought home about seventy pounds, came one day for her own and her husband's rations, wearing a very showy cashmere dress, such as are sold here at about thirty or forty shillings; and on my remarking, "That is a very gay gown, Susan, for such a wet, muddy day," she smpered, and replied, "O, ma'am, I've had nine new 'uns since my husband came home." He had been back just a fortnight.

The sudden change from a wardrobe of two old cotton gowns and one best one, to an assortment of flounced muslins and silks—to say nothing of satin bonnets, costly shawls, artificial flowers by the bushel, parasols, bracelets, and white veils—often causes exhibitions of taste and colour which are extremely curious and ingenious, and would be amusing were they not really so very sad. The heaps of finery—hats, feathers, flounces, and jackets—which the children of these people helplessly toddle under, must be seen to be believed. I once counted the frills on a baby just able to trot about—trousers, four; frock, five; jacket, two, with a quilling of lace round the poor little smothered throat, and a triple bordered lace cap and bows under an immense fancy Tuscan hat, covered with artificial roses. The poor little victim was my fellow passenger in a stage-coach, with its mother and two more children dressed in like style. Overpowered with sleep, my small friend with the roses dozed off, and bent the filagree hat against the coach. A sharp, shrewish sister of five, in a white satin bonnet and feathers, poked

her up several times ; but the heavy little head sunk lower and lower, despite my covert attempt to prop it up with a spare shawl ; and, at last, the perilous predicament of the hat and roses became manifest to the mother, who shook up my tiny neighbour with no gentle hand or look, jerked furiously at the broad pink ribbon strings, and snatched off both hat and cap ; when lo ! beneath all else was a hair-net, made of gold twist and beads, and a pair of great gold rings in the soft baby ears. "I'll pull yer ear-rings, I will, ye blessed limb o' mischief, if ye spile yer things that way," growled the mother—only the word was not "blessed," but as opposite in meaning as the reader pleases to imagine ; and a rough box on each side of the head in turn completed the forlorn aspect of affairs, by setting the child's nose bleeding, to its own great terror, and the irretrievable damage of its smart silk jacket. The sister's petticoat was seized to do duty as a pocket-handkerchief ; no such commonplace article being provided amidst this collection of finery. The mother, whose outer dress was all new and expensive, had showy rings on almost every finger of her rough hands ; but no gloves.

Few women whose husbands have been diggers wear less than two or three massive gold rings of coarse colonial workmanship ; and many of the men wear thick gold rings too, whilst their cottages are devoid of the commonest comforts. The floor is, probably, the original mud ; the seats, a rough bench made of a slab, the outside refuse part of a tree when sawn up ; the table, two or three slabs nailed together, and uneven on the top ; the dinner-service, tin plates and pannicans, and perhaps one table-knife—possibly, an odd fork also : the inmates or guests being expected to be provided with pocket-knives. The cost of one silk gown expended in the purchase of a few cheap American chairs, some neat, strong earthenware, a plain table, and other decent trifles, would, it might be supposed, be more productive of comfort than the continual purchase of fine clothes, which, when put on, cannot find a spot around them fit to sit down in ; but any attempt at tidy housekeeping is but too seldom seen here.

I do hope that the arrival of free emigrant families will now soon improve the character of our rural population. Until the cessation of transportation here, no amendment could be expected ; but, that priceless boon being granted us, I do now look forward to the pleasure of seeing neat cottages and pretty gardens around us, instead of the usually bare dwellings which the labourers are content to live in, the space in front being almost invariably occupied by the wood-heap, instead of a flower and herb border. Only one attempt at a cottage garden has been made by any of our servants on the homestead ; and, to that, I have given my best encourage-

ment in the shape of plants, seed, cuttings, and unlimited praise and approval. Its tall rows of peas and beans, and its gay bright borders, with broad-faced sunflowers and tapering hollyhocks looking pleasantly over the neat paling fence, have a most cheering memory of English cottage life about them ; nor does a nearer view of the domicile break the charm, for the clean bright windows, the spotless floor and hearthstone, the buff-coloured walls, adorned with prints from the Illustrated London News, coloured (it may be with more zeal than strictly good taste, in the case of a few crimson trees and lilac mountains), and the tea-trays, candlesticks, and other metal articles, looking almost hot with the amount of polish bestowed on them—all have an air of good housewifery that gladdens my heart to see ; and I hopefully anticipate the time when my model cottage shall cease to stand alone in its glory. Next to this, the thriving potato plot of an Irish labourer bears ample evidence of plenty, but none of taste. The ash-heap and the wood-heap lie at the hut door, together with rags, bones, and old shoes, and whatever else of refuse is cast out from within, including all denominations of slop and dirt, around and amidst which the juvenile Paddies perambulate, during mild weather, in their birthday suits ; and, as they are wont to extend their promenades across the road, our horses are often startled by a small nude apparition emerging from some favourite play-place in the mud, and scudding away home as we drive past.

Broken bottles form a large item in the collections of house rubbish here, from the quantities of bottled wine, spirits, and malt liquor, which are consumed by all classes, but especially the lower, who, having no subsequent use for bottles, fling them about wherever they are emptied, to the great danger of horses, cattle, and other animals. Few carts travel to the township and back without their drivers bringing liquor of some kind away with them, to treat any friends they meet on the road, and solace their own feelings of loneliness between whiles. A servant who can be depended upon to go with horses or oxen to the township (which is also our shipping place) and return in a state of unblemished sobriety, is a *rara avis* indeed. At this present writing, I cannot bring to mind one so singularly gifted. As each bottle in succession is emptied, it is shied out at a parrot or a crow, or dashed against a tree ; and, consequently, every road is garnished with portions of broken glass. A valuable and very favourite horse of our own was recently lamed for life by setting a hind foot on one of these mischiefs, hidden in long grass ; the glass cut deeply, severing the sinews below the pastern joint. Our eldest boy, who was riding home at the time, after his daily attendance on a neighbouring cler-

gyman for his Latin lessons, hurried back almost heartbroken at the accident to his beloved horse, and his father hastened with him to the help of the poor animal, and dressed the foot; but though our gallant Hotspur was tended with every care, first for some weeks where the hurt occurred, and afterwards for months at home, and bandages, splints, leather stockings, and every possible device tried for his benefit, and although, contrary to the opinion of the learned in such matters, the sinews apparently re-united, and the leg recovered its strength, the joint still remains stiff, and the beautiful horse irrecoverably injured and blemished. I am now accustomed to look out for glass bottles as keenly as for snakes; and we often stop, when riding or driving, to dismount and stow some vicious-looking green glass horror safely away in a hollow log, or mash it up with stones, to prevent any other luckless creature suffering like our poor horse. Our dogs are continually getting their feet cut, and I believe generally by the same means.

CHIP.

THE LAWYER'S BEST FRIENDS.

I AM a lawyer, and therefore, (after incontrovertible popular opinion) a Rogue. It is in vain that I attempt to solace myself with the fact that the very highest authority in the realm has professed to entertain a different estimate of my moral character, as appears by a precious roll of parchment in my possession, bearing the inscription, "To our well-beloved Titus Weasel, Gentleman, Greeting, know ye, that we, very much confiding in your fidelity, industry, and provident circumspection, assign you, &c." The arbitrary vox populi, against which there is no Court of Appeal, rules it otherwise. Witness the Honourable Augustus Fastly, who in the smoking-room of the Megatherium, asserts that "the Incorporated Law Society's Hall in Chancewy Lane, is the gweatest manufactowry of Wogues in the kingdom;" witness Huggins, who in the tap-room of the Cat and Bagpipes, with more conciseness, says that "them lawyers is the most infernal rogues going." The popular dramatists of all ages—who hold the mirror up to nature—have invariably introduced members of my profession amongst their dramatis personæ, in this capacity: sometimes as ferrety, vivacious, impudent rogues; occasionally as heavy, solemn, oleaginous specimens of the class: invariably with some sinister design upon the happiness of the hero and heroine of the piece.

It happens, however, that we, though rogues, are not banished without the pale of friendship, but participate in the amenities of life, in common with the exciseman, the sexton, and even Jack Ketch. I am happy, for example, to own a friend in the parson. In

the greater part of the disputed will cases which come before me in my roguish capacity, I recognise the kind hand of my clerical friend. The delightful ambiguity which exists in his mind with respect to such phrases as heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns; tenants in common, joint tenants, tenants in tail, &c., together with his insuperable partiality for making the will of a parishioner, which he commences—This is the last Will and Testament, &c., and burdens with legal phrases, until it presents much the appearance of an Act of Parliament in convulsions, are esteemed by me as evidences of the sincerity of his affection. That he may long continue thus to attend to the temporal as well as spiritual concerns of his flock, is the sincere desire of—Weasel.

For reasons very similar I possess a friend in the doctor. True, that both he and the parson might be looked upon as poachers upon my manor, but I scorn to allow so trifling a circumstance to interfere with the current of my friendship.

I will make no particular mention of the large circle of friends I am proud to own amongst that portion (and it is not a small one) of the landed gentry; who, being in the receipt of five hundred a-year, think it incumbent upon them to spend a thousand: because they have been so long my friends, and so notoriously known as such, that to do more than thank them (which I now do), would be to occupy valuable space for no purpose. Neither will I do more than allude to my friend, the ex-clerk (of whom we find a counterpart in every town and village in the kingdom), who in virtue of having received the reflected light of the law in that character, during his youth, is looked upon as the general adviser and popular authority, upon all legal questions in the district, and lays down the law nightly, over his beer, with the emphasis of a Lord Chief Justice.

I will rather pass on to my friends, the High Priests of the Mysteries, whose business it is to frame the laws of which I am an humble expositor. On the members of the legislature of this happy country I look advisedly as my best friends. Their persevering ingenuity—only to be acquired by the most diligent study of precedent—in burying all simple facts designed for the public guidance, beneath a dense medley of verbiage, tautology, reiteration, and verbal mysticism, that puts the legal acumen of the most consummate rogue (as myself for example), to a severe test to disentangle one single thread of any practical utility from the mass; their constant passing of Acts to amend Acts of which nobody (save themselves and the Queen's printer), has been aware of the existence; their incessant passing of other Acts to repeal other Acts still, until it requires the most glib-tongued clairvoyance to discover which are Acts

in force, and which not,—these kindnesses place them in the first rank of our (the rogues'), benefactors.

I am afraid the list of my friends would prove rather a voluminous one, were I to furnish a correct account of them, but I will only mention a few more. There is, for example, my fat friend with the heavy bunch of seals attached to his watch, implying wealth, and a red spot upon his nose, implying cholera, and who tells me (the red spot upon his nose glowing brightly the while), "I will have my rights, sir, I will have my rights, if I spend every farthing I have in the world, sir!" There is my friend who experiences the greatest delight in being a plaintiff, only to be surprised by the inexpressible happiness of being a defendant, and who looks upon two referees and an umpire as a resuscitation of the domestic economy of Paradise. There are in effect endless varieties of my friends who go to law, or who are driven to law, or who are born to law, as plaintiffs and defendants are born to a good sound Chancery suit, and bequeath it as a somewhat unwelcome legacy to their children.

I think, perhaps, it might enhance the virtues of my friends, were I to mention a few of my enemies. They are, unfortunately, very numerous. It may appear a trivial circumstance to the general public, but I nevertheless look upon the man who made a Release as effectual as a Lease and Release by the same parties, my enemy. It may be that he robbed me of the dearest privilege I possess, verbosity—words, words, words extended to folios, folios, folios, dear to my heart. The man who has been instrumental in clothing the country with paltry County Courts, is distinctly my enemy; so also must I esteem him who has been the means of admitting a plaintiff (as if he could possibly have anything to say in the matter!), as witness in his own cause. The ruthless monster who deprived me at one fell swoop of my respected friends John Doe and Richard Roe, I hold to be the very chiefest of the class.

There is a mischievous spirit of innovation—miscalled reform—abroad at the present day, which, I fear, will greatly swell the ranks of my deadliest enemies. Scarcely have I recovered the shock occasioned by the abrupt demise of my friends above-named, when I hear it rumoured that I am to be denied the privilege of conducting a husband's action towards pecuniary compensation for his wife's dishonour. This is the act of an enemy, and an enemy not only to me, but to the British public; for, is he not depriving that respectable body, of the perusal of those piquant and highly-coloured reports which (every newspaper editor knows), are eminently calculated to improve the morals of the youth—male and female—of this country? Is he not, moreover, depriving the British hus-

band of that sweetest panacea for all ills—and if for all ills, then for so simple a matter as his wife's dishonour—money?

CIRCASSIA.

BEEF and mutton being scarce with the French army in the Crimea, in the summer of eighteen hundred and fifty-five an expedition was organised by Commissary General Blanchot to procure, from the coast of Circassia, a supply of those necessary articles, without which even Frenchmen cannot fight. The members of the expedition, were not numerous, consisting only of Commissary de la Valette, Dr. Jeannel, the principal apothecary to the army, a Greek Smyrniote interpreter, a Tatar prince from the Crimea, a subordinate commissariat officer, and five men. Of this party, the prince, who had either squandered his revenues, or never had any to squander, was the only person whose appearance presented anything remarkable. He was, says Dr. Jeannel, the historian of the expedition, whose account we follow—a little man, from thirty-five to forty years of age, very thin, very dirty, very brown, and very miserable-looking, with eyes of leaden hue, and a fierce, bristly moustache; he wore a fez cap, a cloth frock, a satin waistcoat, and a pair of trowsers of the stuff which the French call lasting, and which, perhaps, deserved the name, considering the wear and tear it had had in the prince's service. In his habits the prince was solitary, silent, and impassive—princely qualifications all; and he possessed, moreover—what many princes have been famous for—an appetite of tremendous voracity. Taken altogether, without the satin waistcoat and the other vile lendings, he suggested the idea of some wild animal that had been bullied into and made wretched by domestic life: let us say, a sort of washed-out hyena. He was supposed, however, to possess some kind of influence with the natives whom it was desirable to hire at Kertch and Yeni-kalé, as cattle-drivers, and for this reason he was attached to the expedition at the ruinous salary of five francs a-day, a stipulation being entered into, on account of his dignity—greatly sustained by his satin waistcoat—that he should be admitted to the extreme left, which we will call the bottom, of the dining-table.

Our own correspondents have given so many and such striking descriptions of the southern coast of the Crimea, that the raptures of Dr. Jeannel, as fresh beauties disclosed themselves between Balaklava and Yalta, need not be detailed. We will land him at Yeni-kalé, whence the officers of the expedition were freighted to the Turkish Pasha in command of the Ottoman forces, whom they found sitting, smoking, on a tattered, broken-down sofa, in a small, unfurnished, windowless room, and accepting his fate with true oriental submission.

Corpulence is the general attribute of Turkish dignitaries; but this Pasha it seems was a tall, spare, bony man, whose face and figure bore the closest possible resemblance, says Dr. Jeannel, to the portraits of Don Quixote by Tony Johannot. The chief peculiarities of his costume were a purple shirt, profusely ornamented with many-coloured flowers, a pair of highly-embroidered braces, and white pantaloons with straps, into the secret of which the Pasha had not yet penetrated, for being desirous of sitting without his boots he had disengaged the pantaloons without unbuttoning the straps, and they consequently bagged in a highly graceful manner about half-way up his legs. "The Pashas," observes Dr. Jeannel, gravely, "wear our pantaloons, but do not yet understand them."

To the speech of M. de la Valette, when duly interpreted, the Pasha replied by a series of guttural efforts, more laboured than musical, which signified no end to offers of assistance, and at the close of his harangue a quantity of wrinkles seamed his face and forehead to such an extent that Dr. Jeannel had a right to conclude the Pasha was smiling, which, indeed, was the act he endeavoured to perform. He left them, however, in no doubt as to his friendly disposition, for he promised a letter to his friend, Sefer Pasha, the commandant at Anapa, together with an aide-de-camp to accompany the expedition. Some servants in greasy, brown tunics, sorely rent beneath the arm-pits, then brought in pipes and coffee, and—these despatched—the Pasha rose from his crazy sofa, and conducted the strangers, in his baggy pantaloons, to the door, where he shook hands with them all round, and smiled again, after his own peculiar fashion.

From Yenikalé, the party proceeded to Kertch, which exhibited unmistakable tokens of the spoliation it had recently undergone, and wore a most desolate aspect. But one discovery surprised them: this was the existence of a restaurant, on rather an extensive scale, whither they were conducted by a French soldier. In a simple and very effective manner—merely by taking possession of the club-house, which formerly belonged to the merchants of Kertch—an Italian merchant had created this house of entertainment. There was an excellent cellar of wine, a larder filled with dried and smoked provisions, a well supplied poultry yard, a great deal of good furniture, all the appliances for cooking, ornamental plants, and flowers, and plenty of books, and old newspapers. The club was the very thing for the merchant's purpose. The restaurant was the great boon of the garrison, and the Italian was making a fortune in it. Having profited by this evidence of civilisation, the expedition returned to their steamer; and, on the following morning, proceeded to carry out its more immediate object.

Anapa, approached from the sea, presented, at a distance, the appearance of a vast two-storied roofless building which had been destroyed by fire. Then came in sight a large green dome, the metal sheathing of a church, which fluttered, as the wind blew, in long, dangling strips. By degrees the general form of the town might be discerned, in the shape of an irregular triangle, with its salient angle in the sea, the consequence of its being built on a point of land, which offers but little shelter to a very bad anchoring-ground on the northern side. No ceremony waited on the landing of the expedition; which entered the town through an immense breach in the walls, where the Russians had exploded a magazine before they left the place. The space around was one vast ruin, all strewn with fragments of beams, immense stones, bomb-shells, and cannon-balls of all sorts and sizes, the work of destruction having been very thoroughly done. The same signs of devastation were apparent in all parts of the town; and it was curious to note that, although only thirty days had elapsed since the abandonment of the place, everything in it was already fast returning to a state of nature; wild flowers and weeds were spreading rapidly over the broken walls, the dogs wandered about like beasts of prey, and the half-starved cats, mewing dismally, supported themselves as best they might by hunting the numerous birds from tree to tree. Anapa had been a strong fortress and a well-built city, with handsome public edifices, a fact which the ruins attested. The private houses were very simply constructed, and consisted, for the most part, of only one story with an upper gallery or wooden balcony, attached to each were barns, stables, and other domestic offices, and every one had its orchard filled with peach, apricot, almond, and apple-trees, which grew in great profusion, and contrasted singularly with the blackened and dismantled buildings.

But, if the expedition met with no formal reception on the shore, it did not want for escort so soon as its arrival became known. A body of about thirty Circassians speedily surrounded the new-comers, and directed the line of march to the head-quarters of Sefer Pasha. These men were all armed and attired after the fashion of the country. Their head-dress consisted of a high cap bordered with lamb's-wool; they wore cloth tunics of all colours, the greater part of them a good deal the worse for wear, but put on with an air of elegance; and across their breasts were cart-ridge-belts richly ornamented with silver lace. A leathern waist-belt, with large silver buckles, was stuffed with pistols, poniards, and the inevitable sabre, all apparently in excellent order; and besides these weapons a short, light musket, in a goat's-skin case, was slung between the shoulders. On their excessively small feet they wore very neatly-made red boots, extremely light and thin-

soled, but without spurs, though they are almost always on horseback. Their legs were protected by long brown woollen gaiters, the seams of which were decorated with an edging of silk or silver lace. All had the beard long, and the hair of the head cut very close. Some few added to their costume a thick brown woollen mantle, of triangular form, which was fastened with a cord round the throat; but the majority had left this garment attached to their saddles-bows.

After a brief delay outside the dilapidated house which the Pasha had selected for his head-quarters, the expedition was admitted into a vestibule full of armed men who silently formed a lane for its members to approach, and at the extremity of the apartment a folding-door was thrown open and they stood in the presence of the Turkish commandant. It must be confessed that there was not much of the pride, pomp, and circumstance of oriental magnificence in the scene that awaited them. They saw, quietly seated on the floor on a little bit of faded carpet, a small, squat, white-bearded old man, with a wooden platter before him filled with a thick mess of milk and vegetables, into which he kept plunging both hands with very evident signs of satisfaction. The source of his supply was a large earthen pot, so placed that two other old gentlemen, his guests, seated like himself on the floor, could freely avail themselves of the contents, and they did not hesitate to do so. In one corner of the room was a bedstead of walnut, with a blue calico coverlid and a pair of comfortable pillows. Along the walls were wooden benches for the accommodation of a dozen or so of friends or servants; and here and there a few straw-bottomed chairs were scattered about.

As soon as the expedition entered, Sefer Pasha rose. The wooden platter and the earthen pot were carried away by the two guests, and a negro slave, with naked feet, and drest in a red cotton jacket and full white pantaloons, brought a jug and basin of copper, and held them for the Pasha's ablutions. His highness then very gravely saluted the members of the expedition, one after the other, by placing his right hand upon his breast, his forehead, and his face, after which he made them signs to occupy the chairs, while he himself sat down on the edge of the bed, and very circumstantially soaped and washed his beard and hands. During this process several old Circassians of lofty stature noiselessly entered the apartment and took their places on the benches, and four armed warriors drew themselves up before the door. Notwithstanding the free and easy character of this reception, "It was impossible," says Dr. Jeannel, "not to be most respectfully impressed by the appearance of Sefer Pasha. There was nothing extraordinary in his costume, which consisted

only of a large black stuff paletôt, white trousers confined by a crimson silk girdle, into which was thrust a gold-hilted poniard, and the usual Turkish fez on his head. But a patriarchal placidity of countenance, large, dark, penetrating eyes, and a deeply-wrinkled face of the colour of newly-cast bronze, indicated all the old energy and dignity of the oriental character."

During the conference which followed, Sefer Pasha gave M. de la Valette ample information respecting the productions of the country: cattle, sheep, and hay were, he said, in abundance; the districts round Anapa offered plenty of remounts for the French cavalry, the horses, though small, being strong. As to grain, however, there was none to be had anywhere, the Circassians being a pastoral and not an agricultural people. But as the main point with the expedition was the supply of beef and mutton, M. de la Valette was quite content to know there was no lack of those necessities, when an unforeseen difficulty presented itself. Just as the conference was drawing to a close, the Pasha inquired if M. de la Valette had brought with him a cargo of cotton goods? An astonished negative was the reply, with a question as to the necessity. The Pasha smilingly answered that, in that case, he feared the expedition would have a good deal of trouble in persuading the Circassians to take their money. They were only acquainted, he observed, with the currency of Russia, and even that they never willingly accepted, infinitely preferring European merchandise in exchange for their produce. The truck system, moreover, was much more profitable to the stranger than cash payments, as the Circassians would freely give a sheep which they valued at ten francs for a yard of calico at forty-five centimes the yard: as to the gold and silver which fell into their hands they converted it, generally, into ornaments for wear. Traffic in kind was, in fact, the principle on which they did business, and their ideas of value were regulated accordingly. Dr. Jeannel, for instance, being desirous, subsequently, of knowing how much a slave was worth in Circassia, was answered that it depended, of course, upon his strength and aptitude for labour; so he made the question personal, and inquired how much himself, a man of sufficient thews and sinews, would fetch in the Circassian market?

"You," returned the party addressed, eyeing the doctor in a knowing, jockey-like manner, "You! A couple of yoke of oxen, or ten or a dozen sheep are about your mark!" The doctor was not much flattered by this estimate, for it established his value at about one hundred and fifty francs, or six pounds sterling; which, it must be confessed, is not a high price to pay for a full-grown, first-class, French apothecary.

With no very bright trading prospects the

expedition now took leave of Sefer Pasha; who obligingly furnished them with an escort, under the command of his own son, Ibrahim, to proceed along the coast as far as Soudjak. This escort, it seems, was not a mere compliment; for, isolated travellers or small parties very soon learn that slavery is not a nominal affair in Circassia. The very soldiers who now furnished it would, said Dr. Jeannel's informant, take him and his friends prisoners, and sell them for slaves, if they encountered them alone and without means of defence; as long, however, as they remained in the character of guests, they were safe. The escort furnished by Sefer Pasha consisted of five-and-twenty well-armed horsemen, and, besides, Ibrahim Bey; who is described as a most magnificent person to look at, with a perfectly Olympian presence. He was accompanied by a Hungarian colonel, M. Banga de Ilósfalva, who had taken service with the Porte under the name of Mehemet Bey, and was chief of the staff of the Turkish army in Asia. This officer had lived many years amongst the Circassians, and was thoroughly conversant with their character and manners. From him, as they journeyed along, Dr. Jeannel learnt something which will be read, perhaps, with as much surprise as he evinced on hearing it.

"Does Schamyl," inquired the doctor, "recognise the authority of the Sultan, and is he under the orders of Sefer Pasha?"

"Schamyl!" exclaimed Mehemet Bey. "Who on earth is he?"

"What!" returned Dr. Jeannel, "are you chief of the Asiatic staff, and ask me who Schamyl is? Why he is the most illustrious chief of all the Circassians; the heroic mountaineer who has made head against Russia, I can't tell for how long!"

"Well, doctor," replied the Hungarian coolly, "write in your tablets that the illustrious Schamyl is utterly unknown in these parts. I will be bound to say that not a single Circassian amongst all who are now travelling with us has ever heard his name. If he exists at all, he must be some mountain Bey of whom your journals have made a hero."

"This is rather too good," said Dr. Jeannel; "why, for the last twenty years, Schamyl has excited the curiosity and admiration of the whole of Europe: his is an historical name. Let us ask Ibrahim Bey about him: he can tell us, no doubt, where he is."

"Willingly," answered the Hungarian. The doctor and Mehemet Bey accordingly rode up to Ibrahim, and the latter put the question to him. After they had exchanged a few words, the colonel turned round and said:

"Well, doctor, Ibrahim assures me that this is the very first time he has ever heard the name of Schamyl!"

"You think then, perhaps, that those who speak of him are related to the naturalists

who describe the great sea-serpent?" said the doctor.

"Precisely so," replied the Hungarian.

Dr. Jeannel suggests, in explanation of this extraordinary ignorance of a celebrity like Schamyl, that probably his influence is more felt on the shores of the Caspian than on those of the Black Sea, and that the Russian government having personified in him the resistance they have met with in the Caucasus, the people of Europe have accustomed themselves to consider, as the general and dictator of all the Circassians, the only chief whose name has figured in the papers and in the Russian bulletins.

Whatever reputation for bravery the Circassians may have earned, they deserve little, in the opinion of Dr. Jeannel, on the score of dexterity in the use of their weapons. All Eastern horsemen are proud of exhibiting their address in shooting at a mark while going at full speed, but the men of the escort, who practised the sport daily, made but a poor show when called upon to display their proficiency. This was attributable in a great degree, Doctor Jeannel thinks, to the want of suppleness and activity in their horses, which were badly groomed, and fed only on green meat. Their saddles, which are simple cushions with very short stirrups, are not favourable to this species of exercise; for the horseman frequently loses his equilibrium; having no spurs, he uses a whip, which interferes with the proper management of his fire-arms; and the absence of a curb to the bridle prevents him from pulling up short when he desires to do so. The weapons themselves are also badly made, and miss fire three times out of four. As to the skill of the marksmen, the trunk of a large oak tree was untouched after thirty shots, at a distance of only forty yards. Some of the Circassian tribes near Anapa are armed with more primitive weapons, the bow and arrow being substituted for muskets. The bow is very large and heavy, resembling those of the Polynesian savages; and the arrows are very elaborately got up, with sharp steel heads. Dr. Jeannel, however, had no opportunity of seeing any practice with them.

The country through which the expedition travelled, at the foot of the spurs of the Caucasus, was very picturesque; but there were few signs of cultivation. Here and there, on the lowest slopes, were small patches of millet and maize, and scanty crops of wheat and oats; some strips of land were enclosed with a sort of rude hurdles, but others lacked this defence against wandering cattle, and were watched by slaves. King Lear might easily have made himself a mimic crown in the midst of this poor husbandry, for every field was choked with

rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlocks, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In the sustaining corn.

This wretched attempt at cultivation was unaccompanied by the presence of towns; indeed, the travellers soon found that those communities do not exist in Circassia, the nearest approach to them being the scattered habitations which constitute their villages. According to its natural configuration, the country is divided into districts, forming each a separate tribe, with an absolute chief who calls himself a Bey; the villages are under the authority of a sheik, and these are subdivided into groups of huts, forming one family, the head of which is master of all that belongs to it. These families occupy six or eight, or even a greater number, of clay-built huts, rising about six feet above the ground, and ranged in a circular form in a species of enclosure. Weeds and climbing plants grow over them in such profusion, that, at a distance, they are not to be distinguished from the brushwood of the forests.

At one of these enclosures the expedition halted and dismounted, being told that there they were to pass the night. An old man came forward to offer the hospitality of his dwellings; and, having performed this feat with a multitude of untranslatable gestures, took himself off, and did not make his appearance again. Ibrahim Bey and the escort rode away also, and the French officers were left to make it out as well as the customs of the country permitted, having received a hint from the Hungarian colonel that they were to ask for nothing, but wait patiently for what was offered.

In the group of huts which constitute a Circassian family, one cabin is always set apart for strangers, and into this revered asylum, which consists of a single apartment about fifteen feet long by nine wide, the travellers were introduced. It had a very low, narrow door, one very small, glazed casement, and an enormous chimney-place, which filled one side of the chamber; the furniture was of the scantiest—a very thin mattress and a few bundles of reeds supplying the place of beds, sofas, chairs, tables, and other civilised appurtenances. Obedient to the instructions of Mehemet Pasha, the officers of the expedition and the Crimean prince in the satin waistcoat sat down on the floor, and waited for dinner. At the expiration of about half an hour, by which time the cravings of hunger had reached an almost uncontrollable point, the doorway was darkened by figures who brought in—nothing, alas! to eat or drink, but the saddles and bridles of the officers' horses, which were picketted for the night on some removed ground. It was, however, a note of preparation; for, shortly afterwards, a warrior made his appearance, carrying, with great difficulty, an enormous lacquered bowl, containing about five quarts of fresh water, sweetened with honeycomb.

"It was not disagreeable," says Dr. Jeannel, "only the little bits of wax stuck in our throats." The next proceeding, as the evening was drawing in, was to light a fire, candles being out of the question, and, gathering round it, the expedition quietly waited for the expected entertainment. Another half-hour went by, and then a brace of warriors came into the hut, bearing a basin of vast diameter, raised on wooden tressels, which they set in the midst. It was found that the basin was filled, to the depth of four fingers, with a stiff, hot, unsalted porridge, made of millet flour and water. This porridge is called paste, and is the principal aliment of the Circassians, serving them for bread. But the basin contained something else. Reposing on the surface of this edible lava, was a whole boiled sheep cut into pieces, some of them of a couple of pounds weight; there were besides slices of fried bacon, somewhat rancid, and square bits of wheaten cake fried in butter; and, to complete the Homeric dish, in the very centre of the paste was a white soup plate filled with a sauce made of honey and melted butter, with fragments of toasted cheese floating on the top. Dr. Jeannel estimates the weight of the food in the basin at not less than forty pounds (twenty kilogrammes), but, he says, "this fearful dish (*cette affreuse mangeaille*) was arranged with a certain degree of symmetry." M. de la Valette, the doctor, the commissariat officer, and the Tatar prince in the satin waistcoat, first set to work; each seized a piece of mutton, disposing of it by the aid of teeth and claws, and stuffed himself well with paste and wheaten cake,—the prince betraying a remarkable relish for the rancid bacon and the cheesy sauce, but by no means neglecting the *pièce de résistance*. Whatever they did not consume, bones or untouched fragments, was scrupulously left in the basin, and when they ceased to eat, from sheer inability to continue, the breach which they had made in the mass was hardly apparent. The soldiers of the expedition next took their turn, and then the two warriors bore away the basin, and ten or a dozen of the escort, who were waiting outside, devoted their energies to a partial consumption of the contents; after them the basin visited the huts for the benefit of the warriors of the family; the women, the children, and the slaves succeeded to the delicate morsels; and finally the bones were thrown to the dogs, so that nothing eventually was lost. The second course consisted of a batch of honeycombs and more wheaten cake, and the repast was crowned with a huge earthen pot, containing at least twelve quarts of a kind of soup, to eat which every one was offered a wooden spoon for dipping in the common reservoir. This potage, which was excessively greasy, was made of mutton thickened with flour and without salt, but in its stead was an overwhelming quantity of—the

Frenchman's aversion—pepper. Water was handed round as the appropriate beverage to this meal.

No one can visit Circassia without being desirous to know something of the women whose beauty has passed into a proverb. Our French travellers had an opportunity afforded them of seeing what they were like, for on the morning that followed their inevitable nightmare, Mehemet Bey came down to the enclosure and said they were at liberty to visit all the neighbouring huts, even those of the females. "Everything a Circassian has is," said the Hungarian, "for sale; you are not merely his guests, on this occasion, but very likely his customers; make, therefore, as minute an examination as you please."

"Do you mean to say," demanded the doctor, "that they sell their daughters?"

"Certainly, just as they would sell their sons, slaves, dogs or horses. Not long ago I was offered a beautiful girl by her father in exchange for a fine greyhound which I had brought from Kars."

Encouraged by these assurances, Dr. Jeannel and his friends entered the huts, where they found several girls, not so beautiful, however, as they are generally described. Their best points were magnificent eyes and luxuriant tresses, which fell heavily on their shoulders. But their cotton dresses were wofully ragged and their persons shamefully dirty—drawbacks which, however, did not prevent them from playing off all sorts of coquetries as they were severally passed in review.

"Their most ardent desire," said the colonel, "is that you should purchase them. The life they lead here in the paternal huts, at the bottom of these sunless ravines, is very dull and wretched. They work hard and eat nothing but millet, while tradition paints to their imagination, in the most glowing colours, all the delights of Stamboul. Their sole ambition is to become the property of some pasha, and to do that the first step is to get away from hence. You appear," he continued, "to think that these girls are not particularly handsome; and, to say the truth, you are right. But they are made of the right stuff. It is the dirt, and squalor, and bad living, that spoils them in the miserable holes in which they are brought up. For the full development of Circassian beauty they require to be transplanted to the Turkish harems before they are thirteen years old. All sorts are sent off—the ugly ones by way of experiment, the beauties for a more certain market; the former fetch about a thousand piastres each (eight pounds; which, by the way, is nearly two pounds more than the value of the French apothecary), but a beautiful girl is worth ten thousand or even twenty thousand piastres (from one hundred to two hundred pounds). The value of a boy is, however, double that of a girl, and the age

at which the sale is made is earlier—ordinarily at ten years; the reason for this is the greater utility of the male population in the constant war which is waged against Russia."

The Hungarian colonel also enlightened the French doctor on the subject of local slavery. The captives made by the Circassians are chiefly Russians, and their state of durance is not particularly enviable. They are badly fed, only half-clad, and are compelled to labour very hard; though, in their natural *moujik* capacity, they were, probably, but little better off. It generally happens that, in the course of a few years, they forget their native language, and when, as is frequently the case, they marry Circassian girls, horses and arms are given to them, and they become incorporated with a tribe. Sometimes they attempt to escape, but the experiment is dangerous. A fugitive slave is easily recognised as he traverses the country, and it is an invariable custom with the chiefs to send him back to his original owner, who, to prevent a second flight, makes a deep incision in the fugitive's instep, buries a bean in the wound, and, keeping it there by means of bandages, creates a chronic inflammatory swelling of the bones of the foot, and superinduces a life-long lameness.

"By hook or by crook" is a mode of acquisition not unpractised by the Turkish authorities in Circassia, nor was it, perhaps, looked upon altogether with an unfavourable eye by the chief commissary of the French expedition. In the neighbourhood of Soudjak a tolerably large supply of sheep and cattle were obtained, let us hope, by legitimate purchase, unless the officers and soldiers parted with their most intimate garments; but whether or not, the opportunity of increasing the flocks and herds, by any means that offered, was not neglected by Ibrahim Bey, the commander of the escort. An example of the free and easy style of catering was afforded on the return of the expedition to Anapa. A pair of oxen, coupled by a cord, were grazing in a field not far from the roadside. Perceiving them, Ibrahim Bey addressed a few words in a low tone to one of his men, who forthwith rode off, turned the flank of the oxen, and drove them towards those that were under charge of the escort. They had not, however, proceeded far with this cateran spoil, before a ragged boy came tearing along at full speed, and, panting for breath, addressed a vigorous remonstrance to Ibrahim Bey. The latter replied in angry terms, but the altercation ended by his ordering the oxen to be given up to their legitimate owner, with the observation that he ought to take more care of his property. In this manner, amongst others, the French army in the Crimea, recruited their beef and mutton; but for all that is apparent from Dr. Jeannel's narrative, the expedition derived no very remarkable advantage from

the fact of being accompanied by the Tatar prince in the satin waistcoat and lasting inexpressibles.

HER GRAVE.

Why dost thou sit so still, deep night !
 With thy all-eager ear ?
 Dost long to hear a dirge, sad night !
 And hast not any fear ?
 Why dost thou fold her up, dark clay !
 And clasp her, as in love ?
 Why dost thou shade her head, cold stone !
 With thy broad-wingèd dove ?
 Why do you sing her songs, old trees !
 Through all the lonesome hours ?
 Why dost thou bathe her grave, soft dew !
 With silver-gleaming showers ?
 Hast got a feel of life, long grass !
 That creepeth all around ?
 Thou seemest anxious to hide off
 The dull earth of the mound !
 Wouldst have the spot look fair, pale shrub !
 That spreadest out in bloom ?
 Dost know a flower is dead, fond shrub !
 And gardenest for her tomb ?
 Ah ! wouldst thou mock my state, round star,
 That peepeth aneath a cloud ?
 Or is't to share a grief, kind star !
 Thou wearest that dismal shroud ?
 Why blowest thou now so soon, rude breeze !
 From out the morning sky ?
 Or is't to dry my cheeks, good breeze !
 Thou slidest so briskly by ?
 Why comest thou up so bright, great sun !
 And warmest all the place ?
 Art promising grand things, dear sun,
 With thy clear-glowing face ?

LONG LIFE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

On the twenty-second of August, fourteen hundred and eighty-five, a poor woman having started from the town of Leicester on the previous day, was pursuing her journey on foot, with a little boy of some two or three years of age strapped on her back, and a small bundle in a handkerchief in her hand. As they proceeded they were incommoded by the rapid marching of numerous bodies of men, all armed, and intent on some great business. In answer to her questions, a soldier would sometimes tell her to move on and hold her tongue ; but once or twice a more civil respondent informed her there was a great fight toward, and that the pretender Richmond was marching to, London, and King Richard was leading them to meet the invader. The woman had never heard either of Richard or Richmond—there having been no political penny newspapers in those days—and went on without fear. When she came to a large and open field, she saw the armies drawn up in hostile array ; and, being afraid to force her way through, and too tired to take the necessary roundabout, she was fain to rest herself under a thorn-bush at one

side of the plain. Putting her little son upon his legs, and telling him not to move from her side, she watched the proceedings of the forces before her, without being able to imagine what they were doing, or what it was all about. At the end of a tremendous crowding and yelling, and shoving and hurraing, she saw a man very hot and tired throw something, she could not tell what, upon the thick-leaved bush under which she lay, and gallop off with all speed.

"Tommy," she said to the child, "what's that the gentleman flings among the branches ?"

"Odds bodikins," babbled the child, "it's the fine hat o' St. Thomas from our church at home."

"Can thee reach it, Tommy dear ?"

"Ees, if thee'll howld I up to't."

The woman cautiously rose, and raising the boy in her arms, was in the act of holding him forward to be able to grasp the saint's hat, when a great bevy of horsemen rode up. One leapt from his steed, impetuously dashed at the bush, upsetting the poor woman and her boy, and seized the glittering prize.

"The English crown, by'r ladye !" he said ; and, kneeling as on one knee, offered it to a pale saturnine looking gentleman, who had dismounted from his horse.

The gentleman, however, smiled and said, "You know the place that fits it, Lord Stanley ;" and bent his head as he spoke.

Lord Stanley put it over the auburn locks of the cavalier, and immediately a great cry arose all over the field : "God save King Henry ! God save the King !"

The woman, seeing what a treasure she had missed, began to exclaim : "Please remember me, O King, for it was my little Tommy that found that ere crown."

"Did you, my little man ?" said Henry, too happy to take offence at anything.

"I ffeckins I did," replied the child, in its indistinct kind of prattle.

"Here, give him money, some of you," said the generous and economical monarch ; and several purses were instantly thrown into the woman's lap. The party were turning away.

"Another thing, may it please you," said the woman. "I've heard down in Shropshire that the king's touch cures the evil ; now Tommy be very bad, and can't live unless he be delivered—"

The King stroked the boy on the chin, half in sport, and said, "Do you want to be cured, my boy ?"

"St. Doddlekins if I don't," said Tommy ; and the operation was complete.

The child, we have said, was not more than three years of age ; but there were already deep marks upon his face, and indentations almost like wrinkles upon his brow. He looked prematurely old, and his saintly allusions and very decided way of speech gave further evidence that his modes

of thought were greatly in advance of his years. He was very little, and was feeble on his legs. So, when the battle was over, the mother strapped him again upon her back, and, with light heart and heavy pocket, recommenced her journey to Shropshire. On first coming in sight of the Wrekin, so great was her delight that she suddenly paused, and fell upon her knees. Tommy, who had climbed upon her shoulder, was precipitated over her head, and fell with great violence on the ground.

"Drat the child," said the unfeeling parent, "thee can't live to enjoy thy fortune, if thee breaks thy bones in this guise. Get up, Tommy. Hast thee snapt off thy t'other leg? for thy right one be scarce mended since the miller's donkey kicked it in twain. Art thee killed?" she cried, in a louder voice, when Tommy lay quiet. "Clean dead wi' such a tumble as this——"

The boy opened his eyes, and said, "By Potterkind, I thinks I be."

The woman gathered him up as if he had been a piece of broken crockery. "Thee hast cracked thy two legs," she said, "and three of thy ribs; thou hast had measles that crooked thy back, and hooping-cough that wore out thy chest! thou hast king's evil, and art in a deep decline, and canst eat nothing, and never sleeps o' nights. Thee can't live, Tommy."

"Hold the tongue o' thee," replied the invalid. "By Splutters of York I won't die nowhere but in my little bed at home. So get thee on, mother, for I thinks I shall never survive the sundown."

Tommy, however, did survive, and when twenty years were past, he had grown to his full height, which was not much, and was strong for so very delicate looking a person; and as his mother before her decease had pointed out to him the rafter between which and the thatch she had hidden the ransom money of the English crown, he considered himself above the necessity of work, and indulged in complete idleness and independence. Being idle and independent, he did many foolish things; among the rest, he fell in love. A girl was coming through the churchyard with a pail of water on her head; a beautiful, fair-haired, light figured girl, the ornament of the village. This was Tommy's sweetheart.

"Good evening, Susan Proddy," he said. "Fatherland! how sweet thou lookest; give us a kiss, Susan."

"Out o' my gate, Tommy the trifier," said Susan, but stopping at his address. "What would such a dying like apparition do wi' a kiss if I gi'ed ye one?"

"'Twould maybe keep me alive," replied Tommy, "for I've such a pain in the chest."

"Try a poultice," replied the fair physician; "a little brown paper and tar would be o' more use to a ghost than ever a kiss o' mine."

"I'feckins," said Tommy, "perhaps you're right. I really wish I could die once for good, for nobody ever thinks I can live a year. Hark ye, Susan Proddy, I like thee so that I wish to make thee rich. If thou'lt marry me, I promise to die within the twelve months, and thee shalt have all my coin."

"That be a good and tempting offer, Tommy," replied the girl, with a laugh, "and I'll think on't. Clear the road, or I'll souse thee with the water-can." And so saying, she brushed past the unfortunate wooer, and tripping gracefully over the stile, was lost to view.

"Dodderflops!" said Tommy, "if I could only hope to live for a few years,—but it's useless to hope it. I've had the jaundice and the small-pox, and the sweating sickness; I've broke all my bones; I've had my head cracked; I've had my jaws out of joint; I have a cough as loud as a shepherd's dog; I have falling-sickness; I have a complaint in my liver; I have a twist in the spine; I have ague every spring and autumn, and scarlet fever every summer; I have enlargement of the heart, and disease of the kidneys, and elongated uvula; and lumbago every winter, and sciatica all the year. Joggles! it's a marvel I doesn't die."

But the marvel continued, and when twenty years more were past Tommy was still a walking catalogue of human woes. Every part of him seemed to go wrong except the heart. He was true to his only love, Susan Proddy; but Susan had left the village for a long time. She had married one Dodger, a miller from Wakefield, and had forgotten all about Tommy the trifier and his proposal of marriage; but Tommy had never forgotten her. In the midst of all his pains and diseases her image lay enshrined, the only bright thing that shone upon Tommy's darkened life. He kept himself constantly informed of all her proceedings. When news came of her to the village, Tommy listened with more earnestness and interest than any one else; and once, when he was absent for five weeks, it began to be whispered that he had been making inquiries where Wakefield was, and how the journey to so distant a place might be accomplished; and shortly after that, a rumour came to Susan Proddy's mother, that a stranger had stopped the nurse who was carrying Susan's child, and had kissed the baby and placed round its neck a gold chain and a ring, with a beautiful coronet on the seal, so that the mother flattered herself the donor was a great lord, and augured prosperity to her daughter from so propitious an event. Tommy heard the report with great satisfaction. "Odds splutterface!" he said, as he lay groaning on his bed with gout and rheumatism, in addition to angina pectoris and spasms in his stomach, "I be glad the nobleman's chain and ring, out o' mother's old purse, is so highly valued. Ah, Susan

Proddy! the miller never loved thee as I did—and it's very hard that I can't expect to live more than a few months, for I should like to see what comes o' thy fair child—the nurse called her Susan Proddy, which gave me palpitation of the heart. O, if I could live twenty years to learn what fortune befalls the darling Susan the second—but it aint o' no use wishing. I shall be gone in three weeks."

But Tommy was again disappointed. Eighteen years after his visit to Wakefield, he found his way to Warwick, where, in St. Mary's church, a noble marriage was to take place. Stephen Honeydew was about to become the happy husband of Susan Proddy's daughter, the lovely Susan Proddy Dodger; and from a gallery at the side our friend the valetudinarian was a witness to the ceremony. Susan Proddy, now Mrs. Dodger, had lost some portion of her youthful beauty, for she was now rather crooked, and not quite so graceful in her walk as when we saw her crossing the churchyard with the water-pail on her head. But in Tommy's eyes she was Venus and all the Graces still. As the procession went forth, he staggered down to the porch, and placed himself so exactly in the middle, that the bride was forced to touch him with her sleeve as she glided past. The touch of her arm gave him new life. He ceased to cough for a moment; a flood of warm blood rushed into his heart. He looked round for the original Susan Proddy, but a fat man at her side pushed him out of the way.

"Spludders!" exclaimed the invalid, "I always hated that miller—but what's the use o' hating, or liking either? I can't have long to live, only it would be so pleasant to survive to see if there's ever a famby from this here wedding. I'll keep my ears open for this Master Honeydew, but they can't keep open long. I've got the colic, and knots on my ancles, and a cataract in my eye, and swelling in the joints, and a wen on my neck, and carbuncles on my arm. So I must get home in time to die."

Perhaps all these diseases counteracted each other, and left Tommy in perfect health. He found means before he left Warwick to forward to the bride another ring which he had taken out of his mother's store; a plain gold ring with the commencement of the motto "Honi"—perhaps it was the ring of Richard himself, or at all events of a Knight of the Garter;—and having placed this last memorial of his affection for Susan Proddy in the hands of her daughter, he returned in peace to his native village.

And did he die? No. He had said he would keep his ears open, but many things passed in those agitating days of English history which never reached the Shropshire village where the afflicted Tom resided. Mr. Honeydew, who had married Susan the second, was a constable

and sheriff's officer, who made himself very useful to Henry the Eighth. He ferreted out rich abbots, and turned nuns out of their houses. He hanged refractory monks with his own hands, and enriched himself with the spoils of the monasteries. When a cloud came over his fortunes in Mary's time he turned it aside by wearing a white sheet, and, after penance, being received into the holy church. He compensated for past sacrileges by presiding at the Smithfield fires. He broke Latimer's head with a blow of a billet of wood, and pierced Crammer with a red hot poker. He was a servant of his sovereign and his country, and thought obedience the first duty of a subject. When Elizabeth came into power he recanted once more, and was so useful in the discovery of plots and exacting fines from traitors, that he died immensely rich, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Of all these changes Tommy continued ignorant. He had been surprised at the visit of certain commissions to purify the church of popery and break all the crosses; and after a few years he was again astonished by another visit of other commissioners to introduce popery again and restore the crosses.

"Faddlekicks!" he said, to an officer of the first commission, in the year fifteen hundred and forty-four, "who sent thee here to break off Bridget's nose and take away the thumb-nails of St. Jockster of Coventry?"

"Who but the great Master Honeydew," replied the man, while he plied the hammer, and split St. Bridget's shoulder into fifty fragments. "He is a stout and true-hearted Protestant, and high in favour with our Lord the King."

And in fifteen hundred and fifty-five he said, "By cross and pie! who hath sent thee hither with thy new painted wooden image? The old Bridget was good enough for we."

"I am sent by Sir Stephen Honeydew," replied the man, fixing the saint against the wall by a long nail through her leg. "He is a true and holy Catholic, and high in favour with our Lady the Queen."

"Odds Wigginton!" said Tommy, "can this be the husband of Susan Proddy's child?" And he made inquiry, and found that the daughter of Dodger, the miller of Wakefield, was Lady Honeydew, one of the grandest ladies about the court.

"Hath she ever a son?" he inquired of the workman, who was giving St. Bridget's cheeks a rub with sand-paper.

"Aye, marry, hath she," he said, "a goodly boy of ten years old. He never misseth a burning of heretics; for already the saints have given him a spirit of the true faith."

"I wish I could look on him afore I die," said Tommy; "but there ain't no chance. I've lost my teeth; my head be bald; my back be bent; I ha' no taste in my mouth; I have singing in my ears; I've congestion of the spleen; I've a softening of the brain;

I'm afflicted with dropsy ; I've erysipelas in the face ; I've got lumbar abscess and intermittent fever. I must get me to bed, and die in a day at farthest."

But Tommy was deceived once more. When the churchyard of the village was filled with two or three more generations of his contemporaries ; when Elizabeth was succeeded on the seat which she had made a throne by a Scotch pedant who made it a schoolmaster's stool ; when all the England of his early days had disappeared, and the battle of Bosworth had begun to be considered pretty nearly as ancient as the battle of Marathon, there came down a gentleman to the little Shropshire village, and inquired his way to Tommy's cottage.

"How do, father ?" he said, jauntily lifting up his Spanish hat, and letting the feather trail on the kitchen floor. "We have heard of thee at court, old gentleman, and the King wishes to see thee. Say, wilt jog Londonward, and shake hands with King Charles ?"

"I'feckens I will," said the old man ; "for, by'r ladie, I began my knowledge of kings pretty early, seeing I saw on one day both King Richard and King Henry. But by the crook o' Glaston, we must make haste ; for I haven't long to live now."

"Have with you, then !" said the gallant. "You shall be guest of my Lord Bemerly, and shortly shalt thou see His Majesty."

Lord Bemerly received the Shropshire peasant very kindly. Lady Bemerly was delighted to study such an old "put," and with the tasteful graciousness of the time amused herself by putting vinegar into his beer, and filling his apple-pies with pepper and mustard, and tying ribands across his path to make him fall ; and once succeeded in tripping him at the top of the great staircase, and had him taken up insensible when he had reached the lowest step. All the gay people in the neighbourhood were enchanted with the infantine playfulness of the countess. She was the most aristocratic of all the families in the country ; and so indeed was her lord ; between them they constituted the very acme and perfection of high birth and noble breeding.

"Do you know," she said, one day to Tommy, "that some of my ancestors came from Shropshire—'tis an immense time ago, before the Crusades I believe—and even you weren't born then. Look,—this ring and chain—did you ever see anything more quaint and old ?"

Tommy looked at them as he was told, and stood gazing as if he had been fascinated by their sight.

"Odds flitters !" he said, "I've see'd they before. Tell me, fair mistress, what was the name o' thee afore thou wast married to my lord ?"

"My father was Earl of Boshfield," she said, with a laugh ; "great grandson of the

famous Sir Stephen Honi D'Eux, who was so great a man in Henry's and Mary's time. He married—let me see, here's a book that tells us all about them—he married Susan Proddy, who was descended from a noble family who came over with William, and assumed their name from the motto of their house, *Pro Deo et Rege*. See, here is the ring with a coronet, and under it the words."

"I knowed her well," said Tommy. "She was Susan Proddy's child, as married Dodger, the miller of Wakefield."

The countess laughed long and loud. "You pronounce the names incorrectly, Master Thomas. She married Reginald D'Ozier, the head of the great Norman family of the D'Oziers of Coutances, who were called the millers from their prodigious strength and the battle-axe with which they fought in the Holy Land ; and you degrade them into the plebeian Dodger ! See, here is another ring, with the explanation of the name you call Honeydew."

She took from a cupboard a plain gold ring, and showed it to her visitor.

"Jackers ! but this is more odd nor the other ! I sent that 'ere to thy grandmother's grandmother the day she married the constable in Warwick Church. And I do tell thee, the name was Susan Proddy and Stephen Honeydew. I see'd 'em both, and I wanted to marry thy grandmother's great grandmother myself ; and I would too, only I was so sickly and weak."

"Get thee to the buttery-hatch, and get strong," said the countess, pettishly. "Thou hast outlived thy strength and memory ; and I will have thee cudgelled to death if thou breathest word more, about your Honeydews and Proddys and Dodgers."

Tommy hobbled as well as he was able to the buttery, and there endeavoured to recover his courage and drown his remembrances of Susan with such copious draughts of beer, that in less than a week he expired of repletion and indigestion. He was buried at the expense of the illustrious family of the Honi D'Eux, and on his tombstone was written :

In memory of Thomas Parr, who died in the year sixteen hundred and thirty-five, at the age of one hundred and fifty-three.

THE ART OF UNFATTENING.

LEANNESS, hitherto, has been considered a reproach, rather than a merit, either in an individual or a nation. Pharaoh's lean kine were never held up as models to the graziers of any age, or any country. Brutus was not so very much in the wrong, when he entertained doubts about "that Cassius" with his lean and hungry look. The point of one of the bitterest of the many epigrams shot at Voltaire is blunted and rendered harmless by translation into a language where "death and sin" do not rhyme to "thin." We cannot fancy a fat Macbeth ; a corpulent traitor

in Venice Preserved, or an obese Iago, are impossibilities. Assuredly, Falstaff was not scrupulously honest or honourable; but what was he, after all, but a merry rogue? Plumpness and beauty have often been regarded as inseparable Siamese twins, from the illustrious regent whose ideal of female loveliness was summed up in "fat, fair, and forty," to the Egyptians who fattened their dames systematically, by making them sit in a bath of chicken-broth; the etiquette being that the lady under treatment is to eat, while sitting in the broth-bath, one whole chicken of the number of those of which the bath was made, and that she is to repeat both bath and dose for many days. A doubt, one should think, must have sometimes arisen, whether the beauty thus in training would fatten or choke first.

As to the question of who would be most likely to sink or swim, on getting into hot water or falling upon troublesome times, the lean person would have no chance against the fat one. Byron, certainly, fretted over his increasing bulk; and the same gracious prince, who admired rotundity in his favourites, had such a horror of the consciousness of his own corpulence, that "Who's your fat friend?" was the most severe aside-speech that poor discarded Brummel could make, in revenge for being cut by his former patron.

A book has been written by a Dr. Dancel, (a medical practitioner, of Paris,—where possibly gastronomic luxuries tend to produce the malady he successfully combats) in which, to be or not to be, fat, is treated as the grand question of human life. The epitome of welfare, is leanness; while the origin of evil, nay, evil itself, is fat. Professional unfatteners would make Pope's Universal Prayer commence with the aspiration, "O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!" I am not writing under the influence of Brillat-Savarin's chapters on obesity,—its causes, and so on,—which are only pleasant trifling, though with a foundation of truth; but I rise from the perusal of a serious business-like volume; and, after a glance at my own personal points, I thank my stars that I am not what can be really called stout.

For, it appears, it is only a vulgar error to believe that an increase of what is called good plight is any symptom of improving health. As an over-sanguine temperament is dangerous; as daily accidents occur from the undue predominance of the nervous system, so does the extraordinary development of fat cause first inconvenience, then infirmities, and finally constitutes a malady hitherto considered incurable, and known as obesity. To men, it is true, personal grace is not indispensable to happiness; but, with women, the case is different. Dr. Dancel reminds them that when once they have lost their personal attractions, their intellectual treasures serve merely to render them just supportable in society.

Beware, therefore, ladies how you grow too fat! And you also, gentlemen, for your pockets' sake.

Fat has ruined the prospects of many a man, as of many a woman, by rendering it impossible for them to continue a profession which afforded them an honourable livelihood. The infantry officer, overwhelmed with embonpoint, cannot follow his regiment; the cavalry officer cannot perform his duty on horseback. The dramatic artist whose voice or whose personal beauty is as good as a gold-mine to the theatre that has engaged him, falls into poverty if an avalanche of tallow clogs the powerful lungs, pads the slender waist, and renders shapeless the graceful arms and legs. Stout rope-dancers are soon laid flat on their backs; over-grown gamekeepers are only fit for targets to be shot at, as practice, by juvenile sportsmen. Persons who live by mental labour find their faculties clouded by the increase of the corporeal substance; and literary men—but there is no need to consider that eventually, because it is too outrageous a supposition that a man who earns his bread by his pen should ever have the time to grow rotund and ponderous. With publishers, the case is different; often the publisher sucks the marrow, while the author is left the bones for his pains. At one epoch, the Romans, not caring to give house-room to useless individuals, banished those of their fellow-citizens who were guilty of the crime of corpulence.

But all that is a mere nothing. The above misfortunes are only slight and few. Thus, embonpoint is a common cause of sterility, both in man and beast. A fat queen may cause an ancient dynasty to become extinct, for want of an heir to the throne. The very peasants sell off their fat hens, as unproductive of eggs. Even over-luxuriant plants produce no flowers, or barren ones. Excess of fat causes the human epidermis to crack, mottling the skin with white speckles and streaks; it induces hernias of various distressing forms; it is the parent of ulcerated legs; it gives rise to headaches, giddiness, and dimness of sight. In short, among the infinity of causes which originate disease, a bloated habit of body takes conspicuous rank, although modern medical works bestow but little notice on this morbid disposition. Such evils are often sought to be remedied by bleeding; but every medical man is aware that repeated bleedings are prodigiously conducive to the development of fat. Certain graziers bleed their oxen and cows before putting them up to be stall-fed; while calves have been inured to the operation from time immemorial. The palliative of bleeding, therefore, is only temporary; the more you are bled, the sooner are you stricken with apoplectic fat. And note this, for your comfort; fat people attacked by apoplexy are almost sure to die, while lean people have a very fair chance of recovery.

The same of all other maladies which fat flesh is heir to. Did you ever taste, or inspect, a *pâté de foie gras*? Well, your own liver, if too fat, is exactly like that. The geese who subscribe personally to the making of those costly *pâtés*, are purposely thrown into an unhealthy state; and no too-obese biped is in a better hygienic position than a Strasbourg goose. Dropsy, swellings of the legs, and incurable sores, are the consequence of fat at the liver. Fat people, too, are liable to skin diseases, and to multitudinous other disfigurements besides.

The causes of obesity are various. First, there is the natural disposition and constitutional tendency to fat. Obesity may be hereditary. Almost every one is born with a certain predisposition, which is written on his countenance. Out of every hundred persons who die of consumption, ninety have brown hair, long faces, and sharp noses. Out of every hundred obese persons, ninety have short faces, round eyes, and obtuse or snub noses. It is a fact, therefore, that there are individuals predestined to obesity, whose digestive organs elaborate an extra quantity of fat. You remark in society a lively little girl, with rosy cheeks, a roguish nose, plump hands, short broadish feet, and rounded proportions generally. The prophetic sage beholds her as she will be ten years hence, and sighs over the full-blown expansion to which her form will become developed. Perhaps her mamma sits beside her, to tell you what she will be, without the exercise of second sight. It is a proof, amongst hundreds of others, that it is not for the happiness of man to be able to read the future.

Secondary causes of corpulence are long indulgence in sleep in bed, and constant riding in carriages, to the exclusion of walking exercise. The Bedouin Arab, who is always astir to procure the means of his nomadic existence, is never fat; nor are English husbandmen, who live on a shilling a day, and who earn it. Even well-fed animals of restless and active habits, are never laden with grease or suet; examples, the stag, the roe-deer, the hare, the antelope. The same of birds whose flight is prolonged and energetic; while poultry put up to fat, are kept in confinement. Oriental ladies, who are compelled to stop at home, and also the lady-abbesses of convents, often present extraordinary instances of obesity. Further causes are, a great fondness for farinaceous, starchy, and sugary diet; want of thought, as is manifest in the puffy condition of many idiots; a great absorption of fluids, whether water, beer, tea, or preparations of milk, or by frequent tepid baths, or even by constantly breathing damp air, or such as is slightly surcharged with carbonic acid and deficient in oxygen. At every inspiration, the more oxygen is taken in, the more carbon (one of the elements of fat) is thrown off from the lungs, and consequently from the general

system. The inhabitant of the clear, pure atmosphere of the mountain, is rarely so fat as the resident in the moister stratum which fills the valley.

But the grand cause of obesity, is our eating and drinking more than enough. It has been said that one of the privileges of the human race is, to eat without being hungry, and to drink without being dry. This double propensity is found wherever men exist. Savages indulge it, to a brutal extent, whenever they have the opportunity; and it is undeniable that we, members of civilised society, both eat and drink too much. As dinner-givers, as diners-out; at weddings and other family meetings, at political feasts; at charity banquets, enormous quantities of eatables and drinkables are consumed, of which our bodily frame stands in no real need. Such of us as have good stomachs, convert the surplus into fat, while those who have bad ones transmute it into indigestions, colics, and cramps.

The prospect for fat folk is far from cheering; but happily there is no occasion for them to despair so long as Dr. Dancel shall continue to reside in Paris. He asks the question, "Is it possible to diminish embonpoint without injuring the health?" and he answers it in the affirmative.

There have existed professional emaciators, who have attained their result by a surgical operation, which consisted in cutting a hole in the patient and taking out his troublesome lump of fat, very much in the way in which the avaricious farmer opened his goose that laid golden eggs. I have heard of a man-cook who possessed everything that could make life happy—health, wealth, fame, good children, and attached friends, who not unusually follow the rest—with the sad drawback that he was very fat. So he went to be operated on, and died. There is a story of a Pasha, who was always accompanied by a travelling surgeon, to relieve him of his fat in this way, as often as it became troublesome. In seventeen hundred and eighteen, a Parisian surgeon, named Rhothonet, is said to have delivered a noted personage of an enormous paunch; after the operation, the patient became slim and active. Rhothonet was soon assailed by crowds of persons suffering from repletion, and begging him to undertake their alleviation. He paid little heed to the weight of their afflictions. He sent them all about their business, simply telling them that the case in which he had succeeded was a different affair to theirs. Mystification was all the help he gave them.

Fortunately, we are able to re-assure our fat friends; no operation is involved in the modern system of treating their superfluities. Dr. Dancel's grand principle is this: to diminish embonpoint without affecting the health, the patient must live principally on meat (eating but a small quantity of other aliment), and drinking but little, and that

little not water. In a hundred parts of human fat, there are seventy-nine of carbon, fifteen and a fraction of hydrogen, and five and a fraction of oxygen. But water is nothing but the protoxide of hydrogen; and hydrogen is one of the main elements of fat. Therefore, the aspirant after leanness, must eat but few vegetables, or watery messes, or hot-rolls, puddings, tarts, potatoes, haricots, pease-soup, charlottes, sweet biscuits, apple-rolls, nor cakes in any of their protean forms; because all those dainties have carbon and oxygen for their principal bases. If he will persist in living on leguminous, farinaceous, and liquid diet, he will make fat as certainly as the bee makes honey by sucking flowers. Chemistry tells us that the principal base of meat is azote, which does not enter into the composition of fat; while the principal elements of fruits, sugar, flour, and starch, are carbon and hydrogen, the elements of fat. Human fat is found ready-made in certain aliments which are not flesh, as in olive-oil and in all the oleaginous seeds. If you live principally on lean meat, you will not fatten so fast as those who follow a regimen composed of carbonic and hydrogenic bases.

It may be objected to this theory, that butchers and butcheresses are in general fat; because (as is taken for granted), they live on meat. But inquiry will prove that the premises are false. Butchers and their wives (as any one may learn by taking the trouble to inquire), dislike meat. When they do eat flesh, they prefer poultry; but they are much better pleased with a meal consisting of fish, vegetables, pastry, or even bread-and-cheese; besides which, they drink copiously. The supposition that they imbibe their fat from the flesh-laden atmosphere in which they live, is a hypothesis which remains to be proved. What is the best fattening diet for pigs? Barley-meal and milk, assuredly, and not flesh, although pigs eat flesh greedily. What made Louis the Eighteenth so enormously fat? What, but his passion for meaty potatoes? While carnivorous animals — lions, tigers, and wolves — are never fat.

To aid you in shaking off your superabundant fat, other means besides diet may be brought into action. Overladen sufferers ought to take internally certain substances which aid in the decomposition of fat. The alkalis, for instance, combining with it, form soaps. You may thus establish a home manufactory of real brown Windsor, and other fancy articles. Such alkalis, administered in ordinary doses, never produce inconvenience; they increase, rather than diminish the appetite, and thus favour the decrease of fat. Soap pills have been prescribed, for ages past, to cure obstructions of (i. e. fat in) the liver. The Vichy waters are recommended for the same purpose: and it is by the portion of alkali still left free in the soap pills, and by the same alkali in the Vichy waters,

that obstructions of the liver are removed. Dr. Cullen, in his *Elements of Practical Medicine*, relates that a physician named Fleming, sometimes succeeded in reducing embonpoint by prescribing soap pills. Another English writer speaks highly of alkaline baths as an antidote to obesity; while a French practitioner records a case of emaciation resulting in a very stout lady from the use of carbonate of soda and soda-water which she was ordered to take with a different object in view.

You will understand that alkalis alone will not deliver you from your burden of fat. If by your diet you take in as many grease-making elements as the alkali drives out, things will remain in their old condition, the supply being equal to the demand. Even when living exclusively on meat, you may spoil all by drinking too much. The absorption of the smallest possible quantity of liquid is an indispensable condition, whether in the form of food, drink, or baths. A moist atmosphere even encourages the growth of fat: some people become sensibly heavier in muggy weather. As a warning, be it mentioned that draughts of vinegar and other acids produce leanness (when they do not cause death) only by deranging the general health through the injury they cause to the digestive canal. Many young persons have fallen victims to the marasm brought on by daily doses of vinegar taken with the object of making themselves thinner. A persistence in drinking strongly acidulated lemonade as a habitual beverage, for the same purpose, has proved scarcely less injurious. As to slight doses of tincture of iodine, or iodide of potassium, to diminish fat, they may be described in one word — POISON.

The great comfort is, that fat folk now need not go and hang; for drown they cannot. Ladies and gentlemen who have not seen their shoe-strings for years, may still hope to see them yet. Twenty stone need be no solid ground for despair. Mortals grown to the proportions of a Stilton cheese have yet returned to the aspect of humanity. Listen, all ye disconsolate situation seekers, who are unable to advertise yourselves as without incumbrance!

Monsieur Guenaud, master baker, of the Rue St. Martin, Paris, at the age of twenty-eight was not quite four feet high. He grew so fat that he could scarcely waddle. As soon as he made an attempt to walk, he was overcome by the oppression of his own weight. If he remained long in a standing posture, he was seized with violent pains. He could not follow his business; he could not lie down in bed; he could not wear a hat without turning giddy. Had he seen the Regent diamond lying on the pavement in the street, he would not have dared to stoop to pick it up. The poor man thereupon took to bleeding and purging, to sorrel and spinach, to plenty of bread and water and no meat, only to

progress from bad to worse. He was disbanded out of the National Guard, and he fell into a state of somnolent indifference which might have ended in a journey to Père-la-Chaise, had not his mother happened to read the very book I have just been quoting.

The sequel may be guessed. In thirteen days, M. Guenaud was able to take a long walk, carrying his hat on his head all the while, which latter fact is not mentioned as a joke. In a month, he had lost sixteen pounds of weight, and eighteen centimètres of circumference. In three months, his fat was diminished by forty pounds, and his abdominal equator by forty centimètres. Finally, his heavy luggage in front was ultimately removed. When M. Guenaud reappeared in the ranks of the National Guard, his return created immense sensation amongst his gallant comrades. He rendered justice to the author of his restoration to moderate breadth and thickness; who, in return, has rendered his patient the justice to record that he punctually observed the treatment prescribed: for breakfast, a beefsteak or a couple of cutlets, with a very small quantity of vegetables and a demi-tasse of coffee; his dinner likewise consisted of meat and very little vegetable. From being a great water-drinker, he restrained himself to a bottle or a bottle and a half of liquid per day. When thirsty, he drank very little at a time; and between meals he rinsed his mouth with water, either pure or slightly acidulated with vinegar, whenever a wish to drink was felt, as a substitute for it.

A MOTHER.

I was left a widow at the age of five and twenty, after a three years' peaceful marriage, with a little boy of only a year old, to bring up as I best could. I was resolved that my boy should prove an exception to the bitter rule which makes the only sons of widowed mothers educational mistakes; and, from the hour of his father's death, I devoted myself to his education with a singleness of purpose, and an exclusiveness of endeavour which I thought could only bring me a rich harvest of reward. He was too frail and delicate for a public school; besides, I was afraid, not only of the rough usage he would meet with there, but also of the moral mischief sure to be contracted. So that I had nothing else to do but to keep him at home, and engage a modest-mannered young woman to teach him the rudiments of what he ought to know. Thus, until the age of fourteen he was brought up solely by women, and never suffered to hear a word or to read a line which the most saintly maiden might not have joined in; for I understood nothing of the difference which people assert ought to exist in the education of boys and girls. To me, morality was single and direct, and admitted no species of deviation.

When nearly fifteen, I arranged for my boy a kind of daily tutorship with our young curate; still keeping him at home under my own eye, and superintending his studies myself. For I remembered to have heard strange things of the classics, and I would not trust even a clergyman with my child's studies unchecked. I made Mr. Cary translate to me every evening the lesson he was to give the next morning; and, as I do not confide implicitly in any one, I learnt enough Latin myself to feel sure he was not misleading me. Mr. Cary did not like this superintendence,—but he was weak, and poor, and dared not oppose me.

I was never a fond mother. I have a horror of all kinds of demonstrativeness, and look on impulse and expansion as very nearly convertible terms with madness and imbecility. But, perhaps I loved my child all the more because I thought it wise and good to be self-restrained. It seems to me that the concentration of inward affection strengthens and consolidates; whereas superficial expansion excites, but weakens it. Therefore, very few caresses or endearing words passed between Derwent and myself; but we were none the less good friends on that account. I was proud and fond of him, for all that I did not show my pride by the foolish caresses which most mothers indulge in. He was a fair, waxen-looking creature, with delicate features, and slender, well-shaped limbs; very quick, very agile, like a young chamois in some of his movements; and taking greedily to all accomplishments. He was a good musician and a clever draughtsman; he sang sweetly, and danced with peculiar grace; but he knew nothing of the more essentially manly exercises. He had never climbed a tree in his life—at least I trust not; he could not swim, for I was afraid of his taking cold in the water; and, of course, all such exercises as fencing, boxing, or wrestling, I should not have dreamed of allowing to him. I did not suffer the companionship of other boys: not even our vicar's sons, when home for their holidays,—for would they not have taught him their school vices, rough, and vulgar, though brave and generous lads, as they were. I did not regret his want of that rough handiness and coarse strength which people generally think necessary for boys. I would rather have had him the ethereal creature he was, than the bravest and most powerful of a class; if, to gain those qualities, he must have lost the purity of the gentlewoman's son.

At last I was obliged to part with him. I had nothing for it but to send him to the university. It was the first wish of my heart that he should be a clergyman; and, to gain this wish, I must needs see him pass through the terrible ordeal of a college career. I could only hope in the power of the education I had given him, and pray and believe that it would prove sufficient against

all the temptations which I knew, by report, must necessarily beset him.

Derwent's first letters were very satisfactory. Breathing love for his old home, and saintly abhorrence at all that he saw around him, they did not bear a trace of any new influence; and I was reassured if, by chance, I had ever unconsciously doubted. But, by degrees, the tone of his letters changed. He spoke of strange men as his friends, to me, who had so often urged on him the necessity of keeping aloof from all intimacy whatsoever with his fellow-collegians. For had I brought him up in seclusion from boys, to see him adopt the habits, perhaps the vices of men? The very name applied to strangers made me predict all sorts of unknown dangers. Soon, also, he began to use strange words whereof I knew not the meaning; to talk of parties of pleasure, which seemed to me sadly at variance with the object of his studies; to speak of subjects that froze the blood in my veins—and then, what was hardest to bear of all, he more than once reproached me with the carefulness of my education, and “bemoaned a pampered boyhood, which left him nothing but an ignorant and ridiculous manhood.” He soon grew to speaking of himself in the most humiliating and degrading terms. I felt that it was not modesty, but wounded pride, which made him use these bitter words, and they angered me even more than they pained; for the sting of each was meant for me; yet I had been a faithful and devoted mother.

Thus a coolness between us grew and spread, till soon I felt that I had two sons: one who had died in boyhood, and one who had come suddenly before me as an alien—but still my child. It was a fearful feeling,—for a moral death is more fearful to witness than any physical death.

Vacation time came. How I had looked forward to this time! I had turned back to school-girl days, and counted the hours which lay between me and the moment when I should hold my son to my heart. For the consciousness that he was drifting from me made me feel much more tenderly, more fondly for him, than I had ever done before; and I think if he had come to me then, I could have redeemed him by my very love. But, a week before the appointed day, I received a letter from him, telling me that he had engaged to go with a reading party into Wales, and that he could not consequently see me until the next vacation, which would be at Christmas. It was now midsummer. Wounded and hurt, I wrote back a cold reply, simply consenting to the arrangement, but not expressing a word of sorrow at my own disappointment; knowing, alas, that the omission would not be remarked. Nor was it. Derwent's answer was full of pleasurable anticipations of his summer with his dear friends, enthusiastic praises of his party, disrespectful satire on

his home at Haredale, and on men tied to their mothers' apron strings; which last observation he qualified by adding praises on my common sense in not requiring such milksop devotion. He ended with his usual expressions of regret at his early education, and of self-contempt for his want of manly acquirements. A want, however, lessening daily, he said, under the able tuition of his friends.

What followed until Christmas was merely a deepening of those shades; till, at last, the silent misunderstanding between us grew out into a broad, black line—an impassable barrier, which neither of us sought to conceal.

Derwent had been absent a year and a-half when I saw him again. And, had it been a spectre which had usurped the name of my child, I should not have recognised him less readily than I did now in the vulgar roué who returned to me in place of that pure saint I had sent out like my dove from my ark. The long golden hair which had floated on each side of his face low to his shoulders, was cut short, darkened by oils, and parted at the side. The face which had borne no deeper traces than what a child's simple sensations might have marked, was now blotched by dissipation. The very features were different. The eyes were smaller, and the blue less blue; the lips were hard and swollen; the nose thicker; the jaw more square; while his figure retained nothing of the slighthness nor of the grace which had made him once so beautiful. His hands were covered with purple scars; his shoulders were broad; his neck coarse and muscular. He was not the Derwent I had sent to the great university. As changed in outward seeming, so was he in manner and in thought. Coarse jests with the servants and the low people of the village; incessant smoking; spirits, beer, drunk at all hours, from the early morning to late at night; a lounging, restless, dissipated habit, seemingly unable to concentrate thought or energy on anything but the merest sensuality; perpetual satire—satire on the noblest, satire on the highest subjects; a conversation blackened with the vilest oaths: this was the Derwent whom the alma mater sent back to his own mother; this the reaction of my careful schooling—the hideous mark to which the rebound had fallen.

The six weeks were only half over, when Derwent, yawning more noisily than usual, came lounging through the hall to the drawing-room.

“Mother,” he said, plunging himself at full length upon the sofa, “Haredale is awfully slow! By Jove! it uses a man up twice as fast as the fastest college life. I am positively worn out with the monotony of these three weeks. You seem all asleep in this precious old toad-hole. I can't stand it any more, that's a fact. In plain English, mother, I must go.”

"At your pleasure, Derwent," I said, coldly, not even raising my eyes.

"Well, now, that's prime! You are a fine little mother, anyhow!" he said, laughing; but I fancied that his voice had a slight accent of disappointment in it. "You are not like most mothers of only sons," he added, with emphasis.

"Your visit, Derwent," I went on to say, "has not been of such satisfaction to me as to cause me much regret at its termination. Your habits, your ways of life, your tone of thought, and style of conversation are all so foreign to my own ideas of a gentleman—of what my son should be—that I confess to more sorrow than pleasure in your presence. Once you were my pride; now——"

"Upon my soul that's cool!" shouted Derwent, interrupting me with his college laugh and a college oath. "Still," he added, after a pause, "it leaves me freer than I might have felt if you had taken to the pathos. For I don't know how much resolution might have been melted, like Cleopatra's pearls, in your tears."

"I don't think you ever saw my tears," I answered, very coldly.

"No; that's true, mother. Your heart might be of iron, for any water-founts leading from it to your eyes," said Derwent.

"And the first, assuredly, shall not be on account of your absence, when that absence is desired and planned by your own will."

"Then we part good friends, mother?" he said; lounging up from the sofa, and taking a cigar from his case.

"Quite as good friends, Derwent, as we can ever hope to be now," I replied with a voice sterner and steadier than usual; because I had more emotion to conceal.

I felt him look at me fixedly, but I did not raise my eyes; and, in a few moments, he strode out of the room, whistling a vulgar air.

That evening he left Haredeale while I was absent for an hour; and, when next vacation-time came, I myself volunteered his spending it away from home.

Soon, our letters decreased into brief quarterlies. Soon, they became nearly half-yearly communications; and, in due course, degree time came, without Derwent's attempting a second sojourn at home. In the meanwhile my hair had grown grey, and my face, always pale, paler still and wrinkled. I lost all enjoyment of life; and, though a woman still in the prime of middle age, felt and lived like one on the border of a thorny grave. It seemed to me that the sun never shone, and the south wind never blew. It was nothing but a grey, chill, winter time that I lived through; a time of spiritual death.

Perhaps I was to blame for all this. Had I been more demonstrative; had I condescended to sue, to entreat, to caress, I dare say I might have softened him somewhat to the old shape. But I could not do this; the iron of my nature was too strong and too into-

lerant. So I left him to his own way, and left on his own head the curse or the blessing of his life.

The examination for degrees came, and my son was plucked. He could not pass, even among the lowest of the lowest class. He wrote, in a careless off-hand manner, about this new dishonour, saying, that it did not much signify, as he intended to become artist, Bedouin, Bohemian, Sagaburd,—anything rather than a parson; and that M.A. would look worse than ridiculous after the name of an historical painter, or a marker at a billiard-table. I answered that he had my consent to any course of life he chose to adopt—a consent wrung from a shattered pride and ruined hopes—and that I was too indifferent to his future now to interfere in any of the details of its disgrace. But he did not know that this letter, so hard, and stern, and cold as it seemed, was written between tears and sobs; and, in the fitful bursts of such a storm of passionate anguish, as I never thought could sweep through my strong and chastened heart.

He went to London; which he said was the only field for him; and, in a short time, he told me that he had begun to study art seriously; but that he feared he should never make much substantial progress.

Time passed; fading ever into deeper, duller grey, until all the horizon round my life became soon black and mourning.

I need scarcely say what disgust my son's profession caused me. I had always held the artist-world as something different to and below ourselves, and should as soon have expected a child of mine to have turned mountebank of a strolling company as to have seen him take up painting as a profession. No one knew, and none could see or guess, what I suffered; for I bore myself in my own manner, and hardened that I might strengthen myself. But this, coupled with the disgrace of his college failure, nearly broke my heart.

One day a telegraphic message came from Derwent, requiring my instant presence in London. It was the only communication I had had from him for above a year; and, until I read his address in the message, I did not know where he lived. I hesitated at the first moment whether I should go or not; but the remembrance of my old love, rather than any present affection—no! that had been lived down in his disgrace!—determined me. And the evening saw me on my way to town. I arrived at about eleven that night, and drove direct to the obscure street near Fitzroy Square where Derwent lived: a part of the town I had never known in my former days, and which sufficiently shocked me when I saw it. A dirty, coarse-looking woman opened the door to me, and, after a long time of insolent scrutiny, admitted me into a narrow hall, the close smell of which, and its neglect and filth,

prepared me for the scene I had to witness up-stairs. At the top of the house, in a low, squalid garret-room, worse than any belonging to the meanest peasant on my estate, with daubs rather than pictures scattered confusedly about it; with dirty strips of red and blue hung round at various points in hideous mockery of the bits of colour artists delight in; in the midst of one tangled mass of dirt, confusion, and poverty, crouching in bed beneath a heap of soiled blankets, lay my son, my only child, the one-time pride and glory of my life. Mercy! how he was changed! I should not have known him had I met him unexpectedly: he had not the faintest trace of resemblance with his former self. It was another man, more hideous and more degraded than the college roué who had so shocked and estranged me at Haredale. By the side of the bed sat a pretty-looking woman, her hair dishevelled, her dress disordered and dirty; herself evidently a creature of the humblest class of society; but with a certain frank good-nature in the midst of her vulgarity that I could imagine might have prepossessed some who were not quite so exclusive as myself. She gave me a broad bold stare when I entered, not moving from her place till Derwent said in a languid tone, "My mother, Melly," when she got up from the bed and offered me her hand. I was astonished—too startled to refuse it. She shook mine warmly, saying,—

"O! how glad I am you have come!"

I turned to Derwent, and I felt that my lips were set and my brows contracted as I looked at him inquiringly. I fancied that I saw a blush cross his pale haggard face as he answered my silent inquiry by, "My wife, mother," adding as he took her hand, "and a good wife, too!"

I do not know what strange feeling took possession of me; but all the room grew dark, my son and that terrible creature faded into small dim specks; I thought I was dying and fell prone on the floor, for I fainted—the first and only time in my life that such a thing happened to me. When I recovered, I found they had placed me on the bed by my son: that fearful woman bending over me and tending me, I must confess, carefully and tenderly enough. Derwent was weeping; sobbing passionately. I felt his tears fall hot on my hand, as he kissed it again and again. I was bewildered. There was evidently a mystery in all this beneath the mere surface of degradation easy enough to read. But I was afraid of nothing now: it seemed to me as if nothing could be worse to hear than the shocking fact of his marriage with such a woman.

When I had recovered sufficient physical strength to speak and move, I withdrew myself from Derwent's side, and placed myself on a chair, fronting them both.

"Tell me frankly," I said, "the meaning of all this. Why have you sent for me? Why are you in this state? Why do I find you

living the squalid life of a pauper, when your allowance ought to have kept you like a gentleman? Why have you married so far out of your own sphere?" And I shuddered, and they both saw I shuddered. "Without, too, telling me that you were even engaged? Tell me what it all means!"

"It is a long story, mother," said Derwent, trying hard to speak in a composed voice, but failing sadly in the effort, poor soul. "I have been unfortunate, and I have been guilty, and between the two" (here he smiled with a flash of reckless gaiety more painful to witness than any despair) "I am done for. I have lost at play, heavily, the officers are after me, and I want you to save me, mother!"

"What do you mean, Derwent?" I asked, for he spoke so fast, and in such a changed voice—so weak, and yet so hoarse—that I, confused yet by my own sudden failure of strength, could not follow half he said.

"I have committed forgery," said Derwent, with terrible distinctness, "and if I cannot redeem the bill before to-morrow at noon, I shall be arrested as a felon. Besides all this, I am dying of fever and ague."

Here that woman bent over him and kissed him, and I heard her whisper:

"No, my Derwent, you shall not die if Melly's love can save you!"

Had I been a man—had I been even a passionate woman—I should have struck her. I never knew before what passion might arise from mingled jealousy and disgust. But I conquered myself, and said in a cold, measured voice:

"And what do you ask me to do for you, Derwent?"

I saw my son's lips quiver; I saw that woman's face flush, and her hand involuntarily clench, as she set her teeth, as if to keep back rebellious words. But Derwent, who had my blood in him, answered as coldly as I had spoken:

"I want you to pay the forged bill, mother, and so to rescue me from the hulks."

"For how much, Derwent?"

"For five thousand pounds!"

"I have not got it," I said. "I have not above twenty pounds at my bankers; with your allowance I live now up to my full income, and have not saved."

"Is there nothing to sell?" exclaimed the woman, savagely, her large black eyes glaring at me from under her tangled hair.

"Hush, Melly!" said Derwent; "do not interfere, you will only do harm, and make bad worse."

"Curses on her proud cold heart!" I heard her mutter. "It is she who has brought you to this by her pride and want of love!"

"Well, mother," said Derwent, "I cannot advise you what to do. If you have not got the money, and will not raise it for me, I must suffer for my own act. My last chance was to send to you; if that fails me, I can meet my fate like a man. I have been the

only one to blame; and now that the punishment must come, I will not whine over my fate, nor swear I was ill-used innocence. I have been mad, reckless, headstrong, and unprincipled—I will not add unmanly cowardice to the list."

There was something in his tone which went to my heart. Had he cowered or whined, I should have left him to his fate; but the indomitable manhood with which he fronted his fate—sick, ill, deserted, as he was—filled me with an admiration that stood somewhat instead of my old love. I felt my eyelids droop over my swollen eyes. I rose from my chair—not passionately, and yet with some irrepressible signs of emotion—I laid my hand on his shoulder, and said (O! how I tried to steady my faltering voice, and how I failed!):

"I will not let you suffer, Derwent! Tomorrow before noon this fearful evidence against you shall be cancelled and destroyed. Sleep in peace—you have still a mother for your hour of need."

"God bless you, mother!" cried Derwent, flinging his wasted arms round me, and burying his face in my bosom; and, "O, you have something of a mother's heart in you, after all," said the woman, in a softened voice, passing her coarse hand caressingly over my shoulders. But through all the fur and velvet of my dress I felt her touch, like a repelling magnet, and shivered. She took her hand away, more sadly I fancied than insolently; and I felt sorry that I had allowed my repugnance to be seen.

"Ah, mother!" said Derwent, "you and I have been unfairly matched. I needed a freer life than that which you gave me when under your control, and the consequence was, what it always is, that, when I got my liberty, I carried it into licence. And licence leads to sin, mother, and sin to crime. It is a fatal union, but an inevitable one. If it had not been for Melly here, I should have been utterly lost; but she saved me when almost too late though, by giving me something to love and live for." She is not of your station, mother," continued Derwent, while the woman laughed, and chimed in with—"Thank God, no! I am no cold lady." "But she has a heart that would do honour to a throne, and a power of love that your mother ought to envy. I was glad to make my wife of one who dared be natural and dared be free."

"I am glad, Derwent, that you are contented with your choice," said I coldly, for I could not feign pleasure or participation; "our lives are too far sundered now to make your surroundings matters of much consequence to me. You have made your own life; and, be it ill or well, little of its shadow or sunshine can fall upon me."

"O, mother!" said poor Derwent, bursting into tears, "be, for once, good and loving to me. I am weak and broken now, and you do not know how I have longed—hungered, mother—for your voice and words; could they be only more loving and more kindly than they used to be. O, mother! if you had been softer to me; if you had drawn me to you and made yourself my friend, not only my monitress; if you had been more the woman, and less the mere abstract principle, you might have saved me from all that has befallen me. God knows, I do not mean to reproach you," he added, passionately, "still less to throw on you the responsibility for sins which I alone ought to bear. You followed the instincts of your own nature; and, if that nature did not accord with the needs of mine, that was not your fault, only my misfortune," he added, with a faint attempt at his old wild levity, but failing as once before, and falling to broken, child-like, yet not coward weeping again.

And something broke in me too. My pride fell from me, like ice under the breath of summer, and I took my son to my heart as I had never taken him since he had lain cradled there in childhood. His wife too—the artist's model, the low-born daughter of a day labourer, the woman whose antecedents I knew and felt would not bear close scrutiny—even she I suffered to kiss my cheek, and checked the shiver of disgust while she did so.

But do not think that I am one of those lying pretences of instantaneous conversion. I did all for my boy that I promised. I redeemed his forged bill; I sold my estate, and established him in comfort and respectability. But—that done, and done with iron nerves and unfeeling heart throughout—I wrote him an adieu for ever, changed my name, and left the country, never to return. I could not live in England under the altered conditions of fortune and my child's social retrogression—I, who had held my head so high, who had worn the immaculate ermine with never a stain on its whiteness—I could not stay to be the scorn where I had so long been the envy of my circle. No, the pride which the excitement of passion had been able to meet could not be destroyed. What I was then I must still continue to be. My nature was not one either to change or to bend. I had never been able to contemplate disgrace with philosophy. In a country where I shall not be known, and under an assumed name, I may once more walk with my former dignity. If lower, according to our ideas, in social surroundings, at the least I shall be untouched in moral pride. No one there, can point at me as the mother of a possible felon; no one there, can say that a false education bore fatal fruit, and that pride and exclusiveness produced degradation and ruin.

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ELECTION TIME.

WHEN representatives are being elected, every Briton, who is an elector, becomes actually a member of the government. The voice of the people is our supreme law, but the people (except, in these latter days, through the press), speaks with authority only when it determines to give power to the opinions it holds, by giving legislative power to the men who also hold them. Against the power of the people there has always fought—in the beginning very vigorously, now rather faintly—the power of great lords and men of state; and there has fought also, until the accession of our present Queen, with more or less of activity, the power of the throne. The development of journalism has—within the last thirty or forty years—been of a kind to make of it, in good truth, an opening for ever of the dumb lips of the people. The limitation of the time for polling, and the other good provisions made by the Reform Bill, have undoubtedly taken away the bitterness that raged of old in an election contest. A more powerful cause for the change that has come over our election times is, however, to be found in the enlarged sphere of action and the improved tone taken by the public press. Through the press, the nation makes its voice heard daily; through the press it compels attention daily to its wants and claims. It is no longer at election time alone that strength is tried between the Many and the Few. An election contest does not mean what it meant fifty years ago, and that is the chief reason why elections in these days are not the virulent struggles that they used to be.

Three hundred years ago the despotic principle so far preponderated in the state, that the court managed elections very nearly as it pleased. A hundred years ago—and, indeed, more recently—the despotic tendencies in our government were waging equal battle with the powers of the people, and a contested election, more especially in Westminster where court, government, and people were all personally brought into collision—was, when it ended in a popular triumph, a great historical event.

Of the election of Sir Francis Burdett, Lord Brougham wrote, when apologising

for his absence from the ninth anniversary dinner held in commemoration of it, that it was "a triumph which I really consider as the most important to the interests of the constitution of any that has ever been gained under the present law of elections." In our day, however, the popular element in the constitution is distinctly uppermost. In a few boroughs, where government influence is strong, that influence is improperly exerted, but it is exerted no longer with any thought of combating the power of the people, and for what quarrel may be still raised on that issue the ground has, by the growth and emancipation of the press, been so much widened that we are almost betrayed into the mistake of underrating the importance of the act of appointing representatives.

Henry the Eighth managed with but little difficulty, to assert through his ministers, his own power against that of the people in election time. Thus we find, in his day, Sir Robert Sadler, candidate for the representation of Oxford, writing that the Duke of Norfolk had spoken to the King, who was content that he should be burgess for Oxford, and said that he should order himself according to such instructions as the said Duke of Norfolk should give him from the King. The ministers of Queen Elizabeth could overrule with equal ease the franchise of the people. She filled the house of representatives with placemen, civilians, and common lawyers seeking preferment. For example, in the case of an election for Surrey, Lord Burleigh is found directing the sheriff to make no return without instructions from himself, and ordering him afterwards to expunge the name of Francis Bacon, returned for another place, and substitute the name of Edward Brown.

Constituencies were created subject to the crown. At the accession of Edward the Sixth, five towns in Cornwall made returns. At the death of Elizabeth the number of Cornish places, most of them wretched hamlets, which sent members to Parliament, was raised to twenty-one; Cornwall having been thus favoured because the county was entirely in the power of the crown, by reason of the indefinite and oppressive jurisdiction of the Stannary court.

The history of the great constitutional

struggle which, when at its height, made an election time almost a time of war, is best told in the story of the Westminster elections. It was discovered at a very early date that the best way of cancelling the popular authority (at such times paramount) was to introduce into electioneering tactics everything that could debase and stupify the people. Electors of the humblest and weakest class were systematically seduced into drunkenness, set rolling in kennels, deprived of self-respect, and paid to vote at the discretion of the great men, who thus practised on their weakness. They were debased effectually; debased, coerced, contemned; there came to be but one way of using independent freemen, and the candidate at an election who could roll the greatest number of men in the mud, commonly earned his seat. A clever writer published, forty years ago, a novel entitled *Melincourt*, in which Sir Oran Haut-ton, otherwise a well-trained ouran-outang, was represented as the successful candidate for the suffrages of an enlightened constituency. There were at that time, and had been long before that time, a hundred boroughs for which, so far as the votes of the electors went, the seat might have been purchased for, and presented to, ouran-outang.

He might even have had the seat, though a majority of electors went to poll against him. Thus, for instance, we will take the case of the Bramber election in May, seventeen hundred and eight. The borough contained thirty electors. The return of the election was to be made by the constable, a man named Jup; who was, for substantial reasons, a friend of the Lord Windsor, who, in this case, stands for Sir Oran. Jup had declared openly before the election, that if Lord Windsor polled only two votes he should be returned. On the day of election, it being customary for the constable to call up the electors in their turn, Jup first called all the men whom he knew to be upon his patron's side, fifteen in number, including three who had no legal votes: one of the three was a travelling voter, who had come into Bramber with a bolster, and there slept upon the previous night, and who had been voting recently at Monmouth in the same way, for the same employer. Having secured these fifteen votes, Jup next registered twelve votes on the other side; then closed the poll; although there were six men standing before him, who applied to vote against Lord Windsor. His lordship justified his return—for he was returned—by saying that the six refused men had not legal votes. Yet he had thought their votes worth paying twenty pounds a-piece for at a previous election; and he had, not only offered the same sum again to three of them on this occasion, but, because they refused it, was then actually suing them at law for the return of their

formerly accepted bribes, as for the return of money lent.

A more curious instance of the audacity with which little great men knew how to follow the example of their masters, in suppressing the true voice of the people at election time, is to be found in the details of the election for Chipping Wycomb, a borough with a hundred voters, in the year seventeen hundred and twenty-two. Richard Shrimpton, the mayor, had, by help of Smales, an alderman, made more than seventy honorary freemen in the interval between one election and another. Thus he secured possession of his own morsel of power. Writs being issued for a new election, this mayor summoned the electors on an appointed day to the town-hall, the usual polling place. He had arranged with his own party, which was far outnumbered; and, in accordance with his plan, marched, at a rather later hour than that named in his summons, to the town-hall with mighty pomp and a great number of drums, kettle-drums, trumpets, hautboys, and other warlike music, attended by the candidates he favoured, and a vast retinue of servants and others. Thus he got all the voters, not aware of his designs, into the town-hall, as mice in a trap; but when he, himself, was half-way up the stairs, being twitched at the robe by Alderman Smales, suddenly turned back; and, leaving a guard at the door of the town-hall to prevent the opposition voters from escaping, made speed with his whole following to the George ale-house, where he opened a poll under the tap, and recorded votes of forty-nine men for his candidate, but only two against him; one, that of a drunkard who was bidden so to vote, to save appearances. The poll was then closed. Seventy-three legal voters, shut up in the town-hall, signed a protest, and some of them found their way to the ale-house, when the riot act was read to them, and they were ordered to disperse. The mayor's man became the sitting member.

At Brecon, John Jefferys having received the writ for a new election, kept it in his pocket for four months, waiting until a sheriff should be appointed whom he knew for a stout friend. Then he suddenly produced the writ one night, and had the poll opened next morning in a place to which men voting against him could not obtain access. When any elector came to record a vote adverse to Jefferys, the sheriff bullied him, and threatened to commit him or undo him: on behalf of Jefferys he polled all who came—including infants—and menaced anybody with imprisonment who offered protest. In spite of all this, Jefferys was out-voted; but his sturdy friend the new sheriff returned him as knight of the shire.

At Bristol, in the beginning of the present century, the power adverse to the popular interest was represented by the Blues; and the Blues not only paraded blue cockades, but

blue bludgeons. In eighteen hundred and twelve there were found in the house of an agent of Mr. Davis, one of the Blue candidates, one thousand eight hundred bludgeons painted blue. At the election in that year, one of the anti-blue candidates was Sir Samuel Romilly. He was compelled to retire on the eighth day of polling. The True Blue candidate went on his canvass attended by nine-tenths of the churchwardens, overseers, and tax-gatherers of the town. The several parishes furnished eighteen vestries, and each vestry was distinctly and formally organised as an election committee in the Blue interest, acting under orders from the White Lion, or Loyal Constitutional Club. When Mr. Davis was canvassing in any parish, the bells of that parish rang until he crossed its bounds, and then the bells of the next parish he had entered set up their peal. The ringing continued until another church had to announce the transfer of the honour to its parish. On the day of polling, some of Sir Samuel Romilly's men were beaten from the booth by bludgeon-men, led by a prize-fighter named Watson. The sheriff faintly but ineffectually ordered Watson to be taken into custody. The other liberal candidate, Mr. Hunt, obtaining leave to act upon his own responsibility, dashed forward upon Watson, struggled with him, and dragged him to the sheriff: by whom he was given into the custody of six constables, for conveyance into the presence of the sitting magistrate. On the road the six constables let him escape. Every Blue voter, apart from any other bribe, received seven and sixpence after polling; but, in subsequent years, this money payment was in part changed to a Christmas distribution of Blue beef. Oxen decorated with blue ribbons were paraded through the town, and each elector who had plumped for the Blue candidate received fourteen pounds of Blue beef and three Blue quartern loaves; but for a split vote only seven pounds of beef were given. Bludgeon-men on the stairs of the Guildhall beat back those who came up wearing the wrong colours. The names of poor men who had voted on a previous occasion for the popular candidate were marked for their ruin—set down in lists, with their trades and addresses, and hung up in public-houses, posted on walls; even affixed by churchwardens to the doors of churches. Charity money was spent upon election beer, and was refused to poor freemen who had not voted for the Blues. A seat for the city of Bristol was not, in those days, to be had for less than twenty thousand pounds.

At Stafford, freemen voted in turn, according to the alphabetical arrangement of their names; and, as votes became more precious when the poll began to draw towards the close, W. or Y. got a better price for his vote than A. or B.; therefore, to have a name beginning with a late letter was looked upon in Stafford as a lucky thing. It was in the

same town that there existed, about forty years ago, a club consisting of as many freemen as secured a candidate's election; so many, and no more. This club then took the bribery money offered by each candidate, in a lump and shared it among its members. That was the reason of their care that there should not be one member more in the club than necessary. This club had also a tail, composed of candidates for the next vacancies; and men of the club's tail generally voted with the club unbribed, because they lived in hope of bribery by-and-by.

At York, the debasement of the freemen was reduced to system in another way. They had a market price for their votes, which went, like any other goods, to the first purchaser; one pound being the charge for a split vote, two pounds for a plumper. In another town it was usual to add to the money price for any vote, a pig; and candidates became dealers in swine on an extensive scale, as literally as they were so in other places metaphorically. To Newcastle-on-Tyne, burghesses used to be brought from London at an expense of fifty or sixty pounds a-piece, and the cost of a contested election usually was to each candidate thirty thousand pounds.

But such costs were nothing to those of the Northampton borough election, in seventeen hundred and sixty-eight; even now remembered as the Spendthrift Election. Lords Halifax, Northampton, and Spencer pitted their candidates one against the other. The polling lasted fourteen days, and the mansion of each of the noblemen was thrown open to the electors. From Horton (Lord Halifax's seat), after all the old port was drained and claret had to be substituted, the independent electors went over in a body to Castle Ashby (the opposing, Lord Northampton's, house), declaring that they would never support a man who insulted them with sour port. The election was eventually referred to a scrutiny by the whole House of Commons. This lasted six weeks; and, all that time, sixty covers were daily laid at Spencer House, London, for the benefit of disinterested M.P.'s. The scrutiny ended in the numbers being equal, and was finally decided by a toss won by Lord Spencer; who nominated a man then in India. The entire transaction cost him one hundred thousand, and the other two lords one hundred and fifty thousand pounds each, equal to double those amounts now. Lord Halifax—driven to sell Horton—never recovered this inordinate expense; and Lord Northampton, after cutting down immense quantities of timber and selling off some of his furniture, died in Switzerland. "There is," we are told in a clever paper on Northamptonshire, in a recent number of the *Quarterly Review*, "a sealed box at Castle Ashby, marked Election Papers, which no one of the present generation has had the courage to open."

The Westminster elections were direct trials of strength between the government and people. The expenses of some of those contests may be judged of by the fact, that the high-bailiff brought actions against Sir Francis Burdett, and Lord Cochrane, to recover fifteen hundred and seven pounds, charges for an election; at which there was no contest, and but one temporary hustings. One item in the bill was forty-eight pounds for his own coach-hire from Norfolk; where he had been popping at partridges. Again, in eighteen hundred and fourteen, the high-bailiff of Westminster petitioned the House of Commons for a compensation on account of what he called his losses through executing the King's writ. He stated that he had bought his office for four thousand pounds; that of this sum three thousand pounds had been given to induce his predecessor to resign, and one thousand pounds he had paid to the dean and chapter for appointing him; to the same body he had also agreed to pay one hundred and fifty pounds a year, so long as he retained the office. He looked principally to the elections for a recompense. The burgesses and other officials invariably looked to an election as a recompense for many losses. Up to the time of Fox's election, in seventeen hundred and eighty, candidates had themselves to bear all the expenses of a contest. In seventeen hundred and forty-nine, Lord Trentham, son of Earl Gower, and brother-in-law to the Duke of Bedford, contested Westminster with Sir George Vandeput. After the election came a scrutiny, which lasted for about five months. Irrespective of the great expense of the election, the scrutiny alone cost Lord Trentham, for his share of the expenses, twenty thousand pounds, and the whole contest so impoverished the Gower estates, that they have hardly by this day overcome the embarrassment it caused. Sir George Vandeput's bill simply for ribbons came to thirteen hundred and two pounds. What may have been the cost of the contest and scrutiny to Sir George we have no means of guessing, except from one of the Lansdowne manuscripts, which tells us that on both sides more than three hundred thousand pounds were spent.

Fox's elections introduced a new principle. The public treasury, and the great party leaders, paid a part of the expense.

Fox's first election, in the year seventeen hundred and eighty, only cost his party sixteen hundred pounds. In the election of seventeen hundred and eighty-four, the coalition of Fox and North, and the more immediate coalition of Fox and Hood, led to a contest of the purse, which lasted forty days, and cost the Whig party upwards of one hundred thousand pounds. Not content with the forty days' polling, Sir Cecil Wray, the defeated candidate, demanded a scrutiny, which, after lasting ten months, was brought to an end by a resolution of the House of

Commons. One vote alone that was made subject to three days of scrutinising, cost Sir Cecil Wray—

Court Fees	31	10	0
High-bailiff's counsel	31	10	0
Sir Cecil Wray's counsel	22	1	0
Second ditto	15	15	0
Attorney	10	10	0
Short-hand writer	3	3	0
Runners (thirty at 10s. 6d.)	15	15	0
Sundries	10	10	0

Total £140 14 0

And about the same to Mr. Fox. In the election of seventeen hundred and eighty-eight—when Admiral Hood, the ministerial candidate, was defeated by Lord John Townshend—upwards of twenty thousand pounds, expended for the ministerial candidate, were subscribed by persons most of them in office. No fewer than one hundred thousand favours were distributed by each of the contending parties, which cost them one shilling each, or five thousand pounds a side.

But it is worth while to speak in some little detail of the history of Westminster elections. They shall be made therefore the subject of another paper.

OUR DUCASSE.

In the first place, the reader will probably ask me what I mean by Our Ducasse; for the reader may look in vain for the word in a French dictionary, if it is only a duodecimo or an octavo volume, just as he or she may fruitlessly search for an account of the thing itself in the innumerable literary reminiscences of successive tourists. Ducasses may, indeed, be found pictorially represented by Teniers and other Flemish painters, and also in lithographs and the published sketch-books of peripatetic foreign artists, which have scarcely found their way to England. Ducasse is best Englished by Country Fair, from which, however, it differs in many respects,—amongst others, that, whereas the fair is fast dying out, and may speedily become defunct, the ducasse retains all its pristine vitality, and is alive and kicking,—literally so.

The ducasse is a popular institution and a national establishment, whose roots strike deep, extending beyond the frontier of the empire, as marked on the modern map, and supported also by races of men in whose veins—though subjects of France—there flows but a slight admixture of true Gallic blood. The foundations of the ducasse are as firm as the hills. France has ignored, once on a time, the existence of a Supreme Being; she has abolished religious worship, and persecuted Christian priests to the death; but she has never decreed the suppression of the ducasse, nor exiled its culinary and musical ministers, nor imprisoned and guillotined men and women suspected of the crime of dancing.

On the contrary—during times of wars without and of terrors within, ducasses have been encouraged by the authorities of the state, for the declared object of making young people better acquainted with each other, with the ultimate view of repairing gaps in the sadly battered population-tables: in fact, on the same principle as Bonaparte made it a rule to salute every woman, rich or poor, whose appearance promised him another subject, or soldier.

Ducasse is derived from *dedicace*, meaning, originally, the holiday that was given to commemorate the consecration of a church. In French and Belgian Flanders, it is called *kermesse* or *kermesse*, that is, simply the mass of the kirk. In Brittany, amongst a Celtic population, it is known as *L'Assemblée*, and some of its minor details may have descended from druidical assemblies. In other districts of France, it is styled the *Fête*. With us, and around us, it is the *ducasse*, to which I adhere with topical patriotism.

As, in the starry heavens, there are innumerable lights, which shine with different degrees of brightness; so, in our Department and in those conterminous to it, there are a vast number of ducasses scattered broadcast over the land, of various relative brilliancy and attractive powers. It sometimes happens that their attractive force varies, unlike gravity, as the square of the distance; that is, there is more fun in going to a distant ducasse than to one close by, because you have the journey thither, you have two or three days' absence from home, and then you have the journey back—which, to a people who laugh at foul weather, as they laugh at fair, who laugh at sticking in the mud, and who laugh at finding themselves benighted in a town where there are five times as many visitors as beds to be had, furnishes a wealthy fund of enjoyment. The ducasses, like the stars, too, are catalogued; you may find them, their dates, their saints' days, and their periods, strictly registered in the Almanack or the Annuaire. But also, like the stars, they are incalculable in number; because, in addition to the recognised luminaries, there are nebulous, indistinct, almost invisible ducasses glimmering here and there, at multitudinous points of the terrestrial globe. Then there are raceroes, resuscitation, re-echoes of ducasses, attempting to blink with a reflected gleam after the original and legitimate blaze has flashed out. Our ducasse twinkles as one of the second magnitude; I might even say that it ranks between the second and the first. It is not so bright as the Dog-star, and it is better than the Pole-star, if we leave out of our comparison the astronomical value of the same; but I think we are equal to any of the members of either the Great or the Little Bear.

The heavenly bodies, we know, rise and set continually, at noon and at midnight—in daylight and in darkness—from year's begin-

ning to year's end, though we behold them not; the ducasses rise and set continually, from about the middle of May to the middle of November, with an interlude at harvest-time. Winter is a blank season, little adapted for out-of-doors' dancing or for drinking bowls of *negus* under leafless arbours. But, soon after the cuckoo's song is heard, then commences the ducasse migration. You stroll abroad to breathe the vernal breeze, and find everybody rushing to the ducasse of Poissonville.

A stream of human beings has set in, in that direction: on foot, on donkey-back, and in all sorts of vehicles; in carriages, in pony-carts, and in long waggons crowded with chairs—like over-furnished apartments to let—or sometimes with only a double row of planks for seats. Fish-women, in scarlet petticoats, trudge along barefoot; other smart females tuck up their gowns, and pin the skirt behind them, to escape soiling by dust, while their shoes and stockings repose in close-covered baskets to be ready-cleaned and neat against their arrival. Stout ladies—unsteady on their pins—will march with one shoe on and one woollen-sock, making their husband carry the other shoe, rather than fail to accomplish their pilgrimage. Simultaneously with the arrival of these illustrious strangers, Poissonville is smothered under a flight of shrimps and shell-fish. Women yell, "*De grosses grenades!*" (big shrimps!) in tones like those of cats gone mad. Elderly men bleat, "*A moules!*" (mussels!) in a hollow voice, whose striking resemblance to mournful "*Old Clo!*" touchingly reminds you of home, sweet home.

We wonder where all those shrimps, and little orange crabs, and white whelks, and black winkles, and oysters, and mussels, found room to crawl, and swim, and lie, in the sea.

To country families belonging to the agricultural population and its connected tradesmen, their own ducasse is everything—their Christmas, their Twelfthnight, their birthday, their all. Relations meet religiously, if matters are right; if they don't meet thus, something is wrong. "You didn't come to my ducasse," it is reproachfully urged; "and, of course, I shan't go to yours. And if we omit going for two years running, what can be the result out a family cut? It wasn't my fault in the first instance; because I made my soup and bouilli, and baked my tarts and gâteaux, and boiled my ham, and secured my calf's-head from the butcher's a month beforehand, and you didn't always think it too much trouble to drive seventeen leagues and back in your rumble-tumble. Why, my old aunt came eleven on her blind mare's back!"

As may be supposed, the humbler the rank of the parties, the more ardent and bigotted is their worship of the ducasse. Perhaps its most concentrated form is observable in

female servants, dressmakers, and ironers or getters-up of fine linen. Often do they deserve the rebuke of the ant to the grasshopper, "If you sing and play all summer, you must starve in winter." Every domestic necessarily expects to be spared to go to his or her ducasse. If you are dying, or dead, it is all the same, unless you happen to have married servants. The pecuniary and legal ties which bind servant to master in France, are much lighter than in England. Here (where our ducasse is held) servants are hired only by the month. Any longer engagement is binding on no one. A maid servant can leave you capriciously at a moment's warning, and you must pay her her wages up to the day; but, if you send her away capriciously, without some serious fault which a *juge-de-paix* will consider such, you must pay her wages to the end of the month. Many a domestic throws herself out of place, because she will go to her ducasse whether it suits your pleasure or not; and many a family shift as they can without a domestic for days together, because their *bonne* when she comes back will have had her ducasse over, whereas they might hire a new one whose ducasse is yet to come. There are even *bonnes* who have the face to want to go, and who succeed in going, to all the ducasses of all their uncles, of their brothers' wives' aunts, and of their second cousins-in-law. The length of line is not very determinable, which a sportive young salmon will run off your reel. The connexion between the fish and the rod and between the maid and her mistress is often thus broken with a sudden snap. Notwithstanding which ducasse-temptations and the brief engagement from month to month, we have domestic servants who serve the same masters year after year, without desiring change. But, scoldings, cold haughtiness, inhuman distance, and over-exaction of the minutiae of service, are not the bonds which have made such attachments lasting. French men and women will hardly bear to be treated as English servants often are, much less like Russian serfs. A French servant will do much for an even-tempered master, who behaves to him as if he were a fellow creature, who never brutalises his inferiors in rank, and from whom he may hope for some little protection, or patronage, or friendly remembrance by and by. From one of an opposite character he will escape like a wild hawk let loose, unless chained to the spot by the most abject poverty. A curious collection of anecdotes might be formed, relating how French domestics and Russian employers have got on together.

But, at our ducasse there is no lack of *bonnes*. The punishment would be to send them home to their rural wildernesses at that particular epoch. They might rebel, and refuse to go. Ducasse-day is almost always Sunday, with the one, two, or three succeeding days, as the case may be. On a Sunday like-

wise ours begins, though there are premonitory symptoms days beforehand. To inaugurate the gala, the streets are strewn—not with flowers, green leaves, or rushes, but with the shells of a countless number of eggs, which the hens of the neighbourhood have been under strictest orders to lay for the last six weeks, for the fabrication of *tartes* and *gâteaux*. A *tarte* is an inferior sort of custard, of mighty dimensions, and "round as my shield;" a *gâteau* is a dryish sort of fancy bread, without plums or currants or anything, and which sticks in your throat, compelling you to sluice it down with the first fluid that comes to hand. But *tartes* and *gâteaux*, *gâteaux* and *tartes*, are as inevitable throughout our whole ducasse-constellation as are maids of honour at an excursion to Richmond.

Be it known that part of the domestic furniture of every household is a tricolor flag. There are occasions when every tenement be-flags itself—such as the fall of Sebastopol, the signature of peace in March last, and the Fête Napoléon (the fifteenth of August). We ourselves sport a couple of flags, a French and an English one side by side, of exactly equal dimensions and at the same elevation, to avoid causing jealousy or the slightest pretext for quarrel between the two cordial allies. On ducasse-day number one, a silken tricolor, is displayed at the town-hall balcony, and then all who think fit, unfurl their colours. The square is covered with roundabouts, peep-shows, toy-stalls, and other accompaniments of a pleasure-fair; for, our souls are far above business thoughts. At all ducasses there is gambling on a small scale—the merest trifle is gambled for. Instead of buying his two-sous'-worth of gingerbread in a plain, prosaic, mercantile way, a mere child will put down his penny stake on the board, and set revolving a long iron-pin like the needle of an enormous compass, on the chance that, when it ceases to spin, it will point to a large loaf of gingerbread placed somewhere N.N.W., the needle being warranted to stop at S.S.E. On the Monday (which is one of our notable specialties—I still hold the grand one in reserve), distinguished visitors flock in from all points of the compass to our ball. There are throngs of what we call delicious *toilettes*; our noblesse even make their appearance, the younger members sometimes joining the dance; and yet the *bal champêtre* opens at six o'clock, and the entrance-tickets cost the ruinous price of half a franc. All these and other similar gatherings are honoured by the presence of one or more *gendarmes* in full costume: not for the purpose of intimidation, but as a sanction and a protection afforded by the laws supreme. Certainly, if any one misbehaves himself, he very soon finds himself outside the gates of paradise. At ten, or before, the high society retires, and the little world have it all to themselves. Students of varied styles of

dancing have here a rich 'assortment offered for their choice. The fine folk dance much like others of their kind, but the small people illustrate the poetry of motion, and are great at saltatory improvisation. New steps are dashed off triumphantly; there is a sort of fancy-knitting done with the feet, whose pattern, if taken down on paper, might interest lady professors of the art. Lofty leaps, displaying the muscular vigour of the gentleman, are highly admired; but, the best idea of the general tone of the ballet may be formed by supposing each young Frenchman, when dressing for the evening, to have dropped a lump of cobbler's-wax somewhere inside his pantaloons, which wax, sticking there, he endeavours to dislodge by convulsive efforts all night long, in vain. His bit of cobbler's-wax won't shake out, kick he never so strenuously. On Tuesday *bal champêtre* again; on Wednesday, a general rush to the forest, and a little bit of a dance on the grass. This, with dinings, supperings, coffee-drinking, beer and wine ditto, fireworks, and interchanges of friendly visits—this, and nothing else, is our ducasse.

At one end of the bower-bordered parallelogram, where all our ducasse-balls are held (unless rain prevents), there stands a marvellous lime-tree, whose top has been trained into the shape of a parrot's-cage. The birds, its occupants, are some six or eight musicians, who mount by a ladder to their leafy orchestra. Thence they regale us with alternate strains of quadrille, polka, schottische, mazurka, *varsoviennne*, and whatever is most in vogue. At dusk (we begin to dance by daylight), candles, showing about as much light as glow-worms, glimmer amidst the branches of the melodious tree. We then trip it by moonlight, with the summer breeze fanning our faces; altogether, a pretty pastoral. The nightingale fills up the intervals of silence, while the band takes breath, and perhaps a glass of wine. But, this same band of musicians proves our rank in the festal world. Ducasses from the third magnitude downward, are obliged to content themselves with a single fiddler. Less they cannot have, unless one of the company would volunteer a series of solos on the comb. The classical title of this single minstrel is *Le Ménétrier*, from the Latin *ministerium*, occupation, office, trade, whence has been concocted, in low Latinity, *ministerialis* and *ministerarius*, tradesman, artisan. And, as the best Latin authors sometimes bestow the name of artifices (*workmen par excellence*) on performers on musical instruments, those persons received, for the same reason, during the middle ages, the name of *ministeriales* or *ministerarii*. Their claim to the title of artists is founded on the same idea. Thus, a musical performer of the olden time is now a wretched scraper on the violin.

The country above all others where the real minstrel is still to be found, is Flanders

—only a hop, skip, and a jump from us. The glories of the fiddler are spread far and wide, being known in every village contained within the circle of which his own habitation is the centre. The *ménétrier* is always merry; and yet, he is never rich. Never was a ducasse-fiddler known to make his fortune; he is a philosopher by trade, and often dies in want of ordinary comforts. He is well-received wherever he goes. He makes occasional attempts at wit, and is learned in the scandalous chronicle of the neighbourhood, retailing it freely without hard pressing. He is a very eagle to spy out every secret flirtation. All the while that he is rasping, he notices what girl dances continually with what young man; he watches them, as they steal out of the ball to drink each other's health in a cup of black coffee; and he enjoys communicating his observations to the youth, whom he can put in a rage by the news. The minstrel is never a married man, and never a young one; he must come into the world old, if he ever does come into it. The minstrel may be blind; sometimes he is deaf. It is of no consequence. With his cracked fiddle, white with rosin-dust at top, black with grease and perspiration and beer beneath, he earns a living, such as it is; which does not prevent his following some minor trade on week-days. He is a wheelbarrow trundler, a thatcher, a turner, a public-house keeper, or a calf-merchant.

It is not at all necessary for a village minstrel to know anything of music. He plays antediluvian tunes, always the same, sliding over the notes in a slipshod way; and if his first string happen to break, it is quite out of the question for him to finish the dance on the second. He is no one-stringed Paganini, not he. It is fun to see him in a select little ball, when a fiddle-string breaks. The dancers stop, but dare not laugh in his face, for fear he should sulk and strike work, instead of striking-up. So, he puts on his string again, as grave as a judge, and recommences at the very note where the treacherous catgut let him down.

The fiddler's pay is variously regulated, according to local custom. Sometimes he is paid by the *estaminet*-keeper, the landlord of the place where the ball is held. In other cases he gets so much per dance from every cavalier who leads out a partner; but, in the genuine Flemish villages, it is the ladies exclusively who pay the musician. They come to the ball, holding in their hands a white pocket-handkerchief, and grasping tight the knotted end in which are concealed the necessary two-sous pieces. Each damsel pays once as her contribution towards the afternoon's amusement, and it would be considered an affront if her admirer were to offer to pay in her stead. When the ball is of a certain magnitude, the minstrel is accompanied by a friend who collects the two-sous from each young lady, as she takes her place in her

first quadrille; but, when the Orpheus is poor, or too avaricious to afford a trifle for his money-taker, the business is managed differently. A party of peasants are dancing in the garden, suppose, of the cabaret of the Beau Soleil. The fiddler is mounted on a cask on end. At the conclusion of the second figure, he stops short, and shouts "Mi-danse!" or "Half-dance!" he takes his two-sous from each figurante, remounts his hollow pedestal, and goes on playing *La Poule* and *La Pastorelle*. If he observes in the next quadrille any young ladies who have not danced before, he again gives them a hint by the cry of "Mi-danse!" exacts his tax, and sets to scraping again. He is well aware that, if he waited to the end, his couples would disappear, like a flock of pigeons with the hawk in sight, under the pretext of walking or taking refreshment.

In Paris, and other elevated regions of the dance, the figures of the quadrille are always the same; but, in the ducasse-countries they are often varied according to the musician's fancy, who shouts, in a loud, head-splitting voice, "*Ladies' chain!*" "*Cavaliers en avant!*" and so on. When he is in particularly good humour, he will conclude the quadrille with the order, "*Embrace your partner.*" Cunning lads have committed bribery with quarts of beer, to have the word of command given, whenever the fiddler saw them dancing with pretty girls. In all the villages around Douai, the necessary finish of a ball is to dance *Gayant* (the name of a giant effigy which is the favourite pet of the population) to the Douai national air, which the town chimes play during Gayant's fête. It is a lively tune, and the dance is nothing more than the figure called *l'Été*, ending in hands all round, with plenty of leaping and romping. In some villages, the established finish is the *Boulangère*. The musician plays the well-known tune, "*La boulangère a des écus qui ne lui coûtent guère,*" &c. "*The bakeress's money is easily earned,*" &c. A large circle is formed, with one of the girls in the middle; she takes a young man by the hand, gives him a turn, sets to him; and so on all round. Each girl successively plays the part of the prosperous bakeress, which we may suppose to be the impersonation of some bit of antique scandal and satire.

Besides the wide-spread ducasses which require his presence, each for their two or three allotted days, the *ménétrier* is called for on many domestic occasions. There is a wedding; he accompanies the party to church, playing them up to the church door, where he steps aside to let the company pass, and then takes part in the matrimonial mass with the devotion of an anchorite. When a public-house is opened, there is a dance; when a cottage is finished building, there is a dance; the same of archery-meetings and cross-bow competitions. The fiddler never wants for summer employment in a country

where they dance, as in England they dine, à-propos to every event in life. Be it understood also, that if they dance, they do not fail to drink in proportion. Stories are current of lords of the creation having to wheel home their ladies on wheelbarrows, so thoroughly had the fair ones enjoyed their ducasse. But I whisper this in confidence.

The fiddler is not forgotten for his share either of drinkables or eatables. One poor minstrel, after having well exercised the legs of the young folk in a village a short distance from his own, was anxious to get home because the night was dark, and would not stop to drink after supper. The landlord gave him a tarte and a gâteau to take home with him; and the fiddler, as he trudged along the road, reckoned on the treat in store for to-morrow. About half-way, at a solitary spot, what should he meet but a great hungry wolf, with glaring eyes and open mouth. The wolf, sharp set, was about to eat him up, when he thought he might beg off his enemy with a bit of cake. He tossed him a morsel, with a heavy sigh, and continued his journey without daring to run. He knew the wolf would run quicker than he could. In a moment, the lump of gâteau was swallowed; a few yards further, and there was the wolf again. The beggar's petition was so effectually urged, that the cake was eaten, and the tarte also, before the fiddler had reached his home. At his wit's end, he said to himself, "*What the deuce does he want with me now? I have nothing left but my fiddle. I'll play him one of my liveliest airs; perhaps it may amuse him till I can reach the village.*" But, before the minstrel could play a dozen bars, the wolf scampered away with a horrible grimace, as if his teeth were set on edge. The fiddler fiddled with all his might and main, to exorcise the demon still more effectually. At last he stopped short, and began tearing his hair, exclaiming, "*What an awful fool I was, not to treat him to music at the very first! O mon Dieu! My gâteau and my tarte!*"

MY LONDON GHOSTS.

I MAY usefully tell how I filled my mind with pleasant ghosts who chased away the spectres which haunted the couch of my childhood. There is some difficulty at first in ghost-making. The summoning of spirits from the vasty deep of the past by incantations over books, pictures, and haunted spots, was often and long unsuccessful at the beginning, until I began to doubt if they would ever come when I did call. I chose a personage whose acquaintance I thought likely to prove agreeable and useful, and when resident in London I chose one who had resided in it long ago,—a man who had loved truth or justice, and served science, literature, or liberty in by-gone times. I began by reading such books about him as I could find. I

frequently visited the houses in which he had lived. Suspicions of my motives and smiles at my enthusiasm did not prevent me asking, with my best bows and politest speeches, permission to look at the very rooms he had occupied. I read up the descriptions of the costumes and manners of his time. I demolished London until I had reduced the monster metropolis to the condition and dimensions of his day. The works, letters, and sayings of the man or name of my choice were conned over during hours of musing, brooding and reverie, until at length, and often suddenly, the spirit emerged from his obscurity, the name became a man, the portrait a face, the table-talk vocal, and the shade distinct to vision as a familiar friend.

As years rolled on I increased the ghost population with less and less trouble continually. The ghosts became in time numerous enough to fill the metropolis pretty well of themselves, and if a liberal publisher should undertake the work, I might now prove an efficient contributor to the pages of the London Ghost Directory.

London became to me nobly haunted by grand ghosts. In St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, Sir Isaac Newton used to come out of the door of his house upon me in a way which stopped my breath. From the very house in the Strand where Messrs. Warren and Russell sold blacking, my imagination having become full of the greatness of the past, saw issuing the daily procession of the Lord Chancellor Bacon on his way to his court at Westminster. Hogarth and Reynolds, the painters, met me daily in Leicester Square. When I went into Fleet Street I had to wait to catch an opportunity of slipping past the huge and shuffling bulk of Dr. Samuel Johnson. In Queen's Square Place, and in York Street, Westminster, I stopped to allow a handsome man in the garb of a Puritan to pass, whose eyes were blind, though bright, and who is well known in the neighbourhood as Mr. John Milton. At this spot, too, an old man with long white hair used to come trotting along and smiling to himself; his name, Mr. Jeremy Bentham. The great of London all live for me where they formerly lived. I once paid a visit to St. Saviour's graveyard, Southwark, and saw Mr. William Shakespeare with a mournful pallor on his face as he walked away from his last look at the lowered coffin of his brother. His Highness Oliver Cromwell has frequently passed me in Whitehall.

I once entered the residence of Newton, and found my way into the observatory, a small square room on the roof of the house; but, instead of seeing Newton, I saw a cobbler mending shoes where Newton had studied the stars! The small fire-place is perhaps the very one which the absent philosopher asked his servant to shift further away from him, as it made him too hot. The broad,

ample, wooden staircase, of the sort by which our ancestors secured good ventilation, the large and lofty rooms, and the size of the mansion, show that Newton was lodged, as the admirers of his genius would wish, in a healthy home in the centre of civilisation, yet near the open fields, and in a good street leading into a new square. Here he reached a green old age. Around this house I have often seen a young printer from America, watching and waiting, in hopes to get a glimpse of the great old man; but, Benjamin Franklin never saw more than the outside of this house. After the death of Newton, a proposal was made to preserve his residence as a national monument of his genius. Musical bells were to chime the hours from his observatory. Although this was not done by his countrymen, many statues, casts, portraits and engravings have preserved his features and his costume; and the human race have prepared his best monument by adopting his interpretation of the Universe. His house is a relic of one of the greatest manifestations of humanity, and the preservation of it would have a tendency towards the elevation of unborn generations. In this house resided one of those sublime spirits whose influences are eras of light and beneficence in the darkness of time and life. Just because Newton has enwrought his thoughts into the universe, and identified his genius with the stars, ought his countrymen to localise him, and make a house of brick and wood a memorial of him. Eating, drinking, sleeping, waking, going out, coming in, sick, well, happy, miserable, his mind clouded by suspicion, distorted by anger, and once at least morbidly diseased, if not in a state of aberration, in this house in St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, lived and worked a man with a full share of human infirmities, whose spirit, nevertheless, was bright enough to throw an abiding radiance over nature.

Newton lived within a furlong of the house in which Bacon was born, celebrated, and disgraced. York Gate, which is still visible from the Strand, and conspicuous from the steamer-barges at Hungerford Bridge, marks the site of York House, in which Francis Bacon was born, where he resided when he published his *Organum*; where he celebrated his birthday at the zenith of his success; where philosophers thronged to congratulate him on his great work, and lawyers and courtiers on his exalted station; and where the blackness of shame fell upon him, and he signed his confession as a bribed judge to prevent his exposure as something worse. There is not, connected with the biography of genius, a more solemn spot than the vicinity of York Gate, near the Strand. It was the scene of one of the most mournful tragedies in the moral life of the human race. There is an interest here surpassing aught that belongs to the homes of Newton, Milton, or Cromwell; the cottage in which Shakes-

peare was born; or the cottage in which Burns died. There is a mournfulness of local association connected with the site of York House, far surpassing in deep sadness anything which invests the dungeon of Tasso;—in fact, I submit, the most painfully suggestive spot belonging to the history of science and letters is the scene of the transactions which occasioned the truest lines ever written about Lord Bacon:

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined
The greatest, brightest, meanest of mankind.

York House was one of a series of mansions on the north bank of the Thames, which were occupied by the greatest nobles of England in the days when their mansions were the chief haunts of history and civilisation. Westward, the next to it, was Hungerford House, an aristocratic name which has not figured in history since the Civil Wars. Northumberland House, which still stands about a hundred yards off, was, in the days of Bacon occupied by an earl (son of the poet Earl of Surrey), one of the strangest personages that ever lived, and in it occurred many mysterious interviews connected with the murder by poison of Sir Thomas Overbury. The royal favourite, Carr, Earl of Somerset, and his beautiful and fiend-like countess, secretly met in Northumberland House the dreadful professors of the poisoning art, while their victim was wasting away in the Tower. A little further on, south and west, beyond the bend of the river, lay the royal towers of the Whitehall of Wolsey and the Tudors and Stuarts. The view was shut in by the Chapel of St. Stephen's and the spires of the Hall and the Abbey of Westminster. A ferry conveyed passengers across from Palace Yard and the Starchamber, to a landing-place before the Church and Palace of Lambeth. Open fields and gardens clothed in green the south side of the Thames.

To return to York House. Durham House was its eastern neighbour. About twenty years before Lord Bacon occupied York House as a Lord Chancellor, Sir Walter Raleigh resided in Durham House, and wrote and smoked in rooms which overlooked the river and the fields. It may have been here that his ignorant page was struck with horror at seeing smoke issuing from the mouth of his master. Before Durham House, Richard Williams, an ancestor of Oliver Cromwell, distinguished himself in a grand tournament in presence of Henry the Eighth, who exclaimed to Richard Williams or Cromwell in his delight—"Hitherto thou hast been my Dick; henceforth thou shalt be my diamond;" throwing him a ring still painted on the fore jambe of the demi-lion on the coats of arms of the Cromwells. Looking eastwards were more mansions, full of more associations than I can stop to enumerate, although I cannot omit to name the house of the Lord Southampton of Shakespeare, or the residence

of the Essex of Elizabeth, or the Arundel House of the Arundel of the Marbles, or Old Somerset House, or the Temple, or the square half spire which surmounted Old St. Paul's. Gay, in his *Trivia*, notices with a poet's regrets the changes in the Strand.

Behold that narrow street, which steep descends,
Whose building to the almy shore extends;
Here Arundel's famed structure rear'd its fame;
The street alone retains the empty name.
Where Titian's glowing paint the canvass warm'd,
And Raphael's fair design with judgment charm'd,
There hangs the bellman's song; and, pasted here,
The colour'd prints of Oberton appear.
Where statues breathed the work of Phidias' hands,
A wooden pump or lonely watchhouse stands.
There Essex's stately pile adorn'd the shore,
There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers',—now no more.

Villiers' means York House, which, after the downfall of Lord Bacon, passed into the possession of the magnificent favourite of the First James and the First Charles.

The great historical changes of England have all shown themselves in these mansions. Durham House and York House were the town residences of the proud prelates (the Bishops of Durham, the Archbishops of York, who prior to the Reformation outshone the nobles and ruled the kings), of whom Cardinal Wolsey was the last and most memorable specimen, and the scene of whose splendours was the neighbouring palace at Whitehall. At the Reformation, the king seized the palace of the cardinal, and the lord keepers, the chiefs of the lay lawyers, obtained possession of the palace of the Archbishops of York. In the days of Henry the Eighth and his daughter Elizabeth, the civilisation of England among the nobles, the courtiers, the prelates and lawyers in literature, philosophy, and politics, was Italian. Fashion was as Italian as possible. From London Bridge to Lambeth Ferry the Thames wore an Italian look. Old London Bridge had houses on it overhanging the river, as the Venetian palaces overhang the canals. Every great mansion had its watergate, and every nobleman had his boats and barges like gondolas, with watermen in his livery like gondoliers.

It is hard to say whether the reader who is familiar with the spot, or the reader who has never seen it, will have most difficulty in realising the scene where Francis Bacon was born, where he played as a boy, where he lived as lord chancellor, and where he was renowned and ruined. The reader familiar with the place has to demolish all the bridges in sight, to spread gardens with southern aspects from the mansions to the pebbly margins innocent of slime, to make the waters clean and bright, to substitute for the penny steamers, royal and lordly barges; and on the south bank, sweeping away dark masses of breweries, wharfs and warehouses, display green fields and trees towards the

heights of Camberwell and the hills of Surrey.

Francis Bacon was born in York House in the year fifteen hundred and sixty, and was, as the boy when twelve years old cleverly said to Queen Elizabeth, "just two years younger than her Majesty's happy reign." When he was four years old, his father, Sir Nicholas, the lord keeper, endangered his place by being concerned in the production of Haille's book in favour of the Suffolk succession to the throne. His mother is mentioned by Strype as one of the learned ladies who adorned their noble rank by their literary acquirements in the age of Queen Elizabeth. She was the author of a translation from Latin to English of Bishop Jewell's Apology. Francis was the youngest son of five. In York House he enjoyed the instructions of his father's chaplain, Mr. Johnson, a Puritan, partial to logical studies, and who doubtless infused into the mind of the pupil, the Protestant spirit of free and independent thought. When his pupil was at Cambridge, Mr. Johnson died of cold, famine, and foul air, in prison, solitary, unfriended, and refused charitable relief for marrying without using the ring, and for omitting the sign of the cross and the consecration of every supply of the sacramental wine. Poor Johnson had not been able to infuse into any of the Bacons any portion of his own rigid conscientiousness; else, probably, his fate and their lots in life would have been very different. He does not seem to have known how to temper the spirit of the German Luther with the policy of the Italian Machiavel. The intellect of Bacon took a scientific turn in his earliest boyhood. When his companions were playing in St. James's Park, he would steal away from them to the brick conduit to try to discover the cause of a singular echo. Probably the sagacity of his father encouraged these scientific investigations, to prevent his mind from swerving from the path of legal ambition under the ecclesiastical and theological influences of his tutor and of his mother. Strype, in his Life of Archbishop Parker, mentions a pleasing anecdote of Lady Bacon. Her translation of Bishop Jewell's Apology for the Church of England was finished when her youngest boy was four years old. Desirous of the opinion of Archbishop Parker, she sent the manuscript to him, and only a short time elapsed before the work was returned to her in print without the alteration of a word or a letter, and accompanied with an epistle of applause and thanks. Strype says this conduct was all the more handsome, as the Archbishop was himself the unknown author of a translation published anonymously only a couple of years previously. The infancy of Francis Bacon in fifteen hundred and sixty-four witnessed the literary success of his mother. Perhaps his father's connection with Haille's book about this time was not entirely hidden

from him. Upwards of half a century elapses, the child is a grey-haired man, holding his father's office, and occupying the official residence in which he was born, and the apartments are crowded with everybody distinguished for rank, power, or learning in London, who had assembled together to congratulate the Lord Chancellor on the publication of his *Novum Organon*.

Number One, Gray's Inn Square, was the residence of Francis Bacon during his youth, his manhood, and after his fall. In this house he wrote most of his great works. The five sons of Sir Nicholas Bacon became members of Gray's Inn on the twenty-first of November, fifteen hundred and seventy-six, and their names are entered in succession as Nicholas, Nathaniel, Edward, Anthony, and Francis. Francis was in his seventeenth year. He had left Cambridge, where his mind revolted against the scholastic logic as taught by Archbishop Whitgift, and marvelled respecting the laws of sound by which an iron pillar in Trinity College made a little flat noise in the room where it was struck, but a great bomb in the chamber beneath. He was just about to proceed to Paris to observe continental manners in the residence of the English ambassador, Sir Amias Paulet. He shared the splendours of the embassy for about two years. Being in Paris, and his father dying in London, two or three days before the death of his father he dreamt that his father's country house at Gorchambury was plastered all over with black mortar. The death of his father transferred Mr. Francis Bacon, at the age of nineteen, from the gaieties of the Embassy at Paris to the "streits and necessities" in his lodgings at Gray's Inn. His father had a sum of money by him which he intended to lay out for the benefit of his two youngest sons, Anthony and Francis, the offspring of his second marriage. The suddenness of his death frustrated his intention, and the sum was divided equally among all the five sons. Hence the "streits and necessities."

Several years ago, when making my ghost of Bacon, I made a pilgrimage to his residence in Gray's Inn. I asked a messenger, whose business consists in delivering letters and going errands for the gentlemen of the Inn, if he knew the house in which the great Lord Bacon lived? He stared with surprise: "Lord Bacon! Lord Bacon! he don't live here. I never heard of him, sir." The arms of Lord Bacon adorned the painted glass of the window behind this man's back, and his residence was before his face. At last he exclaimed: "Perhaps the porter can tell you, sir." The porter "did not know where Lord Bacon had lived, but he knew it was somewhere in the square, and he knew Sir Gerard Noel lived with him, wherever it was." With this information, the little man decisively shut his little half-door. In Number One there is a controversy between the

floors for the honour of having been the residence of Bacon. As the seven towns contended for the honour of the birthplace of Homer, nearly all the chambers of Number One contest the honour of the company of Bacon. I knocked at one of the doors on the ground-floor, and petitioned for permission to look at the apartments. A fair-haired, red-faced clerk—pen in hand, uncombed, unbrushed, and brusque—answered: "You may see the room, but you must be quick." Modern ceilings and alterations induced the question: "You are quite sure this is the room occupied by Lord Bacon?"—"Quite sure, sir. This is classic ground; it is mentioned in the lease." The courteous gentleman on the first-floor entertained decided opinions respecting the pretensions of the ground-floor. Certainly the noble rooms of the first-floor, with their ancient oak panelings, appear worthy to have been the scene of the greatest compositions of Bacon. During his residence in Gray's Inn, the needy, although highly connected Mr. Francis Bacon, had to support the different pretensions of the student, of Sir Francis Bacon, of Lord Verulam, of Viscount St. Alban's, a youth of twenty of slender means, a successful barrister, an attorney-general, a lord chancellor in retirement and disgrace. Probably he occupied different chambers during his residence in the Inn, and there cannot be a doubt but that in his prosperous days, when gentlemen lived in his service, his magnificent and extravagant tastes made him occupy the best apartments, if not the whole house. There is internal evidence in favour of the first-floor rooms, overlooking the garden and the trees he had planted, being the rooms in which he worked at his maturest works.

Never were moral and intellectual things in greater contrast in one man than in Bacon and the life he spent in Gray's Inn Square. He went to live in the Inn a lad who had lived to think, and who was henceforth compelled to think to live. He vowed himself to do great things in philosophy. *Partus Temporis Maximus* was the title the aspiring boy gave to his first draft of his great work. He gave it his best thoughts for forty years. He wrote it out in a dozen different shapes. It is still the most eloquent exposition in existence of the portion he knew of the science of investigation. Socially, Lord Bacon became the most successful talker of his day. Noblemen asked to meet him at dinner, brought their secretaries with them to note down his apothegms and his anecdotes. At the bar, his auditors on special occasions could neither cough nor look aside while he spoke. He gained the highest place in his profession. He occupied the chair of his king at the council board during the absence of James in Scotland; and he made the throne of Philosophy his own, to reign for ages.

To all this mental greatness his moral

career was a most pitiful contrast. As York House was the place of the birth, fame, and shame of Francis Bacon, Gray's Inn was the workshop of the lawyer, philosopher, and historian.

York House was in the Strand, and its gardens gently sloping towards the clear Thames, commanded beautiful views of Surrey. An anecdote is told of Lord Bacon which recalls the aspect of the Thames at York House, and its gardens, when he was chancellor towards the end of the reign of King James the First. One summer afternoon he had returned earlier than usual from the Court of Chancery, and was walking in his garden between his house and the river. It was his custom to walk here attended by his secretary, who, with his inkhorn at his girdle, was ready to write down any sentences he might choose to dictate. Of all his amanuenses he preferred Thomas Hobbes, who, though only about twenty years of age when Bacon was sixty, understood him best. In this way the author of the *Organon* braced the intellect of the author of the *Leviathan*. On this particular afternoon, the fishermen were busy rowing their boats and spreading out their nets in the river to catch fish. Lord Bacon advanced towards them when they were pulling the net upon the beach, asking, "How much will you take for all the fish in your net?" What they said they would take he said he would not give. The net was pulled in completely and there was no fish in it. "Ah!" said the Lord Chancellor, "Hope may be a good reversion, but it is a bad estate."

The palatial residence of the Chancellors of England displayed unusual magnificence on the sixtieth birthday of Bacon. He celebrated by a grand entertainment the successes of his life, his attainment of the Chancellorship, and the publication of his greatest work. Among the daily visitors at his residence were Thomas Hobbes, his amanuensis, William Harvey, his physician, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and Ben Jonson, who celebrated his merits in prose and verse. I have often observed them all in animated conversation in York Gardens, walking along the alleys of wild thyme and water-mint.

A walk from Leicester Square to York Gate sufficed to conjure up before me the ghosts of most of the greatest men of English growth. At York Gardens I witnessed the attempts of Harvey to interest Bacon in the greatest and grandest discoveries respecting the organisation of life—the revelation of the secrets of the systems for the preservation of the individual and of the species. I read in the cynical face of young Thomas Hobbes the fact that he was learning, from the contemplation in Bacon of the union of mental splendour with moral squalor, his philosophy of Selfishness. Whenever I chose to look across the river from the gardens of York

House I used to see at will the roof of the Globe Theatre. It stood beyond the bend which the river makes in forming the bank upon which Southwark stands. It was the summer theatre of the company of which William Shakespeare was a proprietor, performer, and dramatic author. I have often seen the bright surface of the sweet Italian Thames covered with the gondolas of the aristocracy of the reigns of Elizabeth and James rowing towards it from their water gates to witness the earlier performances of Hamlet or Macbeth. On turning my eyes to the west I have seen Whitehall upon the tempestuous third of September, which carried away the great spirit of Oliver Cromwell.

Isaac Newton, Francis Bacon, William Shakespeare, William Harvey, and Oliver Cromwell were my principal London ghosts, and it was by seeing them as they lived, by listening to their talk, and by musing over their thoughts that I laid the phantoms of my hallucinated childhood, and won my present measure of mental health. Diseased, indeed, must the soul be which would not be somewhat healed by the society of the sublime shades who lived upon the banks of the Thames when science, literature, and liberty flourished best in England.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH—MOZART PLAYS
FAREWELL.

EXCEPTING that he took leave of Betsey, the servant-maid, with great cordiality, Uncle Joseph spoke not another word, after his parting reply to Mr. Munder, until he and his niece were alone again under the east wall of Porthgenna Tower. There, he paused, looked up at the house, then at his companion, then back at the house once more, and at last opened his lips to speak.

"I am sorry, my child," he said. "I am sorry from my heart. This has been, what you call in England, a very bad job."

Thinking that he referred to the scene which had just passed in the housekeeper's room, Sarah asked his pardon for having been the innocent means of bringing him into angry collision with such a person as Mr. Munder.

"No! no! no!" he cried. "I was not thinking of the man of the big body and the big words. He made me angry, it is not to be denied; but that is all over and gone now. I put him and his big words away from me, as I kick this stone, here, from the pathway into the road. It is not of your Munderts, or your housekeepers, or your Betzies, that I now speak—it is of something that is nearer to you, and nearer to me also, because I make of your interest my own interest, too. I shall tell you what it is, while we walk on—for I see in your face, Sarah, that you are restless and in fear so long as we stop in the neigh-

bourhood of this dungeon-house. Come! I am ready for the march. There is the path. Let us go back by it, and pick up our little baggages at the inn where we left them, on the other side of this windy wilderness of a place."

"Yes, yes, uncle! Let us lose no time; let us walk fast. Don't be afraid of tiring me; I am much stronger now."

They turned into the same path by which they had approached Porthgenna Tower in the afternoon. By the time they had walked over a little more than the first hundred yards of their journey, Jacob, the gardener's boy, stole out from behind the ruinous enclosure at the north side of the house, with his hoe in his hand. The sun had just set, but there was a fine light still over the wide, open surface of the moor; and Jacob paused to let the old man and his niece get farther away from the building before he followed them. The housekeeper's instructions had directed him just to keep them in sight, and no more; and, if he happened to observe that they stopped and turned round to look behind them, he was to stop, too, and pretend to be digging with his hoe, as if he was at work on the moorland. Stimulated by the promise of a sixpence, if he was careful to do exactly as he had been told, Jacob kept his instructions in his memory, and kept his eye on the two strangers, and promised as fairly to earn the reward in prospect for him as a boy could.

"And, now, my child, I shall tell you what it is I am sorry for," resumed Uncle Joseph, as they proceeded along the path. "I am sorry that we have come out upon this journey, and run our little risk, and had our little scolding, and gained nothing. The word you said in my ear, Sarah, when I was getting you out of the faint (and you should have come out of it sooner, if the muddle-headed people of the dungeon-house had been quicker with the water)—the word you said in my ear was not much, but it was enough to tell me that we have taken this journey in vain. I may hold my tongue, I may make my best face at it, I may be content to walk blindfolded with a mystery that lets no peep of daylight into my eyes—but it is not the less true, that the one thing your heart was most set on doing, when we started on this journey, is the one thing also, that you have not done. I know that, if I know nothing else; and I say again, it is a bad job—yes, yes, upon my life and faith, there is no disguise to put upon it; it is, in your plainest English, a very bad job."

As he concluded the expression of his sympathy in these quaint terms, the dread and distrust, the watchful terror, that marred the natural softness of Sarah's eyes, disappeared in an expression of sorrowful tenderness, which seemed to give back to them all their beauty.

"Don't be sorry for me, uncle," she said,

stopping, and gently brushing away with her hand some specks of dust that lay on the collar of his coat. "I have suffered so much and suffered so long, that the heaviest disappointments pass lightly over me now."

"I won't hear you say it!" cried Uncle Joseph. "You give me shocks I can't bear when you talk to me in this way. You shall have no more disappointments—no, you shall not! 'I, Joseph Buschmann, the Obstinate, the Pig-Headed, I say it!'"

"The day when I shall have no more disappointments, uncle, is not far off, now. Let me wait a little longer, and endure a little longer: I have learned to be patient, and to hope for nothing. Fearing and failing, fearing and failing—that has been my life, ever since I was a young woman—the life I have become inured to by this time. If you are surprised, as I know you must be, at my not possessing myself of the letter, when I had the keys of the Myrtle Room in my hand, and when no one was near to stop me, remember the history of my life, and take that as an explanation. Fearing and failing, fearing and failing—if I told you all the truth, I could tell no more than that. Let us walk on, uncle."

The resignation in her voice and manner, while she spoke, was the resignation of despair. It gave her an unnatural self-possession, which altered her, in the eyes of Uncle Joseph, almost past recognition. He looked at her in undisguised alarm.

"No!" he said, "we will not walk on; we will walk back to the duncheon-house; we will make another plan; we will try to get at this devil's imp of a letter in some other way. I care for no Munderts, no house-keepers, no Betzies—I! I care for nothing, but the getting you the one thing you want, and the taking you home again as easy in your mind as I am myself. Come! let us go back."

"It is too late to go back."

"How too late? Ah, dismal, dingy, duncheon-house of the devil, how I hate you!" cried Uncle Joseph, looking back over the prospect, and shaking both his fists at Porthgenna Tower.

"It is too late, uncle," she repeated. "Too late, because the opportunity is lost; too late, because if I could bring it back, I dare not go near the Myrtle Room again. My last hope was to change the hiding-place of the letter—and that last hope I have given up. I have only one object in life left now; you may help me in it; but I cannot tell you how, unless you will come on with me at once—unless you will say nothing more about going back to Porthgenna Tower."

Uncle Joseph began to expostulate. His niece stopped him in the middle of a sentence, by touching him on the shoulder and pointing to a particular spot on the darkening slope of the moor before them.

"Look!" she said, "there is somebody on

the path behind us. Is it a boy, or a man?"

Uncle Joseph looked through the fading light, and saw a figure at some little distance. It seemed like the figure of a boy, and he was apparently engaged in digging on the moor.

"Let us turn round, and go on at once," pleaded Sarah, before the old man could answer her. "I can't say what I want to say to you, uncle, until we are safe under shelter at the inn."

They went on, until they reached the highest ground on the moor. There, they stopped, and looked back again. The rest of their way lay down hill; and the spot on which they stood was the last point from which a view could be obtained of Porthgenna Tower.

"We have lost sight of the boy," said Uncle Joseph, looking over the ground below them.

Sarah's younger and sharper eyes bore witness to the truth of her uncle's words—the view over the moor was lonely now, in every direction, as far as she could see. Before going on again, she moved a little away from the old man, and looked at the tower of the ancient house, rising heavy and black in the dim light, with the dark sea-background stretching behind it like a wall. "Never again!" she whispered to herself. "Never, never, never again!" Her eyes wandered away to the church, and to the cemetery-inclosure by its side, barely distinguishable now in the shadows of the coming night. "Wait for me a little longer," she said, looking towards the burial-ground with straining eyes, and pressing her hand on her bosom, over the place where the book of Hymns lay hid. "My wanderings are nearly at an end: the day for my coming home again is not far off!"

The tears filled her eyes, and shut out the view. She rejoined her uncle, and, taking his arm again, drew him rapidly a few steps along the downward path—then checked herself, as if struck by a sudden suspicion, and walked back a few paces to the highest ridge of the ground. "I am not sure," she said, replying to her companion's look of surprise—"I am not sure whether we have seen the last yet of that boy who was digging on the moor."

As the words passed her lips, a figure stole out from behind one of the large fragments of granite-rock which were scattered over the waste on all sides of them. It was once more the figure of the boy, and again he began to dig, without the slightest apparent reason, on the barren ground at his feet.

"Yes, yes, I see," said Uncle Joseph, as his niece eagerly directed his attention to the suspicious figure. "It is the same boy, and he is digging still—and, if you please, what of that?"

Sarah did not attempt to answer. "Let

us get on," she said hurriedly. "Let us get on as fast as we can to the inn."

They turned again, and took the downward path before them. In less than a minute they had lost sight of Porthgenna Tower, of the old church, and of the whole of the western view. Still, though there was now nothing but the blank darkening moorland to look back at, Sarah persisted in stopping at frequent intervals, as long as there was any light left, to glance behind her. She made no remark; she offered no excuse for thus delaying the journey back to the inn. It was only when they arrived within sight of the lights of the post-town that she ceased looking back, and that she spoke to her companion. The few words she addressed to him amounted to nothing more than a request that he would ask for a private sitting-room, as soon as they reached their place of sojourn for the night.

They ordered beds at the inn, and were shown into the best parlour to wait for supper. The moment they were alone, Sarah drew a chair close to the old man's side, and whispered these words in his ear:—

"Uncle! we have been followed every step of the way from Porthgenna Tower to this place."

"So! so! And how do you know that?" inquired Uncle Joseph.

"Hush! Somebody may be listening at the door, somebody may be creeping under the window. You noticed that boy who was digging on the moor?—"

"Bah! Why, Sarah! do you frighten yourself, do you try to frighten me about a boy?"

"O, not so loud! not so loud! They have laid a trap for us. Uncle! I suspected it when we first entered the doors of Porthgenna Tower; I am sure of it now. What did all that whispering mean between the housekeeper and the steward, when we first got into the hall? I watched their faces, and I know they were talking about us. They were not half surprised enough at seeing us, not half surprised enough at hearing what we wanted. Don't laugh at me, uncle! There is real danger: it is no fancy of mine. The keys—come closer—the keys of the north-rooms have got new labels on them; the doors have all been numbered. Think of that! Think of the whispering when we came in, and the whispering afterwards, in the housekeeper's room, when you got up to go away. You noticed the sudden change in that man's behaviour, after the housekeeper spoke to him—you must have noticed it? They let us in too easily, and they let us out too easily. No, no! I am not deluding myself. There was some secret motive for letting us into the house, and some secret motive for letting us out again. That boy on the moor betrays it, if nothing else does. I saw him following us all the way here, as plainly as I see you. I am not frightened

without reason, this time. As surely as we two are together in this room, there is a trap laid for us by the people at Porthgenna Tower!"

"A trap? What trap? And how? and why? and wherefore?" inquired Uncle Joseph, expressing bewilderment by waving both his hands rapidly to and fro close before his eyes.

"They want to make me speak, they want to follow me, they want to find out where I go, they want to ask me questions," she answered, trembling violently. "Uncle! you remember what I told you of those crazed words I said to Mrs. Frankland—I ought to have cut my tongue out rather than have spoken them! They have done dreadful mischief—I am certain of it—dreadful mischief already. I have made myself suspected! I shall be questioned, if Mrs. Frankland finds me out again. She will try to find me out—we shall be inquired after here—we must destroy all trace of where we go to next—we must make sure that the people at this inn can answer no questions—O, Uncle Joseph! whatever we do, let us make sure of that!"

"Good," said the old man, nodding his head with a perfectly self-satisfied air. "Be quite easy, my child, and leave it to me to make sure. When you are gone to-bed, I shall send for the landlord, and I shall say, 'Get us a little carriage, if you please, sir, to take us back again to-morrow to the coach for Truro.'"

"No, no, no! we must not hire a carriage here."

"And I say, yes, yes, yes! We will hire a carriage here, because I will, first of all, make sure with the landlord. Listen. I shall say to him, 'If there come after us, people, with inquisitive looks in their eyes and uncomfortable questions in their mouths—if you please, sir, hold your tongue.' Then, I shall wink my eye, I shall lay my finger, so, to the side of my nose, I shall give one little laugh that means much—and, crick! crack! I have made sure of the landlord; and there is an end of it!"

"We must not trust the landlord, uncle; we must not trust anybody. When we leave this place to-morrow, we must leave it on foot, and take care that no living soul follows us. Look! here is a map of West Cornwall hanging up on the wall, with roads and cross-roads all marked on it. We may find out, beforehand, what direction we ought to walk in. A night's rest will give me all the strength I want; and we have no luggage that we cannot carry. You have nothing but your knapsack, and I have nothing but the little carpet-bag you lent me. We can walk six, seven, even ten miles, with resting by the way. Come here, and look at the map—pray, pray come and look at the map!"

Protesting against the abandonment of his

own project, which he declared, and sincerely believed, to be perfectly adapted to meet the emergency in which they were placed, Uncle Joseph joined his niece in examining the map. A little beyond the post-town, a cross-road was marked, running northward at right angles with the highway that led to Truro, and conducting to another road, which looked large enough to be a coach road, and which led through a town of sufficient importance to have its name printed in capital letters. On discovering this, Sarah proposed that they should follow the cross-road (which did not appear on the map to be more than five or six miles long) on foot, abstaining from taking any conveyance until they had arrived at the town marked in capital letters. By pursuing this course, they would destroy all trace of their progress, after leaving the post-town—unless, indeed, they were followed on foot from this place, as they had been followed over the moor. In the event of any fresh difficulty of that sort occurring, Sarah had no better remedy to propose than lingering on the road till after night-fall, and leaving it to the darkness to baffle the vigilance of any person who might be watching in the distance to see where they went.

Uncle Joseph shrugged his shoulders resignedly when his niece gave her reasons for wishing to continue the journey on foot. "There is much tramping through dust, and much looking behind us, and much spying and peeping, and suspecting, and roundabout walking in all this," he said. "It is by no means so easy, my child, as making sure of the landlord, and sitting at our ease on the cushions of the stage coach. But if you will have it so, so shall it be. What you please, Sarah; what you please—that is all the opinion of my own that I allow myself to have till we are back again at Truro, and are resting for good and all at the end of our journey."

"At the end of *your* journey, uncle: I dare not say at the end of *mine*."

Those few words changed the old man's face in an instant. His eyes fixed reproachfully on his niece, his ruddy cheeks lost their colour, his restless hands dropped suddenly to his sides. "Sarah!" he said, in a low, quiet tone, which seemed to have no relation to the voice in which he spoke on ordinary occasions—"Sarah! have you the heart to leave me again?"

"Have I the courage to stay in Cornwall? That is the question to ask me, uncle. If I had only my own heart to consult, O, how gladly I should live under your roof—live under it, if you would let me, to my dying day! But my lot is not cast for such rest and such happiness as that. The fear that I have of being questioned by Mrs. Frankland drives me away from Porthgenna, away from Cornwall, away from you. Even my dread of the letter being found, is hardly so great now, as my dread of being traced and ques-

tioned. I have said what I ought not to have said already. If I find myself in Mrs. Frankland's presence again, there is nothing that she might not draw out of me. O, my God! to think of that kind-hearted, lovely young woman, who brings happiness with her wherever she goes, bringing terror to me! Terror when her pitying eyes look at me; terror when her kind voice speaks to me; terror when her tender hand touches mine! Uncle! when Mrs. Frankland comes to Porthgenna, the very children will crowd about her—every creature in that poor village will be drawn towards the light of her beauty and her goodness, as if it was the sunshine of Heaven itself; and I—I, of all living beings—must shun her as if she was a pestilence! The day when she comes into Cornwall is the day when I must go out of it—the day when we two must say farewell. Don't, don't add to the wretchedness of that, by asking me if I have the heart to leave you! For my dead mother's sake, Uncle Joseph, believe that I am grateful, believe that it is not my own will that takes me away when I leave you again." She sank down on a sofa near her, laid her head, with one long, deep sigh, wearily on the pillow, and spoke no more.

The tears gathered thick in Uncle Joseph's eyes as he sat down by her side. He took one of her hands, and patted and stroked it as though he were soothing a little child. "I will bear it as well as I can, Sarah," he whispered faintly, "and I will say no more. You will write to me sometimes, when I am left all alone? You will give a little time to Uncle Joseph, for the poor dead mother's sake?"

She turned towards him suddenly, and threw both her arms round his neck with a passionate energy that was strangely at variance with her naturally quiet self-repressed character. "I will write often, dear; I will write always," she whispered, with her head on his bosom. "If I am ever in any trouble or danger, you shall know it." She stopped confusedly, as if the freedom of her own words and actions terrified her, unclasped her arms, and, turning abruptly away from the old man, hid her face in her hands. The tyranny of the restraint that governed her whole life was all expressed—how sadly, how eloquently!—in that one little action.

Uncle Joseph rose from the sofa, and walked gently backwards and forwards in the room, looking anxiously at his niece, but not speaking to her. After a while, the servant came in to prepare the table for supper. It was a welcome interruption, for it obliged Sarah to make an effort to recover her self-possession. After the meal was over, the uncle and niece separated at once for the night, without venturing to exchange another word on the subject of their approaching separation.

When they met the next morning, the old man had not recovered his spirits. Although he tried to speak as cheerfully as usual, there was something strangely subdued and quiet

about him in voice, look, and manner. Sarah's heart smote her as she saw how sadly he was altered by the prospect of their parting. She said a few words of consolation and hope; but he only waved his hand negatively, in his quaint foreign manner, and hastened out of the room to find the landlord and ask for the bill.

Soon after breakfast, to the surprise of the people at the inn, they set forth to continue their journey on foot, Uncle Joseph carrying his knapsack on his back, and his niece's carpet-bag in his hand. When they arrived at the turning that led into the cross-road, they both stopped and looked back. This time, they saw nothing to alarm them. There was no living creature visible on the broad highway over which they had been walking for the last quarter of an hour, after leaving the inn.

"The way is clear," said Uncle Joseph, as they turned into the cross-road. "Whatever might have happened yesterday, there is nobody following us now."

"Nobody that we can see," answered Sarah. "But I distrust the very stones by the roadside. Let us look back often, uncle, before we allow ourselves to feel secure. The more I think of it, the more I dread the snare that is laid for us by those people at Porthgenna Tower."

"You say *us*, Sarah. Why should they lay a snare for *me*?"

"Because they have seen you in my company. You will be safer from them when we are parted; and that is another reason, Uncle Joseph, why we should bear the misfortune of our separation as patiently as we can."

"Are you going far, very far away, Sarah, when you leave me?"

"I dare not stop on my journey till I can feel that I am lost in the great world of London. Don't look at me so sadly! I shall never forget my promise; I shall never forget to write. I have friends—not friends like you, but still friends—to whom I can go. I can feel safe from discovery nowhere but in London. My danger is great—it is, it is, indeed! I know, from what I have seen at Porthgenna, that Mrs. Frankland has an interest already in finding me out; and I am certain that this interest will be increased tenfold when she hears (as she is sure to hear) of what happened yesterday in the house. If they *should* trace you to Truro, O, be careful, uncle! be careful how you deal with them; be careful how you answer their questions!"

"I will answer nothing, my child. But tell me—for I want to know all the little chances that there are of your coming back—tell me, if Mrs. Frankland finds the letter, what shall you do then?"

At that question Sarah's hand, which had been resting languidly on her uncle's arm while they walked together, closed on it suddenly. "Even if Mrs. Frankland gets into

the Myrtle Room," she said, stopping and looking affrightedly about her while she replied, "she may not find the letter. It is folded up so small; it is hidden in such an unlikely place."

"But if she does find it?"

"If she does, there will be more reason than ever for my being miles and miles away." As she gave that answer, she raised both her hands to her heart, and pressed them firmly over it. A slight distortion passed rapidly across her features; her eyes closed; her face flushed all over—then turned paler again than ever. She drew out her pocket-handkerchief, and passed it several times over her face, on which the perspiration had gathered thickly. The old man, who had looked behind him when his niece stopped, under the impression that she had just seen somebody following them, observed this latter action, and asked if she felt too hot. She shook her head, and took his arm again to go on, breathing, as he fancied, with some difficulty. He proposed that they should sit down by the roadside and rest a little; but she only answered, "Not yet." So they went on for another half hour; then turned to look behind them again, and, still seeing nobody, sat down for a little while to rest on a bank by the wayside.

After stopping twice more at convenient resting-places, they reached the end of the cross-road. On the highway to which it led them, they were overtaken by a man driving an empty cart, who offered to give them a lift as far as the next town. They accepted the proposal gratefully; and, arriving at the town, after a drive of half an hour, were set down at the door of the principal inn. Finding on enquiry at this place that they were too late for the coach, they took a private conveyance, which brought them to Truro late in the afternoon. Throughout the whole of the journey, from the time when they left the post-town of Porthgenna to the time when they stopped, by Sarah's desire, at the coach-office in Truro, they had seen nothing to excite the smallest suspicion that their movements were being observed. None of the people whom they saw in the inhabited places or whom they passed on the road, appeared to take more than the most casual notice of them.

It was five o'clock when they entered the office at Truro to ask about conveyances running in the direction of Exeter. They were informed that a coach would start in an hour's time, and that another coach would pass through Truro at eight o'clock the next morning.

"You will not go to-night?" pleaded Uncle Joseph. "You will wait, my child, and rest with me till to-morrow?"

"I had better go, uncle, while I have some little resolution left," was the sad answer.

"But you are so pale, so tired, so weak."

"I shall never be stronger than I am now."

Don't set my own heart against me! It is hard enough to go without that."

Uncle Joseph sighed, and said no more. He led the way across the road and down the by-street to his house. The cheerful man in the shop was polishing a piece of wood behind the counter, sitting in the same position in which Sarah had seen him when she first looked through the window on her arrival at Truro. He had good news for his master of orders received, but Uncle Joseph listened absently to all that his shopman said, and hastened into the little back parlour without the faintest reflection of its customary smile on his face. "If I had no shop and no orders I might go away with you, Sarah," he said when he and his niece were alone. "Aie! Aie! the setting out on this journey has been the only happy part of it. Sit down and rest, my child. I must put my best face upon it, and get you some tea."

When the tea-tray had been placed on the table, he left the room, and returned after an absence of some little time with a basket in his hand. When the porter came to carry the luggage to the coach office, he would not allow the basket to be taken away at the same time, but sat down and placed it between his feet while he occupied himself in pouring out a cup of tea for his niece.

The musical-box still hung at his side in its travelling-case of leather. As soon as he had poured out the cup of tea, he unbuckled the strap, removed the covering from the box, and placed it on the table near him. His eyes wandered hesitatingly towards Sarah, as he did this; he leaned forward, his lips trembling a little, his hand trifling uneasy with the empty leather-case that now lay on his knees, and said to her in low, unsteady tones:—

"You will hear a little farewell song of Mozart? It may be a long time, Sarah, before he can play to you again. A little farewell song, my child, before you go?"

His hand stole up gently from the leather-case to the table, and set the box playing the same air that Sarah had heard on the evening when she entered the parlour, after her journey from Somersetshire, and found him sitting alone listening to the music. What depths of sorrow there were now in those few simple notes! What mournful memories of past times gathered and swelled in the heart at the bidding of that one little plaintive melody! Sarah could not summon the courage to lift her eyes to the old man's face—they might have betrayed to him that she was thinking of the days when the box that he treasured so dearly, played the air they were listening to now, by the bedside of his dying child.

The stop had not been set, and the melody after it had come to an end, began again. But now, after the first few bars, the notes succeeded one another more and more slowly

—the air grew less and less recognisable—dropped at last to three notes, following each other at long intervals—then ceased altogether. The chain that governed the action of the machinery had all run out: Mozart's farewell song was silenced on a sudden, like a voice that had broken down.

The old man started, looked earnestly at his niece, and threw the leather-case over the box as if he desired to shut out the sight of it. "The music stopped so," he whispered to himself, in his own language, "when little Joseph died! Don't go!" he added quickly, in English, almost before Sarah had time to feel surprised at the singular change that had taken place in his voice and manner. "Don't go! Think better of it, and stop with me."

"I have no choice, uncle, but to leave you—indeed, indeed I have not! You don't think me ungrateful? Comfort me at the last moment by telling me that!"

He pressed her hand in silence, and kissed her on both cheeks. "My heart is very heavy for you, Sarah," he said. "The fear has come to me that it is not for your own good that you are going away from Uncle Joseph, now."

"I have no choice," she sadly repeated, "no choice but to leave you."

"It is time then to get the parting over." The cloud of doubt and fear that had altered his face, from the moment when the music came to its untimely end, seemed to darken, when he had said those words. He took up the basket which he had kept so carefully at his feet, and led the way out in silence.

They were barely in time: the driver was mounting to his seat when they got to the coach-office. "God preserve you, my child, and send you back to me soon, safe and well. Take the basket on your lap; there are some little things in it for your journey." His voice faltered at the last word, and Sarah felt his lips pressed on her hand. The next instant the door was closed, and she saw him dimly through her tears, standing among the idlers on the pavement, who were waiting to see the coach drive off.

By the time they were a little way out of the town, she was able to dry her eyes and look into the basket. It contained a pot of jam and a horn spoon, a small inlaid work-box from the stock in the shop, a piece of foreign-looking cheese, a French roll, and a little paper-pocket of money, with the words, "Don't be angry!" written on it, in Uncle Joseph's hand. Sarah closed the cover of the basket again, and drew down her veil. She had not felt the sorrow of the parting in all its bitterness until that moment. Oh, how hard it was to be banished from the sheltering home that was offered to her by the one friend she had left in the world!

While that thought was in her mind, the old man was just closing the door of his lonely parlour. His eyes wandered to the

tea-tray on the table and to Sarah's empty cup, and he whispered to himself, in his own language again :

"The music stopped so, when little Joseph died !"

OLD SCRAPS OF SCIENCE.

Marchez, marchons, mes Compagnons !

Marseillaise Hymn.

As Science improves upon Ignorance, every epoch claims for itself the pre-eminence of having made such wonderful progress as almost to leave nothing farther to be explored. Yet, notwithstanding this perennial boast, there has still been much for research to discover ; and, though there may be nothing new under the sun, there appears to be a great deal to learn concerning the old, which has been all round about man since the creation of the world. In many things, it is true, we add little if aught to the ancient knowledge which has been transmitted to us ; but in others our advances have been so conspicuous as to afford us a right to expect greater progress, if we only seek it with due humility and philosophical spirit.

Professor Daubeny's resumé of the present condition of the most important branches of science, in his inauguration of the last British Association meeting at Cheltenham, is a valuable paper ; and withal as modest as could be expected on such an occasion, when *Laudator temporis acti* has almost always been the leading blemish, though considerably repressed at the later assemblages. So far, the learned president has cleared the way, and taught us to look forward to prodigious strides in the various paths of intelligence on which so many able men are now travelling ; and it is to be hoped that his anticipations may be realised. Holding with him in this trust, it is in the way of entertainment and not in the mood of throwing cold water on warm aspirings, that we take up our pen to retrace a few features of an example set before the inquisitive scientific world, nearly two centuries ago, when Prince Rupert (instead of Prince Albert) and Boyle, Malpighi, Swammerdam, Sir Christopher Wren, Evelyn, Hook, Aubrey, Willoughby, Sir William Petty, Sir Isaac Newton, and the young Royal Society stood forth in place of the Daubenys, Sedgwicks, Sabines, Owens (Forbes, Johnstons, alas ! no more), Wheelers, Murchisons, Playfairs, Ansteds, Henslows, Faradays, Herschels, Brewsters, Airys, Whitworths, Wheatstones, Groveses, Harrises, and British Association of our day.

The former were giants in their time—oracles in the sciences. They look back with infinite pity on the darkness of preceding ages, and upheld the enlightened era which they shone to illuminate. We mean no disparagement ; but a cursory retrospective

glance over (let us say for instance) the natural history of that age may not only be amusing, but teach us to modify the ultra high valuations of our noble selves.

We certainly do not now believe that a leopard is a cross between a lion and a panther ; or that a squirrel (or flying-cat) "When he hath a mind to cross any water for a good nut-tree, picks out, and sits on some light piece of barque for a boat, and erecting his tail for a sail [rhyme if not reason], he makes his voyage."

Probably, we should doubt the fact of crocodiles, as then in Paname, an hundred feet long ; and as for turtles, curiously figured by Besler in his *Fascicul. Rariorum*, under the title of sea-tortoises, we would question their shell serving the natives for boats in the Indian sea, or creeping along—in Cuba—with five men upon their backs. To a civic magnate of London, still more incredible will be the assertion that, "In the Brazilian shore," such creatures were "found, said [saving clause] to be big enough for one sometimes to dine fourscore men !"

On the authority of Aristotle, *Ælian*, Cicero, quoted by Gesner, we are assured that the shovler, or spoonbill, is a very Dando in the matter of oysters ; for he fills his crop with them, and lets them lie there till the heat makes them open, whereupon disgorging them, he pecks the meat clean out of the shells by dozens. The same Gesner represents the Solan goose as a perfect epicure, for, "She will swallow and disgorge again a great many fishes, one after another, and at last return with one (in her crop) to her young ones. It seems most probable," adds the observant naturalist, "that she tries which of the many will best agree with her own stomach, and when she finds one more delicate than the rest, she carries that to her young." Of these remarkable geese, it is farther stated that, when they come to build, they bring so great a quantity of broken wood with them, that the people there supply themselves with as much as serves for their firing all the year.

Upon the weeping of stags our author comments most ungallantly, for he remarks that "The tears are generally affirmed to be sudorifick, or of an [awful word] *Alexipharmick* nature ;" and impertinently adds, "If they were as easy to be had as some women's, it were worth the trying." Scaliger, on the other hand, describes a stag's tears as bones formed in the corners of their eyes, after they are a hundred years old ; to the truth of which it is impossible to bear witness from our sporting in the Highlands, where neither stag nor red-deer is permitted to reach that tough and patriarchal age.

The rib of a triton or mareman (merman), caught near the Brazils, and a bone said to be out of a maremaid's (mermaid's) head, are duly noticed. The former is about the

same length as a man's, but thicker and stronger; the latter is in bigness and shape not much unlike that called lapis manati, but the knobs and hollows somewhat different.

The aforesaid manati seems to be a sea-cow, which perhaps the mermaiden milked, especially as they could be domesticated. For, "A certain Indian king kept and fed one of them with bread six-and-twenty years in a lake near his house, and he [the cow] would sometimes carry ten people on his back, with ease, across the lake." He was better tempered than his neighbour the punger, pagarus, or velvet crab, which have been found "so big, that whensoever they got any man within their claws, it cost him his life." The only compensation is, that the punger is himself excellent eating, when you can catch this velvet crab.

The fable of the barnacle is discredited; but, to make amends, we are told of both caterpillars and butterflies in Brasile which are transformed into humming birds; and that in the time of transformation there is plainly to be seen half a caterpillar or half a butterfly, and half a bird, both together. Yet this bird buildeth her nest of cotton wool and layeth eggs. Piso relates this wonder as known to himself.

In England in those days the bees had a faculty, which they have somehow lost; in windy weather they were wont to hold "a little stone in their hinder feet, which served as ballast, to make them sail through the air more steadily."

But it would be strange if all this science did not tend to practical usefulness; and we rejoice to learn that it was applied, inter alia, to many valuable medical and economical purposes. Take the following examples:

The moss off a humane skull, called usnea, had a peculiar virtue for stopping bleeding at the nose.

Turtle's (sea-tortoise's) legs (i.e. fins), applied to the part affected, are a most experienced remedy for gout. (What causes, cures—exemplification of the medical axiom so strenuously insisted upon in our time.) Wilks' shells burnt and powdered, and mixed with old oil to the consistence of glew, is an admirable remedy for baldness and morph of long standing. The head to be shaved and rubbed before anointing. But even the shells are good for chin-cough (hooping-cough), if children only drink out of them. But again, "the ashes of bees are put into most compositions for breeding of hair;" in this way one might be said to have a bee in his bonnet; and yet more efficacious, "The hair of the head being often wet with the water of common flags distilled in Balneo Mariæ, will grow to a very great length. And apropos of flies, almost all of them being chewed and swallowed, cause violent vomitings, whilst

butterflies, and nearly all other insects, including crickets, are very diuretick."

A fair lady having made her toilet, as far as the hair is concerned, with wilks, bees' ashes, and distilled flies, has next to take equal parts of powdered mother-of-pearl and the small white Venus shell, pour some lemon-juice on the mixture, and let it stand a day or two; then filter the liquor, and she "will have the best wash for the face in the world." The best dentifrice is obtainable from burnt and powdered mussel-shells; but almost all shells are good. Other lotions and charms are derivable from other sources too tedious to mention; and if you want laudanum, it is to be gathered, with intolerable labour, in the dog-days, when the sun shines hottest, as a gumous exudation, on the leaves of the Cistus ledon, which flourishes chiefly at the foot of Mount Ida. We wonder if the bees that make the honey about Hybla are up to the trick of stone-lifting like the English: but our authority is not very great with mythological references. His account of the remora, or shiphalter, is an example. His mouth is compared to the leather suckers with which boys lift weights; but it is questioned, as the fish is not a yard long, and his mouth not over two inches and a-half wide, that he possesses sufficient power to stop a ship under full sail, as many concur in thinking; and as for the causes they take great pains to assign, it is scornfully remarked, that "though the moon be made of green cheese, it is not the only nest of maggots."

"'Tis plain," continues the argument, "that the tradition had a very early beginning, when little light boats were the ships which people used; to the side whereof, this fish fastening herself, might easily make it sway, as the least preponderance on either side will do, and so retard its course. And the story once begot upon a boat might still, like the fish itself, stick to it, though turned to a ship; assigning as great a power to this Neptune in the sea as the poets have done to Apollo the God of Life, in the Heavens, who yet appears, by the best accounts of him put together, to have been at first no better than a crafty mountebank."

There are, nevertheless, some curious particulars originating at this remote period, of more import than the surprise that ducks should exist after feeding on living toads; we learn that Mr. Boyle, having embowelled and preserved a linnet for seventeen years in rectified spirits of wine, was the "first that made trial of preserving animals in this way." Upon an egg with a double shell it is aptly noted that "Nature is so intent on finishing her work, that she may be observed much oftener to overdo than underdo: you shall find twenty eggs with two yolks, or hear of twenty animals with two heads, for one that hath none."

That eggs are usually of the same figure

or shape as the body or trunks of the birds that lay them, is a curious remark. Is it true?

Among the Memorabilia in the Museum, we hear of a prototype for our modern revolvers, namely, "A seven-shot gun, or a gun which carries powder and bullets for seven charges and discharges, to be made presently one after another. Under the breech of the barrel is one box for the powder; a little before the lock another for the bullets. Behind the cock, a charger, which carries the powder from the box to a funnel at the further end of the lock, opens one valve to let it into the barrel and the priming-pan; another, to let the bullet in after it—raises the cock, and lets down the steel—all at once."

There is also the Spanish sembradore, for ploughing, equal sowing, and harrowing, all at once; and, hear it Deville! "Sir Robert Moray's head in wax, taken off a plaster-mould which was put upon it!"

Thus glimmering through the dream of things that were, we may learn from the past how to appreciate the present; and notwithstanding all our science and progress, just imagine it possible that two centuries hence, Anno Domini two thousand and fifty-six, our enlightened descendants may enjoy a laugh at the absurdities of our grand philosophy!

A FORGOTTEN NOTABILITY.

Does anybody now know anything of Ramus—Pierre de la Ramée—philosopher and martyr, anti-Aristotelian, inventor of the Ramist Letters, of the earliest "croppies" on record, and the great Q controversialist? Does any one care about that peasant child, born, in fifteen hundred and fifteen, of a day-labourer, painfully toiling in the wilds of Picardy, who grew up into such literary celebrity? We do not believe there are a dozen men in England who have Pierre de la Ramée's history by heart; yet he was a noisy notability in his time, and by his tragical fate elevated to the dignity of a martyr.

The son of a common labourer, but of noble origin—for the De la Ramées were Liégeois aristocrats, obliged to fly for their lives when Charles the Bold transformed Liège into a mighty bonfire—young Pierre, at the age of twelve, began his scholastic life, as servant to the Sieur de la Brosse, a rich student at the college of Navarre; but before the first year of his servitude was out he was inscribed on the books of the Academy of Paris, as a scholar, servant, and collegian, at the same time. His studies were interrupted by an attack of ophthalmia, for which he went to the Abernethy of that time, Jacques Dubois, a rude, brusque, good-hearted man, who "thou'd" his patients and

abused them soundly for their folly in getting ill. To Ramus he ordered a pint of generous wine, abstinence from study and regular sleep.

We are not told whether he followed the first clauses of the ordonnance or not; but he drank the wine—sans sourciller; and the consequence was, that his ophthalmia grew so much worse that for a few days, instead of simply having sore eyes, he was totally blind. The Gallic Abernethy rated him again, and shaved his head. Which operation, apparently so simple, was one cause of De la Ramée's future difficulties. For shaven heads were not the fashion in Francis the First's time, though they became so under Henry the Second's; and poor Ramus got famously hissed on one occasion; the audience (he was acting as prompter and stage-manager, ex-officio, as principal of the college of Presle) taking him for an Italian; for the Italians wore cropped heads at that time, and were considered terribly bad company for youth. But he indemnified himself for want of due cervical covering by a magnificent beard; which, being against sundry obsolete statutes enjoining smooth chins on professors, again raised enemies—and razors. Twice, Ramus was obliged to shave off his heretical beard, or as his opponents said, "the peacock was despoiled of his plumage," before he was thought a fit personage to teach the humanities to young men.

He had grand names accompanying him now in his studies. Charles de Lorraine, the future archbishop and cardinal—by turns his friend, Mæcenas, and enemy; Ronsart, the proudest poet that ever lived; and Charles de Bourbon; were his fellow students. For teachers, the noted Jesuit, Jean Pena, at the college of Sainte Barbe, and the amiable Jean Hennuyer at the college of Navarre, successively assisted in guiding his studies. It was Jean Hennuyer who, then Bishop of Lisieux, refused to allow the massacre of the Huguenots in his diocese, though the lieutenant-governor showed him the royal order, peremptorily worded. The governor demanded a written discharge of his order, which the bishop, ready to take on himself all the consequences of his Christianity, gave him; and the Huguenots of Lisieux were saved. Charles of Lorraine, on the contrary, celebrated masses of thanksgiving at Rome, when the news of the massacre reached him.

When Ramus began to reflect and criticise, he inscribed himself, Enemy of Aristotle. The Staggyrite was then lord and master of the schools, and the infallible guide of thought. There was even a question of canonising him; and Pierre Gallaud, with the Sorbonne at his back, said gravely, that he should be loved, cultivated, and adored, asking whether he were a man or God? When Ramus then publicly declared himself for Plato against Aristotle, a philosopher, not a sophist,—ma-

thematical not metaphysical—a storm arose which no man could govern; for the quarrel was based on deeper ground than the ostensible one of whether Aristotle or Socrates were the best teacher; the true basis being the assertion of individual will against collective authority, and the right of self-guidance against the dogmas of a sect, and the right of private judgment and of open speaking. In truth it was a quarrel with the very soul of Catholicism—namely, obedience to constituted authority, because constituted. But Ramus headed the storm bravely. When only twenty-one years of age, he chose for his theme—in his examination for his M. A. degree—"that all which Aristotle had said was false." His argument ran thus; first, that the writings attributed to the Peripatetician were not his; second, that they were full of error. His thesis had a brilliant success, and at the close he was proclaimed Maître des Arts with loud applause from all the students. This thesis crossed the Alps and penetrated into Italy; and Alessandro Tassoni, the poet, speaks of the confusion and amazement caused by such an audacious attack, coupling his remark with no very loving notice of Ramus himself. In France it spread like wild-fire; and the mildest term applied to its author was an "ungrateful parricide, turning against his master the very art of logic taught by him," to which Ramus defended himself by Aristotle's own example, when he professed to prefer truth to his master Plato, adding, that had it been his very father who had taught him error, he would have opposed him to the death for the sake of "truth dearer to him than his own father."

After this first philosophical escapade, we find Ramus giving lectures at the College of Mans, and living in communistic fashion with Omer Talon, professor of rhetoric, and Alexander de Champagne the famous Grecian of his day. These three professorial friends lived together with a common purse, dividing their labours as well as their gains. They all migrated to the little college of Ave Maria, where they opened public courses, teaching, for the first time, in the history of the university of Paris, Latin and Greek in the same class; eloquence and philosophy, and poetry, and oratory together; teaching, too, in the Socratic manner of question and answer, in opposition to the syllogistic method in general use.

When twenty-eight years old, Ramus wrote two books; the first simply setting forth a few elements of logic; the second again attacking Aristotle, calling the philosophic demigod "sophist, impious, and impostor," and sweeping off his disciples as "barbarians," without much ceremony. The book was dedicated to Charles de Bourbon, then Bishop of Nevers, and to Charles de Lorraine, Archbishop of Rheims since eight years of age. All France was at de la

Ramée's throat. Jean Hennuyer, good, mild, amiable Jean Hennuyer, "groaned at having raised up against philosophy this brand of discord;" Joachim de Périon, a Sorbonnist doctor, and Antoine de Govéa, a Portuguese juriconsult, told him he was "a fool, a firebrand, and a plagiarist;" the university men, led on by Pierre Gallaud, censured and suppressed his two books, and condemned their author as "an enemy of religion and of the public peace, a corrupter of youth, a proclaimer of dangerous novelties, a rebel to the voice of nature, truth, and God!" Du Chastel, Bishop of Mâhon, and the king's private lecturer, carried complaint to the foot of the throne, and Francis convoked a council, whereby it was ordered that Ramus and Govéa should hold a controversy in the presence of five judges—four to be chosen by the disputants and one by the crown. After much trouble Ramus found two—Jean Quentin and Jean de Bomont—to stand by him, and the wordy combat began. It had lasted two days, when Govéa and his bottle-holders abruptly ended the séance, saying that the discussion would be considered as non avenue, and that they should begin again on fresh ground, for they had made a certain admission, logically damaging to their cause, and de la Ramée did not spare them the consequences. Ramus appealed against this injustice, but in vain; judgment was given against him, and his books were sentenced to be condemned, suppressed and abolished; their publication in any part of the French dominions was prohibited on pain of confiscation or corporeal punishment. Ramus was not to read, write, copy, nor disseminate them in any way, neither was he to read in philosophy nor lecture on dialectics without express permission; and he was not to oppose Aristotle, nor any ancient author whatsoever endorsed by Our Daughter the university. A decree a trifle better than that promulgated under Louis the Thirteenth, when no one was permitted to attack the Aristotelian doctrines under pain of death!

Under Henry the Second Ramus recovered the right of teaching philosophy both by books and lectures. Charles de Lorraine, to whom in the meantime he had dedicated his first book of Euclid, was his protector, and Henry the Second saw only by the eyes of the Cardinal and his friend Diana de Poitiers. But Ramus plunged into new troubles by daring to criticise Quintilian and Cicero; and had not Charles de Lorraine come again to his rescue, he had again been placed under mental arrest.

In a short time he once more attacked Aristotle, his *bête-noir*, explaining him point by point, not word by word, as was the custom, whereat they who believed in the verbal inspiration of the Stagyrite cried out against his impiety, and demanded his extradition. But, favoured by the king, Ramus was suffered to explain his old enemy as he

would, and in fifteen hundred and fifty-one he was even made royal professor, a new chair being instituted for him.

Yet he must still be dabbling in fresh innovations. The university pronounced the letter Q in *quisquis* and *quinqum*, &c., as *kiskis kinkam*, and *mihi* was made into *michi*. Ramus set lance in rest against the degraded Q, and taught *quisquis* and *quinqum* as pronounced at this day. Parliament was appealed to on the point in the case of a certain ecclesiastic who had fallen into the great Q heresy, and whom the Sorbonne wished to deprive of his benefices therefor. But Ramus and the Q-ites rallied round him, and having proved to parliament that its mission was to make laws and royal ordinances, not to discuss grammatical rules, a decree was passed not only releasing the imprisoned ecclesiastic, but granting to all present and to come, full liberty to pronounce *quisquis* and *quinqum* as seemed best to themselves, without fear of persecution or imprisonment. So ended this fight. Ramus made a grand coup on the occasion of Charles the Ninth's accession to the throne. The heretical philosopher, pro-Socratic and anti-Aristotelian as he was, was deputed by the university to obtain from the young monarch the ratification of Our Daughter's privileges. Ramus not only perfectly succeeded in his mission, but even brought back part of the funds set apart for his journey, which, touching the learned corporation in its most sensitive part, gained over all his old enemies, save Charpentier; and he who had said that Ramus was an atheist, a second Diogenes or Theodorus, Un maître de deux liards (a twopenny halfpenny fellow), an ignorant man, as foolish as he was unintelligent, malicious, slandering, passionate, stupid, ignorant, calumnious, rash, impudent, a madman, a fop, a firebrand, a wretch, a scoundrel, and an impudent rascal, a dog always ready to bark and bite, a harpy who sullied everything he touched, a pest, a scourge, and a viper vomiting floods of poison, was not likely to be soon appeased. Pleasant times these between philosophers! not much of the humanities or the amenities of literature in them. But passing by this enmity, these were the halcyon days of De la Ramus' life. The wars of the Ligue had not yet broken out, and the Huguenot and the liberal were still safe. Charles de Lorraine was still his friend. That Cardinal, beautiful, elegant, learned and crafty, debauched and gallant, brave and cruel, at once the pride and the shame, the strength and the weakness of the church he adorned and helped to disturb; he had leisure for reading and writing, permission to teach and instruct; he believed in what he said, and he practised what he believed; he lived a life after his own heart, and he asked nothing beyond what he possessed. Neither before nor since was there such a calm clear horizon in his life as in those first years of Charles

the Ninth's reign. But Ramus must needs prepare fresh troubles for himself; Ramus must needs examine into the Huguenot doctrines, and the anti-Aristotelian soon became an anti-Papist. No wonder that he and other learned men turned away from the ignorant, corrupt, orthodox church, for Jean de Montluc, Bishop of Valence, asserted, that out of ten priests not eight could read; and if such testimony could be borne by one of themselves, what must have been the truth? The reformed religion began then to attract attention, and in fifteen hundred and sixty-one the famous colloquy of Poissy was held between Théodore de Bèze and Charles de Lorraine, wherein the arguments of the Cardinal, not the advocacy of Bèze, converted Ramus to the Huguenot faith, as he states in his letter of justification to the Cardinal.

Ramus embraced Protestantism with all the warmth and passion of his nature; and, under the enlightened protection of Michel de l'Hôpital, he and the rest of the Huguenots lived for a time in peace and safety. The famous edict of the seventeenth of January, fifteen hundred and sixty-two, acknowledging the right of the Protestants to religious liberty and the unfettered exercise of their own rites, was gained by de l'Hôpital. When promulgated, the pupils of Ramus at his college of Presle took away or broke the images and statues in the chapel. A tumult of course arose, and Ramus was denounced as an iconoclast; but he got clear out of the scrape for the time, though Charpentier and others had their eyes on him. Religious feelings now began to run high. The Duc de Guise said in full parliament that not only was his voice for forcing every Frenchman to be a catholic or an exile, but that his sword should not hang long in its scabbard if this movement were not repressed. Ramus was alarmed. Always a favourite with the young king and his mother, he obtained a safe-conduct, and took refuge at Fontainebleau. Hunted out from thence he went to Vincennes, and from Vincennes wherever safety and shelter could be found until the peace of Amboise allowed him to return to Paris, where he quarrelled with the Jesuits, and opposed the elevation of Charpentier to a mathematical chair on the grounds of that professor's confession that he knew nothing of Greek or mathematics, that he had even a profound contempt for mathematics, which he said was child's play compared to the noble study of metaphysics, a sty where in only one hog (Ramus) could disport himself. About this time came an armed man to teach moderation to the anti-Aristotelian. Ramus disarmed, whipped, and turned him out of the college. The academy also rose against the college of Presle, and there was a fine tumult one day and a score of broken heads in the college-court. But Ramus made them all a sensible speech; so the

young orthodox assailants of the heretics of Presle went quietly back to their humanities, and no more harm was done for that day.

In fifteen hundred and sixty-seven the civil war broke out again, and Ramus took refuge at Saint Denis, in the camp of the Prince de Condé; and after a ramble in Switzerland, where Béza, though a Huguenot, refused to countenance him because he was an anti-Aristotelian, and where Quinger sat at his feet, he returned to France, in fifteen hundred and seventy; peace between the churches militant allowing him to do so. Charpentier had worked well in his absence; he returned only to trials and persecutions. He appealed to Charles de Lorraine; but the Cardinal, angry at his religious defection, accused him of "ingratitude, rebellion, and impiety." Ramus, in a letter full of force and beauty, explained how that he had only returned to the old faith, and that he himself, Cardinal-Archbishop, had helped him in his conversion by his magnificent colloquy of Poissy. But this did no good. The friend had disappeared, so nothing was left but the offended priest of a deserted altar. He then sought to go to Geneva; but there Béza opposed him. He would have none of him, heretic in dialectics that he was. However, the queen-mother of the young king, not entirely unmindful of their old affection, secured him an honourable retreat, on the condition of silence, and the abandonment of philosophic discussions.

On the seventeenth of August, fifteen hundred and seventy-two, Jean de Montluc and a numerous train went on their way to Poland, to prepare for the regal election of Henry of Anjou. Montluc urged Ramus to accompany him; warmly and with all his ancient friendship. He probably knew enough of the future to make him desirous of placing his old friend and fellow-learner in a place of safety. But Ramus had his books to write, and his own life to lead on French soil, and he refused to throw in his lot with the active party of politicians, or to mix himself up in court intrigues. So Jean de Montluc went without him; and on the twenty-third, six days after his departure, the massacre of Saint Bartholomew began. Three days after the massacre, and when the popular fury had somewhat cooled, three men armed to the teeth rushed into De la Ramée's apartment. One ruffian fired at him—he, on his knees, praying for their pardon as well as his own—and the ball lodged in the wall behind him; another then cut him down, but did not kill him; and then they flung him out of the window (his apartment was on the fifth story), and he fell palpitating and still breathing, on the stones of the college court.

They tied him with cords, and dragged him through the streets to the Seine; when a surgeon cut off his head, and the body was cast into the river. The waves washed up the corpse, and Catholic children beat it with rods. Charpentier was shrewdly suspected of this murder. He died a short time after of fever; and on his death-bed, he boasted "that he still carried it over Ramus, for that he died ignobly by water, while he, Charpentier, was perishing gloriously by fire."

Ramus was tall, well-made, and handsome; with a large head, black hair, and a magnificent beard, a broad forehead, aquiline nose, black, and lively eyes; of a pale olive complexion, and of great masculine beauty. His mouth was pleasant and handsome, his voice grave and mild; he was simple in dress, in manner carrying his head high, and somewhat stern. He was a true ascetic, flying all sensual pleasures, sleeping on straw, rising at cock-crow, and drinking only water; proud of not selling his eloquence, and holding his art and duty of teaching as high as a priestly office; educating many himself, who could not afford the expense of a college career, and with others, assisting them both with money and advice; in a word, as Voltaire said of him, he was "a virtuous man in an age of crimes, an amiable man in society, and even a bel esprit." He founded a Chair of Ramus for natural sciences, which lasted to the first French Revolution; he introduced the study of Greek into the university of Paris, and substituted *j* and *v* for *i* and *u* (these are often called the Ramist letters), and was the first who wrote *k* for *cque*. It was Ramus who demanded a translation of the Bible into the vulgar tongue, who wrote a French grammar, solved, explained, and popularised Euclid, introduced science among those interminable metaphysics, and, though preceded by Abélard and Erasmus, yet did such service to truth and intellectual freedom as not all the reprobation of Béza, nor the adverse verdict of our own Bacon, can obscure or destroy. Amongst those strangely unreal beings, the schoolmen of the sixteenth century, he stands out as a true man; throwing a human heart into the dry bones of pedantry, and letting in the light of nature among the cobwebs of sophistry and metaphysics which clouded men's minds. Forgotten now, and the work which he did dwarfed by the greater labours of others, he yet is entitled to our respect, and to our remembrance; for his was no mean life while it lasted. It was one of the earliest dedications to freedom of thought and speech, and he one of the noblest pioneers of human progress and intellectual truth that history can give us.

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WESTMINSTER ELECTIONS.

THE attempts made to procure parliamentary representation for such interests of the people as did not happen to be also regarded as the interests of those who ruled them, were few and ineffectual before the year eighteen hundred and thirty-two. The strongest efforts to procure popular representatives were made, as we have before said, in the city of Westminster, where court, government, and people came into immediate collision. For this reason, we propose now to set down a few notes upon the subject of Westminster elections.

In the year seventeen hundred and twenty-one, there was such a contest. Archibald Hutchinson who appealed to the country mainly on the ground of direct antagonism to the government, was elected for both Westminster and Hastings, although all the power of the ministry was exercised to procure his defeat. At Hastings he was chosen (by the majority of but a single vote), after the Duke of Newcastle had been down, with his brother, Mr. Pelham, one of the Lords of the Treasury, to canvass in person against the obnoxious candidate.

But, let us take our details in due order, and begin by adverting to the ancient manner of election in the city of Westminster. In the seventeenth century, polling was carried on all night by torchlight, and ceased when there was no vote polled during an hour. In the eighteenth century, the time allowed for polling was forty days. In the nineteenth century, and at the end of the eighteenth, the time was curtailed to fifteen days, and by the Reform Bill, to one day. The hustings, were first erected in Tuttle Fields, afterwards the poll was taken in Westminster Hall; the hustings were removed next to the porch of Saint Martin's Church, and thence to Covent Garden.

All the persons who claimed formerly to vote as electors for prayer or payment, would not now be admitted. The whole of the occupants of chambers in the inns of Chancery, preceded by their porters, went to vote in procession, in a very pompous manner. The dean and prebends of Westminster Abbey, preceded by the high constable and other officials, went also in procession to the poll.

A body of watermen, who claimed a right to vote through partly supporting their own poor, went in grand state, riding to the hustings in boats set upon wheels. The King's servants and the courtiers, when the Court was at Whitehall, voted in a body at the order of their Royal Master. The Guards appear to have voted from the Restoration up to the end of the eighteenth century. In the memorable election of Hood, Fox, and Wray, in seventeen hundred and eighty-four, the Guards were led up to the poll in companies, by their officers, and voted for Hood and Wray, the Court candidates. They were in those days addressed as the worthy and independent sergeants, corporals, and gentlemen soldiers, resident in the Savoy, or dwelling in or near the city of Westminster. In the contest of seventeen hundred and forty-nine, between Lord Trentham and Sir George Vandeput, a public proclamation, was made, that if any man in the Fleet prison would vote for Lord Trentham, he should be discharged upon application to an officer from the Treasury, then waiting to receive applications, if his debts did not exceed fifteen pounds.

The fun of a Westminster election occurred at the nominations, at the close of the poll, and at the churning of successful candidates. The close of the poll was celebrated by the Battle of the Hustings, an event which strangers came from far and near to witness. Up to the time of Burdett's election, it had been the custom from long usage to offer up the hustings as a sacrifice to the unruly election gods. It was the late Francis Place who put an end to the Battle of the Hustings, at the election of Sir Frances Burdett and Lord Cochrane. The high-bailiff having declared the election closed, thousands of roughs attacked the platform; and, in a few minutes, razed it to the ground. The privilege of bearing off a yard or so of deal-planking, was as freely open to the lads of Wapping and the boys of Saint Giles's, as to the non-electors of Duck Lane and the Almonry. Every site from which a safe view could be had of the scramble, was engaged at play-house prices. The house-tops around Covent Garden, and the windows and balconies were crowded with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, whose encouraging cheers to the belligerents and

stormers, and whose loud laughter added to the fierce shouts, blasphemous language, and terrific struggles of the mob. All business was suspended, and the authorities were left at liberty either to call in military aid, or let the combatants have their battle out, which last course was the one that the magistrates always adopted. Many and serious were the injuries sustained in the affrays, and he who left the hustings with a yard of plank, paraded it during the rest of the day as a trophy of his prowess.

The first account we can find of a nomination is of that for the election of sixteen hundred and seventy-nine:—"On Wednesday, September the tenth, sixteen hundred and seventy-nine, according to appointment, the inhabitants met in Tuttle Fields, in order to their election for members to serve in the ensuing parliament. Sir William Waller was first in the field, being accompanied by many horse, nearly as many as all the candidates had. Sir William Poultney next appeared the most in number; then Mr. Withers, the Steward of the Court of Westminster, who came into the field with more horse than foot; and then Sir John Cutler, who had a tent in the field, and next Sir Phillip Matthews; then the bailiff came into the field, and called the five candidates, and made proclamation, and then read the writ and asked who they would have for their members to serve them in the ensuing parliament. Answer being made for all five, and a poll demanded, the bailiff adjourned it to nine o'clock. The spectators certainly took great delight to see the rabble cudgel one another, though there was about four thousand engaged at once—the oak, the crab-tree, and the hazel cudgel flew like lightning. But there being not one gentleman engaged, there was never a sword drawn, but a great many broken pates; and they all having drunken so much, it might ease their brains by letting out their hot blood."

September 16, 1679.—The election at Westminster is not yet finished, there being nearly twelve thousand electors. A Mr. Taylor, at a public-house near Covent Garden, when the election was discussed, did vilify and bespatter one of the candidates, who, Mr. Price, a lincndraper, vindicating, drove Mr. Taylor into such a passion, as to fling a glass of wine in Mr. Price's face; he retaliated by a blow on Mr. Taylor's face, at which, Mr. Taylor, stepping back, drew his sword, and run Mr. Price into the left pap to the heart. The poll closed, September 19, late at night.

This extract from the Diurnals affords hint enough of the character of Westminster election contests in the seventeenth century. Skipping a hundred years, we will now come to Fox's first election in the year seventeen hundred and eighty.

A number of noblemen and gentlemen had associated themselves together, for the purpose of procuring a reform of parliament. At one of their meetings held at Westminster Hall, April the sixth, seventeen hundred and

eighty, at which Mr. Fox presided, Mr. Byng moved and carried that they should use their utmost exertions to return Mr. Fox member for Westminster. This meeting so alarmed the government, that soldiers were ordered to be in readiness, and the Westminster magistrates were over zealous in endeavours to provoke a tumult. The justices appear to have always taken a prominent part in the elective struggles: a fact which brought on a debate in the House of Commons on May the eighth, seventeen hundred and eighty when Mr. Burke described them as "composed of the scum of the earth, carpenters, brick-makers, and shoemakers; some of whom were notoriously men of such infamous characters, that they were unworthy of any employ whatever; and others so ignorant, that they could scarcely write their own names. How dared such reptiles, as the Middlesex justices, attempt to call out a body of the military armed upon a meeting held on great, grievous, and constitutional points?"

On the government side, Mr. Rigby defended the conduct of the magistrates, and naively remarked, that "no person of distinction would take upon himself the odious office of a justice for Westminster, it was therefore requisite to give douceurs to those who would."

It was at first designed to bring forward the Honourable Captain Leveson Gower, in conjunction with Fox, but the appearance of Admiral Rodney, as a candidate, hindered the coalition. To oppose Fox, the government joined, not very willingly, Admiral Rodney, with the Earl of Lincoln. About three weeks previous to the day of nomination, the agent of Admiral Rodney waited on Lord Sandwich, to inform him that it was the intention of the admiral's friends to propose him for Westminster. Lord Sandwich laboured to divert the agent from his purpose, telling him that Sir George would be returned easily enough for another place, and asking why they thought of Westminster in particular? The agent replied, that it was a determined point, and that no money would be wanting for the admiral's support; that if his lordship did not choose to signify his approbation, it was matter of indifference; he made no doubt the admiral would find a generous support in the good opinion and favour of his countrymen. Lord Sandwich was alarmed, and begged twenty-four hours for consideration. A consultation was held by the ministry, and Lord Sandwich, who was a bitter enemy of Rodney's, urged that Viscount Malden should be joined with Lord Lincoln as government candidate. It was resolved, however, to accept the admiral.

The nomination was attended by a dense number of people, and Lord Lincoln was violently assailed. He attempted to make himself heard, but failed. "Now was the time," says Woodfall, "for Charles Fox to

rush forward like a hero, and to contrast the thunder of his eloquence against Lord Lincoln's imbecility." Every tongue but the speaker's was silent; every ear was erect, and gratified by the fulness of the speaker's voice. The poll lasted fourteen days, when Lord Lincoln resigned. As the poll was closing, a riot took place, and an attempt was made to seize the poll books. Two of Mr. Fox's clerks narrowly escaped with their lives.

After the declaration of the poll, a chairing and a dinner took place. In the evening Fox and his friends proceeded to Drury Lane Theatre, where Fox was welcomed by the Duchess of Devonshire and a court of English beauties and celebrities, all of them dressed in blue and orange, and with foxes' tails in their head-dresses. The lobby of the theatre after the performances (the *Tempest*—All the World's a Stage) were over, looked like a committee-room, because of the great number of party-colours displayed both by the ladies and the gentlemen.

The pasquinades upon this election were mostly against Fox and his friends, and Dibdin was retained by government to write the street and party songs. Dibdin, however, after this election, became one of Fox's partisans, and lost a pension for his patriotism. (He regained a part of it afterwards.)

In seventeen hundred and eighty-two, Admiral Rodney was called up to the House of Peers. A vacancy for Westminster being thus created, Mr. Fox was deputed to write to Sir Cecil Wray, requesting him to become a candidate for the vacant seat. Sir Cecil Wray, who was then in Yorkshire, replied that his fortune was not great enough to bear a canvass such as that of Westminster. Mr. Fox, upon this signification, wrote that "the committee for managing the election take all the expenses upon themselves, and a subscription will be immediately made for that purpose." Sir Cecil Wray was elected without opposition, although Lord Hood's friends were anxious for the nomination of his lordship.

The chairing followed. An elegant chair had been ordered for the purpose, but did not arrive in time. The workhouse chair, therefore, about which were several strong ropes, was brought to the hustings by parties unfriendly to the cause of Fox and Wray, and the new member was forced into it by the mob, who carried him in his very ludicrous and perilous situation as far as Southampton Street. There, with great difficulty, and after promising to stand beer, tobacco, bread and cheese to all his supporters, he prevailed upon the people to permit him to descend; being fortunately a brisk runner, he no sooner was on his legs than he ran off to his committee-room, followed by the whole mob in full cry. More than fifty pounds were spent in treating the men outside, before

he could be got out of his committee-room again.

At the election of seventeen hundred and eighty-four, Fox, supported by the Whigs, repudiated Sir Cecil Wray, whom he had brought forward two years before, and joined Lord Hood. A tremendous struggle ensued, and was of forty days' duration. The opposition against Fox commenced previous to the dissolution, and arose out of an address moved to the King, at a meeting held the twenty-ninth of January, seventeen hundred and eighty-four, respecting the India Bill.

The nomination took place on the first of April, and the tumult was terrific. The high-bailiff was unable to take the sense of the meeting by a show of hands, and the attempt so to do was given up. The whole district was one continued scene of riot and confusion till about two o'clock. Lord Hood was escorted to the hustings by a party of sailors, some of whom bore a model of the *Ville-de-Paris*, which was destroyed in the crowd. The attempt to preserve it caused a furious contest, ending in the defeat of the sailors. In this battle the butchers of Newport Market, headed by a band of marrow-bones and cleavers, took a distinguished part. Mr. Fox was warmly supported by the Prince of Wales, and bitterly opposed by the Queen. To such an extent did the court influence extend, that Mr. Austin, a distinguished artist, for taking an active part in behalf of Fox, received positive orders to withdraw his paintings from the Royal Academy Exhibition. General St. John, brother to Lord Bolingbroke, was dismissed from his office of groom of the bedchamber to his Majesty for voting for Fox. Lord Weymouth wrote him an official letter, to say that his Majesty had no further occasion for his services. But Fox had a most able canvasser in the person of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire. Her Grace freely bestowed kisses for promises of votes, and had no less than three of her own carriages constantly engaged under her immediate directions in bringing electors to the polling-booth. The lampoons upon her character seemed only further to excite her energies, and she speedily became so great an adept in electioneering tactics as to assume their principal direction on behalf of Fox. Her Grace attended the meetings, sometimes in male attire; spoke, cajoled, chaffed, drank, smoked, treated, promised, begged, ordered, bullied, threatened, sang, danced, prayed, and cried, to further the cause of "her man." As an instance of her enthusiasm it is told that whilst she was canvassing a butcher, by some accident her shoe became so much torn that she could not keep it on. In this embarrassment she kicked the shoe away, and said:

"See! I go barefoot to serve my friends!"

She won the vote—which had been promised for Wray. Upon asking a candle-maker for his vote—

"I will give your Grace a plumper," said the man of grease, "and procure you five more on a certain condition."

"What is that?"

"That your Grace will give me a kiss."

"Why, then," said the duchess, "take one."

These familiarities were in turn brought into use by other ladies of high rank, both for and against Fox. The committee over which the Duchess of Devonshire presided, had among its members the most celebrated beauties of the day. The Duchesses of Rutland and Portland, the Countesses of Carlisle and Derby, Ladies Beauchamp and Duncannon, and, in fact, most of the ladies of rank in London were engaged in the contest, and, in many instances, much to the dissatisfaction of their husbands. The hustings were constantly beset with their carriages, either employed in bringing up voters or encouraging adherents by their presence. The obstinate and opposite canvassing fairly bewildered the Westminster tradesmen, and many, to ease their lives, left town for the country.

One lady had a troop of milliners in her carriage, occupied in making up cockades for Lord Hood, and distributing them to the spectators. Her Grace of Rutland superintended the distribution of the rum grog to Lord Hood's sailors and soldiers, so that Fox's partisans could the more easily defeat them, and she encouraged the fierce battles between the marrow-bones and cleavers and the seamen. The Devonshire ladies had a balcony erected in Henrietta Street, and there they greeted friends or foes as they passed to the hustings. The secret committee was held here. An example thus set by the higher classes was not long before it reached the Westminster dames of every grade, and Sir Cecil Wray very soon found that he had more to fear from the women than from all Fox's and Hood's roughs together. In the preceding parliament Sir Cecil had endeavoured to impose a tax upon maid-servants, to be paid by themselves. Gilray's caricatures, and pasquinades that represented him soused by the housemaids, were placarded through the city. These papers gave reason to Wray's partisans often to hide their colours if they would not stand the chance of being clawed or ducked by some indignant abigail. Sir Cecil Wray was also obnoxious to the military, because he had endeavoured to abolish Chelsea Hospital.

So threatening had become the aspect of the election that, on the second day, each candidate found it necessary, having marshalled the electors at his own committee-room, to march them under a strong escort of sailors, soldiers, bullies, thieves, and prize-fighters, to the hustings, and thence back to the rendezvous. In their progress to the hustings, it frequently happened that opposing parties met, and then a pitched battle took place; electors ran for their lives, and the ground was left covered with patients for the

hospitals. The candidates alone were unable to quell the riots. Authorities called in the help of constables from other districts, and it then became the interest of the contending parties to obtain the protection of these foreign peace-officers, at their own committee-rooms. So retained, they invariably sided with the party by which they were paid, and being well plied with drink they became active promoters of increased disturbance. A body of these constables—from Wapping—in an onslaught they made upon the assemblage, killed one of their own force—a man of the name of Casson—by a blow from a staff. This caused several to stand their trial for murder, at the Old Bailey.

Thirty sailors fell in a conflict with the butchers, chairmen and brewers' men. Ten of them died from the injuries received. The Queen, who bitterly hated Fox, commanded the whole of the household troops at St. James's Palace, together with her household,—from the page of the back-staircase to the scullion in the kitchen—to be mustered, and, on the fifth of April, to go in a body and poll for Hood and Wray. The plan adopted, to compel the Guards to vote for Wray, whom they, to a man, detested, was peculiar. The colonel of each regiment had the power of allowing the privates to work at their respective trades, this liberty making to some a difference of thirty shillings a week in their favour. It was threatened that such privileges would be withheld, unless they all voted for Wray, and, in this way alone, five hundred votes were conquered.

The Prince of Wales, at the close of the election, gave a rural fête at Carlton House in honour of the victory of Mr. Fox, and the defeat of the Queen's candidate. The Duchess of Devonshire, Ladies Walpole, Jersey, Campbell, Lewisham, Chawton, Julia Howard, and Duncannon, were dressed in Fox's colours, which were now blue and buff; and they wore Fox's tails in their head-dress. The Prince of Wales, also, wore Fox's colours, and had a fine brush in the button-hole of his coat.

This protracted election having reached its forty days limit, the high-bailiff granted a scrutiny, at the desire of Sir Cecil Wray. The hustings being demolished and the fight over, Mr. Fox's friends, to the number of several thousands, accompanied him to the Ladies' Committee-room in St. James's Street, from the windows of which the Duchesses of Devonshire and Portland handed him into a superb chair, when the grandest spectacle ensued in the way of procession that had been witnessed for many years. The concourse of people was immense; the windows along the whole route were filled with ladies, wearing Fox's favours; and the streets were lined with carriages. The order of procession and its principal effects, were appointed by officials from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. It set out with four-and-twenty

marrow-bone and cleaver men, wearing white waistcoats and cockades; it closed with the state carriages of duchesses, followed by seventy-eight mounted livery servants. In the evening, a dinner took place at Willis's Rooms, at which fifteen hundred sat down. At night, almost all the houses in the principal streets were illuminated.

It had been the policy of the government to keep Fox unseated. This had been foreseen, and provided for by his return for the Kirkwall Burghs; so that the high-bailiff's unconstitutional refusal to make a return to the writ for Westminster until after the scrutiny, was of small moment to Fox. The House of Commons was several times in hot debate respecting the scrutiny. In an affidavit made to the high-bailiff and read to the House, it was declared that persons were placed at the corners of streets to conduct strangers to the hustings to poll for Fox, and that upwards of four hundred persons' names appeared upon the poll-books out of two parishes, as having polled for Fox, not one of whom could be found or was believed to be in existence. We have in a former article referred to this extraordinary scrutiny, which was at last abandoned.

Of course, in placards and newspapers there was a liberal supply of election squibs, but an exploded squib is not worth looking at. We pass, therefore, over the remains of what once counted for a brilliant display of wit.

In seventeen hundred and eighty-eight, the contest of the purse was again renewed between Lord Hood, who had accepted office as one of the Lords of the Admiralty, and Lord John Townshend, son of the Marquis of Townshend, the glorious successor of Wolfe, at the siege of Quebec. By an Act of Parliament, passed after the forty days' struggle, the poll was not closed until seven at night, and was restricted to fifteen days. It was then considered that a great measure of reform in Parliamentary elections had taken place, and that an end had been put to bribery, intimidation, expense, and disturbance. The first contest under the new act dispelled the illusion; for, in many respects the struggle of seventeen hundred and eighty-eight was more bitter than its predecessors. As soon as the writ was moved for, a meeting of the independent electors was held at the Shakespeare Tavern, at which five hundred attended. At this meeting Mr. Fox observed that, it was the desire of several of the electors, as well as his own wish, to nominate a member of the house of Bedford; but, Lord John Russell was engaged in a county with which he was connected, and Lord William was under age. Lord John Russell thanked the meeting for the flattering opinion it entertained of his family, and nominated Lord John Townshend. Mr. Pitt (the Prime Minister) and his colleagues at once accepted the challenge of the Whigs, and spared no expense or effort to return Lord Hood. Indeed, the open and

outrageous manner in which the government influence was avowed and brought to bear, exceeded all comparison of past example. Every engine of power was applied, every figure of authority was pushed conspicuously forward, to awe and intimidate the electors. Mr. Pitt was himself canvassing in broad day from door to door. In the mean time, his brother, Lord Chatham, the new naval minister, suspended all public business at the Board of Admiralty, and the clerks were used as election agents. The junior lords were running up and down the streets, with half-pay lieutenants and midshipmen, distributing cockades and canvassing electors. The crews of men of war were brought from Portsmouth and Sheerness to assist Admiral Hood, and, as will be seen, paid dearly for their interference. The influence of the East India Company was also exerted to the utmost in support of Lord Hood. Lord Chatham wrote to a spiritual peer of considerable sway in Westminster, "that he had instructions to desire his lordship would exert himself in favour of Lord Hood, and make a return of his canvass every morning." No placeman was allowed even the miserable refuge of neutrality. The personal friends of Lord John Townshend were compelled to vote against him. As the election proceeded and was found to be against Lord Hood, the increasing necessity of the court party naturally produced a proportionate increase of effort. Ten guineas were then given in the lower parts of Westminster for any vote in favour of Lord Hood. Lord John Townshend's average price for a non-independent elector would sometimes outbid that of the crown. Trifling as the article of cockades may appear, the cost of it to both sides was enormous. Lord Hood himself and the ministers, scattered them from their chariots as they passed among the populace, and his friends dispersed them with unsparing liberality from the hustings. Lord Townshend's friends were not a jot behind-hand in this lavish expenditure. Lord Hood's committee publicly mentioned it as a matter of exultation, that they had forced Lord Townshend's committee to spend, in one week, on the single article of ribbon, fifteen hundred pounds more than they had originally allotted for that service. The number of houses opened for the government candidate's friends was on the same scale of munificence. During the election the public-houses used as committee-rooms, or refreshment houses, were at least three to one in favour of Hood, and, how little regard was paid to economy in this particular, one fact may sufficiently exemplify.

A public-house in the lower part of Westminster, whence large bodies of electors had proceeded to vote for Lord Townshend, being shut, on Friday, before the close of the poll, the friends of Lord Hood offered one hundred guineas in advance to have the house opened for the two remaining days.

To what sum the whole expenditure may have actually amounted we cannot pretend to know; but, Mr. Pitt did not scruple to say, "If we carry the election, we shall not think much of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds." A general invitation was given from both sides to a breakfast, at which in each parish some man of rank was advertised to preside. Wine, spirits, and beer took the place of coffee and tea, and hundreds of electors voted while in a wild state of drunkenness. A committee of the House of Commons afterwards sat three months and three days, to inquire into a petition against Lord John Townshend's election. It was finally resolved that he was duly elected, and that neither the petition nor the opposition was frivolous nor vexatious. This inquiry cost Lord Hood's party more than fourteen thousand pounds, and each party had to pay their own expenses. Lady Chatham, wife of the first Lord of the Admiralty, and sister to the premier, when the contest was over, audited the bills of public-houses opened on account of Lord Hood, and collected the greater part of those accounts. An action was afterwards brought in the King's Bench, in July, seventeen hundred and ninety-one, by one Smith, who had acted as agent to Lord Hood, against George Rose, Secretary to the Treasury, for services rendered to Lord Hood. The jury gave a verdict for the whole demand of the plaintiff, declaring themselves satisfied that Smith had performed election services against Lord John Townshend, at the request of the Secretary of the Treasury. This matter and another notorious act of the Treasury was debated in the House of Commons, May the third, seventeen hundred and ninety-two.

The rioting at this election was attributed to the introduction of Lord Hood's sailors, who numbered more than five hundred, and were led on by officers. Two pitched-battles took place between the seamen and the chairmen, and the former were severely handled and driven back to Wapping. The list of wounded and killed in the several conflicts was daily published, and each side accused the other of being the cause of the riots. Fifty were taken to Middlesex Hospital; fifty-seven to St. George's; nineteen to St. Bartholomew's; twenty-five to Wapping; and one hundred and two to various medical men. Out of the number, ten died, and the majority were dangerously hurt. The King's Head, in St. James's Street, was sacked. The Blue Posts, in Bond Street; the Rose and Crown, in Downing Street; the Coach and Horses, in Conduit Street, and the Cannon Coffee House, at Charing Cross; suffered damages.

An inscription painted on the hustings, said, "For a true state of the Polls, on both sides, inquire at the hospitals and infirmaries."

We have not too much to be proud of, in

the results of our parliamentary elections at present; but, at least the elections themselves are better ordered, and present no such scenes of national disgrace and iniquity.

A FEW PLEASANT FRENCH GENTLEMEN.

In the time of the First Empire, among the forçats, or convicts, of the Bagne at Rochefort, was one named Cognard; a man of remarkable courage and decided good breeding. One day Cognard was missing. He had slipped his chains and flung away his bullet, and the guns of Rochefort thundered after him in vain. Cognard got safe away to Spain; and though the gardes chiourmes (the guards of the Bagne) twirled their moustaches and sacréd in right royal style, the forçat was beyond their reach.

Cognard, as a gentleman travelling for pleasure, became acquainted with the family of the Count Pontis de Sainte Hélène. The acquaintance ripened into intimacy, and the pleasant French gentleman who had so much to say on every subject, was soon rarely absent from the count's château. But, sorrow fell on the hospitable Spaniard. One by one, mysteriously and as if they were pursued by some relentless fate, every member of the Pontis family disappeared. Sudden deaths and lingering deaths, nameless diseases and horrible accidents, cut them off one by one; the pleasant French gentleman always at the side of the sufferers, soothing the dying with rare drugs; and generally at hand in time to see, but not to prevent, each catastrophe. Did any light break in upon the last Pontis, as he lay on his bed of death, slowly following the rest of his brave kindred, and the French gentleman mixed him draughts and prepared him potions, and learnt from him all the particulars necessary for conveyancing and managing his estate? Did one look of triumph from those cruel eyes ever revealed the fatal tragedy to the dying man? Cognard never confessed this; all he told was, that as soon as the Spaniard was dead, he possessed himself of the jewels, plate, and money left; of the title-deeds of the estate, and of the patent of nobility. And, with these, fully armed now for the great contest of life, he entered the Spanish army as sub-lieutenant Count Pontis de Sainte Hélène.

In a short time he was raised to the rank of chef-d'escadron; and after having distinguished himself gallantly at Monte Video, he was made lieutenant-colonel. However, he could not quite subdue his ancient propensities; having entangled himself in a pecuniary misdirection, he was arrested; but, twice he managed to escape. On the second occasion, he put himself at the head of a brave band of French prisoners of war; seized a Spanish brig; passed into France; and, by virtue of his courage and his name,

was made chef-d'escadron, on the grand staff of the Duke de Dalmatia—the brave and virtuous Marshal Soult. Soon after, he was made chef-de-bataillon of the hundredth regiment of the line, and his fortune seemed to be secure. At Toulouse and at Waterloo he signalled himself greatly, received many wounds, and performed many acts of gallantry; for these he was rewarded with the cross of the legion of honour: no common reward in those days. In eighteen hundred and fifteen, the Duke de Berri made him successively Chevalier de Saint Louis, chef-de-bataillon, and lieutenant-colonel of the troops of the Seine. There was not a man in the army who did not envy and admire the gallant and successful Count Pontis de Sainte Hélène.

One day, the count was in the Place Vendôme. Assisting, at the head of his troops, in the painful ceremony of a military degradation. He was in full uniform, glistening with stars and crosses, and gay with many-coloured orders; surrounded by the best and noblest of the land, and standing there as their equal. A voice at his elbow calls "Cognard!" The count turns. He sees a dirty, haggard, low-browed ruffian, whose features he only too well remembers; for, years ago, within the fatal walls of Rochefort, that low-browed ruffian had been his chained companion, manacled to him limb to limb. To put a bold front on it was all that the count could do; to order the man to be thrust back; to affect indifference, ignorance, disdain—he saw no better way of escape. But, his chain-mate, one of Cognard's inferiors, was not to be so easily put off. He denounced the lieutenant-colonel, in the hearing of them all, as an escaped convict, and gave his real name and history. General Despinos ordered the arrest of his officer; and four gendarmes seized him, in face of his troops. He demanded and obtained permission to go to his hôtel, for a change of clothes; when there, he seized a brace of pistols, presented them at his guards, and while they stood stupefied and thunderstruck at his daring, he rushed from the hôtel, and they saw him no more.

Six months afterwards he was caught; tried as an escaped convict, and for forgery, and murder; condemned to the galleys for life; and, in a few years, died at Brest an outcast and degraded forger. If it had not been for that voice on the Place Vendôme, Cognard the convict might have died Count Pontis de Sainte Hélène, Maréchal de France.

Anthelme Collet, a gentleman by birth and education, an officer on the fair way to promotion, deserted the army in seventeen hundred and ninety-six; and, under the name of Tolosant, establishes himself at Rome as an "engraver of armorial bearings." In the course of his profession he became acquainted with Cardinal Fesch, who, taking a

fancy to the handsome young engraver, had him to live with him in his palace. Such a patronage is worth money; accordingly, Tolosant turned it into sixty thousand francs (two thousand four hundred pounds), which, on the strength of his intimacy with monseigneur, he borrows of a banker. With this sixty thousand francs he quits Rome and the cardinal, without the trouble of saying adieu; escaping to Mondovi, where he leads the life of a veritable prince. Received among the golden youth as one of themselves—as indeed how should he not be with his elegant manners, handsome person, and evident wealth?—he soon became the leader of their fashions and their amusements. After organising many very popular games, he proposes private theatricals; of which he is to be costumier and keeper of the wardrobe. The thing takes immensely; and all sorts of plays are agreed on and dressed for. When all the dresses are chosen and in the theatrical wardrobe, our friend amuses himself one night by packing them up smoothly and carefully in certain private valises: and, before the morning sun shone on Mondovi, the popular stage-manager and his characters were far on their way to Sion.

A mild, modest-mannered, young priest arrived by diligence at Sion. He had excellent letters of introduction, and was received with cordiality by the clergy, whom he much edified by his spiritual graces and good gifts. In a short time he was placed as curé in the small parish of Saint Pierre; which office he filled for five months, with exemplary devotion. There was a talk of removing him to another more populous sphere, where his labours would be more conspicuously blessed; but, while the project was pending, one fine morning the reverend father was missing; and, with him, a sum of thirty thousand francs, which had been intrusted to him for the reconstruction of the church. The part of the village curé, which had been apportioned to one of the golden youth at Mondovi, brought the grist to Anthelm Collet's mill for a long time.

From Sion to Strasbourg, from Strasbourg into Germany; thence back again to Italy—this time under the name and title of a general—the thirty thousand francs carrying him bravely on the very crest of fortune, the young swindler led a comfortable life enough. But, his funds were getting low; and, to replenish them, the general put his name and graces out at interest, and borrowed on them a large sum from a banker of Savone. He was nearly caught there. The banker was a wary man, and only trusted even generals as far as he could see them. However, the man of war disappeared when the banker began to stir; and, in his place stood the grave and reverend prelate Monseigneur Dominique Pasqualini, Bishop of Manfredonia, who, with a forged bulle d'in-

stitution, presented himself to the Bishop of Nice, and ordained thirty-three abbés. The game of prelacy, however, could not be safely played long; Collet turned his face to Fréjus, as an inspector-general, covered with military decorations. At Draguignan he formed his staff, and at Toulon the préfet's son was proud to become his private secretary; at Marseilles he had a suite of twenty followers, and took one hundred and thirty thousand francs (five thousand two hundred pounds) from the government chests. His people must be fed. At Nîmes he took three hundred thousand francs, or twelve thousand pounds.

But, Anthelme Collet's theatricals were drawing to a close; the game was getting too warm for him. While breakfasting with the préfet of Montpellier, the brilliant inspector-general was seized by the police, and his staff of dupes were summarily incarcerated. For better security, he was put into a dungeon below ground. He expected nothing else than to be shot; when the préfet, willing to gratify the curiosity of a large dinner-party whom he had invited to meet the inspector-general, and to whom he was eager to show the lion under a new form, ordered the prisoner to be brought up to be looked at. While the guard went in to announce him, he was left in the office, or passage-room between the kitchen and the dining-room, under the care of two sentinels. Before they knew he had turned round, he had put on a cook's cap, apron, and vest that lay handy; seized a dish waiting to be carried into the *salle-à-manger*; carried it in; and set it down before the préfet; then he disappeared. The sentinels had seen nothing but a cook of the establishment pass through the office. While the city was up in arms, and the police were hunting everywhere, Collet, from the window of a small room close to the préfecture, watched their movements, laughed at their dismay; in a fortnight's time, he was safe out of the city. Such an escape was unprecedented. People talked of magic and compacts with unpleasant powers, and all sorts of wild superstitions crept around the name of Anthelme Collet. The truth only came out when he was finally arrested, and he told his adventures with a novelist's delight.

He took refuge from the police of Montpellier in the convent of the Brothers of Christian Doctrine at Toulouse. He was a boarder there, and enchanted them all by his piety and munificence. He made them wonderful promises—the Arabian Nights were nothing to him; he did buy (but did not pay for), a piece of land whereon to build an establishment for novices; for, the Brothers of Christian Doctrine were to take the lead of every other monastic institution in Toulouse. One day, while the good, simple, credulous brothers went to inspect their new domain, and to see how far the workmen had

got on with the noviciate establishment, their kind patron loaded a carriage with the vases, cups, ornaments, and jewelled relics of the chapel; not forgetting all the money he could find in the house. When the unhappy brothers returned, they found their patron and their wealth among the things that were not.

Knowing that he would be hotly pursued, Collet conceived and executed one of those strokes of genius which are almost sublime. He went to Roche-Beaucourt, and took lodgings in the commissary's house. The police, of course, looked too wide, and Collet assisted in the search after himself. No one suspected the commissary's guest, and the pursuit slackened and finally died away. Under the name of Galat, and in the guise of a modest and honest rentier, our friend turned next to Mans. He lodged in the parish of Couture, and was remarked for his pious exactitude in attending mass, vespers, and the confessional, and for his wonderful benevolence to the poor. He distributed large quantities of bread daily—furnished on credit by a rich baker; for, Galat's rents were not yet due, and he was temporarily short of cash. He bought much jewellery, too, on credit, and mystified honest men by sending them to look at a certain estate, which he had to sell at a low price, and which they never could find. Finally, he would buy a cabriolet of one of the rich notables of the town. But, he must try the cabriolet first. He did try it, and drove it ten leagues away from Mans. When safe at the end of his ten leagues, he wrote a polite note to the owner, telling him where he might find his property, thanking him for a very useful loan; but declining to purchase it, having no more occasion for it.

Collet was arrested a short time after this, after more than twenty years of successful swindling; was condemned to twenty years' *travaux forcés* at the Bagne, was branded with the letters T. F. between his shoulders, and was taken to Rochefort as a galley-slave. He led the most luxurious life a man could lead (even at this day, French prisoners with money may buy unheard of personal luxuries), no one knowing where his immense resources came from. When he died—which he did just before the expiry of his sentence—a large quantity of gold was found stitched in between the lining and the outer covering of his clothes.

The result of the Brussels lottery was to be made known one evening in Paris. In the time of the Empire, it was lawful to buy tickets for the Brussels lottery, three hours before the arrival of the courier with the list of the winning numbers. With a margin of three hours, there surely could be no foul play, even among the clever sharpers of Paris. Rather more than four hours before the

arrival of the messenger, a man named Baudin presented himself at the office, bought a certain number, paid, and disappeared. That evening, Baudin had drawn a million. Napoleon the Great was no easy man to cheat. Such a wonderful coincidence of good fortune seemed somewhat suspicious. He caused an inquiry to be made; after some time he discovered that Baudin had an accomplice at Brussels, who sent him the number of the lucky ticket on the neck of a carrier pigeon. The carrier pigeon flew faster than the courier rode, and Baudin gained his million for a time. He lost that, and liberty, and life too, at the Bagne at Brest.

Fichon, a forçat for life, condemned for numberless audacious crimes, has a trick of breaking loose, spite of double chains, the bullet, guards, and stone walls. One day, he is seen on the port, unironed, quietly looking at his companions—not attempting to escape, only taking a little liberal exercise on his own account. Taken back to his bench (for he was chained to a bench, apparently immovably), strictly watched, and trebly ironed, the next day he is in his old place on the port, watching his companions again, and whistling *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*. The commissary, a common man without sympathies, orders M. Fichon to the cachot (the dark underground cells). "Here, at least, he will be safe," says the common man, sipping his *café noir*. Two days afterwards, he espies M. Fichon strolling through the town of Toulon, his hands behind his back, whistling as before, and looking in at the shop windows.

"What are you doing there, Fichon?"

"Why, my commissary, what you see. I am taking a little walk. What do you wish me to do? I will obey you. Must I go back from whence I came?"

"As you please!" said the commissary ironically, "since it seems a settled thing with you not to obey me any longer."

Fichon, hurt at such an insinuation, returned to his cell. An hour afterwards, the guard found the door locked, and Fichon re-ironed by his own hands; but, they never could find the most trifling instrument capable of filing or unriveting his chains.

André Fanfan was even as clever as, or more clever than, Fichon. André's foot used to itch, and then there was no holding him. He used to attempt serious flight; Fichon only wanted a little quiet stroll without irons. But, both seemed to have secured the mandrake's power over bolts and bars. No walls could hold them, no chains bind them, no balls hit them. They were vulnerable, only in their facility of losing their liberty. They never could keep free when they had got loose. Fanfan was sure to be retaken, before twelve hours were out; and, when Fichon had finished one sentence, he was very certain to come to grief and

another. These two men gave the *gardes chiourmes* many a day's outing. It was almost as good fun as hunting a well-trained stag, to hear the gun fired, and the news spread that Fanfan or Fichon had escaped. When they died, the guards felt as if half the amusement of their wretched lives had died too.

THE CAT.

At last the cat has been promoted to the literary honours which have so long been her due, and so long been delayed. She has had an entire book written about her, all to herself, by the Honourable Lady Cust.

As to the origin of cats, Lady Cust is silent—prudently so. When a domesticated creature is no longer found in the wild state anywhere, like the camel and the lama; or, when a reasonable scepticism may be entertained respecting the species assumed to be its savage ancestor, as is the case with the dog and the fowl, the steps of all our reasonings march straight into a blind alley, from which there is no issue except by turning back. I believe that there never was such an animal as a really wild pussy. The supposition involves an absurdity. Whose legs could she rub, in a state of nature? On whose arrival could she set up her back, and arch her tail, and daintily tread on the same little spot? From what carpet—Kidderminster or Brussels—could she gently pull the threads with her claws? In what dairy could she skim the cream? From what larder could she steal cold roast pheasant? And, if she did not do these things, or some of them, would she be a genuine puss? No, no; I believe that Adam and Eve had a nice little tortoise-shell to purr between them, as they sat chatting on a sunny bank; and that a choice pair of tabbies slumbered, with half-shut eyes and their feet turned under them, before the fire which was the centre of Noah's family circle on board the Ark.

I may be told that our cherished Angora tom is a development of some untamed feline beast from that convenient region, the central plains of Asia; in which theory I place as much serious credit as that I myself am a development of the *Rana esculenta*, or Edible Frog. It will never do to afford the world so plausible an excuse for cannibalism. That is about the abstract of the matter. We shall do well, however, to note that cats gone wild are not wild cats, and cannot be admitted to come into court to give evidence on any genealogical lawsuit.

Of the origin of cats in places where they had never been seen before, we have, in various authors, many accounts, varying from the dimly legendary to the recent historical. Cats are very much at home on shipboard; they do not object to make one even of a

steamer's crew, for the genial boiler and its excitant fire compensate for the dust and dirt of the coals and cinders. But they are too highly valued by their companion voyagers to be lightly parted with. A pair of sea-born kittens would be a worthy offering to an island king. Indeed cats have increased the excitement caused by the arrival of our modern missionaries amongst an isolated and untaught people. During Mr. Williams's bold campaign in Polynesia, a favourite cat was taken on shore by one of the teachers' wives at their first visit to the island of Rarotonga. But Tom, not liking the aspect of his new acquaintance, fled to the mountains. Under the influence of the apostles of the new religion, a priest named Tiaki had destroyed his idol. His house was situated at a distance from the settlement; and at midnight, while he was lying asleep on his mat, his wife, who was sitting awake by his side musing upon the strange events of the day, beheld with consternation two fires glittering in the doorway, and heard with surprise a mysterious and plaintive voice. Petrified with fear, she awoke her husband, and began to upbraid him with his folly for burning his god, who, she declared, was now come to be avenged of them.

"Get up, and pray!" she cried.

The husband arose, and, on opening his eyes, beheld the same glaring lights and heard the same ominous sound. He commenced with all possible vehemence to vociferate the alphabet, as a prayer to the powers above to deliver them from the vengeance of Satan. The cat, on hearing the incantation, was as much alarmed as the priest and his wife: so he escaped once more into the wilderness, leaving the repentant priestly pair in ecstasies at the efficacy of their exorcism. The nocturnal apparition of a cat in the flesh had nearly reinstated an overthrown idol.

Subsequently, puss, in his perambulations,—perhaps he had hopes of finding a native fur-clad helpmate,—went to the district of the Satanees; and as the maral, or temple, stood in a retired spot, and was shaded by the rich foliage of ancient trees, Tommy, pleased with the situation, and wishing to frequent good society, took up his abode with the wooden gods. A few days after, the priest came, accompanied by a number of worshippers, to present some offering to the pretended deities; and, on opening the door, Tom greeted them with a respectful mew. Unaccustomed to such salutations, the priest, instead of returning the welcome with a reciprocal politeness, rushed out of the sanctuary, shouting to his companions, "Here's a monster from the deep! A monster from the deep!" The whole party of devotees hastened home, collected several hundreds of their brethren, put on their war-caps, brought their spears, clubs, and slings, blackened themselves with charcoal; and, thus

equipped, came shouting on to attack the enemy. Tom, affrighted at the formidable array, sprang towards the open door, and darting through the terror-stricken warriors, sent them scampering in all directions. In the evening, while the brave conspirators were entertaining themselves, and a numerous company, with a war-dance to recruit their spirits, poor Tom, wishing to see the sport and bearing no malice in his heart, stole in amongst them to take a peep. Again the unarmed multitude fled in consternation, while the dusky heroes seized their weapons and gave chase to the unfortunate cat; but the monster of the deep was too nimble for them.

Some hours afterwards, when all was quiet, Tom unwisely endeavoured to renew his domiciliary relations with man. In the dead of the night he entered a house, crept beneath a coverlet under which a whole native family was lying, and fell asleep. His purring awoke the man in the hospitality of whose night-cloth he had taken refuge; and who, supposing that some other monster had come to disturb his household, closed the doorway, awoke the inmates, and procured lights to search for the intruder. Poor Tom, fatigued with the two previous engagements of the day, lay quietly asleep, when the warriors, attacking him with their clubs and spears, thought themselves models of bravery in putting an end to him.

But cats, though thus misunderstood and maltreated, seem to have been as welcome and valuable an introduction to the country, as those exported by Whittington of old. One of Mr. Williams's means of proselytism was the exercise of a useful handicraft. The Christian teacher did not scorn to turn blacksmith. But, to increase his perplexity in working a forge, Rarotonga was devastated by a plague of rats. In vain he constructed bellows of goatskin. They congregated in immense numbers during the night, devouring every particle of leather; so that, when the master entered his workshop in the morning, he found nothing remaining of his bellows but the bare boards.

The rats, however, were not permitted to have everything their own way. The missionaries, paying a professional visit to another vowel-sounding island, Aitutaki, returned to Rarotonga with a singular cargo, principally consisting of pigs, cocoa-nuts, and cats; the king having secured about seventy of the first, and an indefinite number of the last. The cats were so precious, that a single one was a treasure in herself; the rats being so astonishingly numerous, that the Christian adventurers never sat down to a meal, without first appointing two or more persons to keep the vermin off the table. While the party were kneeling down at family prayers, the rats would run over them in all directions; and it was with difficulty that the

intruders were kept out of the beds. One morning the servant, while arranging the bedding, screamed aloud; her friends, in alarm, rushed into the room, and found that four rats—a nice little whist-party, in search of a snug place to carry on their game—had crept under Mr. Williams's pillow. Their irreverent audacity cost them their lives. Other members of the mission were worse inconvenienced, though in a different way. Mr. and Mrs. Pitman were possessed of travelling trunks covered with skin, on which the rats operated as effectually as they had done before on the unfortunate bellows; and Mrs. Pitman, having one night neglected to put her shoes in a place of safety, sought for them the following morning in vain. These nocturnal rambles had devoured them utterly, upper-leathers and soles; and the loss of a pair of shoes in the midst of the South Sea Islands is not a misfortune to be treated with levity. It was the last drop which made the vessel of wrath run over; a decree of extermination was issued against the whole race of rats. After school-time, man, woman and child armed themselves with serviceable weapons; the signal for onslaught was given, and the massacre began. Baskets were made of cocoa-nut leaves, about five or six feet in length, in which to deposit the bodies of the slain; and in about an hour, no less than thirty of these family coffins were filled. Notwithstanding this wholesale destruction, there did not appear the slightest diminution in the legions of rats. Cats, therefore, were a real blessing to bestow on the island. Even they, however, did not destroy so many rats as the pigs, which were exceedingly voracious, and took greedily to the rodent diet.

The Chinese, it seems, learn the hour of the day by looking into the eyes of their cats; but I imagine that if the cats could speak Chinese, they would tell us not only what o'clock it is, but also what is the day of the week. When a boy, I was a great pigeon-keeper; pigeon-keeping, in a town, leads to excursions on the roofs. Excursions over roofs lead sometimes to neck-breaking, sometimes to strange discoveries. Our neighbour, at the back, was a large coach-builder, and the nearest buildings were his forges. On week days, I beheld during my airy rambles, nothing but the blacksmiths hammering away at bolt and spring and tire and nail; but on Sundays, except in case of inclement weather, the warm tiles that covered the forges were tenanted by numerous parties of cats. There they sat, all day long, admiring one another, holding silent deliberations, determining in their minds which partner they should select for the evening's concert and ball. While daylight lasted, it was a Quakers' meeting, silent and sober; but after dusk, the darker the better, leaps and friskings were audible, with vocal effects of long-swelling notes, such as called forth

Peter Pindar's Ode to the Jewish cats of Israel Mendez, whose opening line is,
Singers of Israel! O ye Singers sweet!

From Monday morning till Saturday night, not a cat was to be seen. They knew when Sunday came round, as well as I did; from the low temperature of the tiles.

We learn from Lady Cust when kittens are born, they are, like puppies, blind and deaf, the eyelids and ears being firmly closed; the former, if opened, showing the power of sight immatured. In about nine days, sometimes sooner, sometimes later, they commence their functions. A humane warning is, that it is very injurious to the mother, to destroy the whole litter, particularly at once; and if the practice is repeated, it is sure to cause cancers, a complaint common to cats. Cats suffer much when deprived of all their kittens, as may be seen by examining them under the circumstances. The hint is worth consideration by humane mothers who do not suckle their offspring. We are furnished with remedies suitable for cats, in case of bodily ailments, tested by practical experience,—a pharmacopœia of feline specifics. But how to administer these? the veterinary student asks.

Roll gently the sick cat in a large cloth, such as a table-cloth, carefully including all the claws so as to resemble a mummy, leaving only the head out. Then place it upright between the knees of a sitting person, place another cloth under the jaw to keep that clean, and then with a gloved hand open the mouth wide, but gently, at one effort, holding it open and pouring the medicine from a teaspoon down the open throat; a very little at once, not to cause choking; but letting it be comfortably swallowed in very small quantities. Do not put the spoon into the mouth, as the cat will bite it and spit out the contents; but pour it from the small spoon. Then with a sponge and chilled water wipe off the least impurity from the mouth and chin, rub it dry with a clean cloth, unsuathie the patient, and put it in a quiet, warm, comfortable place for about an hour and a half. Do not give food or drink during that time. As in human beings, it is necessary to watch the effect of your medicine. You must make a temporary hospital of some unused, uncarpeted room, with a fire, as warmth is half the cure, and every creature in illness requires it more than at other times. Have a comfortable bed for your patient, leave a dish of water in case of thirst (where it would not be pernicious), and do not allow anyone but yourself to enter, as quiet and sleep are nature's own and best remedies; without them there is no cure.

Thanks, then, to Lady Cust. May her protégés always have enough to eat, and never too much! May their meals be regular, their digestion good, and their slumbers undisturbed! May they have a sufficiency of grass to eat, and a scant of flies! May they

never come in contact with dirty water, and never have their fur rubbed the wrong way, except when dragging back a fat young mouse out of a narrow hole!

I bid adieu to Lady Cust, but not to pussy. To any society for the diffusion of useful knowledge let me respectfully inscribe what next has to be said.

Here is some of the wisdom of our forefathers concerning cats: Know that the eyes of a cat wax and wane according to the waxing and the waning of the moon, and that the apples of their eyes follow the course of the sun. If a cat be tied up in a bag, and carried far away from its old home to a new house, it will return; but, if it be taken backward into the new house, it will remain there. When a cat is in a cart, and the wind blows over the cat upon the horses, they become very weary; the horse also soon flags that is ridden by a man who has any cat's fur in his clothing. On the death of a Tom cat, the life departs from all his unborn progeny. Terrible as is the persecution by the cat of rats and mice, the hostile races become friends if they are compelled to live together. Lemmery shut up a cat with several mice in an iron cage. The mice were at first alarmed, but as puss took no notice of them, and sat in their midst with a good-humoured expression; they began to play together, and at last even to play with her. They plucked and nibbled at her. When any mouse was too troublesome, puss very gently boxed his ears with a touch of her paw. After a long time, their gambols evidently had become a bore to her—she could not sleep in peace; and Lemmery then let her out. We are not told whether the cat had dined when the experiment began.

The brain of a cat is, according to the before-mentioned wisdom of our forefathers, somewhat poisonous; but may be used in small doses medicinally as a love-spell. To cure a whitlow, put the diseased finger every day for a quarter of an hour into the ear of a cat; the worm by which the whitlow is caused will be thus hindered from wriggling any further, and eventually will be killed. Three drops of blood from the vein under a cat's tail, taken in water, are a cure for epilepsy. The head of a black cat being burnt to ashes, a little of the dust blown into the eyes three times a-day keeps the sight perfect. The man faints by whom one or two hairs of a cat are swallowed.

The fat of the wild cat (or the cat run wild) used to be provided by hunters to the apothecaries' shops, where, under the name of *Axungia cati sylvestris*, it was used as a softening application, especially good for ripening an abscess, curing lameness, or epilepsy. The skins of the wild cat used also to be employed medicinally. They gave strength, it was thought, to the arms and legs if used as coverings, or if worn on the chest.

M. Hecart, of Valenciennes, tamed a wild

cat; placing under her protection a tame sparrow that was free to fly about the garden. A neighbouring cat suddenly seized the sparrow, and was instantly attacked by its protector. The bird was snatched bleeding from the jaws of death, and carried by its champion to M. Hecart; after which, we are to understand the wild cat watched over the sick-bed of the sparrow with much sympathy. In the German Magazine of Natural History which contained this history, another writer tells of a great black Tom cat—also a wild cat tamed—who was established as the watchman of a court containing several partridges and blackbirds, a hare, and a couple of sparrows. Woe to the dog, or other cat, who dared come near to them with hostile purpose!

Perhaps it is credible that in countries liable to earthquakes, cats more certainly predict a catastrophe by their uneasiness, than they predict rain to housewives by over-diligence in the washing of their whiskers. A little while before the great earthquake at Messina, a merchant of the town observed that his two cats were scratching in an excited way at the floor, and at the closed door of his room. He opened the door to them. They rushed out, and scratched violently in turn at three other closed doors that intervened between them and the street. Once in the street, they scampered off at full speed, until they were out of the town gates and in the open country. There, their master, who followed at leisure, found them in a field still terrified and still scratching at the ground. Soon after the first shock of the earthquake occurred, and many houses in the town were tumbled to the ground, that of the merchant being one of them.

A remarkable circumstance that used to be discussed concerning cats is the repugnance of some men to abide them. Conrad Gesner knew many men who broke out into perspiration, lost their strength, and fainted if a cat was near. King Henri III. of France—who was weak and dissipated—is said to have had this antipathy. It was the same with a Duke of Noailles, who lived more than a hundred years ago. It is added that such persons are affected even by the picture of a cat; and, fable went on to say, even by the unseen picture of a cat in an adjoining room. Gesner considered it to be curable by medicine, as it may be removed even from nature—witness the happy families in London streets—by art. Happy families are not new things under the sun. Centuries ago a priest of Lucerne taught a dog, a cat, a mouse, and a sparrow to take all their meals together from one plate. And there is record of an old maid very long since dead, who taught twenty-two different animals, among which were a cat, a dog, a mouse, a marmot, a turtle dove, a blackbird, and a starling, to eat from the same dish, and to live in harmony together.

Of the cunning of cats one or two old stories may be newer than the newest to most readers. A cat in a monastery knew that there was never dinner to be had until the bell had been twice rung. She always answered the bell promptly; but, one day when, at noon, the welcome chime was heard, found herself accidentally shut up in a cell. Left, perforce, dinnerless until the tenant of the cell came back from the refectory, she went as soon as she did escape to look for her allowance. There was nothing left for her. In the course of the afternoon the monks were startled by a pertinacious sounding of their dinner-bell. Pussy swung on the bell-rope, ringing for her dinner.

One day, the cook in another monastery, when he laid the dinner, found one brother's portion of meat missing. He supposed that he had miscalculated, made good the deficiency, and thought of it no more till the next day, when he had again too little at dinner-time by one monk's commons. He suspected knavery, and resolved to watch for the thief. On the third day he was quite sure that he had his meat cut into the right number of portions, and was about to dish up, when he was called off by a ring of the bell at the outer gate. When he came back there was again a monk's allowance gone. Next day he again paid special heed to his calculations, and, when he was on the point of dishing up, again there was a ring at the gate to draw him from the kitchen. He went no farther than the outside of the kitchen door, whence he saw that the cat jumped in at the window, and was out again in an instant with a piece of meat. Another day's watching showed that it was the cat also who, by leaping up at it, set the bell ringing with her paws; and thus having, as she supposed, pulled the cook out of the kitchen, made the coast clear for her own piratical proceedings. The monks then settled it in conclave that their cat should be left thus to earn for the remainder of her days double rations, while they spread abroad the story of her cunning. So they obtained many visitors, who paid money for good places from which to see the little comedy, and they grew the richer for the thief they had amongst them.

The story is more generally known of the discomfiture of M. de la Croix, who put a cat under an air-pump, and tried to exhaust the receiver. When pussy began to feel uncomfortable, and found how the air was going, she put one of her paws on the hole through which it was being sucked away. The experimenter let the air run back, and the cat took away her paw directly; but the moment he began again to suck the air away she stopped the hole.

Mahometans hold cats in great esteem, for it is said that Mahomet was fond of them. Once when he was studying, and his cat lay

asleep on the sleeve of his robe, the hour of public prayer arrived, and the cat still was sleeping. Rather than disturb her, he cut off the sleeve on which she lay.

THE SUMMER-LAND.

Two leaflets, long since wither'd, that give birth

To no green memories of faded spring,

I keep; as one would treasure gems of worth,

Though sometimes an unwilling tear they bring,

And fill my heart with griefs and longings wild.

Scoff if you will! I stole those leaves away,

Like kisses, from the bed of a fair child,

Whose little life has dawn'd into eternal day.

He chain'd my wayward love; but never knew

I loved him; never thought I was his friend,

And held him in my heart among the few

For whom my life and powers I fain would spend,

As a lone cloud loving a group of flowers

Might linger o'er them in its trackless way,

To empty all its hoarded wealth of showers,

That so, in blessing them, itself might waste away.

Angels! ye loved that little pearl too well,

And gently lifted it from life's rough sea

To Heaven's ocean; where not e'en a shell

Speaks, in the ear, of storms that cannot be.

Angels! ye took that bud, so rich in love,

Kept fresh with our wet tears; ye bore it far,

And set it in the summer-land above,

Where, some time, I shall find it, ope'd into a star.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH. AN OLD FRIEND
AND A NEW SCHEME.

In declaring, positively, that the boy whom she had seen digging on the moor had followed her uncle and herself to the post-town of Porthgenna, Sarah had asserted the literal truth. Jacob had tracked them to the inn, had waited a little while about the door, to ascertain if there was any likelihood of their continuing their journey that evening, and had then returned to Porthgenna Tower to make his report, and to claim his promised reward.

The same night, the housekeeper and the steward devoted themselves to the joint production of a letter to Mrs. Frankland, informing her of all that had taken place, from the time when the visitors first made their appearance, to the time when the gardener's boy had followed them to the door of the inn. The composition was plentifully garnished throughout with the flowers of Mr. Munder's rhetoric, and was, by a necessary consequence, inordinately long as a narrative, and hopelessly confused as a statement of facts.

It is unnecessary to say that the letter, with all its faults and absurdities, was read by Mrs. Frankland with the deepest interest. Her husband and Mr. Orridge, to both of whom she communicated its contents, were as much amazed and perplexed by it as she was herself. Although the discovery of Mrs. Jazeph's departure for Cornwall had led them to consider it within the range of pos-

sibility that she might appear at Porthgenna, and although the housekeeper had been written to by Rosamond under the influence of that idea, neither she nor her husband were quite prepared for such a speedy confirmation of their suspicions as they had now received. Their astonishment, however, on first ascertaining the general purport of the letter, was as nothing compared with their astonishment when they came to those particular passages in it which referred to Uncle Joseph. The fresh element of complication imparted to the thickening mystery of Mrs. Jazeph and the Myrtle Room, by the entrance of the foreign stranger on the scene, and by his intimate connection with the extraordinary proceedings that had taken place in the house, fairly baffled them all. The letter was read again and again; was critically dissected paragraph by paragraph; was carefully annotated by the doctor, for the purpose of extricating all the facts that it contained from the mass of unmeaning words in which Mr. Munder had artfully and lengthily involved them; and was finally pronounced, after all the pains that had been taken to render it intelligible, to be the most mysterious and bewildering document that mortal pen had ever produced.

The first practical suggestion, after the letter had been laid aside in despair, emanated from Rosamond. She proposed that her husband and herself (the 'baby' included, as a matter of course), should start at once for Porthgenna, to question the servants minutely about the proceedings of Mrs. Jazeph and the foreign stranger who had accompanied her, and to examine the premises on the north side of the house, with a view to discovering a clue to the locality of the Myrtle Room, while events were still fresh in the memories of witnesses. The plan thus advocated, however excellent in itself, was opposed by Mr. Orridge on medical grounds. Mrs. Frankland had caught cold by exposing herself too carelessly to the air, on first leaving her room, and the doctor refused to grant her permission to travel for at least a week to come, if not for a longer period.

The next proposal came from Mr. Frankland. He declared it to be perfectly clear to his mind, that the only chance of penetrating the mystery of the Myrtle Room, rested entirely on the discovery of some means of communicating with Mrs. Jazeph. He suggested that they should not trouble themselves to think of anything unconnected with the accomplishment of this purpose; and he proposed that the servant then in attendance on him at West Winston—a man who had been in his employment for many years, and whose zeal, activity, and intelligence could be thoroughly depended on—should be sent to Porthgenna forthwith, to start the necessary inquiries, and to examine the premises carefully on the north side of the house.

This advice was immediately acted on. At an hour's notice, the servant started for Cornwall, thoroughly instructed as to what he was to do, and well supplied with money, in case he found it necessary to employ many persons in making the proposed inquiries. In due course of time he sent a report of his proceedings to his master. It proved to be of a most discouraging nature.

All trace of Mrs. Jazeph and her companion had been lost at the post-town of Porthgenna. Investigations had been made in every direction, but no reliable information had been obtained. People in totally different parts of the country declared readily enough that they had seen two persons answering to the description of the lady in the dark dress and the old foreigner; but when they were called upon to state the direction in which the two strangers were travelling, the answers received turned out to be of the most puzzling and contradictory kind. No pains had been spared, no necessary expenditure of money had been grudged; but, so far, no results of the slightest value had been obtained. Whether the lady and the foreigner had gone east, west, north, or south, was more than Mr. Frankland's servant, at the present stage of the proceedings, could take it on himself to say.

The report of the examination of the north rooms was not more satisfactory. Here, again, nothing of any importance could be discovered. The servant had ascertained that there were twenty-two rooms on the uninhabited side of the house:—six on the ground floor opening into the deserted garden: eight on the first floor; and eight above that, on the second story. He had examined all the doors carefully from top to bottom, and had come to the conclusion that none of them had been opened. The evidence afforded by the lady's own actions led to nothing. She had, if the testimony of the servant could be trusted, dropped the keys on the floor of the hall. She was found, as the housekeeper and the steward asserted, lying, in a fainting condition, at the top of the landing of the first flight of stairs. The door opposite to her, in this position, showed no more traces of having been recently opened than any of the other doors of the other twenty-one rooms. Whether the room to which she wished to gain access was one of the eight on the first floor, or whether she had fainted on her way up to the higher range of eight rooms on the second floor, it was impossible to determine. The only conclusions that could be fairly drawn from the events that had taken place in the house, were two in number. First, it might be taken for granted, that the lady had been disturbed before she had been able to use the keys to gain admission to the Myrtle Room. Secondly, it might be assumed from the position in which she was found on the stairs and from the evidence relating to the dropping

of the keys, that the Myrtle Room was not on the ground floor, but was one of the sixteen rooms situated on the first and second stories. Beyond this, the writer of the report had nothing further to mention, except that he had ventured to decide on waiting at Porthgenna, in the event of his master having any further instructions to communicate.

What was to be done next? That was necessarily the first question suggested by the servant's announcement of the unsuccessful result of his inquiries at Porthgenna. How it was to be answered, was not very easy to discover. Mrs. Frankland had nothing to suggest, Mr. Frankland had nothing to suggest, the doctor had nothing to suggest. The more industriously they all three hunted through their minds for a new idea, the less chance there seemed to be of their succeeding in finding one. At last, Rosamond proposed, in despair, that they should seek the advice of some fourth person who could be depended on; and asked her husband's permission to write a confidential statement of their difficulties to the Vicar of Long Beckley. Doctor Chennery was their oldest friend and adviser; he had known them both as children; he was well acquainted with the history of their families; he felt a fatherly interest in their fortunes; and he possessed that invaluable quality of plain clear-headed common sense, which marked him out as the very man who would be most likely, as well as most willing, to help them.

Mr. Frankland readily agreed to his wife's suggestion; and Rosamond wrote immediately to Doctor Chennery, informing him of everything that had happened since Mrs. Jazeph's first introduction to her, and asking him for his opinion on the course of proceeding which it would be best for her husband and herself to adopt, in the difficulty in which they were now placed. By return of post an answer was received, which amply justified Rosamond's reliance on her old friend. Doctor Chennery not only sympathised heartily with the eager curiosity which Mrs. Jazeph's language and conduct had excited in the mind of his correspondent, but he had also a plan of his own to propose for ascertaining the position of the Myrtle Room.

The vicar prefaced his suggestion by expressing a strong opinion against instituting any further search after Mrs. Jazeph. Judging by the circumstances, as they were related to him, he considered that it would be the merest waste of time to attempt to find her out. Accordingly, he passed from that part of the subject at once, and devoted himself to the consideration of the more important question, How Mr. and Mrs. Frankland were to proceed in the endeavour to discover for themselves the mystery of the Myrtle Room?

On this point, Doctor Chennery entertained

a conviction of the strongest kind; and he warned Rosamond, beforehand, that she must expect to be very much surprised when he came to the statement of it. Taking it for granted that she and her husband could not hope to find out where the room was, unless they were assisted by some one better acquainted than themselves with the old local arrangements of the interior of Porthgenna Tower, the vicar declared it to be his opinion that there was only one individual living who could afford them the information they wanted, and that this person was no other than Rosamond's own cross-grained relative, Andrew Treverton.

This startling opinion Doctor Chennery supported by two reasons. In the first place, Andrew was the only surviving member of the elder generation who had lived at Porthgenna Tower, in the bygone days when all traditions connected with the north rooms were still fresh in the memories of the inhabitants of the house. The people who lived in it now were strangers who had been placed in their situations by Mr. Frankland's father, and the servants employed in former days by Captain Treverton were dead or dispersed. The one available person, therefore, whose recollections were likely to be of any service to Mr. and Mrs. Frankland, was indisputably the brother of the old owner of Porthgenna Tower.

In the second place, there was the chance, even if Andrew Treverton's memory was not to be trusted, that he might possess written or printed information relating to the locality of the Myrtle Room. By his father's will—which had been made when Andrew was a young man just going to college, and which had not been altered at the period of his departure from England, or at any after time—he had inherited the choice old collection of books in the library at Porthgenna. Supposing that he still preserved these heirlooms, it was highly probable that there might exist among them some plan, or some description of the house as it was in the olden time, which would supply all the information that was wanted. Here, then, was another valid reason for believing that if a clue to the position of the Myrtle Room existed anywhere, Andrew Treverton was the man to lay his hand on it.

Assuming it, therefore, to be proved that the surly old misanthrope was the only person who could be profitably applied to for the requisite information, the next question was, How to communicate with him? The vicar understood perfectly that after Andrew's inexcusably heartless conduct towards her father and mother, it was quite impossible for Rosamond to address any direct application to him. That obstacle, however, might be surmounted by making the necessary communication proceed from Doctor Chennery. Heartily as the vicar disliked Andrew Treverton personally, and strongly

as he disapproved of the old misanthrope's principles, he was willing to set aside his own antipathies and objections to serve the interests of his young friends; and he expressed his perfect readiness, if Rosamond and her husband approved of the proceeding, to write and recal himself to Andrew's recollection, and to ask, as if it was a matter of antiquarian curiosity, for information on the subject of the north side of Porthgenna Tower, including, of course, a special request to be made acquainted with the names by which the rooms had been individually known in former days.

In making this offer, the vicar frankly acknowledged that he thought the chances were very much against his receiving any answer at all to his application, no matter how carefully he might word it, with a view to humouring Andrew's churlish peculiarities. However, considering that, in the present posture of affairs, a forlorn hope was better than no hope at all, he thought it was at least worth while to make the attempt, on the plan which he had just suggested. If Mr. and Mrs. Frankland could devise any better means of opening communications with Andrew Treverton, or if they had discovered any new method of their own for obtaining the information of which they stood in need, Doctor Chennery was perfectly ready to set aside his own opinions and to defer to theirs. In any case, he could only conclude by begging them to remember that he considered their interests as his own, and that all the service he could render them was cheerfully and heartily placed at their disposal.

A very brief consideration of the vicar's friendly letter convinced Rosamond and her husband that they had no choice but gratefully to accept the offer which it contained. The chances were certainly against the success of the proposed application; but were they more unfavourable than the chances against the success of any unaided investigations at Porthgenna? There was, at least, a faint hope of Doctor Chennery's request for information producing some results; but there seemed no hope at all of penetrating a mystery connected with one room only, by dint of wandering blindly through two ranges of rooms which reached the number of sixteen. Influenced by these considerations, Rosamond wrote back to the vicar to thank him for his kindness, and to beg that he would communicate with Andrew Treverton, as he had proposed, without a moment's delay.

Doctor Chennery immediately occupied himself in the composition of the important letter, taking care to make the application on purely antiquarian grounds, and accounting for his assumed curiosity on the subject of the interior of Porthgenna Tower, by referring to his former knowledge of the Treverton family, and to his natural interest in the old house with which their name and

fortunes had been so closely connected. After appealing to Andrew's early recollections for the information that he wanted, he ventured a step farther, and alluded to the library of old books, mentioning his own idea that there might be found among them some plan or verbal description of the house, which might prove to be of the greatest service, in the event of Mr. Treverton's memory not having preserved all particulars in connection with the names and positions of the north rooms. In conclusion, he took the liberty of mentioning that the loan of any document of the kind to which he had alluded, or the permission to have extracts made from it, would be thankfully acknowledged as a great favour conferred; and he added, in a postscript, that, in order to save Mr. Treverton all trouble, a messenger would call for any answer he might be disposed to give, the day after the delivery of the letter. Having completed the application in these terms, the vicar (with many secret misgivings as to results) inclosed it under cover to his man of business in London, with directions that it was to be delivered by a trustworthy person, and that the messenger was to call again the next morning to know if there was any answer.

Three days after this letter had been despatched to its destination—at which time no tidings of any sort had been received from Doctor Chennery—Rosamond at last obtained her medical attendant's permission to travel. Taking leave of Mr. Orridge with many promises to let him know what progress they made towards discovering the position of the Myrtle Room, Mr. and Mrs. Frankland turned their backs on West Winston, and, for the third time, started on the journey to Porthgenna Tower.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH. THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

It was baking-day in the establishment of Mr. Andrew Treverton, when the messenger intrusted with Doctor Chennery's letter found his way to the garden-door of the cottage at Bayswater. After he had rung three times, he heard a gruff voice, on the other side of the wall, roaring at him to let the bell alone, and asking who he was, and what the devil he wanted.

"A letter for Mr. Treverton," said the messenger, nervously backing away from the door while he spoke.

"Chuck it over the wall then, and be off with you!" answered the gruff voice.

The messenger obeyed both injunctions. He was a meek, modest, elderly man; and when Nature mixed up the ingredients of his disposition, the capability of resenting injuries was not among them.

The man with the gruff voice—or, to put it in plainer terms, the man Shrowl—picked up the letter, weighed it in his hand, looked at the address on it with an expression of contemptuous curiosity in his bull-terrier's

eyes, put it in his waistcoat pocket, and walked round lazily to the kitchen entrance of the cottage.

In the apartment which would probably have been called the pantry, if the house had belonged to civilised tenants, a hand-mill had been set up; and, at the moment when Shrowl made his way to this room, Mr. Treverton was engaged in asserting his independence of all the millers in England, by grinding his own corn. He paused irritably in turning the handle of the mill, when his servant appeared at the door.

"What do you come here for?" he asked. "When the flour's ready, I'll call for you. Don't let's look at each other oftener than we can help! I never set eyes on you, Shrowl, but I ask myself whether, in the whole range of creation, there is any animal as ugly as man? I saw a cat, this morning, on the garden wall, and there wasn't a single point in which you would bear comparison with him. The cat's eyes were clear—yours are muddy. The cat's nose was straight—yours is crooked. The cat's whiskers were clean—yours are dirty. The cat's coat fitted him—yours hangs about you like a sack. I tell you again, Shrowl, the species to which you (and I) belong, is the ugliest on the whole face of creation. Don't let us revolt each other by keeping in company any longer. Go away, you last, worst, infirmest freak of Nature—go away!"

Shrowl listened to this complimentary address with an aspect of surly serenity. When it had come to an end, he took the letter from his waistcoat pocket, without condescending to make any reply. He was, by this time, too thoroughly conscious of his own power over his master to attach the smallest importance to anything that Mr. Treverton might say to him.

"Now you've done your talking, suppose you take a look at that," said Shrowl, dropping the letter carelessly on a deal-table by his master's side. "It isn't often that people trouble themselves to send letters to you—is it? Who do you think it comes from? I wonder whether your niece has took a fancy to write to you? It was put in the papers, the other day, that she'd got a son and heir. Open the letter, and see if it's an invitation to the christening. The thing wouldn't be complete without you; the company would be sure to want your smiling face at the table to make 'em jolly. Just let me take a grind at the mill, while you go out and get a silver mug. The son and heir expects a mug, you know, and his nurse expects half-a-guinea, and his mamma expects all your fortune. What a pleasure to make the three innocent creatures happy! It's shocking to see you pulling wry faces, like that, over the letter. Lord! lord! where can all your natural affection have gone to?"

"If I only knew where to lay my hand on a gag, I'd cram it into your infernal

mouth!" cried Mr. Treverton. "How dare you talk to me about my niece? You wretch! you know I hate her for her mother's sake. What do you mean by harping perpetually on my fortune? Sooner than leave it to the play-actress's child, I'd even leave it to you; and sooner than leave it to you, I would take every farthing of it out in a boat, and bury it for ever at the bottom of the sea!" Venting his dissatisfaction in these strong terms, Mr. Treverton snatched up Dr. Chennery's letter, and tore it open in a humour which by no means promised favourably for the success of the vicar's application.

He read the letter with an ominous scowl on his face, which grew darker and darker as he got nearer and nearer to the end. When he came to the signature his humour changed, and he laughed sardonically. "Faithfully yours, Robert Chennery," he repeated to himself. "Yes! Faithfully mine, if I humour your whim. And what if I don't, Parson?" He paused, and looked at the letter again, the scowl reappearing on his face as he did so. "There's a lie of some kind lurking about under these lines of fair writing," he muttered suspiciously. "I am not one of his congregation: the law gives him no privilege of imposing on *me*. What does he mean by making the attempt?" He stopped again, reflected a little, looked up suddenly at Shrowl, and said to him:—

"Have you lit the oven fire yet?"

"No, I hav'n't," answered Shrowl.

Mr. Treverton examined the letter for the third time—hesitated—then slowly tore it in half, and tossed the two pieces over contemptuously to his servant.

"Light the fire at once," he said. "And, if you want paper, there it is for you. Stop!" he added, after Shrowl had picked up the torn letter. "If anybody comes here to-morrow morning to ask for an answer, tell them I gave you the letter to light the fire with, and say that's the answer." With those words Mr. Treverton returned to the mill, and began to grind at it again, with a grin of malicious satisfaction on his haggard face.

Shrowl withdrew into the kitchen, closed the door, and, placing the torn pieces of the letter together on the dresser, applied himself, with the coolest deliberation, to the business of reading it. When he had gone slowly and carefully through it, from the address at the beginning to the name at the end, he scratched reflectively for a little while at his ragged neglected beard, then folded the letter up carefully and put it in his pocket.

"I'll have another look at it, later in the day," he thought to himself, tearing off a piece of an old newspaper to light the fire with. "It strikes me, just at present, that there may be better things done with this letter than burning it."

Resolutely abstaining from taking the letter

out of his pocket again, until all the duties of the household for that day had been duly performed, Shrowl lit the fire, occupied the morning in making and baking the bread, and patiently took his turn afterwards at digging in the kitchen-garden. It was four o'clock in the afternoon before he felt himself at liberty to think of his private affairs, and to venture on retiring into solitude with the object of secretly looking over the letter again.

A second perusal of Doctor Chennery's unlooked application to Mr. Treverton helped to confirm Shrowl in his resolution not to destroy the letter. With great pains and perseverance, and much incidental scratching at his beard, he contrived to make himself master of three distinct points in it, which stood out, in his estimation, as possessing prominent and serious importance. The first point which he contrived to establish clearly in his mind was, that the person who signed the name of Robert Chennery was desirous of examining a plan, or printed account, of the north side of the interior of a certain old house in Cornwall, called Porthgenna Tower. The second point appeared to resolve itself into this:—that Robert Chennery believed some such plan, or printed account, might be found among the collection of books belonging to Mr. Treverton. The third point was, that this same Robert Chennery would receive the loan of the plan or printed account as one of the greatest favours that could be conferred on him. Meditating on the latter fact, with an eye exclusively fixed on the contemplation of his own interests, Shrowl arrived at the conclusion that it might be well worth his while, in a pecuniary point of view, to try if he could not privately place himself in a position to oblige Robert Chennery by searching in secret among his master's books. "It might be worth a five-pound note to me, if I managed it well," thought Shrowl, putting the letter back in his pocket again, and ascending the stairs thoughtfully to the lumber-rooms at the top of the house.

These rooms were two in number, were entirely unfurnished, and were littered all over with the rare collection of books which had once adorned the library at Porthgenna Tower. Covered with dust, and scattered in all directions and positions over the floor, lay hundreds on hundreds of volumes, cast out of their packing-cases as coals are cast out of their sacks into a cellar. Ancient books, which students would have treasured as priceless, lay in chaotic equality of neglect side by side with modern publications whose chief merit was the beauty of the binding by which they were enclosed. Into this wilderness of scattered volumes Shrowl now wandered, fortified by the supreme self-possession of ignorance, to search resolutely for one particular book, with no other light to direct him than the faint glimmer of the two guiding

words, Porthgenna Tower. Having got them firmly fixed in his mind, his next object was to search until he found them printed on the first page of any one of the hundreds of volumes that lay around him. This was, for the time being, emphatically his business in life, and there he now stood, in the largest of the two attics, doggedly prepared to do it.

He cleared away space enough with his feet to enable him to sit down comfortably on the floor, and then began to look over all the books that lay within arm's length of him. Odd volumes of rare editions of the classics, odd volumes of the English historians, odd volumes of plays by the Elizabethan dramatists, books of travel, books of sermons, books of jests, books of natural history, books of sports, turned up in quaint and rapid succession; but no book containing on the title-page the words "Porthgenna Tower," rewarded the searching industry of Shrowl for the first ten minutes after he had sat himself down on the floor.

Before removing to another position, and contending with a fresh accumulation of literary lumber, he paused and considered a little with himself, whether there might not be some easier and more orderly method than any he had yet devised of working his way through the scattered mass of volumes which yet remained to be examined. The result of his reflections was, that it would be less confusing to him, if he searched through the books in all parts of the room indifferently, regulating his selection of them solely by their various sizes; disposing of all the largest to begin with; then, after stowing them away together, proceeding to the next largest, and so going on until he came down at last to the pocket-volumes. Accordingly, he cleared away another morsel of vacant space, near the wall, and then, trampling over the books as coolly as if they were so many clods of earth on a ploughed field, picked out the largest of all the volumes that lay on the floor.

It was an atlas. Shrowl turned over the maps, reflected, shook his head, and removed the volume to the vacant space which he had cleared close to the wall.

The next largest book was a magnificently bound collection of engraved portraits of distinguished characters. Shrowl saluted the distinguished characters with a grunt of gothic disapprobation, and carried them off to keep the atlas company against the wall.

The third largest book lay under several others. It projected a little at one end, and it was bound in scarlet morocco. In another position, or bound in a quieter colour, it would probably have escaped notice. Shrowl drew it out with some difficulty, opened it with a portentous frown of distrust, looked at the title-page—and suddenly slapped his thigh with a great oath of exultation. There were

the very two words of which he was in search, staring him in the face, as it were, with all the emphasis of the largest capital letters!

He listened for a moment to assure himself that his master was not moving in the house; then turned to the first leaf of the book with the intention of looking it over carefully page by page, from beginning to end. The first leaf was a blank. The second leaf had an inscription written at the top of it, in faded ink, which contained these words and initials:—"Rare. Only six copies printed. J. A. T." Below, on the middle of the leaf, was the printed dedication:—"To John Arthur Treverton, Esquire, Lord of the Manor of Porthgenna, One of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace, F. R. S., &c. &c. &c., this Work, in which an attempt is made to describe the ancient and honoured Mansion of his Ancestors." There were many more lines, filled to bursting with all the largest and most obsequious words to be found in the Dictionary, but Shrowl wisely abstained from giving himself the trouble of reading them, and turned over at once to the title page.

There, indeed, were the all-important words:—"The History and Antiquities of PORTHGENNA TOWER, From the period of its first erection, to the present time; comprising interesting genealogical particulars relating to the Treverton family: with an inquiry into the Origin of Gothic Architecture, and a few thoughts on the Theory of Fortification after the period of the Norman Conquest. By the Reverend Job Dark, D.D., Rector of Porthgenna. The whole adorned with Portraits, Views, and Plans, executed in the highest style of Art. Not Published. Printed by Spaldock and Grimes, Truro, 1734."

That was the title-page. The next leaf contained an engraved view of Porthgenna Tower, from the West. Then came several pages, devoted to The Origin Of Gothic Architecture. Then more pages, explaining The Norman Theory of Fortification. These were succeeded by another engraving—Porthgenna Tower, from the East. After that followed more reading, under the title of The Treverton Family; and then came the third engraving—Porthgenna Tower, from the North. Shrowl paused there, and looked with interest at the leaf opposite the print. It only announced more reading still, about the Erection of the Mansion; and this was succeeded by engravings from family portraits in the gallery at Porthgenna. Placing his left thumb between the leaves to mark the place, Shrowl impatiently turned to the end of the book, to see what he could find there. The last leaf contained a plan of the stables; the leaf before that, presented a plan of the north garden; and on the next leaf—turning backward—was the very thing described in Robert Chennery's letter—a plan of the in-

terior arrangement of the north side of the house!

Shrowl's first impulse on making this discovery, was to carry the book away to the safest hiding-place he could find for it, preparatory to secretly offering it for sale, when the messenger called the next morning for an answer to the letter. A little reflection, however, convinced him that a proceeding of this sort bore a dangerously close resemblance to the act of thieving, and might get him into trouble if the person with whom he desired to deal, chose to go through the ceremony of asking him any preliminary questions touching his right to the volume which he wanted to dispose of. The only alternative that remained, if the idea of possessing himself of the book were abandoned, was to make the best copy he could of the Plan, and to traffic with that, as a document which the most scrupulous person in the world need not hesitate to purchase.

Resolving, after some consideration, to undergo the trouble of making the copy rather than run the risk of purloining the book, Shrowl stole down to the kitchen as softly as he could, took from one of the drawers of the dresser an old stump of a pen, a bottle of ink, and a crumpled half-sheet of dirty letter-paper; and returned to the garret to copy the Plan as he best might. It was of the simplest kind, and it occupied but a small portion of the page; yet it presented, to his eyes, a hopelessly involved and intricate appearance, when he now examined it for the second time.

The rooms were represented by rows of small squares, with names neatly printed inside them; and the positions of doors, staircases, and passages, were indicated by parallel lines of various lengths and breadths. After much cogitation, frowning, and pulling at his beard, it occurred to Shrowl that the easiest method of copying the Plan would be to cover it with the letter-paper—which, though hardly half the size of the page, was large enough to spread over the engraving on it—and then to trace the lines which he saw through the paper, as carefully as he could, with his pen and ink. He puffed, and snorted, and grumbled, and got red in the face over his task; but he accomplished it at last—bating certain drawbacks in the shape of blots and smears—in a sufficiently creditable manner; then stopped to let the ink dry and to draw his breath freely, before he attempted to do anything more.

The next obstacle to be overcome, consisted in the difficulty of copying the names of the rooms, which were printed inside the squares. Fortunately for Shrowl, who was one of the clumsiest of mankind in the use of the pen, none of the names were very long. As it was, he found the greatest difficulty in writing them in sufficiently small characters to fit into the squares. One name in particular—that of The Myrtle Room—

presented combinations of letters, in the word "Myrtle," which tried his patience and his fingers sorely, when he attempted to reproduce them. Indeed, the result, in this case, when he had done his best, was so illegible, even to his eyes, that he wrote the word over again in larger characters at the top of the page, and connected it by a very wavering line with the square which represented the Myrtle Room. The same accident happened to him in two other instances, and was remedied in the same way. With the rest of the names, however, he succeeded better; and, when he had finally completed the business of transcription, by writing the title, "Plan of the North Side," his copy presented, on the whole, a more respectable appearance than might have been anticipated. After satisfying himself of its accuracy by a careful comparison of it with the original, he folded it up along with Dr. Chenery's letter, and deposited it in his pocket with a hoarse gasp of relief and a grim smile of satisfaction.

The next morning, the garden-door of the cottage presented itself to the public eye in the totally new aspect of standing hospitably ajar; and one of the bare posts had the advantage of being embellished by the figure of Shrowl, who leaned against it easily, with his legs crossed, his hands in his pockets, and his pipe in his mouth, looking out for the return of the messenger who had delivered Doctor Chenery's letter the day before.

CHIP.

COPROLITE.

COPROLITES are now identified with the bezoar stones to which our forefathers attributed many origins and many peculiar virtues. Arab physicians taught that the bezoar stones were bred in the eyes of stags. The stag, they said, becoming old, is plagued with worms, and as a cure goes to the hole of a snake, sucks the snake out with his breath and swallows it; but then, to escape poisoning by the snake's venom, the stag next betakes himself to water, and having jumped into a stream, remains in it for three days, with his head only above the surface. During this time a gummy tear has been collecting and enlarging in the corner of each eye. The stag, having returned safe to his old haunts with the worms destroyed, finds that his eyelids are kept open by the stones that have been forming; he therefore breaks the stones—the bezoar stones—off by rubbing his cheeks against the trees. The fallen treasure are collected in the forests as a costly article of trade. A common statement as to the origin of the bezoar stone, fully illustrated by the accounts of Tavernier, was that the bezoar stones are concretions formed within the stomach of a certain buck (the *Capricerva*) found among the rocks of the East Indies; but suspicion

was aroused by the fact that there was more bezoar stone produced (by artificial means it was thought, and, as to many specimens, no doubt truly) in Europe than in India.

We are now well assured that the greater number of the bezoar stones by which, in old time, so much store was set, were the smoothly-rounded pebbles known to us in these days as Coprolites—the petrified excretions of past races of animals. The true nature of such stones was first recognised in the case of the coprolites found in the Kirkdale cavern, in Yorkshire, among the remains of hyenas, bears, tigers, oxen, elephants, and other flesh-eating beasts. The round masses contained bruised fragments of bone that had escaped digestion. The bezoar stones found in the neighbourhood of Lyme Regis and Whitby were soon afterwards recognised as the fossil dung of the *Plesiosaurus*, *Ichthyosaurus*, and other inhabitants of the world before the flood. A vast mass of these remains is to be found also in the district about Westbury, Watchet, and other towns upon the border of the Severn. There is a layer of coprolites in the soil of the environs of Bristol. Coprolites abound also in the chalk formations of the Jura. Coprolites of birds have been found in America. Of the coprolites that abound in a part of south-east Suffolk, a correspondent living in the district writes:

They are like very dark oblong pebbles rounded and polished by the water; they are very brittle, and the interior is dullish brown, slightly tinged with yellow. They emit no smell; some of them contain small teeth and bones, which show that they have belonged to some flesh-eating animal.

Coprolites were first discovered in this part of the country about the year eighteen hundred and forty-six. A celebrated manufacturer of artificial manure was walking with a friend on Bawdsey beach, when he picked up some coprolite that had been washed out of the cliffs. Knowing that it would yield excellent manure, the manufacturer instructed his friend to employ children to collect it for him. They continued to do this without attracting notice for about two years; when, one day, the children having undermined a piece of crag, it slipped and killed a little girl. An inquest was held, and at the inquest the jury naturally wanted to know what coprolite was. The consequence of their being informed was, that the farmers, when they found their crag-pits to be full of it, began to dig, selling the produce to the manure-maker, at about one pound per ton. The manufacturer had taken out a patent; this being infringed, he brought an action, and as he lost it, every one obtained a right of manufacture. The result was that our coprolite gradually rose in price to three pounds ten shillings. It is very heavy; three pecks of it weigh about a hundred-weight. Here was an inducement for all people to raise it. Fine crops of wheat were dug up, buildings were undermined, roads were broken into; cottagers upset their gardens, clergymen the very churchyards. Some farmers employed more than fifty men upon this sort of mining; and, although we imported many labourers, wages were raised fifty per cent. Employers who had no coprolite upon their land suffered severely. Some parts of the country had the

appearance of Australian gold fields. Many men made their fortunes by the diggings, others for years contrived to pay by them the rental of their farms. The landlords claimed a share—generally half the net profits—but the lord of the manor has no claim at all.

Our coprolite is generally found within two miles of the banks of either the Orwell or Deben rivers, and lies in beds, from ten to five hundred yards in width, and from two to forty feet in depth. After digging through the top soil we come to a light sand, and then to some white crag, which gradually becomes red, next a layer of dark crag, interspersed with every variety of sea shells; under which, and above the loam, we find the vein of coprolite, from six inches to thirty-six inches in thickness. It is found mixed with crag, cement-stone, shells, and water. In some cases there are two beds of it with a sheet of crag between; and, at one place, it is found in the sand just under the top soil. It is worked by digging a long trench, about two yards wide; and, when the workmen have dug out the coprolite from this, they dig another parallel, the earth from which pretty exactly fills up the exhausted pit, and so on in succession. As the coprolite lies next the loam, water is very troublesome; and, in most places, has to be pumped out. After the coprolite itself has been thrown out, the crag is sifted, or, when the soil is sticky, it has to be washed, and then spread out on a table, in order that the shells and stones may be picked out by children. After this the whole produce is weighed, and generally sent by water to the manufactory. There it is ground up, and prepared for use as an independent manure or for adulterating guano. The refuse is used in the manufacture of fine ware and some sort of paint.

AN EXPERIENCE OF AUSTRIA.

On the tenth of December, eighteen hundred and fifty-four, I entered the Austrian capital, and took up my abode at a certain hotel. I had no particular business in Vienna. My object was to amuse myself; and, at my leisure, see the many works of art of which the imperial city can boast. My name, reader, is Jenkins—Alfred Jenkins. My passport, according to the regulation, was deposited with the police, and I was presented in lieu thereof with a pass, or permission to remain one month; this pass was renewable, provided the authorities had no objection.

On the third day after my arrival I called to the keller to bring me the Lloyd (the Times of Vienna).

The keller approached me, rubbed his hands, shook his head, and smiled:

"The Lloyd," I repeated.

"It is suspended, sir," said the keller.

"How?"

"Not allowed to come out, sir."

"Why?"

"For abusing the Emperor of Russia."

"For how long is it suspended?"

"Cannot say, sir. It may be for one month, or for ever—the minister of police will settle that!"

Here I was guilty of a slight indiscretion. I remarked to an English officer, with whom

I had established an acquaintance, and who was seated at the same table with me,

"Only fancy, if the Times, the Daily News, or the Post, was suddenly cut off from us! Imagine Sir Richard Mayne riding down to Printing House Square, and putting a padlock on the premises!"

"Be careful," said my companion, in a whisper. "Do you see that little man at your tender table?"

"Yes. Who is he?"

"He is a spy. No one knows whether he is a German, an Italian, an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a Spaniard, for he speaks all languages with equal facility and elegance. Not that he ever opens his mouth in this room except to eat. He gives himself up to listening; and, by long practice, his ears are peculiarly acute." I took the hint; and discoursed on the weather and other equally harmless topics.

At five o'clock I seated myself at one of the small tables, and ordered dinner. My companion, had left Vienna for Trieste, and I was now alone; but, not far from me, I espied the little man to whom my attention had been called in the morning.

Now, if there be one thing in the world that I detest more than another, it is having no one to talk to after dinner. To sip wine in silence, is to me insupportable, so I called out in a very great voice:

"Kellner!"

The keller, an intelligent, well-mannered, —indeed, a gentlemanlike person—came; and I made several inquiries touching the public amusements for the evening, and concluded by saying:

"Bring me the Times, please."

"The Times has not come to-day, sir—it has been stopped."

"The Times stopped! How?"

"At the frontier, sir."

"Why?"

"It has got something bad in it, I suppose, sir."

"O! Well, bring me the Daily News."

"That paper is forbidden in Vienna."

"Why?"

"It abuses the Austrian government."

"Indeed! Then serve it right to exclude it from the Austrian dominions." Here I glanced at the little man, who was now smoking a cigar.

The keller then volunteered the following piece of information:

"When an English paper says anything bad, there comes a telegraphic message from London, and when that paper comes to the frontier it is seized and burnt."

"Does this often happen?"

"Sometimes, sir," was the reply.

That evening I received a letter from a friend in Brussels, who required me to answer several questions by electric telegraph. I proceeded to the office, and was furnished with a paper, which I filled up thus:—

Number One: Frazer's Magazine, October, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two.—Number Two: One thousand eight hundred and forty-eight.—Number Three: Let it stand as written.—Number Four: Send no money till you hear from me.

Having paid some two pounds ten shillings across a counter, for these messages, and having been furnished with a receipt, I returned to my hotel, and subsequently went to the opera. At about nine o'clock on the following morning, whilst dressing, I heard a knock at my door, and called out:

"Come in!"

A person in a semi-military uniform entered my apartment, and, looking at a paper in his hand, pronounced something like my name. I bowed; I was immediately presented with an invitation to attend at a certain office—an office connected with the police department—at the hour of two A.M.

"What on earth have I done?" I began to ask myself; and forthwith summoned my commissioner, who pulled his moustache, and quietly suggested:

"Perhaps it is nothing;" adding, by way of consoling me, "English gentlemen who come to stay here are mostly sent for and asked their business."

At the hour of two precisely, I was at the place appointed, conducted thither by the commissioner; who, having other business to attend to, left me in a long and gloomy passage, which I paced for about three-quarters of an hour. The weather was bitterly cold, and I was half-frozen when the individual who had served me with the summons came out at a door, and beckoned me to approach him. I obeyed the movement of his finger, and was shown into a room where sat an official at a desk, writing. I made a bow on entering the room; but, of this no sort of notice was taken. As I was not asked to take a chair, and as I never could stand still for any great length of time, after a few minutes I began to walk up and down the room, slowly, and almost noiselessly. This appeared to annoy the official, who still kept on writing; he frowned awfully, and once or twice uttered something like *Donnerwetter!* I know exactly how long I was kept waiting in the official's room, because I consulted my watch several times. I was there eighteen minutes before my attention was called to the business on hand.

"Your name is Jenkins?" at length greeted my ears.

"Yes," I replied.

"Well!—What do you come here for? To Vienna, I mean."

"To see the City, and what it contains."

"Bah!"

This rather startled me. A long pause ensued.

"This is your passport?" resumed the official, holding up the document before me.

"Yes."

"Where is your servant mentioned in this passport? He is not at the hotel."

"No, he is not. I was informed at the frontier at Badenbagh, that, as his name was not written in the passport, he could not enter Austria. I had, therefore, to send him back to his own country, Belgium, at great inconvenience, and some pecuniary loss."

"Why do you correspond in cipher?"

"I do not, that I am aware of."

"What! Then you tell me what is false" (lügen).

I felt indignant on hearing this; but I contrived to stifle my wrath, and remarked calmly, "What I have asserted is the truth. I do not correspond in cipher."

"But I have the proof."

"Then produce it."

My telegraphic despatch of the previous evening was exhibited.

"There!" exclaimed the official, triumphantly. "There! Yes! Forty-eight! Forty-eight! I see. So will you see! What business has an Englishman with Forty-eight?"

I began to inform the official that they were replies to certain questions forwarded to me by a literary friend in Brussels. I told him that the first question concerned the date in which a certain article had appeared in an English periodical—an article to which my friend desired to make immediate reference; that the second question referred to the year in which a new edition of a certain work had been published; that the third question was about a sentence that my friend wished to alter in a work of mine, the proof sheets of which he was then correcting; and the fourth question was simply this—Should he, my friend, remit me from Brussels, or from London, (to which last-mentioned place he was about to proceed), a sum of money I had left in his hands.

I felt that I might have spared myself the trouble of making this explanation; for, the official did not listen to one word of it. He had made up his mind that I had come to Vienna as the agent of all the exiles in England; and that I was, therefore, a dangerous character in the Austrian capital.

"You are then a literary man?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. Well, I must see your papers."

"I trust I may be spared the indignity of having my papers searched."

"Indignity! What indignity? Many correspondents of English journals have had their papers searched in Vienna. Where do you prefer the search to take place? At the hotel—or here?"

"In my own apartments," I replied.

"Very well. I will send a person with you. You will meet there another person who will examine your papers and make the

report to me." I was then given to understand that I was not in custody, though an agent of the police would "wait upon" me pending further inquiries.

The agent of the police who accompanied me to the hotel was more civil than his superior; though he, too, must have been satisfied that my intentions towards the Austrian government were far from honourable; for he gave me distinctly to understand, that, if it had not been for the alliance between Austria and England by virtue of the treaty of the second of December, the courtesy (!) which had been shown to me, would have been withheld.

On arriving at the door of my apartment I found it open, and two soldiers seated on my sofa. They were in possession of my baggage. I produced my keys, and handed them to the officer who accompanied me. He first opened my desk. The inspection of the papers it contained would have afforded me considerable amusement under any other circumstances; but, as it was, I felt not a little angry.

The first letter that he looked at and examined, was a letter from a late Indian Brigadier-General, the last epistle he ever penned. It was dated Ramnugger, and was posted just before the fatal charge in which he fell. Over the superscription of this letter were several words in Persian character, signifying that "the postage had not been paid in camp, and was payable on delivery." There was also on the superscription, a few words in Bengallee, written by the Baboo in the Meerut Post-office. These words signified my name and address, and were intended as a guide to the native postman, who could not read English. This letter was put aside. The next document into which the officer peered, was a letter from my mother, and related entirely to family affairs. I now became acquainted with the fact, that the officer was able to read our language; for, after he had got through the first page, he remarked, "this is nothing," and handed me the letter. A Grand Lodge manuscript certificate now caught his eye, and he opened it out. He was not a Freemason, and had never seen a piece of parchment of the like character. He asked me what it was; I told him. Nevertheless, he put it aside with the Brigadier's letter. The fourth document that came to his hand was a letter from a German gentleman, holding an office in the Prussian Embassy in London. In that letter he had facetiously alluded to my intended visit to Vienna; and recommended me to take care that they did not lock me up. No sooner did I see the officer take that epistle in his hand, than I felt it was all over with me, and I dare say I turned pale. Albeit, I laughed heartily, for the whole affair struck me as something comical. My laughter, however, was soon changed to gravity, when I beheld the officer put back the papers into my desk

—lock it—and hand it to one of the soldiers, and request me to "come along."

It was now nearly five o'clock, and I suggested that I should like to dine. This favour, however, was not accorded. My levity had disgusted the authority charged with the inspection of my papers. He was now convinced that I was not only an intriguer, but a reckless intriguer.

I had not called on the English ambassador, because his lordship was seriously ill when I arrived in Vienna; and his son was absent in England. To no other members of the Corps Diplomatique was I personally known. I made up my mind not to trouble any of these gentlemen; and resolved to undergo imprisonment patiently, until the return (which was daily expected) of the ambassador's son, or his lordship's restoration to health.

I had read, of course, in the English papers of the treatment experienced in eighteen-hundred and fifty-two by the correspondent of a morning journal; I was quite prepared to suffer an infinity of hardships, such as herding with felons—sleeping on bare stones—feeding on black bread and water—and having my rest disturbed by the shrieks of prisoners undergoing the punishment of Speissruthen-laufen.

Perhaps a description of this punishment may interest, as well as disgust, the general reader. An avenue of soldiers is formed. Each soldier holds in his hand a sort of knout—peculiar to Austria, I believe. The knout is formed of three leather straps, attached to a wooden handle. At the end of each strap is a bullet pierced with two spikes, crossways. The prisoner passes through the avenue, and each soldier gives him a blow. The length of the avenue, and the number of times the prisoner has to pass through it, is determined by the character of the offence which has been committed. Sometimes, death speedily follows the infliction of the Speissruthen-laufen. Some few years ago, several Austrian soldiers in the garrison at Mayence gave up the ghost during this diabolical operation.

In justice to the Austrian authorities I am bound to admit, that I had, in prison, an apartment to myself; an apartment in which there was a bed,—a hard bed to be sure, but a comparatively clean bed. I was also permitted to have, at my own cost, whatever food I thought proper to order; and a bottle of Hockheimer from the hotel. Nor was I subjected to the slightest inconvenience in respect to my toilet. This kindness that was shown to me must have been the consequence of the recent "alliance;" for even my attendant, or keeper, more than once alluded to the treaty of the second of December.

I had left my card with the commissioner of the hotel, and had requested him to present it to the son of the English ambassador on his return from England; and inform him of the place where I should always be found "at

home," whenever he might call upon me. Meanwhile I reconciled myself to my temporary loss of liberty, thanking my stars that I had withstood the importunity of my sister, who wished to accompany me to Vienna. What would have been her feelings, on seeing me taken away from the hotel, it would, indeed, be difficult to describe. Conscious that I had been guilty of no offence, and that I had nothing to fear; and perfectly satisfied that I should soon be set free, I passed my second day in prison, in excellent spirits. To tell the real truth, I regarded my wrongs as a mere adventure; of which the reminiscence, in after life, would be—at all events—amusing.

On the third morning of my incarceration, I asked my attendant, in a light-hearted tone, how long he was likely to have the care of me. This man, who (I have the vanity to believe) had grown to like me, replied, confidentially, that it would be difficult to say; but, that he knew my passport had been forwarded to the Austrian minister at Brussels, (it was at Brussels that I had obtained my passport), with a request that inquiry should be made respecting me and the person to whom my telegraphic message was addressed. He further informed me, that several of my letters and papers had been sent to Brussels, for the purpose of aiding the Austrian officials in finding out who I might be, and what my object in coming to Vienna.

It was eleven o'clock. I had finished my breakfast, had lighted a cigar, and thrown myself upon my bed, to smoke and think, when suddenly the door of my room (it would be incorrect to describe it as a cell) was opened, and in walked the official whom I had seen at the bureau, and who had behaved so rudely to me. As soon as I recognised him, and observed his countenance, I was satisfied he had discovered his mistake; rising from my bed, I made him a very low bow, and requested him, in the politest manner imaginable, to be seated. (By the way, there was only one chair in my room). He was a good deal embarrassed. I could see that he *felt* the contrast between my conduct towards him, and his towards me, in point of "receiving" one another. It would have gratified him—at least my experience of human nature teaches me to think so—had I been guilty of any vehement demonstration. Rudeness, at that moment, would have delighted him, while civility galled him to the quick, and made him ashamed of himself; and before he had time to pour forth the excuses and apologies with which he was, literally, pregnant, I began to expatiate on the excellence of the prison arrangements in Austria, and thanked him for the consideration I had received during my stay in my apartment.

"Herr Jenkins," my visitor said, "I have made a grand mistake. I have been bungling." Here I conceived I might indulge in a little silent satire—and simply bowed assent, smiling blandly the while.

There was my snuff-box on the table. My visitor took it up, and requested my permission to take a pinch. My animosity, whatever amount thereof lurked within my breast, was speedily dissipated. Ah! It is not in words that these foreign diplomatists overreach us. It is by the delicacy, the tact, and the prettiness of their manners, when they think proper to display them, that they achieve with Englishmen such immense ends.

"You will forgive my stupidity? It is proverbial that the English are as generous as they are brave."

"Yes. I will forgive you," I replied. "But on one condition."

"Which is?"

"That you never visit England."

"Why that condition?"

"I will cause you to be received by the English draymen, and you may have heard how reckless a race they are." I said this jocularly.

He lifted his hands aloft and laughed loudly. General Haynau was evidently no favourite of his; or else (which was most probable) he indulged in merriment to conceal his real sentiments.

It is needless to enter into the particulars which led to my restoration to freedom.

The reader may possibly imagine that every instance of hardship experienced by unoffending English gentlemen in Austria, finds its way into the English newspapers. This is a great mistake. I could mention no fewer than five instances within my own knowledge, in which the sufferers stifled their grievances, respectively, rather than be shown up to the world, through the medium of English newspapers, as martyrs. By the way, a promise was extracted from me that I would not make my wrongs known in the English newspapers. I have kept my promise,—albeit the publication of them here, at the present day may induce those to whom the promise was made, to exclaim, "better late than never."

Since my "hard case," there has been a case even harder still. The clergyman attached to the British Embassy was apprehended and imprisoned. The "suspicious circumstances" that led to his incarceration were, that he had upon his person "an extraordinary coin" (British sovereign); could not make himself understood; and had wandered some miles from Vienna without a passport! Let us hope that the clergyman's case will be the last; and that the House of Hapsburg will cease to fear that a solitary Englishman may upset the Throne.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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OFFICIAL PATRIOTISM.

GOVERNMENT is said to have gone to the country for the special purpose of obtaining a new parliament that should be jealous for the honour of England, and it is now supposed that such parliament has been obtained. From this new parliament, then, we must expect a prompt decision, that the final expedition necessary to turn to account Dr. Rae's discovery of Franklin's traces shall, at last, be sent out, and that the search for the remains of Franklin's expedition, narrowed now to a voyage by a known route to a single spot, shall be completed with all possible despatch. No government, no parliament priding itself on jealousy for the honour of England, can leave such a duty as this unperformed.

Although time has been pressing, we knew well that we should waste our breath, unless we delayed recurrence to this topic until, the bustle of the elections being over and the new parliament fairly at work, there might be some hope that an independent member of the House would be disposed to make one more appeal to government, and, if necessary, appeal from government to the sense of the House itself, which is formed of a majority of men so essentially patriotic. The matter cannot possibly rest where it now stands. Lady Franklin is prepared, if requisite, to spend the whole remainder of her private fortune upon doing, as well as her means permit, what England might do perfectly and most easily, yet leaves undone.

We have shown in a previous discussion of the subject, that it is by no means ridiculous or extravagant to think it possible that some (if only two or three) of Sir John Franklin's companions, vigorous men who went out at the age of six or eight and twenty, and would be now—as to their years—of the age when men have but attained their complete ripeness and strength, may have taken refuge among the Esquimaux: as Dr. Kane declares that it "required all his powers, moral and physical, to prevent," his men from doing, when they also were placed in a critical position. Dr. Kane says of himself and his men, "we regarded the coarse life of these people with eyes of envy, and did not doubt but that we could have lived in comfort upon

their resources." It is clearly possible then that at least one Englishman may still be living among the Esquimaux, parted by a vast and impassable tract of desert continent from the most northern settlements of his own countrymen, and to whom the sight of a deliverer would bring such joy, as we who live all the years through among friends and in families, are utterly unable to imagine. We have already pointed out how the behaviour of the Esquimaux has led more than one Arctic sailor to believe that they know something about Sir John Franklin's crews, that they are indisposed to tell what they know, and that it needs time and tact to extract their knowledge from them.

The space of ground within which it is now certain that Franklin's ships were lost, and probable that their disabled hulls are to be found, is of so limited extent, that even on maps of a considerable size it may be covered with a shilling. To Cambridge Bay on one side of this region a single sailing vessel has passed and returned home unscathed, its commander expressing his conviction that the passage is so constantly open, that ships can navigate it without difficulty, in one season. To the other side of this region there is a choice of routes, and the point that would be reached by a vessel entering Peel Sound would probably be less than two hundred miles distant from the limit of the area of search on the western side. From such a point, the whole area could be explored easily and safely by the help of dogs.

If nothing tangible were found, we should know certainly that all is lost; but, any ship remaining long enough to win from the Esquimaux the knowledge they possess would bring home, we do not doubt, such tidings as would set many a question at rest. If absolutely nothing were brought home—none of the papers which the men of the forlorn crews must have deposited somewhere, for the information of their country, for satisfaction to the love of mothers, brothers, wives, and children—no token—no tidings—still the expedition would not have been fruitless. For, it happens that the little space within which lies locked up the story of the fate of Franklin, is a space intervening between limits of discovery eastward and westward, the exploration of which by sledges

would throw fresh light upon Arctic geography, and furnish physical science with important observations, made in a locality which has peculiar interest in connection with the theory of magnetism.

The one final search that is now necessary has been pressed upon the government by every eminent man of science in the country, and by, with single exception, every man who has ever taken a ship to the Arctic seas. It was pressed upon our government, or rather assumed to be the desire of our government, by the people of America when lately they sent over to us the *Resolute*, an abandoned Arctic vessel, which had been found by one of their whalers on the high seas, travelling homeward of its own accord by the mere action of the currents in the water. They sent the vessel to our *Queen*, refitted, lavishly equipped and victualled for another Arctic voyage. The noble resolution of Congress which affirmed this act of more than courtesy, described it as a lively token of the deep interest and sympathy felt by Americans in that great cause of humanity, which has been represented by unwearied search for at least the last memorials of Franklin and his one hundred and thirty-five companions. The American officer who brought the vessel over (one who was experienced in Arctic enterprise), expressed to her Majesty his own belief that of Franklin's companions, survivors might still exist; and he was himself ready, as thousands are ready, to volunteer help in the final search. The equipment of the *Resolute* had been intrusted by the American government to a citizen, Mr. Grinnell, who had spent a large part of his own private fortune in the search for the lost ships, when none knew where to look for them. The *Resolute* was thus by America made ready for service, with a full belief that she would be sent out by England, and he made the means of bringing to a worthy close our great Arctic story. It was only necessary to put chosen volunteers on board and send her out. Yet, she was dismantled and laid aside. Her Arctic stores, and stores that had been brought back by Arctic ships from other expeditions, are now lying useless in her Majesty's dock-yard, biding the time when they shall be sold off for the honour of England.

We shall not lose sight of the main question, if we proceed now to show how Lady Franklin has been treated by a patriotic Admiralty Board.

Early in June last year, a memorial was presented to the government, signed by the leading geographers of England, and by all the Arctic captains then in London, backed also with the formal approval of the other Arctic leaders, who, being out of town, could not put their names at the foot of a document which was drawn up, signed, and presented within eight-and-forty hours, so much was it felt that time pressed on account of the advanced state of the season. In this

memorial the geographers and Arctic captains expressed their inability to believe that the British government, after so many efforts to discover even the route pursued by Franklin, would cease to prosecute research, now that the spot where the vessels or their remains must lie, was clearly indicated. They pointed out that men competent to form an opinion believe in the existence of survivors of the Franklin expedition; that land expeditions down Back River, like that which, with great difficulty, had reached Montreal Island, could never find the missing ships, or those records left by the dead adventurers, so full of matter interesting to the geographer, by the discovery of which all doubts would be dispelled. They pointed out that a screw-vessel could very closely approach the confined area to which search was now limited; that there was a wide difference between a simple voyage to a stated place, and those tentative explorations upon which vessels had formerly been sent to follow unknown paths in the great Arctic labyrinth. "The search we ask for," they said, "is to be directed to a circumscribed area, the confines of which have already been reached without difficulty by one of her Majesty's vessels. Now, inasmuch as France, after repeated fruitless efforts to ascertain the fate of *La Perouse*, no sooner heard of the discovery of some relics of that eminent navigator, than she sent out a searching expedition to collect every fragment pertaining to his vessels, so we trust that those Arctic researches, which have reflected much honour upon our country, may not be abandoned at the very moment when an explanation of the wanderings and fate of our lost navigators seems to be within our grasp." The hope of the memorialists was, that the government would get a ship ready for the route by Behring's Straits in the ensuing autumn, and the importance of every day lost in the decision of such a matter was recognised, as we have said, by the promptness with which the memorial was signed and presented.

It was given, early in June, by Sir Roderick Murchison into the hands of Lord Palmerston, who received it kindly, and appeared to be quite satisfied as to the essential difference between former voyages of search by guess-work, and this positively defined exploration of a given area. It was pointed out to the Premier that, if any of the stout young fellows who went with Franklin, were still keeping body and soul together as companions of the Esquimaux, there was an enormous breadth of sterile tract separating the Esquimaux settlements from the most northern limits of the country occupied by Red Indians; and that they would know escape by their own efforts to be impossible. This impulse given, it was hoped that the government would do its duty.

Two months before this memorial was presented, a letter had been addressed by Lady

Franklin to the Lords of the Admiralty, to which the said Lords had, at the date of the memorial, not vouchsafed any reply. Lady Franklin showed good reason for protesting against the premature decision that, by the news brought from the estuary of the Great Fish River, Dr. Rae had finally ascertained the fate of Franklin and his crews.

In the first weeks of last June, when the memorial of the geographers and Arctic captains was laid before the Board of Admiralty the letter from Franklin's widow—two months' old—was still lying unanswered on its table. In that letter the brave lady had said, and truly said:

"It is not proved, by any facts we are in possession of, that the party of white men who arrived with their large boat (the remains of which, with many articles belonging to it have been found) within the estuary of the Great Fish River, and who are said to have perished there, were the only survivors of the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, and that no other remnant of the original ships' companies, amounting to about a hundred and thirty-five men, took a different route. And even as to this (known) boat party, it has not been traced back to the ships or to the wrecks from which it was equipped; nor have the ships been sought for at all, though there is much reason to conclude from the nature of the objects brought home by Dr. Rae, and of others seen by Mr. Anderson on Montreal Island and the adjacent shore, that they had been pillaged by the Esquimaux and were not far distant. What secrets may be hidden within those wrecked or stranded ships we know not—what may be buried in the graves of our unhappy countrymen, or in caches not yet discovered, we have yet to learn. The bodies and the graves which we were told of, have not been found; the books (journals) said to be in the hands of the Esquimaux have not been recovered, and thus left in ignorance and darkness, with so little obtained and so much yet to learn, can it be said, and is it fitting to pronounce, that the fate of the expedition is ascertained?

"That your Lordships did not consider that this question was resolved by Dr. Rae's reports at the close of eighteen hundred and fifty-four, and by the relics which to a certain extent authenticated them, is shown by your own proceedings when that tragic intelligence arrived; for it was immediately decided that steps must be taken to verify the truth of these reports, which could not be accepted as conclusive, and that further intelligence must be sought for. There was but one feeling in the country on this sad occasion. No amount of expense would have been grudged to make a final expedition of search complete; for it was felt that, after six long years of failure and disappointment, the clue which we had asked and prayed for was now in our hands, and that England's honour and credit were concerned in holding it fast and following

it up till it led to the solution of the mystery.

"My Lords, I shrink from recalling the pain and woeful disappointment I felt, and which many others felt with me, when the response to this generous excitement in the public mind, and the sole result of your deliberations, was no more than a birch bark canoe expedition down the Great Fish River, confided to the Hudson's Bay Company, but unsustained by any naval resources. In vain was it pleaded that a vessel might be sent to co-operate with this river party, who, if they ever reached the sea, could not venture to embark upon it in their frail canoes; and, if this were not granted, that at least a naval officer might accompany and direct the expedition, since it was well known that the Hudson's Bay Company, with all their zeal to accomplish the objects required of them in the most effectual manner, would not be able to supply to it an officer competent to make the indispensable observations for latitude and longitude. To the credit of Dr. Rae and of the Hudson's Bay Company's officers about to be employed, I may observe that he made a similar recommendation, being persuaded that those brave and right-minded servants of the Company would not hesitate to place themselves under the leadership of an officer in her Majesty's navy, provided he were one already tried and distinguished in Arctic service. To add to the original deficiencies of this over-land or river expedition, it failed to secure an interpreter, so that all the information it has brought back from the Esquimaux, and that derived chiefly from a few women, was transmitted only by signs.

"Every praise is due to the exertions of the two zealous officers who, under all these disadvantages, were able to accomplish anything; but it is scarcely to be wondered at if, after a rapid survey of nine days only, within a very limited district, which did not extend even to King William's Island, where our fugitive countrymen were first seen, they were compelled by the state of the damaged boats hastily to return, and have thrown no new light upon the history of those whose fate they went to ascertain. Mr. Anderson has been able to confirm the evidences of a large party from the *Erebus* and *Terror* having arrived from the sea within the estuary of the Great Fish River; but his negative testimony on other matters, such as the bodies and the graves which were not to be found, tends rather to throw doubt upon than to confirm them.

"I may here, perhaps, be allowed to add, without prejudice to that excellent servant of the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr. Anderson, that he is so far from considering the fate of the expedition has been fully ascertained by the results of his late survey, or that there is nothing more to be done, that he has felt it to be a duty to express to me since his return, as he had done before he started, his

decided opinion that a vessel should be sent out to the vicinity of King William's Land to pursue the search.

"It is evident, he considers, that the Esquimaux tribes on the shores of the straits hold the secret we are in search of, and that something more than a flying visit of a few days must be effected before their perhaps guilty fears can be allayed, and their confidence won."

In this unanswered letter, we find, also, the lady, for whose devotion England feels true reverence, expressing "humble hope and fervent prayer that the government of my country will themselves complete the work they have begun, and not leave it to a weak and helpless woman to attempt the doing that imperfectly which they themselves can do so easily and well; yet, if need be, such is my painful resolve, God helping me."

Will our patriotism consent that it shall be told our children how the wife of Franklin urged in vain a sacred claim like this upon her country? "It is due to a set of men who have solved the problem of centuries by the sacrifice of their lives and in the very act of dying, that their remains should be sought for in the place where they perished; and that as they assuredly devised some means of preserving from destruction the last words they dictated to those they loved, and the records of their five long years of adventure and suffering, the recovery of these precious documents should be the aim of persevering exertion, and held out as a fitting object for reward."

Furthermore in this letter, to which, we again remind the reader, that no answer at all had been vouchsafed by the Admiralty Board, there was this passage, in which we point with small capitals a sentence that makes the official neglect look yet more clearly unworthy of a British government:

"My funds, since the settlement of my late husband's affairs, are equal to the ample equipment of the Isabel schooner, WHICH IS NOW LYING IN DOCK, WAITING, AT A CONSIDERABLE CURRENT EXPENSE TO ME, HER POSSIBLE DESTINATION; and unless these my independent funds should become exhausted, which I do not foresee, I shall not even ask your Lordships for the ordinary pension of a rear-admiral's widow, to which I presume I am entitled. My request to your Lordships will be limited to such assistance as is entirely independent of money, and indeed to such as I have been assured, on the highest authority, will not be denied."

Everything was denied, even to common courtesy. A month after the receipt of the memorial, the Lords of the Admiralty, who left Lady Franklin's letter still unanswered, and had replied nothing to the memorialists, caused inquiries to be made as to the possibility of equipping a ship at that advanced season. It was pronounced to be too late, and the subject was dismissed.

Then Lady Franklin wrote again—we quote from published correspondence—stating that she and others had been unable to interpret unfavourably the silence of the Admiralty Board, inasmuch as their Lordships were well aware that so long as no adverse decision was announced to her, she was precluded from taking any steps for advancing her private expedition, which depended entirely on the non-adoption of the other. Thus she wrote (on the eleventh of last July):

"Between doubt and hope, between occasional misgivings and reviving confidence, but withal in constant and harassing anxiety, I have passed three long months (precious months to me, who required them all for my own expedition, if that great burden were at last to fall upon me), till at last a time has arrived when the equipment of a private expedition is no longer possible, and a season of probably unexampled openness for ice navigation has passed away.

"I feel sure that if your Lordships would only do me the favour of considering for a moment, the painful position in which I have thus been and am still placed, without a single word vouchsafed to me either to confirm my hopes or to extinguish them, deprived of any means but such as I had a reasonable objection to, of securing public feeling in my behalf, whilst the Arctic papers (including my appeal to your Lordships), which were called for in the House of Commons, continued to be withheld, unable thus to make use of the present or to calculate on the future, you would feel that a great hardship—nay, that a great injustice, for such I feel it to be—has been inflicted on me."

What say the people of England to this way of dealing with a question of justice and humanity, by a government that has just now claimed the applause of the country, because of its jealousy for the honour of Great Britain?

In this second letter Lady Franklin pleaded, as the only remedy for the loss of an entire summer season, that the route by Behring's Straits was, by some of the most competent Arctic officers, considered preferable to the eastern route, and that the equipment of a vessel to be sent in this direction need not take place before the close of the year. Then, at last, the brave woman received a communication, and was caused to be informed by their Lordships that "they had come to the decision not to send any expedition to the Arctic regions in the present year." The memorialists were, however, still left without a reply, and therefore from his place in the House of Lords, the President of the Royal Society addressed a question to the ministry, and received the assurance that "Her Majesty's government would give the subject their serious consideration during the recess." In the conversation that followed, Lord Stanley, who was spokesman for the government, expressed himself as very favour-

ably disposed towards a proposal, that in the event of there being no government expedition, Lady Franklin should be assisted in the fitting out of her own private venture.

A third letter from Lady Franklin was addressed to Lord Palmerston himself as Premier, on the second of December last. We direct the attention of our countrymen to a few passages contained in it. And first to this :

"My Lord, as nothing has occurred within the last few months to weaken the reasons which induced the Admiralty, early in July last, to contemplate another final effort, and as they put it aside at that time on the sole ground that it was too late to equip a vessel for that season, I trust it will be felt that I am not endeavouring to re-open a closed question, but merely to obtain the settlement of one which has not ceased to be, and is even now under favourable consideration. The time has arrived, however, when I trust I may be pardoned for pressing your Lordship, with whom I believe the question rests, for a decision, SINCE BY FURTHER DELAY EVEN MY OWN EFFORTS MAY BE PARALYSED.

"I have cherished the hope, in common with others, that we are not waiting in vain. Should, however, that decision unfortunately throw upon me the responsibility and the cost of sending out a vessel myself, I beg to assure your Lordship that I shall not shrink, either from that weighty responsibility, or FROM THE SACRIFICE OF MY ENTIRE AVAILABLE FORTUNE FOR THE PURPOSE, supported as I am in my convictions by such high authorities as those whose opinions are on record in your Lordship's hands, and by the hearty sympathy of many more."

The next is our last citation of words that should be read and felt by every household in the kingdom :

"Surely, then, I may plead for such men, that a careful search be made for any possible survivor, that the bones of the dead be sought for and gathered together; that their buried records be unearthed, or recovered from the hands of the Esquimaux; and above all, that their last written words, so precious to their bereaved families and friends, be saved from destruction. A mission so sacred is worthy of a government which has grudged and spared nothing for its heroic soldiers and sailors in other fields of warfare, and will surely be approved by our gracious Queen, who overlooks none of her loyal subjects suffering and dying for their country's honour.

"This final and exhausting search is all I seek in behalf of the first and only martyrs to Arctic discovery in modern times, and it is all I ever intend to ask.

"But if, notwithstanding all I have presumed to urge, her Majesty's government decline to complete the work they have carried on up to this critical moment, but leave it to private hands to finish, I must

then respectfully request that measure of assistance in behalf of my own expedition which I have been led to expect on the authority of Lord Stanley, as communicated to me by Lord Wrottesley, and on that of the First Lord of the Admiralty, as communicated to Colonel Phipps in a letter in my possession.

"It is with no desire to avert from myself the sacrifice of my own funds, which I devote without reserve to the object in view, that I plead for a liberal interpretation of those communications; but I owe it to the conscientious and high-minded Arctic officers who have generously offered me their services, that my expedition should be made as efficient as possible, however restricted it may be in extent. The Admiralty, I feel sure, will not deny me what may be necessary for this purpose; since if I do all I can with my own means, any deficiencies and shortcomings of a private expedition cannot, I think, be justly laid to my charge."

The Arctic story cannot close with the rejection of a plea like this from such a pleader. Certainly it cannot be closed with such an answer to the claims of humanity and justice in this case, as was given by the First Lord of the Admiralty in the House of Commons, on the twenty-fourth of February last. With that answer our tale ends for the present. Sir Charles Wood said, that there was no hope that any one of the companions of Sir John Franklin survived; but there is hope, as we have shown, and strongest in those who are most competent to form a trustworthy opinion. Sir Charles Wood asked the House to consider what had been done. Twelve expeditions had been sent out at a cost of six hundred thousand pounds; but it was not the money he considered, "he did not feel justified in exposing to the risks inseparable from such explorations, the lives of further officers and men." Yet of the twelve expeditions not a single one had been fatal to life, though they all went out on vague errands, far more perilous than a direct journey to a given spot and back again, the enterprise from which a patriotic government professes now that Britain turns away affrighted. The lost men "left the country twelve years ago; and taking the account which Dr. Rae gave, that in eighteen hundred and fifty, a party of thirty or forty were seen passing over King William's Island, and they must have perished in that year. He was afraid that the last survivor of the expedition perished in eighteen hundred and fifty." That does not in the least follow from the fact that, in that year, thirty or forty of the one hundred and thirty-five were seen alive. Sir Charles Wood further urged that a Scotch Court of Session had decided, that "every person in that expedition must have perished in eighteen hundred and fifty-three." Does the country sit down satisfied with such an argument as that? Sir Charles Wood further

said that a new expedition seeking Franklin's, must run precisely the same risks that he had run. Yet, in the first place, every one knows that accidents, whether in Arctic seas or London streets, are not bound to occur always on a given spot, and in the second place it is not intended to take ships alongside of the wrecks if they exist, or to take ships at all into the small, unmapped region which is the district to be searched, but to sail straight to its known confines, and then explore it by the help of dogs and sledges. Sir Charles Wood further said, that if the ships had been abandoned, it was not probable that the crews left on board any valuable records. Is there a man in the country, Sir Charles Wood excepted, who is not perfectly sure that those ships which would be inevitably objects of search, and which would be more obvious to the eye than any cairns, would not be left by the crews empty of all record? They would inevitably contain notes, explanations, letters to wives, children, and parents, copies of logs, even though for the original papers belonging to the expedition some safer place of deposit may have been found. If the last survivor took the records, says Sir Charles, it is not probable that he put them where they could be found. Sir Charles Wood further said, apparently upon his own responsibility as an acute man, that it was very doubtful whether even any more relics of ships or boats could be met with. Finally, said Sir Charles, the final expedition, meeting with the fate of Franklin's, would give rise to renewed expeditions without end, to discover the survivors. But as we should know exactly where to look for them, why they should be lost, and why there should be expeditions without end, it needs a First Lord of the Admiralty's reasoning powers to discover.

So the case stands, and Lady Franklin is once more thrown altogether on her own resources. Nothing will daunt her. She has been put to great expense, and has lost a year's action by the neglect of government. Still she is undaunted. She will sacrifice her whole fortune, devote her life's blood and energy to the work cast upon her woman's hands. All that she now asks is that government will lend her the *Resolute*, the ship brought over by Captain Hartstone from America, for the direct purpose that she has in view, or any other of the Arctic ships now lying entirely useless in the dockyards, together with a certain amount of the stores which are laid by to rot. These granted, she will hire the men, and pay the whole cost of the expedition. She does not ask the nation for a penny, but only for the use of what the Admiralty has put by as lumber. Will the public suffer this request also to be refused? If it be refused, if it be churlishly left to one woman to do the duty of a people, then will be the one woman accept her fate. She will prepare as well as equip her own vessel.

Volunteers will man it; and will bring home, we trust, such tidings as shall put our Admiralty Lords to eternal shame.

CHARNWOOD.

A DULL, moist, and cloudy winter morning, with now and then a flying gleam of sunshine to raise brighter expectations than the day is destined to fulfil; place, a winding country lane on the borders of Leicestershire, deep in mire, shut in by high verdant banks, crowned with trees, and suggestive, even in the autumn season of the year, of violets and primroses to come. Then a railway ride, another walk, winding up through a plantation whose paths are deep in dead leaves, and over steep hills, from which you obtain glimpses of that wild forest scenery for which this part of Charnwood is celebrated.

Rude fantastic masses of rock are piled up on each side of the path, taking, in some cases, the form of natural Druidical altars, like the wrecks of another Stonehenge. Knowing, indeed, that the Druids did enact their forest mysteries in the shades of Charnwood, it pleases me to think that I may now be passing over one of the spots sacred of old to the observance of their rites. But yonder, in the distance, stands the monastery.

In the year eighteen hundred and thirty-five, the Reverend Odilo Woolfrey, presbyter; Father Bernard Palmer, presbyter; Brother Luke, Brother Xaxier, and Brother Augustine, lay brethren, laid the foundation of the present establishment, on a wild desert tract of land purchased for the purpose. Their first monastery was a wretched cottage with a dilapidated roof, in which they lived for more than a year. Various donations enabled them soon after to build a small monastery and chapel, now called the Abbey Grange. The present monastery, built in eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, is the result of a munificent donation of the Earl of Shrewsbury. It belongs to the Cistercian order, which is a branch of the Benedictine.

Here, in a field, not far from the monastery, are several of the brethren tilling the soil. They stand in a row, dressed in long dark-brown habits, with their cowls thrown back from their close-cropped heads; never speaking to each other, never lifting their eyes from the earth to glance at the stranger watching them. A wide, gravelled road, bordered with shrubs and evergreens, conducts me to the front of the monastery. It is an irregular stone building, of the early Gothic style, designed by Pugin. The view behind is closed in by a tall pinnacled rock, surmounted by a cross and its burden, and called by the monks Mount Calvary. The prospect in front extends over the monastic estate of four hundred acres, a great portion of which has been brought into cultivation by the monks themselves, whose industry is great. In the distance, the old monastery

can be plainly discerned. 'A semicircle of hills shuts in the whole.

According to the public direction, I ring a bell, whose noisy tongue breaks the silence harshly; and presently the gate is opened by a young man dressed in a long dark habit, to whom I state my wish to see the interior of the monastery, and mention the long journey I have made for the purpose. He desires me to enter; and, bidding me be seated, says he will go and inform the guest-master. I find myself in a small entrance-hall shut in, on one side, by the outer gate, and, on the other, by another gate leading into the interior of the monastery, on which is a notice to the effect that no females are permitted to cross its threshold. I have barely time to observe these things before the guest-master enters, and bowing courteously, bids me Good-day. He is a tall, light-complexioned young man, of good address and pleasant manners. I again state my desire to look over the monastery, when he bids me follow him, and leads the way into the visitors' room, a neat, well-carpeted apartment, with suitable prints on the walls, a bookshelf, and a fireplace. Here I sign my name, and then follow my conductor up a flight of stairs into the guest-chamber, which is large, lofty, and well-lighted. The most noticeable article in it is a large oil painting, depicting a passage in the life of a certain man who gave all his wealth to the church, and became a monk. He is represented as coming home from sheep-shearing with the fleeces over his shoulders, when he is met by some of his former gay companions, who entreat him to return to the pleasures of the world. One has hold of the monk's hands, and is endeavouring to drag him away; while another sits by on horseback, with a hooded falcon on his wrist. In the background, a cripple is receiving alms at the gate of the monastery. Here is also the Tree of the Genealogy of the Church of Rome, the trunk of which is divided into sections, each of which represents a century, and contains the names of the popes who flourished during that period. From each section a branch springs forth, bearing, in the shape of fruit, the names of those worthies who lived during that particular century, and the names of the cities where great conclaves were held. Separate from the tree, and forming a scroll-work of sprigs lopped off the parent trunk, is a list of all the heresies that have sprung into existence from the first to the nineteenth century, the last of these being Mormonism. Then there is a large plan of Jerusalem, as it was in the time of Christ. More curious still, there are two illuminated missals, six hundred years old, bound in oak boards, every letter of which is as beautifully and as perfectly formed as if printed by the press. One of these books is entirely the production of one monk. It is marvellous

to think what a vast amount of industry and perseverance he must have had to leave such a record behind him.

What next? Here, in a glass case, among a heap of old coins and other treasure-trove, I find a few calcined bones, carefully exposed on a piece of cardboard, and covering a space about the size of half-a-crown, said to be the bones of Scipio Africanus, and to have been found in an urn dug up in Rome.

Descending, we pass out into an open grass-grown quadrangle, where the guest-master points out the infirmary. Through a door on the opposite side, we enter a corridor leading into the church. The church secular is divided from that portion where the monks worship, by a wooden rood-screen. The building will be nearly as large again as at present, when completed: a consummation delayed by the want of funds. The interior shows little or no exuberance of ornament, but is fitted up in a neat and appropriate style. The monks attend matins here every week-day morning at two o'clock, at which hour their day begins; and on Sundays at one, when there is a sermon preached in addition to the seven daily Latin services, which they attend. Next, through some dim, cold cloisters, where the monks can walk, and read, and meditate when the weather does not admit of out-door occupations. The walls are hung with French prints of scriptural subjects; and here and there an appropriate text is painted, such as: "Men come here to learn how to live and how to die." The rule of silence is strictly observed in this monastery, no brother being permitted to address another (except the abbot, guest-master, and one or two more), without the abbot's permission; and not a word is spoken by any one after the angelus has sounded, till next morning. This rule applies to strangers also, so long as they are within the dim precincts of the cloisters; but no longer. I take a glance through the glass-eye in the door of the well-stocked library, in passing; and, soon after, find myself in the refectory, down each side of which is a form and a long table, where are ranged a number of small mugs of water, each covered with a napkin, and a small slip of wood bearing the monastic name of the brother for whom it is intended. A knife, a spoon, and two thick slices of bread by each mug, complete the service. No — there is a solitary withered apple opposite one brother's place: the very shadow of a dessert. No meat, no fish, no eggs; nothing but bread, water, milk, cheese, and fruit, with sometimes a little table-beer. Only one meal a day in winter, and two in summer; except for such of the lay-brethren as are employed in agricultural pursuits; who have an extra meal allowed them. At the upper end of the refectory is a reading-desk, where a brother stands, and reads from the Scriptures, during the simple repast.

Forward into the chapter-house; where the

monks meet at certain hours, and where novices are instructed during their term of probation. So passing on, I come out into the churchyard; a quiet, grassy place, containing several mounds. At the head of each mound stands a black wooden cross, on which is painted the monastic name of him who sleeps beneath, and the date of his death. Of late, a portion of the garden has been set aside as a burial-place. It is a more cheerful spot, and contains vegetables, fruit-trees, evergreens, and flowers in their season, all in the highest state of cultivation. "The last brother who died," says my conductor, "was eighty-seven years old, and had been a monk for fifty years." There is always a grave kept half-dug, to serve, like the skull at the feasts of the ancients, to remind the living of their mortality. During my progress I have encountered various brothers engaged in different occupations; but none of them have noticed my presence in the least, or seemed, indeed, to see me. The dark-robed monks are the lay-brethren, or those employed in agricultural and other pursuits conducive to the temporal welfare of the fraternity; the choir-brethren, as the others are called, are attired in light drab habits, with dark scapularies and cowls.

Quitting the monastery, I follow my conductor up a narrow path bordered with shrubs, which conducts us to the summit of Mount Calvary. From this place I overlook the monastery, and obtain a clear idea of the plan on which it is built; and have also an extensive view for miles round.

As we come down again, I observe a number of poor people standing before the gate of the monastery. These, I learn are waiting for the dole of bread and soup which is given out daily to all who ask for it. The number of people thus relieved averages sixty a day, the year round, without distinction of creed. The guest-master informs me that, in hard winters, he has known poor people to come from towns and villages six or eight miles off, to obtain here, what they could not obtain elsewhere,—a plentiful meal. I may here mention that bread, cheese, and all other manufactured articles of food used in the monastery, are made by the monks themselves on the premises; while their garden affords them an ample supply of fruit and vegetables. The clothes they wear are all cut out and made on the spot; and the gas with which the establishment is lighted is supplied from a small private meter at the back of the house.

Next, away to what was formerly known as the Abbey Grange, but which is now called the Reformatory.

On Ash-Wednesday of last year this place was opened as a reformatory for youthful Roman Catholic criminals, or whose parents are of that belief. The number of inmates at present is one hundred and twenty; but the building, when completed, will hold about

three hundred. The ages of the boys range from ten to sixteen; and their terms of imprisonment, from three to five years. Three large towns, Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool, supply a large proportion of the inmates.

As I approach, I observe a number of masons, carpenters, and bricklayers, all busily at work; and am obliged to tread gingerly, and take little leaps here and there to avoid the muddy difficulties by which the place is surrounded. Nothing about it is yet finished, but everything is in a hopeful state of progress. After pulling a bell, we are admitted through a side-door by one of the lads, an urchin of ten years old, who touches his cap at sight of us, and greets Father Lawrence with unequivocal delight. Entering, we find ourselves in a large yard—the boys' playground—surrounded by the various buildings of the Reformatory. A number of the lads are engaged with brooms and pails of water in scouring the pavement; but everything is suspended in a moment, and a cheerful circle is formed round the Father, who has a smile and a word for each. After a little pleasant chat, and a few words of commendation here and there, we enter the building, and proceed up a flight of stairs under the guidance of the superintendent. Painting and joinery are going on rapidly on every side; the only rooms as yet complete in this part of the establishment are three dormitories, through which I am conducted. A description of one will apply to the whole. Down each side of the room, which is lofty and well-ventilated, is ranged a row of small iron bedsteads, one for each lad, furnished with mattress, sheet, blanket, and coverlid. In the centre of the room stands an iron stove, which diffuses a grateful warmth through the place on winter nights; and winter nights in Charnwood must be bleak indeed. In each room a brother from the monastery sleeps among the lads, his bedstead being undistinguishable from theirs.

Coming down stairs again, we take a peep into the refectory, where the tin utensils shine as brightly as if made of silver; and then proceed to the workshops. Each boy who enters the reformatory, in addition to reading, writing, and religious exercises, is taught some trade by which he may be able to obtain his living in after life: gardening, field-work, tailoring, shoemaking, and watch-making. It is left entirely to the lad's own choice which of these occupations he will adopt. The military system of discipline which is in operation, rewards various degrees of merit and ability by the different grades of corporal, lance-corporal, and sergeant; each grade being marked by one or more red stripes on the blue blouse, which, together with a grey Scotch cap, is the uniform. As the boys advance in grade, a greater degree of confidence is placed in them:

and some of them are allowed to go on various errands into the neighbouring villages. In no instance, my conductor informs me, has this trust been betrayed.

Our entrance into the tailors' shop causes an instantaneous commotion. Discipline for a few moments is flung to the winds, and Father Lawrence becomes the centre of a group of eager, up-turned faces. The father puts various questions, chiefly on religious topics, which are replied to with more or less intelligence; and when he asks, "Which among you are serjeants?" the three red stripes are pointed out with pride by those who possess them. There is a lay-brother in his dark habit, who appears to be superintending the youngsters. When he thinks it time to return to a state of order, he calls out "Attention! Boys to your places! Let us hear the clock tick!"

The lads are back in their places, and we do hear the clock tick; almost, as it seems, before the brother has done speaking.

It is the shoemakers' revolution when we enter the next room; and both last and hammer are deserted for the time being. Next into the watchmakers' room. The youthful workmen here merely turn round and greet us with a quiet smile, and a "Good day, Father Lawrence," and then go on with their work. In going through these various rooms, as I consider the faces that pass before me, it seems unnatural to believe, although I know it for a fact, that all these lads are criminals in a greater or lesser degree, and that many of them have been in jail several times before being sent here—so open, fearless, and honest do they look. True it is, that here and there I observe a face on which the cross lines of early training are so deeply marked that they can never be erased; but such are the exceptions. As a rule, the handwriting of crime can, with time and patience, be erased from these young faces; and my conductor informs me that the disappearance of the louring, furtive look which marks them all when brought here, is the first real sign of improvement. When you have a clear, bright, honest face before you, then you may labour with some degree of hope.

"That lad," says Father Lawrence, in a whisper, as we pass through one of the rooms, "was one of the cleverest pick-pockets in England. He had escaped three times from different reformatories before he was brought here as a last resource. He was handcuffed when they brought him. 'What are those things you have got on?' said I, pointing to his wrists. 'Ah, if I hadn't them on, he,' nodding at the policeman, 'wouldn't have me long.' Now, he is one of the best and most intelligent lads we have in the establishment. Another lad we have who was so accustomed to sleep in the open air, under arches, or on door steps, or wherever he could find a quiet corner, that

even now, when in bed, he trembles and shivers as though he were still houseless and starved."

We return through the miry lane, discouraging of many things; among others of the drum and fife band now being established for the amusement of the lads. Before leaving me, the guest-master wishes me to go back to the monastery, and partake of its hospitality. This, however, with thanks, I decline to do; for the day is fading sullenly, and I have a long walk before me, which I am desirous of accomplishing before nightfall. So we shake hands, and say farewell.

And thus, through the fading daylight I tramp wearily along the miry road, my only reward a pleasant glimpse now and then at some favourable spot, into the mysteries of the hills. But night overtakes me by the time I have got half-way; and a glad man am I when I discern the lamps of the distant station; and gladder still when I reach them, a bundle of damp clothes, just as the dragon forges slowly up to the platform, and waits to entomb me.

GERMANS IN TEXAS.

FIFTEEN years ago an association was formed by some of the princes and nobles of Germany under the title of the Mayence Nobles' Association (Mainzer Adels Verein), of which the purpose was to organise a plan of emigration for the people. At that time twenty-one years had elapsed since Moses Austin got leave from the government of Mexico to settle three hundred Catholic families from Louisiana on the idle lands of Texas, and the migration of Americans to Texas thus commenced had advanced so far that annexation was upon the point of following.

Texas is rich in land. It is a region larger than France with England added to it, has a fine and varied climate, and, on the whole, merits to be called the Italy of the New World. The Texan land available for cotton growing, if all cultivated would yield thrice the entire quantity produced at present by America, and the same territory has also in its western regions—where the mesquit-grass flourishes and is sweet in the mouth of cattle,—most extensive grazing grounds. Numerous rivers, half of them muddy and half of them clear, flow through the richest soil, upon much of which not a tree needs to be felled; it waits only the simplest turning by the plough. The harvest which few sow on the rich Texan soil it needs more than a few to gather. There are, indeed, some districts of barren prairie. The steady and genial breeze, too, blowing daily from the sea is interrupted sometimes by a fierce cold blast that sweeps over the prairies to the north and freezes all the Texans who are out of doors. A small black cloud advances with a roar, and grows as it advances—the norther, as the bitter

blast is called, rushes over Texas. The temperature perhaps may fall sixteen degrees in not so many minutes; men hurry on their wrappers, horses and cattle scamper to the nearest shelter, and, on the unsheltered plains of the coast, perish in great numbers. In doors, settlers defy the blast with roaring fires in their log-huts, and make of the norther, which blows for three days, an excuse for a complete cessation of all business. In no other respect is nature inhospitable on the Texan soil, and so amply are such drawbacks counterbalanced by the bounty with which good gifts are showered on the land, that a traveller through the states of America looking for virgin earth on which to plant a home and thrive could scarcely choose but stop when he reached Texas and take root there, if he looked only for such advantages as land, water, and air can furnish.

To the German nobles and princes who had formed in the year eighteen hundred and forty-two the Mainzer Adels Verein there came some speculators from America, sellers of land, who gave glowing accounts of the fertility of Texas, and distinctly turned the thoughts of the Verein in that direction. President of the Verein was the Prince of Leiningen, half-brother to her Majesty; its director was Count Castel. Among its thirty or more noble members were Prince Frederick of Prussia, the Duke of Coburg-Gotha, and Prince Solms of Braunfels, an intimate friend of Prince Albert, with whom he was educated at Bonn. The members of this association were pleased with the anticipation of great possible results from a well-organised colonisation of a part of Texas by the Germans. There might arise a distinct German dependency in the New World. There might be established a new market for free cotton and a new check to the growth of slavery. The politicians of Texas were at that time coquetting with the topic of an English protectorate for the purpose of bringing about more speedily the annexation they desired; and so, from a combination of motives it is said, that a contract was formed between the Mainzer Adels Verein and Lord Palmerston on the part of the English government, by which one party agreed to place ten thousand German families in Texas, and the other agreed to give armed protection to the colony.

In the year eighteen hundred and forty-three Count Waldeck was sent to the proposed field of enterprise as an agent of the association of nobles; but he went no farther than to secure for himself a slave plantation near the coast. He was dismissed, and it was in the year following that the Verein obtained a charter from the Duke of Nassau and began more active operations. Prince Solms of Braunfels was sent out to Texas as commissioner, and poor Germans were invited to emigrate, on condition that each adult paid one hundred and twenty dollars

for a free passage and forty acres of land, and that each family paid twice the sum for a free passage and a double grant. The association undertook to provide loghouses, stock, and tools at fair prices, and to construct public buildings and roads for the settlements.

In the meantime Prince Solms, an amiable but not a wise man, was ruining the entire enterprise by buying at second-hand a wilderness of which he knew nothing except from the glowing report of the speculators who sold it and him. He did this when he should have secured a direct and fair grant from the legislature of the state. The land bought by the Prince lay "in the heart of a savage country, hundreds of miles beyond the remotest settlement, between the Upper Colorado and the great desert plains—a region, to this day, almost uninhabited."

The account we are here giving of the German colonists in Texas, and whatever we may say of Texas in the course of this narration, we take from a very profitable book by Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, who being already known to the public by his travels in the seaboard slave states, now publishes an account of a journey through Texas. This journey was one taken not in public conveyances by the high-roads but on horseback in the way of independent exploration. Mr. Olmsted and his companions dropped in upon Texans of all sorts wherever they might find them, chatted with them, and took simple notes of all they saw and heard in the log-cabins and upon the highways; they saw the town life and the country life, traversing slowly the entire region in its length and breadth. Mr. Olmsted's book is a complete picture of the land and of the society that lives by its abundant wealth. Slavery has been introduced into Texas, and without argument or declamation, by a simple narrative of what was to be seen from day to day, it is shown by the traveller how the slave system presses as a curse upon the country. In the midst of the slave state is set a colony, consisting now of five and thirty thousand Germans, who live by free labour and offer many points of contrast to the rest of the community. The story of these Germans is the most emphatic illustration of the lesson taught by the whole study of Texas and its history. To that, accordingly, we now return.

Prince Solms of Braunfels having been duped into the purchase of a bit of desert for the emigrants, marched at their head towards the promised land. The number of the subscribers whom the Verein first sent out was one hundred and eighty. They marched on through much wilderness, harassed by Indians, and became disheartened when they reached the place where the Comal flows into the Guadalupe. By the advice of a naturalist who was among them. Mr. Lindheimer, there they remained, and laid out the town of New Braunfels, now

known as the head-quarters of the Texan Germans. Timely aid came from the Verein, and this first settlement was a success. Prince Solms of Braunfels stayed with it, playing the prince among log cabins in a style dear to small potentates, till he was in the course of a twelvemonth laughed out of the colony. An abler man, Herr von Mensebach, succeeded him, and upon Herr von Mensebach there followed Herr von Spies, in whose time the Verein was bought out by a new company at Bieberich. The agent of the new company in Texas was Mr. Martin, whom Mr. Spies crippled with litigation. In eighteen 'fifty-five, one of the gentlemen of whom Prince Solms made his unlucky purchase had his eye upon another speculation with the German colonisers, and was offering to scale both claims, and secure for himself the residue. We have no later intelligence upon these matters, which do not affect in any way the rights of the established settlers, but concern only new comers who have yet their ground to buy.

The first band of emigrants, then, founded New Braunfels, and prospered. It was in the next year followed by another. More than two thousand families joined the association in the year eighteen hundred and forty-five, and the capital left to the Verein, after loss by speculation, was quite insufficient for its purpose. The two thousand families, numbering five thousand two hundred souls, sailed from Germany in autumn, and were landed in the winter and early spring upon the flat coast of the Gulf of Mexico. Annexation had then taken place, and the American war was beginning. The army had stripped the country of provisions, and of means of travel. The Verein had foreseen nothing of this, had provided neither food nor shelter. A terrible catastrophe was the result. Burrowing in sand-hills, or under such huts and tents as they could raise, the poor creatures perished like sheep, sustaining life upon what little beef could be found, many lingering until summer bred among them pestilence, by which they died. Some dragged their slow way on foot towards New Braunfels, where they arrived in droves, haggard and almost dying, many having lost family love and fellow feeling in the bitterness of their own bodily and mental suffering. Children whose parents had died were among those who came; and the German pastor of New Braunfels found them starving on the river-bank. He could not bear the sight; and, with a brave heart, though he had no means of his own, collected sixty of them, took what he could find belonging to them, went to work with them on a farm, trusting in God's help, and gathered them into a rough homestead three miles out of New Braunfels, now known as the Orphan Asylum at Neu-wied. The good pastor and his wife went to work with the forlorn children in the fields, and continued to raise as much as

would keep all alive. The greater number have grown strong, and, living to see better times, have passed from under the good Samaritan's roof to obtain livelihoods by independent labour. When Mr. Olmsted passed that way, eighteen were with the pastor still, all calling him papa.

This gentleman has obtained from the legislature a grant of a university at Braunfels, where he is at present sole professor, and gives classical education to some of the sons of emigrants. His hands are horny, and his much-patched dress resembles that of a day labourer; but he passed in Europe for a cultivated gentleman, and he could not have proved his claim to the name better at the court of any serene Dummkopf-Affenkragen than it has been proved among the Texan settlers.

Since the events of eighteen 'forty-eight, not a few Germans of high character and standing have gone to the New World in search of independence. Among the Germans in Texas you may hear Beethoven's music, see copies of Raffaele's Madonnas on the log cabin walls, and hear Tacitus quoted by men following the plough. These colonists live among slave-owners, keeping no slaves. They have less wealth than their neighbours, but more civilisation. The contrast we shall show is not formed by a citation of extreme cases.

There are in Texas many families of squatters who are well content to spend in the midst of hogs a life that is entirely cheap and empty. Such a family has a farm and a negro. The planter raises only corn and hogs. The negro does the farm-work and the house-work too. The women of the family do nothing. Except a few days' work once a lifetime, when logs are piled into a place of residence, the owner of the negro does nothing. Corn and bacon sold to travellers furnish the means of buying coffee and tobacco. Nature and the negro does the rest.

Again, a young man may be master of a grazier's farm, one hundred acres of the prairie and woodland, and a large herd of cattle. Such a settler told our travellers that "any man who had been brought up in Texas could live as well as he wanted to, without working more than one month in the year. For about a month in the year he had to work hard, driving his cattle into the pen, and roping and marking the calves. This was always done in a kind of frolic in the spring—the neighbouring herdsmen assisting each other. During the rest of the year he hadn't anything to do. When he felt like it he got on to a horse and rode around, and looked after his cattle; but that wasn't work," he said, "twas only play." This man could live "as well as he wanted to," that is to say, as well as his neighbours, without any sign of refinement in his dwelling, without a latch to his door—with the sky visible through the

shingles in his roof, and spaces between the boarding of his cabin through which an arm might be thrust out. Another of these land-owners—living entirely on fried pork—was asked, whether there was no game in his neighbourhood? Yes, there were birds, and there was venison; but it was too much trouble to go out after them; “when he wanted fresh,” he said, “it was easier to go out and stick a hog.”

The negroes having no personal interest in their work, seldom work with a will, and wherever there is slave-labour there are masters steeped in indolence.

Among the American settlers in Texas you find even the wealthiest owners of plantations living in rooms without civilised ornament,—with doors that have no latches or handles, and that, when shut, must be opened like oysters—with a knife—dispensing with glass for their windows, or content with three whole panes in every eight, living upon fried pork and beef, rude cakes of bread and coffee, even in farms abounding with Welch cows often wholly destitute of milk because of the trouble of milking, and never having butter fit to eat, because of the trouble of doing work with proper cleanliness. At the principal hotel of the capital of Texas, our travellers were reduced to the necessity of camping in a private room, buying their food and cooking it themselves.

Through such miseries in Eastern Texas, Mr. Olmsted and his companions came to New Braunfels. The inn they entered at once carried their thoughts far away to the Rhine land. They supped in a room having pink walls, with stencilled panels and scroll ornaments in crimson, neatly framed prints hanging on all sides. There was a well-finished oak-table, the oak chairs were chiselled, and there was a sofa covered with a neat looking pink calico. For dinner there was spread the finest, clean, white cloth seen in Texas, and there was produced an excellent soup, followed by two courses of meat, “neither of them pork, and neither of them fried, two dishes of vegetables, salad, compote of peaches, coffee with milk, wheat bread from the loaf, and beautiful, sweet butter—not only,” Mr. Olmsted adds, “such butter as I have never tasted south of the Potomac before, but such as I have been told a hundred times, it was impossible to make in a southern climate. What is the secret? I suppose it is extreme cleanliness, beginning far back of where cleanliness usually begins at the south, and careful, thorough working.” For the first time in Texas the horses of the travellers had their legs rubbed and pushed their noses into racks filled with fine mesquit-hay. For the first time the travellers enjoyed in Texas the luxury of having each a whole bed to himself, and a bed dainty and clean in a next room with painted walls and with glass windows sound in every pane, over which were trained on the outside evergreen

roses. The bed-room contained a sofa, a bureau, books, a statuette in porcelain, plants in pots, a brass study-lamp, a large ewer and basin for washing, and a couple of towels of thick stuff, full a yard and a quarter long.

Out of doors part-singing was to be heard in the cottages, a tame doe was at home in the street, and when the travellers went out of the town next morning they met cheerful troops of little children clean and neatly dressed, carrying satchels and knapsacks of books, and small kettles of dinner.

That was the traveller's first impression of New Braunfels. Another and a longer visit, with some little experience of home-life among German colonists in the surrounding district, made the impression deeper, but effaced no part of it. The people of New Braunfels have little capital. Half the men now residing in small weather-tight cottages, with verandahs or galleries and well-glazed casements, are men who themselves follow the plough. The waggon-makers of the town are in repute throughout Texas, and there are seven waggon manufactories, as well as four grist-mills. The town contains a fair proportion of mechanics, carpenters, blacksmiths, locksmiths, coppersmiths, tin-smiths, turners, tailors, tanners, shoemakers, &c. “I do not think,” says Mr. Olmsted, “that there is another town in the slave states in which the proportion to the whole population of mechanics, or of persons employed in the exercise of their own discretion in productive occupations, is one-quarter as large as in New Braunfels, unless it be some other in which the Germans are the predominating race.” There is a good newspaper in the town, edited by the naturalist, Lindheimer; there is an agricultural society, a mechanics' institute, an harmonic society, and a society for political debates, in which men may speak out with the Atlantic put between themselves, and the not always very faithful masters of their Fatherland. They grow some cotton on their little plots, and send into the market eight hundred bales a-year produced by the free labour of white men from Europe.

Fifteen miles from any village lived a German settler, with his wife and son, and a single man, a friend who came out with them. They began by hiring themselves out as farm-labourers to their countrymen at New Braunfels, worked hard, and at last throve. They miss the social comforts they have left.

“It is hard for a young man,” said the single emigrant; “he can have so little pleasure. These American gentlemen, here in Texas, they do not know any pleasure. When they come together sometimes, what do they? They can only sit all round the fire and speak! Why, then they drink some whiskey; or may be they play cards, or they make great row. They have no pleasure as in Germany.”

"Why, then, do you like it better to be here?"

"Because here I am free. In Germany I cannot say at all how I shall be governed. They govern the people with soldiers. They tried to make me a soldier too, but I run away."

Here is Mr. Olmsted's picture of a German emigrant now dead, Otto von Bahr, who was found at work in his log-house upon a meteorological table, from which he was called away to settle a dispute between neighbours. "He was partly bald, but seemed to have an imperturbable and happy good fortune that gave him eternal youth. A genial cultivation beamed from his face. He had been a man of marked attainments at home (an intimate associate with Humboldt, and a friend of Goethe's Bettina), and kept up here a warm love for nature. His house was the very picture of good-nature, science, and backwoods. Romances and philosophies were piled in heaps in a corner of the logs. A dozen guns and rifles, and a Madonna, in oils, after Murillo, filled a blank on the wall. Deer skins covered the bed, clothes hung about upon antlers, snake-skins were stretched to dry upon the bedstead, barometer, whiskey, powder-horns, and specimens of Saxony wool occupied the table."

At the house of another man, who had been highly educated both in Germany and England, had held good social position, been a popular leader during the days of Revolution, and for a time been at the head of the government of his Duchy, the travellers joined a party of neighbours, who with the help of a fine piano passed an evening with Mozart's music, waltzing, and patriotic songs. There was not a man of the company not under political ban, condemned to death, or to imprisonment for life. "I was looking in a room here," Mr. Olmsted tells us, "at some portraits of gentlemen and ladies."

"Those are some of my relatives that remain in Germany."

"And who are these?" I asked, pointing to a collection on the opposite wall of lithograph and crayon-sketches heads.

"These are some of my friends. That one—and that one—and that one—have been shot; that one—and that one—are in prison for life; that one—poor fellow—is in Siberia; and that one—he has been made to suffer more than all the others, I am afraid."

As we are talking about fugitives we may as well go back to the American slave-owners in Texas, for the purpose of adding to what we have already said concerning them, that their slaves are extremely apt to run to Mexico. The Mexicans and negroes have not any antipathy for one another, and among the Mexicans an escaped negro is always harboured and befriended. This makes it somewhat difficult to push the border of the slave country farther west. The ground already annexed never was thickly peopled;

to annex more would be to annex together with the soil a numerous population of Mexicans with whom it would be difficult for slave-owners to deal.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH—APPROACHING THE PRECIPICE.

TRAVELLING from London to Porthgenna, Mr. and Mrs. Frankland had stopped, on the ninth of May, at the West Winston station. On the eleventh of June they left it again, to continue their journey to Cornwall. On the twelfth, after resting a night upon the road, they arrived; towards the evening, at Porthgenna Tower.

There had been storm and rain all the morning; it had lulled towards the afternoon; and, at the hour when they reached the house, the wind had dropped, a thick, white fog hid the sea from view, and sudden showers fell drearily from time to time over the sodden land. Not even a solitary idler from the village was hanging about the west terrace, as the carriage containing Mr. and Mrs. Frankland, the baby, and the two servants who were with them, drove up to the house. No one was waiting with the door open to receive the travellers; for all hope of their arriving on that day had been given up, and the ceaseless thundering of the surf, as the stormy sea surged in on the beach beneath, drowned the roll of the carriage-wheels over the terrace road. The driver was obliged to leave his seat, and ring at the bell for admittance. A minute or more elapsed before the door was opened. With the rain falling sullen and steady on the roof of the carriage, with the raw dampness of the atmosphere penetrating through all coverings and defences, with the booming of the surf sounding threateningly near in the dense obscurity of the fog, the young couple waited for admission to their own home, as strangers might have waited who had called inopportunistly.

When the door was opened at last, the master and mistress, whom the servants would have welcomed with the proper congratulations, on any other occasion, were now received with the proper apologies instead. Mr. Munder, Mrs. Pentreath, Betsey, and Mr. Frankland's man, all crowded together in the hall, and all begged pardon confusedly for not having been ready at the door, when the carriage drove up. The appearance of the baby changed the conventional excuses of the house-keeper and the maid into conventional expressions of admiration; but the men remained grave and gloomy, and spoke of the miserable weather apologetically, as if the rain and the fog had been of their making. The reason for their persistency in dwelling on this one dreary topic, came out while Mr. and Mrs. Frankland were being conducted up the west staircase. The storm of the morning had been fatal to three of the

Porthgenna fishermen, who had been lost with their boat at sea, and whose deaths had thrown the whole village into mourning. The servants had done nothing but talk of the catastrophe ever since the intelligence of it had reached them, early in the afternoon; and Mr. Munder now thought it his duty to explain that the absence of the villagers, on the occasion of the arrival of his master and mistress, was entirely attributable to the effect produced among the little community by the wreck of the fishing boat. Under any less lamentable circumstances, the west terrace would have been crowded, and the appearance of the carriage would have been welcomed with cheers.

"Lenny, I almost wish we had waited a little longer, before we came here," whispered Rosamond, nervously pressing her husband's arm. "It is very dreary and disheartening to return to my first home on such a day as this. That story of the poor fishermen is a sad story, love, to welcome me back with to the place of my birth. Let us send the first thing to-morrow morning, and see what we can do for the poor helpless women and children. I shall not feel easy in my mind, after hearing that story, till we have done something to comfort them."

"I trust you will approve of the repairs, ma'am," said the housekeeper, pointing to the staircase which led to the second story.

"The repairs?" said Rosamond, absently. "Repairs! I never hear the word now, without thinking of the north rooms, and of the plans we devised for getting my poor dear father to live in them. Mrs. Pentreath, I have a host of questions to ask you and Mr. Munder, about all the extraordinary things that happened when that mysterious lady and that incomprehensible foreigner came to see the house. But tell me first—this is the west front, I suppose?—how far are we, here, from the north rooms? I mean, how long would it take us to get to them, if we wanted to go now to that part of the house?"

"Oh, dear me, ma'am, not five minutes!" answered Mrs. Pentreath.

"Not five minutes!" repeated Rosamond, whispering to her husband again. "Do you hear that, Lenny? In five minutes we might be in the Myrtle Room!"

"Yet," said Mr. Frankland, smiling, "in our present state of ignorance, we are just as far from it, as if we were at West Winston still!"

"I can't think that, Lenny. It may be only my fancy, but now we are on the spot, I feel as if we had driven the mystery into its last hiding place. We are actually in the house that holds the secret; and nothing will persuade me that we are not half way already towards finding it out. But don't let us stop on this cold landing. Which way are we to go next?"

"This way, ma'am," said Mr. Munder, seizing the first opportunity of placing himself in a prominent position. "There is a fire in the drawing room. Will you allow me the

honour of leading and conducting you, sir, to the apartment in question?" he added, officiously stretching out his hand to Mr. Frankland.

"Certainly not!" interposed Rosamond, sharply. She had noticed with her usual quickness of observation, that Mr. Munder wanted the delicacy of feeling which ought to have restrained him from staring curiously at his blind master, in her presence; and she was unfavourably disposed towards him in consequence. "Wherever the apartment in question may happen to be," she continued with satirical emphasis, "I will lead Mr. Frankland to it, if you please. If you want to make yourself useful, you had better go on before us, and open the door."

Outwardly crest-fallen but inwardly indignant, Mr. Munder led the way to the drawing-room. The fire burned brightly, the old-fashioned furniture displayed itself to the most picturesque advantage, the paper on the walls looked comfortably mellow, the carpet, faded as it was, felt soft and warm underfoot. Rosamond led her husband to an easy chair by the fireside, and began to feel at home for the first time.

"This looks really comfortable," she said. "When we have shut out that dreary white fog, and the candles are lit, and the tea is on the table, we shall have nothing in the world to complain of. You enjoy this nice warm atmosphere, don't you, Lenny? There is a piano in the room, my dear; I can play to you in the evening at Porthgenna, just as I used in London. Nurse, sit down and make yourself and the baby as comfortable as you can. Before we take our bonnets off, I must go away with Mrs. Pentreath, and see about the bedrooms. What is your name, you very rosy, good-natured looking girl? Betsey, is it? Well then, Betsey, suppose you go down and get the tea; and we shall like you all the better, if you can contrive to bring us up some cold meat with it." Giving her orders in those good-humoured terms, and not noticing that her husband looked a little uneasy while she was talking so familiarly to a servant, Rosamond left the room in company with Mrs. Pentreath.

When she returned, her face and manner were altered: she looked and spoke seriously and quietly.

"I hope I have arranged everything for the best, Lenny," she said. "The airiest and largest room, Mrs. Pentreath tells me, is the room in which my mother died. But I thought we had better not make use of that: I felt as if it chilled and saddened me, only to look at it. Further on, along the passage, there is a room that was my nursery. I almost fancied, when Mrs. Pentreath told me she had heard I used to sleep there, that I remembered the pretty little arched doorway leading into the second room—the night-nursery, it used to be called in former days, I have ordered the fire to be lit there, and

the beds to be made. There is a third room on the right hand, which communicates with the day-nursery. I think we might manage to establish ourselves very comfortably in the three rooms—if you felt no objection—though they are not so large or so grandly furnished as the company-bedrooms. I will change the arrangement if you like—but the house looks rather lonesome and dreary, just at first—and my heart warms to the old nursery—and I think we might at least try it, to begin with, don't you, Lenny?"

Mr. Frankland was quite of his wife's opinion, and was ready to accede to any domestic arrangements that she might think fit to make. While he was assuring her of this, the tea came up; and the sight of it helped to restore Rosamond to her usual spirits. When the meal was over, she occupied herself in seeing the baby comfortably established for the night, in the room on the right hand which communicated with the day-nursery. That maternal duty performed, she came back to her husband in the drawing-room; and the conversation between them, turned—as it almost always turned, now, when they were alone—on the two perplexing subjects of Mrs. Jazeph and the Myrtle Room.

"I wish it was not night," said Rosamond. "I should like to begin exploring at once. Mind, Lenny, you must be with me in all my investigations. I lend you my eyes, and you give me your advice. You must never lose patience, and never tell me that you can be of no use. I look to you to keep up my courage, as well as to help me with advice. How I do wish we were starting on our voyage of discovery at this very moment! But we may make inquiries at any rate," she continued, ringing the bell. "Let us have the housekeeper and the steward up, and try if we can't make them tell us something more than they told us in their letter."

The bell was answered by Betsey. Rosamond desired that Mr. Munder and Mrs. Pentreath might be sent up-stairs. Betsey, having heard Mrs. Frankland express her intention of questioning the housekeeper and the steward, guessed why they were wanted, and smiled mysteriously.

"Did you see anything of those strange visitors who behaved so oddly?" asked Rosamond, detecting the smile. "Yes, I am sure you did. Tell us what you saw. We want to hear everything that happened—everything down to the smallest trifle."

Appealed to in these direct terms, Betsey contrived, with much circumlocution and confusion, to relate what her own personal experience had been of the proceedings of Mrs. Jazeph and her foreign companion. When she had done, Rosamond stopped her on her way to the door, by asking this question:—

"You say the lady was found lying in a fainting fit at the top of the stairs. Have you any notion, Betsey, why she fainted?"

The servant hesitated.

"Come! come!" said Rosamond. "You have some notion, I can see. Tell us what it is."

"I'm afraid you will be angry with me, ma'am," said Betsey, expressing embarrassment by drawing lines slowly with her forefinger on a table at her side.

"Nonsense! I shall only be angry with you, if you won't speak. Why do you think the lady fainted?"

Betsey drew a very long line with her embarrassed forefinger, wiped it afterwards on her apron, and answered:—

"I think she fainted, if you please, ma'am, because she see the ghost."

"The ghost! What! is there a ghost in the house? Lenny, here is a romance that we never expected. What sort of ghost is it? Let us have the whole story."

The whole story, as Betsey told it, was not of a nature to afford her hearers any extraordinary information, or to keep them very long in suspense. The ghost was a lady, who had been at a remote period the wife of one of the owners of Porthgenna Tower, and who had been guilty of deceiving her husband in some way unknown. She had been condemned in consequence to walk about the north rooms, as long as ever the walls of them held together. She had long curling light-brown hair, and very white teeth, and a dimple in each cheek, and was altogether "awful beautiful" to look at. Her approach was heralded to any mortal creature who was unfortunate enough to fall in her way, by the blowing of a cold wind; and nobody who had once felt that wind had the slightest chance of ever feeling warm again. That was all Betsey knew about the ghost; and it was in her opinion enough to freeze a person's blood only to think of it.

Rosamond smiled, then looked grave again. "I wish you could have told us a little more," she said. "But, as you cannot, we must try Mrs. Pentreath and Mr. Munder, next. Send them up here, if you please, Betsey, as soon as you get down stairs."

The examination of the housekeeper and the steward led to no result whatever. Nothing more than they had already communicated in their letter to Mrs. Frankland could be extracted from either of them. Mr. Munder's dominant idea was, that the foreigner had entered the doors of Porthgenna Tower with felonious ideas on the subject of the family plate. Mrs. Pentreath concurred in that opinion, and mentioned, in connection with it, her own private impression that the lady in the quiet dress was an unfortunate person who had escaped from a madhouse. As to giving a word of advice, or suggesting a plan for solving the mystery, neither the housekeeper nor the steward appeared to think that the rendering of any assistance of that sort lay at all within their province. They took their own practical

view of the suspicious conduct of the two strangers, and no mortal power could persuade them to look an inch beyond it.

"O, the stupidity, the provoking, impenetrable, pretentious stupidity of those two people!" exclaimed Rosamond, when she and her husband were alone again. "No help, Lenny, to be hoped for from either of them. We have nothing to trust to now but the examination of the house to-morrow; and that resource may fail us, like all the rest. What can Doctor Chennery be about? Why did we not hear from him before we left West Winston yesterday?"

"Patience, Rosamond, patience. We shall see what the post brings to-morrow."

"Pray don't talk about patience, dear! My stock of that virtue was never a very large one, and it was all exhausted ten days ago, at least. O, the weeks and weeks I have been vainly asking myself that one question, Why should Mrs. Jazeph warn me against going into the Myrtle Room? Is she afraid of my discovering a crime? or afraid of my tumbling through the floor? What did she want to do in the room, when she made that attempt to get into it? Why, in the name of wonder, should she know something about this house that I never knew, that my father never knew, that nobody else?"

"Rosamond!" cried Mr. Frankland, suddenly changing colour, and starting in his chair. "I think I can guess who Mrs. Jazeph is!"

"Good gracious, Lenny! What do you mean?"

"Something in those last words of yours started the idea in my mind, the instant you spoke. Do you remember, when we were staying at St. Swithin's on Sea, and talking about the chances for and against our prevailing on your father to live with us here—do you remember, Rosamond, telling me at that time of certain unpleasant associations which he had with the house, and mentioning among them the mysterious disappearance of a servant on the morning of your mother's death?"

Rosamond turned pale at the question. "How came we never to think of that before?" she said.

"You told me," pursued Mr. Frankland, "that this servant left a strange letter behind her, in which she confessed that your mother had charged her with the duty of telling a secret to your father—a secret that she was afraid to divulge, and that she was afraid of being questioned about. I am right, am I not, in stating those two reasons as the reasons she gave for her disappearance?"

"Quite right."

"And your father never heard of her again?"

"Never!"

"It is a bold guess to make, Rosamond; but the impression is strong on my mind

that, on the day when Mrs. Jazeph came into your room at West Winston, you and that servant met, and *she* knew it!"

"And the secret, dear—the secret she was afraid to tell my father?"

"Must be in some way connected with the Myrtle Room."

Rosamond said nothing in answer. She rose from her chair, and began to walk agitatedly up and down the room. Hearing the rustle of her dress, Leonard called her to him, and, taking her hand, laid his fingers on her pulse, and then lifted them for a moment to her cheek.

"I wish I had waited until to-morrow morning before I told you my idea about Mrs. Jazeph," he said. "I have agitated you to no purpose whatever, and have spoilt your chance of a good night's rest."

"No, no! nothing of the kind. O, Lenny, how this guess of yours adds to the interest, the fearful, breathless interest, we have in tracing that woman, and in finding out the Myrtle Room. Do you think—"

"I have done with thinking, for the night, my dear; and you must have done with it too. We have said more than enough about Mrs. Jazeph already. Change the subject, and I will talk of anything else you please."

"It is not so easy to change the subject," said Rosamond, putting, and moving away to walk up and down the room again.

"Then let us change the place, and make it easier that way. I know you think me the most provokingly obstinate man in the world, but there is reason in my obstinacy, and you will acknowledge as much when you wake to-morrow morning refreshed by a good night's rest. Come, let us give our anxieties a holiday. Take me into one of the other rooms, and let me try if I can guess what it is like by touching the furniture."

The reference to his blindness which the last words contained brought Rosamond to his side in a moment. "You always know best," she said, putting her arm round his neck and kissing him. "I was looking cross, love, a minute ago, but the clouds are all gone now. We will change the scene, and explore some other room, as you propose."

She paused, her eyes suddenly sparkled, her colour rose, and she smiled to herself as if some new fancy had that instant crossed her mind.

"Lenny, I will take you where you shall touch a very remarkable piece of furniture indeed," she resumed, leading him to the door while she spoke. "We will see if you can tell me at once what it is like. You must not be impatient, mind; and you must promise to touch nothing till you feel me guiding your hand."

She drew him after her along the passage, opened the door of the room in which the baby had been put to bed, made a sign to the nurse to be silent, and, leading Leonard up to the cot, guided his hand down gently, so as

to let the tips of his fingers touch the child's cheek.

"There, sir!" she cried, her face beaming with happiness as she saw the sudden flash of surprise and pleasure which changed her husband's naturally quiet, subdued expression in an instant. "What do you say to that piece of furniture? Is it a chair, or a table? Or is it the most precious thing in all the house, in all Cornwall, in all England, in all the world? Kiss it, and see which it is—a bust of a baby by a sculptor, or a living cherub by your wife!" She turned, laughing, to the nurse: "Hannah, you look so serious that I am sure you must be hungry. Have you had your supper yet?" The woman smiled, and answered that she had arranged to go down stairs, as soon as one of the servants could relieve her in taking care of the child. "Go at once," said Rosamond. "I will stop here and look after the baby. Get your supper, and come back again in half-an hour."

When the nurse had left the room, Rosamond placed a chair for Leonard by the side of the cot, and seated herself on a low stool at his knees. Her variable disposition seemed to change again when she did this; her face grew thoughtful, her eyes softened, as they turned, now on her husband, now on the bed in which the child was sleeping by his side. After a minute or two of silence, she took one of his hands, placed it on his knee, and laid her cheek gently down on it.

"Lenny," she said, rather sadly, "I wonder whether we are any of us capable of feeling perfect happiness in this world?"

"What makes you ask that question, my dear?"

"I fancy that I could feel perfect happiness, and yet——"

"And yet, what?"

"And yet, it seems as if, with all my blessings, that blessing was never likely to be granted to me. I should be perfectly happy now, but for one little thing. I suppose you can't guess what that thing is?"

"I would rather you told me, Rosamond."

"Ever since our child was born, love, I have had a little aching at the heart—especially when we are all three together, as we are now—a little sorrow that I can't quite put away from me, on your account."

"On my account! Lift up your head, Rosamond, and come nearer to me. I feel something on my hand which tells me that you are crying."

She rose directly, and laid her face close to his. "My own love," she said, clasping her arms fast round him. "My own heart's darling, you have never seen our child."

"Yes, Rosamond, I see him with your eyes."

"Oh, Lenny! I tell you everything I can—I do my best to lighten the cruel, cruel darkness that shuts you out from that lovely little face lying so close to you! But can I

tell you how he looks when he first begins to take notice? can I tell you all the thousand pretty things he will do, when he first tries to walk? God has been very merciful to us—but, oh, how much more heavily the sense of your affliction weighs on me, now when I am more to you than your wife, now when I am the mother of your child!"

"And yet, that affliction ought to weigh lightly on your spirits, Rosamond; for you have made it weigh lightly on mine."

"Have I? Really and truly, have I? It is something noble to live for, Lenny, if I can live for that! It is some comfort to hear you say, as you said just now, that you see with my eyes. They shall always serve you—oh, always! always!—as faithfully as if they were your own. The veriest trifle of a visible thing that I look at with any interest, you shall as good as look at, too. I might have had my own little harmless secrets, dear, with another husband; but, with you, to have even so much as a thought in secret, seems like taking the basest, the cruellest advantage of your blindness. I do love you so, Lenny! I am so much fonder of you now, than I was when we were first married—I never thought I should be, but I am. You are so much handsomer to me, so much cleverer to me, so much more precious to me, in every way. But I am always telling you that, am I not? Do you get tired of hearing me? No? Are you sure of that? Very, very, very sure?" She stopped, and looked at him earnestly, with a smile on her lips, and the tears still glistening in her eyes. Just then, the child stirred a little in his cot, and drew her attention away. She arranged the bed-clothes over him, watched him in silence for a little while, then sat down again on the stool at Leonard's feet. "Baby has turned his face quite round towards you now," she said. "Shall I tell you exactly how he looks, and what his bed is like, and how the room is furnished?"

Without waiting for an answer, she began to describe the child's appearance and position with the marvellous minuteness of a woman's observation. While she proceeded, her elastic spirits recovered themselves, and its naturally bright, happy expression re-appeared on her face. By the time the nurse returned to her post, Rosamond was talking with all her accustomed vivacity, and amusing her husband with all her accustomed success.

When they went back to the drawing-room, she opened the piano, and sat down to play. "I must give you your usual evening concert, Lenny," she said, "or I shall be talking again on the forbidden subject of the Myrtle Room."

She played some of Mr. Frankland's favourite airs, with a certain union of feeling and fancifulness in her execution of the music, which seemed to blend the charm of her own disposition with the charm of the melodies which sprang into life under her

touch. After playing through the airs she could remember most easily, she ended with the Last Waltz of Weber. It was Leonard's favourite, and it was always reserved on that account to grace the close of the evening's performance.

She lingered longer than usual over the last plaintive notes of the waltz; then suddenly left the piano, and hastened across the room to the fireplace.

"Surely it has turned much colder, within the last minute or two," she said, kneeling down on the rug, and holding her face and hands over the fire.

"Has it?" returned Leonard. "I don't feel any change."

"Perhaps I have caught cold," said Rosamond. "Or perhaps," she added, laughing rather uneasily, "the wind that goes before the ghostly lady of the north rooms, has been blowing over me. I certainly felt something like a sudden chill, Lenny, while I was playing the last notes of Weber."

"Nonsense, Rosamond. You are over-fatigued and over-excited. Tell your maid to make you some hot wine and water, and lose no time in getting to bed."

Rosamond cowered closer over the fire. "It's lucky that I am not superstitious," she said, "or I might fancy that I was predestined to see the ghost."

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH. STANDING ON THE BRINK.

THE first night at Porthgenna passed without the slightest noise or interruption of any kind. No ghost, or dream of a ghost, disturbed the soundness of Rosamond's slumbers. She woke in her usual spirits and her usual health, and was out in the west garden before breakfast.

The sky was cloudy and the wind veered about capriciously to all the points of the compass. In the course of her walk, Rosamond met with the gardener, and asked him what he thought about the weather. The man replied that it might rain again before noon, but that, unless he was very much mistaken, it was going to turn to heat in the course of the next four-and-twenty hours.

"Pray did you ever hear of a room on the north side of our old house, called the Myrtle Room?" inquired Rosamond. She had resolved, on rising that morning, not to lose a chance of making the all-important discovery for want of asking questions of everybody in the neighbourhood; and she began with the gardener accordingly.

"I never heard tell of it, ma'am," said the man. "But it's a likely name enough, considering how the myrtles do grow in these parts."

"Are there any myrtles growing at the north side of the house?" asked Rosamond, struck with the idea of tracing the mysterious room by searching for it outside the

building instead of inside. "I mean close to the walls," she added, seeing the man look puzzled, "under the windows, you know?"

"I never see anything under the windows, in my time, but weeds and rubbish," replied the gardener.

Just then the breakfast-bell rang. Rosamond returned to the house, determining to explore the north garden, and, if she found any relic of a bed of myrtles, to mark the window above it, and to have the room which that window lighted opened immediately. She confided this new scheme to her husband. He complimented her on her ingenuity, but confessed that he had no great hope of any discoveries being made out of doors, after what the gardener had said about the weeds and rubbish.

As soon as breakfast was over, Rosamond rang the bell to order the gardener to be in attendance, and to say that the keys of the north rooms would be wanted. The summons was answered by Mr. Frankland's servant, who brought up with him the morning's supplies of letters, which the postman had just delivered. Rosamond turned them over eagerly, pounced on one with an exclamation of delight, and said to her husband:—"The Long Beckley postmark! News from the vicar, at last!"

She opened the letter and ran her eye over it—then suddenly dropped it in her lap with her face all in a glow. "Lenny!" she exclaimed, "there is news here that is positively enough to turn one's head. I declare the vicar's letter has quite taken away my breath!"

"Read it," said Mr. Frankland, "pray read it at once."

Rosamond complied with the request in a very faltering, unsteady voice. Doctor Chenery began his letter by announcing that his application to Andrew Treverton had remained unanswered; but he added that it had, nevertheless, produced results which no one could possibly have anticipated. For information on the subject of those results, he referred Mr. and Mrs. Frankland to a copy subjoined of a communication marked private, which he had received from his man of business in London. The communication contained a detailed report of an interview which had taken place between Mr. Treverton's servant and the messenger who had called for an answer to Doctor Chenery's letter. It described the circumstances (as coolly related by Shrowl himself) under which the copy of the Plan of the north rooms had been made, and it announced the copyist's readiness to part with the document for the consideration of a five pound note. In a postscript, it was further stated that the messenger had seen the transcribed Plan, and had ascertained that it really exhibited the positions of doors, staircases, and rooms, with the names attached to them, and that it presented the appearance—as far as

internal evidence went—of being fairly copied from a genuine original.

Resuming his own letter, Doctor Chenney proceeded to say that he must now leave it entirely to Mr. and Mrs. Frankland to decide what course they ought to adopt. He had already compromised himself a little in his own estimation, by assuming a character which really did not belong to him, when he made his application to Andrew Treverton; and he felt that he could personally venture no further in the affair, either by expressing an opinion or giving any advice, now that it had assumed such a totally new aspect. He felt quite sure that his young friends would arrive at the wise and the right decision, after they had maturely considered the matter in all its bearings. In that conviction, he had instructed his man of business not to stir in the affair until he had heard from Mr. Frankland, and to be guided entirely by any directions which that gentleman might give.

"Directions!" exclaimed Rosamond, crumpling up the letter in a high state of excitement as soon as she had read to the end of it. "All the directions we have to give may be written in a minute and read in a second! What in the world does the vicar mean by talking about mature consideration? Of course," cried Rosamond, looking, womanlike, straight on to the purpose she had in view, without wasting a thought on the means by which it was to be achieved,—"*Of course* we give the man his five pound note and get the plan by return of post!"

Mr. Frankland shook his head gravely. "Quite impossible," he said. "If you think for a moment, my dear, you will surely see that it is out of the question to traffic with a servant for information that has been surreptitiously obtained from his master's library."

"O, dear! dear! don't say that!" pleaded Rosamond, looking quite aghast at the view her husband took of the matter. "What harm are we doing, if we give the man his five pounds? He has only made a copy of the Plan; he has not stolen anything."

"He has stolen information, according to my idea of it," said Leonard.

"Well, but if he has," persisted Rosamond, "what harm does it do to his master? In my opinion his master deserves to have the information stolen, for not having had the common politeness to send it to the vicar. We must have the Plan—O, Lenny, don't shake your head, please!—we must have it, you know we must! What is the use of being scrupulous with an old wretch (I must call him so, though he *is* my uncle), who won't conform to the commonest usages of society? You can't deal with him—and I am sure the vicar would say so, if he was here—as you would with civilised people, or people in their senses, which everybody says he is not. What use is the Plan of the north rooms to

him? And, besides, if it is of any use, he has got the original; so his information is not stolen, after all, because he has got it the whole time—has he not, dear?"

"Rosamond! Rosamond!" said Leonard, smiling at his wife's transparent sophistries, "you are trying to reason like a Jesuit."

"I don't care who I reason like, love, as long as I get the Plan."

Mr. Frankland still shook his head. Finding her arguments of no avail, Rosamond wisely resorted to the immemorial weapon of her sex—Persuasion; using it at such close quarters and to such good purpose, that she finally won her husband's reluctant consent to a species of compromise which granted her leave to give directions for purchasing the copied plan, on one condition. This condition was, that they should send back the plan to Mr. Treverton as soon as it had served their purpose; making a full acknowledgment to him of the manner in which it had been obtained, and pleading in justification of the proceeding his own want of courtesy in withholding information of no consequence in itself, which any one else in his place would have communicated as a matter of course. Rosamond tried hard to obtain the withdrawal, or modification, of this condition; but her husband's sensitive pride was not to be touched, on that point, with impunity, even by her light hand. "I have done too much violence already to my own convictions," he said, "and I will now do no more. If we are to degrade ourselves by dealing with this servant, let us at least prevent him from claiming us as his accomplices. Write in my name, Rosamond, to Doctor Chenney's man of business, and say that we are willing to purchase the transcribed Plan, on the condition that I have stated—which condition he will of course place before the servant in the plainest possible terms."

"And suppose the servant refuses to risk losing his place, which he must do if he accepts your condition?" said Rosamond, going rather reluctantly to the writing-table.

"Let us not worry ourselves, my dear, by supposing anything. Let us wait and hear what happens, and act accordingly. When you are ready to write, tell me, and I will dictate your letter on this occasion. I wish to make the vicar's man of business understand that we act as we do, knowing, in the first place, that Mr. Andrew Treverton cannot be dealt with according to the established usages of society; and knowing, in the second place, that the information which his servant offers to us, is contained in an extract from a printed book, and is in no way, directly or indirectly, connected with Mr. Treverton's private affairs. Now that you have made me consent to this compromise, Rosamond, I must justify it as completely as possible to others as well as to myself."

Seeing that his resolution was firmly settled,

Rosamond had tact enough to abstain from saying anything more. The letter was written exactly as Leonard dictated it. When it had been placed in the post-bag, and when the other letters of the morning had been read and answered, Mr. Frankland reminded his wife of the intention she had expressed at breakfast-time of visiting the north garden, and requested that she would take him there with her. He candidly acknowledged that since he had been made acquainted with Doctor Chennery's letter, he would give five times the sum demanded by Shrowl for the copy of the Plan, if the Myrtle Room could be discovered, without assistance from any one, before the letter to the vicar's man of business was put into the post. Nothing would give him so much pleasure, he said, as to be able to throw it into the fire, and to send a plain refusal to treat for the Plan in its place.

They went into the north garden, and there Rosamond's own eyes convinced her that she had not the slightest chance of discovering any vestige of a myrtle-bed near any one of the windows. From the garden they returned to the house, and had the door opened that led into the north hall.

They were shown the place on the pavement where the keys had been found, and the place at the top of the first flight of stairs where Mrs. Jazeph had been discovered when the alarm was given. At Mr. Frankland's suggestion, the door of the room which immediately fronted this spot was opened. It presented a dreary spectacle of dust and dirt and dimness. Some old pictures were piled against one of the walls, some tattered chairs were heaped together in the middle of the floor, some broken china lay on the mantel-piece, and a rotten cabinet, cracked through from top to bottom, stood in one corner. These few relics of the furnishing and fitting-up of the room were all carefully examined, but nothing of the smallest importance—nothing tending in the most remote degree to clear up the mystery of the Myrtle Room—was discovered. Mr. Frankland next suggested that there might be marks of footsteps on the dusty floor of the landing, but nothing of the sort could be found. Matting had been laid down over the floor at some former period, and the surface, torn, ragged, and rotten with age, was too uneven in every part to allow the dust to lie smoothly on it. Here and there, where there was a hole through to the boards of the landing, Mr. Frankland's servant thought he detected marks in the dust which might have been produced by the toe or the heel of a shoe; but these faint and doubtful indications lay yards and yards apart from each other, and to draw any conclusion of the slightest importance from them was simply and plainly impossible. After spending more than an hour in examining the north side of the house, Rosamond was obliged to confess that

the servants were right when they predicted, on first opening the door into the hall, that she would discover nothing.

"The letter must go, Lenny," she said, when they returned to the breakfast-room.

"There is no help for it," answered her husband. "Send away the post-bag, and let us say no more about it."

The letter was despatched by that day's post. In the remote position of Porthgenna, and in the unfinished state of the railroad at that time, two days would elapse before an answer from London could be reasonably hoped for. Feeling that it would be better for Rosamond if this period of suspense was passed out of the house, Mr. Frankland proposed to fill up the time by a little excursion along the coast to some places famous for their scenery, which would be likely to interest his wife, and which she might occupy herself pleasantly in describing on the spot for the benefit of her blind husband. This suggestion was immediately acted on. The young couple left Porthgenna, and only returned on the evening of the second day.

On the morning of the third day, the longed-for letter from the vicar's man of business lay on the table when Leonard and Rosamond entered the breakfast room. Shrowl had decided to accept Mr. Frankland's condition—first, because he held that any man must be out of his senses who refused a five-pound note when it was offered to him; secondly, because he believed that his master was too absolutely dependent on him to turn him away for any cause whatever. Accordingly, the bargain had been struck in five minutes,—and there was the copy of the Plan, enclosed with the letter of explanation to attest the fact!

Rosamond spread the all-important document out on the table with trembling hands, looked it over eagerly for a few moments, and laid her finger on the square that represented the position of the Myrtle Room. "Here it is!" she cried. "O, Lenny, how my heart beats! One, two, three, four—the fourth door on the first floor landing is the door of the Myrtle Room!"

She would have called at once for the keys of the north rooms; but her husband insisted on her waiting until she had composed herself a little, and until she had taken some breakfast. In spite of all he could say, the meal was hurried over so rapidly, that in ten minutes more his wife's arm was in his, and she was leading him to the staircase.

The gardener's prognostication about the weather had been verified: it had turned to heat—heavy, misty, vaporous, dull heat. One white quivering fog-cloud spread thinly over all the heaven, rolled down seaward on the horizon line, and dulled the sharp edges of the distant moorland view. The sunlight shone pale and trembling; the lightest highest leaves of flowers at open windows were still; the domestic animals lay about sleepily in

dark corners. Chance household noises sounded heavy and loud in the languid airless stillness which the heat seemed to hold over the earth. Down in the servants' hall, the usual bustle of morning work was suspended. When Rosamond looked in, on her way to the housekeeper's room to get the keys, the women were fanning themselves, and the men were sitting with their coats off. They were all talking peevishly about the heat, and all agreeing that such a day as that, in the month of June, they had never known and never heard of before.

Rosamond took the keys, declined the housekeeper's offer to accompany her, and, leading her husband along the passages, unlocked the door of the north hall.

"How unnaturally cool it is here!" she said, as they entered the deserted place.

At the foot of the stairs she stopped, and took a firmer hold of her husband's arm.

"Is anything the matter?" asked Leonard. "Is the change to the damp coolness of this place affecting you in any way?"

"No, no," she answered hastily. "I am far too excited to feel either heat or damp, as I might feel them at other times. But, Lenny, supposing your guess about Mrs. Jazeph is right?"

"Yes?"

"And, supposing we discover the secret of the Myrtle Room, might it not turn out to be something concerning my father or my mother which we ought not to know? I thought of that, when Mrs. Pentreath offered to accompany us, and it determined me to come here alone with you."

"It is just as likely that the secret might be something we ought to know," replied Mr. Frankland, after a moment's thought. "In any case, my idea about Mrs. Jazeph is, after all, only a guess in the dark. However, Rosamond, if you feel any hesitation——"

"No! come what may of it, Lenny, we can't go back now. Give me your hand again. We have traced the mystery thus far, together; and together we will find it out."

She ascended the staircase, leading him after her, as she spoke. On the landing, she looked again at the Plan, and satisfied herself that the first impression she had derived from it, of the position of the Myrtle Room, was correct. She counted the doors on to the fourth, and looked out from the bunch the key numbered "4," and put it into the lock.

Before she turned it she paused, and looked round at her husband.

He was standing by her side, with his patient face turned expectantly towards the door. She put her right hand on the key, turned it slowly in the lock, drew him closer to her with her left hand, and paused again.

"I don't know what has come to me," she whispered faintly. "I feel as if I was afraid to push open the door."

"Your hand is cold, Rosamond. Wait a

little—lock the door again—put it off till another day."

He felt his wife's fingers close tighter and tighter on his hand, while he said those words. Then there was an instant—one memorable, breathless instant, never to be forgotten afterwards—of utter silence. Then he heard the sharp, cracking sound of the opening door, and felt himself drawn forward suddenly into a changed atmosphere, and knew that Rosamond and he were in the Myrtle Room.

WEHRWOLVES.

NOTWITHSTANDING what travellers say to the contrary, there seems to be a certain ground of sympathy between savage beasts and human beings. That learned individual, the representative schoolboy, who is constantly appealed to as an authority in all kinds of knowledge, knows very well that Romulus and Remus, according to tradition, were suckled by a wolf; and readers of this journal, who recollect an article entitled *Wolf-Nurses*,* will be aware that in the then kingdom of Oude a similar circumstance did in fact happen. This tendency to chop and change intelligences, as Butler in *Hudibras* says of the Rosicrucian virtuosi, is not uncommon among animals when deprived of their own young. Cats have been known to suckle infantine rabbits; hens have brooded over eggs not of their own laying, and have been somewhat astonished by the unexpected issue; and books of natural history will furnish many other instances. Orson, says the French chivalric romance which forms the basis of the nursery tale, found an extempore mamma in a tender-hearted female bear; and here, again, fable has its counterpart in fact, as appears from the ensuing story.

Some huntsmen were following the chase, in the year sixteen hundred and sixty-one, in the forest of Lithuania, Poland, when they perceived a great many bears together, and in the midst of them two of small size, which exhibited some affinity to the human shape. The men followed closely, and at length captured one of these strange creatures, though it defended itself with its nails and teeth. It appeared to be about nine years old, and of course was taken before the king and queen, as a sight worthy of the royal gaze. The skin and hair were extremely white, the limbs well-proportioned and strong, the visage fair, and the eyes blue; but the creature could not speak, and its inclinations, as we are informed by an old account, were altogether brutish. Yet this truly bearish child was christened by an archbishop in the name of Joseph Ursin; the Queen of Poland stood godmother, the French ambassador godfather, and attempts were made to tame him (for we may as well by this time adopt the masculine

* See Volume Six, Number One Hundred and Fifty-three.

personal pronoun), and to teach him some principles of religion. These endeavours partially succeeded; for (if we may credit the account), at the sacred name he would learn to lift his hands and eyes to heaven. But he could not be taught to speak, though there was no apparent defect in his tongue. He was bestowed upon one of the lords about the court, who took him into his house as a servant. He could not be induced to throw aside his natural, or rather his acquired, fierceness; but he learnt to walk upright on his feet, and went wherever he was bidden. "He liked raw as well as boiled flesh," continues the account already alluded to; "could suffer no clothes on his back, nor ever wear shoes, nor anything upon his head. Sometimes he would steal to the woods, and there suck the sap of trees, when he had torn off the bark with his nails. It was observed that, he being in the wood one day when a bear had killed two men, that beast came to him, and, instead of doing him any harm, played and licked his face and body." It does not appear when or how this individual died, or what finally became of him.

Perhaps some of the details of this story may be exaggerated; but we have no reason for disbelieving the chief allegations. To facts of this nature we may probably attribute the old legends of men transforming themselves, or being transformed, into wolves—a fable which may also have been encouraged by the existence of a disease called lycanthropy, in which the patient fancies himself a wolf, and, it is said, is sometimes known to run wild about the fields at night, worrying the flocks, and snarling like a dog. This disease is introduced, with his usual chancel-house intensity of horror, by Webster, in his *Duchess of Malfy*, where a physician, speaking of the malady, says:

In those that are possess'd with't, there oreflows
Such melancholy humour, they imagine
Themselves to be transform'd into wolvess;
Steale forth to churchyards in the dead of night,
And dig dead bodies up: as, two nights since,
One met the Duke, 'bout midnight, in a lane
Behind St. Markes church, with the leg of a man
Upon his shoulder; and he howl'd fearfully;
Said he was a wolffe: only the difference
Was, a wolvess skinn is hairy on the outside,
His on the inside: had them take their swords,
Rip up his flesh, and try. Straight, I was sent for;
And, having minister'd unto him, found his grace
Very well recover'd.

"The infected," says an old writer, "imitate wolves, and think themselves such; leaping out of their beds in the night, and lurking about the sepulchres by day, with pale looks, hollow eyes, thirsty tongues, and exulcerated bodies." In that storehouse of marvels, *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*, we find it stated that Wierus tells a story of a man at Padua, in fifteen hundred and forty-one, "that would not believe to the contrary, but that he was a wolf. He hath another instance of

a Spaniard, who thought himself a bear. Forrestus confirms as much by many examples; one, amongst the rest, of which he was an eye-witness, at Alemaer, in Holland—a poor husbandman, that still hunted about graves and kept in churchyards, of a pale, black, ugly, and fearful look. Such, belike, or little better, were King Prætus's daughters, that thought themselves kine. Nebuchadnezzar, in Daniel, as some interpreters hold, was only troubled with this kind of madness."

The word *wehrwolf* signifies a man-wolf, or wolf-man. The fable is very old, and is found among many and widely separated nations. There was a people of ancient Scythia, called *Neuri*, of whom it was reported that they could turn themselves into wolves whenever they pleased, and could with equal facility resume their natural shapes. The Greek mythology tells of a king of Arcadia, one *Lycaon*, who was changed by Jupiter into a wolf for impiety:

A wolf, not much from his first form estranged;
So hoary-hair'd, his looks so full of rape,
So fiery-eyed, so terrible his shape—

as Ovid writes in the first book of his *Metamorphoses*. The belief extended all through the middle ages, and even into comparatively modern times. Bishop Hall, an English traveller of the time of James the First, says of a certain wood in Germany that it was haunted, not only by freebooters, but by wolves and witches—"although these last are ofttimes but one." He saw there a boy, half of whose face had been devoured by a witch-wolf; "yet so as that the ear was rather cut than bitten off." At Limburgh, Hall saw one of the miscreants executed. The wretched woman was put to the wheel, and confessed in her tortures that she had devoured two-and-forty children while in her wolf form.

Pausanias, an ancient writer, tells a tale of a man who was a wolf for ten years, and at the end of that time resumed his humanity. According to some German authorities, *wehrwolves*, contrary to the account given by Bishop Hall, are in a state of continual enmity with witches; and this is illustrated by a story of a certain countryman who put up at the house of a jovial bailiff. After saturating himself with drink till he could not stand, he was left to have his sleep out on the floor; but the next morning a discovery was made which brought him under suspicion. A horse was found dead in the paddock, with his body cut in two with a scythe. The bailiff closely questioned his guest, and at length elicited from him the facts that the field was haunted by a witch, who flitted about in the shape of a light flame; that he (the guest) being a *wehrwolf*, pursued her with a scythe; that she fled for refuge under the belly of the horse, and that in aiming at her he divided the animal into two halves. What became of the countryman does not clearly appear.

Learned writers have differed as to whether a real transformation takes place, or whether the whole thing is not an illusion of the devil. In support of the former opinion, there is no end of stories to the effect that certain persons have with their own eyes beheld the change of a human being into a wolf. An archduke of Russia seized a sorcerer named Lycaon (a descendant, we suppose, of the ancient Arcadian king), and commanded him to go through his feats of transmigration. The enchanter crouched down, muttered some incantations, and straightway passed into the wolf state, grinning with his open jaws, glaring with his eyes, and raging so fearfully that his keepers found it necessary to hold him. But, the archduke played the too-confiding Lycaon a scurvy trick. He set two hounds upon him, and he was speedily torn to pieces.

Another story sets forth that a woman who was apprehended on suspicion of being a wehr-wolf, was asked by the magistrate, in return for his sparing her life, to show him how she proceeded in that singular art for the practising of which she was then before him. She consented, and, as a necessary preliminary, sent to her house for a particular pot of ointment. Having obtained this, she anointed various parts of her body, and fell into a profound sleep, which lasted three hours. When she woke, she stated, in answer to inquiries, that she had taken the form of a wolf in the interval, had proceeded to a neighbouring town, and had mangled a sheep and a cow. The magistrate sent to the place to inquire whether any such damage had been done, and was told that it had been done. But the relater of this narrative—one Sennertus—thinks that the devil was the real author of the killing and slaying, and that he influenced the woman to dream that the credit was due to herself. In any case, let us hope that the magistrate kept his promise of sparing the culprit's life.

Stories are also told of women transforming themselves into cats and hares, and of their being discovered by receiving certain wounds while in their abnormal condition, which were found upon them after they had returned to their proper form. According to one of these tales, an honest man was cleaving wood in his courtyard, when he was suddenly attacked by three very large and ferocious cats. He defended himself by his prayers and his axe, and finally drove off the animals, who were considerably the worse for the combat. Shortly afterwards, he was apprehended, and charged before a magistrate with having wounded three honourable matrons so grievously that they were confined to their beds. It then turned out that the ferocious cats were no cats at all; but, as the matrons were of high lineage, the affair was hushed up, and the man was dismissed under a strict injunction to secrecy, on forfeit of his life.

A great many anecdotes touching this subject are contained in the writings of Olaus Magnus, Archbishop of Upsal and Metropolitan of Sweden in the sixteenth century, who relates that, in the northern parts, at Christmas, there is a great gathering of these men-wolves, who, during the night, rage with such fierceness against mankind (for they are much more savage than natural wolves), that the inhabitants suffer infinite miseries. They attack houses, break open the doors, destroy the inmates, and, descending into the cellars, drink amazing quantities of ale and mead, leaving the empty barrels heaped one upon another. Somewhere in those wild northern regions there was once a wall belonging to a castle which had been destroyed; and here the wehr-wolves would assemble at a given time, and exercise themselves in trying to leap over the wall. Those that could not succeed ("as, commonly," says Olaus, "the fat ones cannot"), were whipped by their captains. It was believed that the great men and chief nobility of the land belonged to this singular confraternity; so that it appears to have been a kind of fashionable recreation with the Swedish bloods, like having your box at the Opera with us, or being a man upon town or on the turf. The manner of effecting the change was by mumbling certain words, and drinking a cup of ale to a man-wolf. It was necessary that, at the moment of transformation either way, you should retire into some secret cellar or private wood; but you might change to and fro as often as you pleased.

The Swedish Archbishop proceeds to give some instances in point. Here is one:

A nobleman was travelling with his retainers; and one night they found themselves in a thick wood, far from all human habitations. They were hungry, but they had no provisions with them, and the case began to look awkward. Several of the servants, however, had the faculty of changing themselves into wolves; and one of them told the rest not to be surprised at anything that might happen while he withdrew for a short time. He then went into a thick, dark dart of the forest, and transformed himself, and came out as a wolf, and slew a sheep, which he brought to his companions, who received it gratefully; and then he returned into the secret, dusky place and resumed his proper shape. By this device, the nobleman and his retinue were saved from famishing.

The wolf was a great person among the traditions and mythology of the Scandinavians. We find him frequently in the Edda. There was an enormous and appalling wolf called Fenris, or Fenrir, who was the offspring of Loki, the Evil Principle. His name is supposed to mean "dweller in the abyss." The ancient Scandinavians believed that he will continue to cause great mischief to humanity until the Last Day, when, after

a fearful combat, he will be vanquished by the gods. The Edda also makes mention of two other wolves, one of which pursues the sun, while the other chases the moon; and one day both those orbs will be caught and devoured by them. Of the origin of these wolves, we are told in the Edda, that "a hag dwells in a wood to the eastward of Midgard, called Járnvid (the Iron Wood), which is the abode of a race of witches called the Járnvidjur. This old hag is the mother of many gigantic sons, who are all of them shaped like wolves. There is one of that race who is said to be the most formidable of all, called Mángarm; he will be filled with the life-blood of men who draw near their end, and will swallow up the moon, and stain the heavens and the earth with blood. Then shall the sun grow dim, and the winds howl tumultuously to and fro." These are among the earliest so-called wehr-wolves.

In France, wehr-wolves are called loup garoux; in Normandy, when that duchy was an independent, semi-Scandinavian nationality, garwolves; and, among the Bretons, Bislavaret. This latter name is associated with an old story of a Breton nobleman who used to transform himself, and whose adventures are narrated by that French poetess of the thirteenth century, Marie, who charmed the court of our Henry the Third by her lays. The nobleman's wife, having discovered his fearful secret, by dint of repeated questioning (for her curiosity had been excited by his frequent absence from home), possessed herself one day of his garments when he was in the wolf shape. This, as she had previously ascertained would be the case, prevented his returning to his state of man. The faithless wife then married a gallant, and Bislavaret lurked miserably in woods and desert places, longing, but in vain, to shake off the brutish semblance that imprisoned him. In about a year, the king, while hunting, pursued the poor man-wolf all day, and at length ran him down. Then did the whole court behold a marvel; for, the beast ran straight up to the monarch's horse, seized the stirrup with his fore-paw, licked the king's feet, and pathetically implored protection. "By the mass!" cried the king, "this is a strange adventure, and a piteous! The poor brute throws himself on my kingly mercy, with mute, imploring gestures, that have a touch of human reason in them. We have chased him sorely; but I swear he shall not die. You huntsmen, there! Beat off the dogs!" Bislavaret was taken to the court, and became a great favourite, for his manners were gentle and dog-like. One day, the husband of his former wife came to the court; when Bislavaret suddenly burst into a furiously savage mood, leaped upon the knight,

and, but for the interposition of the king, would have rent him into pieces. Again the same thing happened; and not long afterwards, the lady herself was encountered by Bislavaret in the forest. He seized upon her, and tore her nose from her face. The king, exasperated at this, swore that the wolf should be put to death; but, an aged counsellor, perceiving some mystery in the matter, advised that the lady and the knight should be imprisoned until the truth should be extorted from them. This was done; the tale was unwillingly told; and the clothes of Bislavaret were restored. Not until he was placed in a room by himself with them, would he disenchant himself. He was at length shut up in the king's bed-chamber; and, after a while, when the monarch and the courtiers again entered, they found a comely gentleman asleep on the royal bed. The conclusion of the story is to the effect that the nobleman was taken into high favour, and that the wicked wife and her paramour were banished from the land.

We will add one more story, and that shall be from Sandys's notes to his translation of Ovid (sixteen hundred and thirty-two). His mode of telling it is so earnest and intense, that we prefer giving it to the reader in the writer's own language:

"One, accustoming to change himself into a wolfe, and againe into a man, was lately taken, and brought before the Duke of Prussia; accused by the pesants for worrying their cattle. A deformed fellow, and not much unlike a beast. He had a scarre on his face, the marke of a wound which was given him by a dog when he was a wolfe, as himselfe reported. Upon examination, hee confessed that twice every yeare he was converted into that shape; first, about Christmas, and againe at Midsummer; at which times he grew salvage, and was carried with a certaine naturall desire to converse with wolves in the woods; afflicted with paine and horror while the haire was breaking out of his skin, and before he was thoroughly changed. For a triall, he was shut up in prison, and carefully guarded; but continued unaltered. By which it appeares that this, as the like, proceedeth from a kinde of distraction, and strength of the abused imagination: the Divell doubly deluding both themselves, and such as behold them, with fantastick resemblances; although Bodin affirme, and strives to maintaine, the contrary."

That many people have been executed, owing to the popular impression that they were wehr-wolves, is too true; it is only another instance of the fatal facility with which superstition has turned disease itself into food for her love of cruelty, and a witness to her lamentable ignorance.

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MERCY IN NAPLES.

THE details which I throw together in the following narrative are too true. Yet it is not until after much hesitation that I have yielded to my desire to give them to the world, lest the unconscious and inoffensive subject of them might be made responsible for revelations which give another proof of the caprice and cruelty of the Neapolitan government. Not long since I found myself ascending the heights of the Island of Capri. Almost the only signs of humanity one sees on this lovely spot, are donkey-girls and fishermen, agricultural labourers and priests; so that I was the more struck by meeting a solitary person, of gentlemanly appearance, whose face and manner deeply interested me. As he passed us, he raised his hat, and went on his way. "Poor lieutenant," said my guide, who, with the usual quickness of his race, seemed to read my thoughts; "his is a hard fate to be shut up on this desert island. We, signor, are accustomed to it. We were born here, and have got all our families about us. Above all, we can get out when we like: but the poor lieutenant, may the Madonna help him! has father, mother, brother, and sister, whom he has not seen for several years. It goes to my heart sometimes to see him walking along so silent and so sad!"

The man could tell me little more; but my curiosity so awakened my sympathies, that I was resolved, on returning to Naples, to sift out all the particulars. Fortune favoured my wishes; and from those who were well acquainted with the history of the poor lieutenant I have gathered the following undeniable facts:

No one will have forgotten the great excitement which prevailed throughout the kingdom of the Two Sicilies in eighteen hundred and forty-eight. The hopes of liberals were raised to the highest pitch, only to be disappointed; and, when the summer of that year had set in, it was but too evident that, in spite of promises as to ameliorations of despotic rule, a strong reaction had commenced. On the sixth of July the lieutenant was invited by his companions to join in some enterprise which was to be executed on that day—in fact, a number of officers, under the direction of Captain Palmieri,

had combined together to beat several of the deputies belonging to the liberal party, and break some printing-presses. Such an incident was by no means extraordinary at a time when peaceable citizens were often assaulted in the streets by a brutal soldiery with impunity. The invitation, however, to join this expedition was refused, and the answer was quickly reported to the colonel of the regiment, who severely reprimanded him in the presence of many officers, at the same time calling him infamous, and unworthy of the uniform. After so public a reproach, the lieutenant considered it to be his duty to demand his dismissal; but, on the persuasion of his colonel (who the day after, for reasons best known to himself, had altered his tone) he requested to be placed in the second-class on account of health. On the thirteenth of the same month he was put on the retired list, and sent to the Island of Ischia. On arriving, however, he was surprised to find that an order had been sent, prohibiting his leaving the island; and thus began his long protracted exile.

During his brief residence on the island, he made the acquaintance of another companion in misfortune, Vincenzo di Vico, who was a lieutenant on the staff; but, on February the first, eighteen hundred and forty-nine, they were both placed under arrest, and put under an escort on board a small boat. After a perilous voyage they arrived at Naples, and were at once confined in the Castello dell' Novo, that picturesque old fortress, which stands on a tongue of land between Santa Lucia and Chiatamone. What secret influence controlled their destiny was to them unknown. Why they were in arrest was equally unknown. In Naples, this information is considered perfectly unnecessary; a man may be taken from the midst of his family without accusation or examination, and many years may pass over his head before he returns, himself an altered man, to seek for those who perhaps have ceased to be. On the twenty-third of February, another change came over their lot. They were placed in a carriage accompanied by an adjutant, a sergeant of the guard, and a gendarme, followed by a soldier of the lancers on horseback, to the arsenal, and put on board a scordido, kept for the

service of the galley-slaves who escorted them. In this they were sent off to the Island of Ponza. A scorridajo is a small boat, much in use in the Mediterranean. It carries latine sails, is worked with oars, and has a small cabin. It was of bad augury for the future of the poor prisoners, that the captain of their vessel, Agostino Cuiaja, was better known on account of his ferocious qualities by the name of Saccofuoco (sack and fire). Three days and three nights they were tossed about on a tempestuous sea, sleeping, in the month of February, exposed to the air, and living like the commonest sailors on biscuits soaked in sea-water. I must, however, except one day, when, from stress of weather, they were compelled to put into the little Bay of Ventotene, where an officer called Fusco dared to treat them as a Christian man should. Fusco is now dead, and his name may be mentioned; for that incident which, if known before, would have condemned him to a Neapolitan prison, is doubtless registered in Heaven. Wearied, hungry, cold, and wretched, those subjects of an adored sovereign and paternal government arrived at length at their destination.

On a lofty part of the Island of Ponza stands an old tower, and on the roof of it are two small rooms: underneath is a large chamber and a drawbridge. The two officers were confined on the roof, and here for nine months they had opportunity enough to study all the changes of the atmosphere, and feel all the miseries of their position. These were aggravated during the first six months by the fact that from some cause or other they received no pay, and subsisted on the proceeds of what they sold, whilst their food was turned over by the soldier on guard with his bayonet. I have heard it stated that their doors and windows were in so dilapidated a condition that they could be scarcely closed, and that when the wind blew they were compelled to close the door by placing a pole against it. At the end of nine months they were driven out of the tower, and lived at large on the island, in company with the numerous other prisoners, who are detained for common crimes. The position was painful enough; but it was an improvement, and the commander rendered it less irksome still, by certain indulgences which it would be imprudent to dwell upon in a country where mercy is a sin.

Thus they dragged on a weary existence till February the twenty-fourth, eighteen hundred and fifty. No charge had ever been preferred against them. No judges had questioned, tried, and condemned them. They knew not why they suffered, and this ignorance added to the bitterness of their suffering. On the day above mentioned, the royal steamer the St. Winifred arrived in Ponza, bringing orders to receive them on board, and conduct them to Naples. Another scene was now opening

upon them. On arriving in Naples—to which they were taken under the usual escort—they were conducted to Castle St. Elmo, which commands the capital, and batters it down when subjects dare to be unruly. There is no man in Naples who does not speak of the prisons of the St. Elmo with terror.

The chamber named Fifty-four is, in an especial manner, surrounded by this superstitious dread. No man was ever known, it is said, to come out of it alive; and, lest the report may appear utterly extravagant and outrageous, I can name a man who—in another much less dreaded prison, after a confinement of fifteen days without chair or table, in a damp room—came out with his hair turned white. On arriving at St. Elmo, orders were given to confine the two prisoners in Number Fifty-four; but counter-orders fortunately condemned them to chambers Eighty-five and Eighty-six. Dark rooms, with the windows guarded by heavy iron bars. "Happy were you, indeed," said a custodian to them, "that you were not confined in Fifty-four!" Again, on the fifth of March, another change took place. The Count di Vico was sent to Ischia, and his companion to Capri; but, up to the present, not a word has transpired to throw any light upon the nature of their offence. Di Vico has since been pardoned, if we may speak of pardon where no charge has ever been made. His companion still lingers on in exile, and it is now the month of April, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven.

In this brief but veritable sketch of misfortunes only the broad outlines have been thrown off; but the imagination will know how to fill up with details of petty sufferings and persecutions inflicted by the authorities, great and small, who, by an ostentation of severity, try to curry favour with their superiors. To those must be added the annoyances and privations which men of education and taste must always feel on finding themselves intermingled with ordinary criminals, and under the control of vulgar-minded hirelings. They are better felt than described; and the heart that knoweth its own bitterness has often burst under the frequent repetition of sufferings which the pen would labour in vain to paint. Of course the first impulse of the inhabitant of a free country is to ask, Why does not the prisoner appeal to the laws, and, in default of their being executed, why not to the Sovereign? Time after time, and in every imaginable form, have these appeals been made, and still the poor lieutenant lingers on in his solitude, fearful to give umbrage by word or look, and yet often denounced to the authorities at Naples by private malice or by some secret paid spy. Petition after petition has been sent to ministers and to the King, praying to be informed of the charges against him, and demanding at least a trial; yet no answer has been returned.

In one case where considerable influence

had been exerted in his behalf, an answer was elicited to the effect, that he might consider himself happy that it was no worse. Petitions have often been placed in the hands of the King, who has replied as usual, "Va bene! va bene!" Friends and relatives have appealed to the Sovereign in person, and the answer has been, "Povero uomo! povero uomo!" (Poor man!) Yet not one ray of light has fallen on the path of that solitary wanderer. It was in the month of December last that a notice was given that all who demanded pardon should receive it; a new system of things was to be initiated, and the sovereign clemency was exalted by many sycophants. The poor lieutenant implored his liberty. Still no answer; again, at the beginning of this month, thieves and assassins were liberated from prison by royal decree, in token of rejoicing at the birth of another Bourbon; yet no remission of the lieutenant's persecution has been granted. At a distance from home and friends, in three several prisons, in solitary exile, he has dragged on now nearly nine of the best years of his life.

My tale is one of many hundred stories of a similar character which might be narrated in illustration of the mode of government adopted in the Two Sicilies. Many people will hesitate to believe it. It is, I repeat, true, and proves that, in the heart of Europe, and in the nineteenth century, kings can reign in defiance of justice and humanity, while mighty governments are ever ready to put forth all their strength to crush the victims when they rise against the authors of their sufferings.

TO MY YOUNG FRIENDS.

To be frank and honest, I may as well confess at once that I am sitting down to write a selfish article. Junior critics may, if they like, cast in my teeth that its design is personal, having reference to my own interests, rather than general, or directed to the welfare of the world at large. Be it so; I accept the observation. The same stricture will become applicable, in their turn, to those who are beardless youngsters now. I do not deny that, being myself neither young nor old, but what the French curiously call "between two ages" (as if an individual were a slice of tongue in a time-sandwich; the past representing one slice of bread-and-butter, and the future the other);—I cannot conceal from myself that, owing to a certain number of years, I shall soon, if spared, become certainly aged, and that my tastes and sympathies promise to coincide with those of the governor and fogey class, rather than with those of Cambridge or Oxford men. When a man myself, in that precocious sense of the word, I well remember that Mr. Priggins, fellow and tutor, was considered by us as an academical bay-tree who had flourished, but

was now in his sear autumnal foliage; whereas, the much-respected don was only just entering the prime of life.

One advantage of my own mediæval position between the juveniles and the seniles of society is, that it allows me to act as interpreter between them. There are cases in which the two opposite camps may not precisely understand each other; the young cannot always comprehend the old, because they have no experience of what old age is; while the elderly, in spite of their personal knowledge of youth, are apt to forget that they were once young themselves.

Let me put a case to you, by way of a beginning, my adolescent readers and admirers; for to be the one, is to become the other. Suppose you had a schoolfellow, a playmate, a college-friend, a companion in your pedestrian alpine rambles, a brother-student of the same art or science; that you had taken photographs together; that you had hunted rare butterflies, minerals, or microscopic objects, with a share-and-share-alike agreement; that you had drawn, side by side, from the statue or the living model; that you had followed the same series of clinical lectures in London or Paris; that you had, like Helen and Hermia, sat on the same cushion, embroidering the same sampler and singing the same song. Suppose this; and that you were suddenly informed your bosom friend was shortly to depart at an indefinite, but not distant day, for a long, long residence in China or Australia, and that you were never likely to see him again;—how would you behave to him, in such a case? Would you be unkind, captious, cross-grained, or selfish? No, no; I am sure you would not. You would do all you could to pet and spoil him as long as he remained with you, to make him carry away with him nothing but grateful recollections and a thankful memory of his friend still left in England, who treated him so lovingly as long as was in his power.

But, my dear young perusers, exactly such is the state of your relations with every individual member of the united society of fogeys, governors, maiden-aunts, old nurses, worn-out-workmen, and the rest of them. Their berths are taken, entered, and ticketed (although the date and number is left blank to human eyes) on board a ship bound for a long voyage, whence there is no return. Will you embitter the unavoidable starting on that journey by any previous unpleasantness which you can possibly avoid? By offensive neglect, by insulting contempt, by perverse resistance, or by open rebellion? I am certain you will not. To the hand that fed you when you could not feed yourself, to the head that thought for you when you had no thought of your own, to the heart that loved you when you were incapable of loving in return, you will procure all possible pleasure and satisfaction, before the bell sounds to give warning that the vessel has

her steam up, and will immediately leave the shores trodden by living men.

I once knew a worthy priest who, when it fell to his duty to read the words, "And be ye not drunk with wine," always added aloud the parenthesis, "nor with any other strong liquor." In a similar spirit of innovation to the commandment, "Honour thy father and mother," I would append the supplement, "and every other person of fatherly or motherly age in respect to yourself." Honour, in such a wide sense, need not mean the affectionate duty with which we regard a parent; but it may imply, in all cases, even to apparently unworthy old people, the abstinence from dishonour and from the slightest disrespect in word or manner, and the screening of faults, and the shutting of the eyes on infirmities. It is not for the young to rebuke the old; silence, a sorrowing absence from reproof, and a withdrawal from association with elderly persons who do not respect themselves, is quite a sufficient protest on the part of comparative juniors, even against strangers who have no claim on their forbearance. Boy and girl censors are supremely disgusting in the rare cases when they are not ridiculous. To teach your grandmother her catechism, is as much of an acted caricature as would be the teaching her to suck eggs.

We all know from Paley's and other natural theologies, how admirably the bodily organisation of living creatures is contrived. Some writers have traced the same design in the moral feelings and natural dispositions conferred on men. One psychological secret confirms the notion. Before communicating it, I will first ask the question, "Which stands in greater need of the other's aid—the child of the parent's, or the parent of the child's aid? You answer, the former. Well then; the secret in passionnal philosophy (which is an undoubted fact) is, that the love which the parent bears to the offspring is stronger than the love which offspring in general bear to their parent. Do you love your fathers and mothers, my good boys and girls? Yes, you do; you love them very much. Very well; much as you love them, they love you still more. They lay out plans for your welfare, while you are laying out no plans for theirs; they are often anxious about you and your doings, when you are not in the slightest degree anxious about them. Remember then, my boys, the motive principle of what often causes you perhaps annoyance. When the old folks are fussy, and troublesome, and interfering, and won't let you alone to manage for yourselves; remember that a parent's love is deeper-seated, and more powerful, and more incessant, than you can understand, until you come to be parents in your turn, and have troublesome hobbydehays, like yourselves, to plague you, often keeping you awake at night meditating how you can manage for the best for them. The secret

may tend to make you think yourselves of greater importance than you did before; never mind that. Think of it; and try to use it only for good. You are very clever, no doubt, my juvenile friends; but (I hope no offence) you don't yet know everything.

"How indolent Aunt Maria grows!" murmurs our quick-tempered young friend Emily, a lively, well-meaning girl of eighteen, who has never known what illness is, and whose consciousness of physical existence extends no further than that to believe a thing ought to be done, and to will to do it, are to do it. "How very indolent; I had almost said lazy! Every day, she lies later and later in bed; she is not down to breakfast, till we are thinking of dressing for dinner. I don't know what it will come to by and by, if things go on in this way. It is not like, what she has so often talked to us about, improving her habits day by day. And then, she becomes so discontented and hard to please. She told me she could not relish the jelly I made for her last week; only yesterday she said that the game, which the doctor recommended, and which cousin Charles went purposely all the way to the moors to shoot, had a strange disagreeable taste, such as she never perceived in grouse before. It is very tiresome to have to do with people who are so constantly dissatisfied as Aunt Maria is now. When I tell her all the news I can think of as likely to interest her, she hardly takes the trouble to listen to me; I have even fancied lately that she does not care much about seeing me and Charles when we go to her room. She really ought to exert herself more, and to exercise a little self-control. I shall tell her what I think about it; and if she likes to be angry, so she may!"

Emily, under the impression that she is ill-used and coldly treated by her Aunt, whom she dearly loves in her heart, does remonstrate; and, carried by her feelings further than she intended, she drops a sharp word about giving way to slothfulness, and about precept being easier than example.

Aunt Maria makes no reply except a strange, wondering, appealing look, but which look, nevertheless, seems to convey instinctively to her niece's heart an idea which had never struck her before. The result is instant repentance and shame. The offender throws herself into her aged relative's arms, begging forgiveness with earnest tears. Aunt Maria accords it with childlike tenderness, begs in turn forgiveness for the great trouble she has given, and for the infirmities of temper she may have shown, adding, "You do not know, dear child, how sadly I feel. I wonder what can be the cause of it; I never experienced anything of the kind before. Kneel close to me, my love, and read some of the prayers for the visitation of the sick. Thank you; thank you. Let me rest my hands upon your head. God bless you, my love! Again I thank you for all your kind-

ness and all your patience with me during my illness."

And in a few days, or in a few hours, Aunt Maria has left for the distant country from whose bourne no traveller returns. And Emily remembers with pain every look of remonstrance, every tone of chiding, every syllable of impatience, that may have escaped her during the trial of her aunt's declining days; while every thoughtful attention, every long-suffering smile, every agreeable surprise or pleasure procured for the departed traveller, shines on the self-recorded page of her own recent history, like the letters illuminated with gold and crimson which gleam on the vellum of a mouldy missal. And Emily, balancing her own merits and demerits, while she inspects the mourning wardrobe which is the consequence of her relative's decease, becomes a sadder and a wiser girl.

For thus it is, my merry young friends; not all the tears in the world, not the sincerest sorrow, can retract one harsh word, one disrespectful expression, however hastily or thoughtlessly spoken, however much provoked. No apology, no heartfelt regret, can reach the dull cold ear of death. If you happen to have wrongfully chided your early friend who has absented himself for life, to find a family in New Zealand; if you have entertained unjust suspicions respecting him, or if you remember now that what was not ill-meant at the time must have been ill-taken at the time, in consequence of circumstances which flash thus late on your memory; you can write, you can explain, you can make straight the apparently crooked conduct, you can offer sacrificial, peacemaking, compensating tribute, in the shape of books, useful implements, seeds and plants, or trinkets, in testimony that your heart is ever in the right place. But no epistle, present, or document from us, can reach the dwellers on the further shore of the river of life. We shall go to them; but they cannot correspond with us. Therefore, my good people, remembering this, you will take care to err on the right side; you will prefer to have had too much forbearance with, to have been too attentive and respectful towards, to have spoiled, in short, the elderly acquaintances who still incur the scene and stand in your way—sometimes troublesomely, to having to say to yourself, when poor old Trumpsy is gone, "Ah! I shouldn't have snubbed him so short at our last twelfth-night party;" or to pondering, when kind-hearted old Miss Stiffkey is lying cold and motionless in her dark oaken chamber, "Poor thing! She knew better than I did, after all. I was wrong to turn her into ridicule in the way I did."

And who takes care of us when we are sick and helpless, bed-ridden, with broken bones, or painful disease? Is it, then, our playmate, our race-course companion, our hail-fellow-well-met, our Hermia, or our Pylades, who gives us mutton-broth and

gruel, who produces our pill-box and potion as the prescribed hour strikes, who helps us to sit up in an easy chair while the servant-kind make our bed, and who passes night after night with no more cheerful companionship than that of a rushlight, and a wandering, irritable, complaining invalid? It may be a husband or a wife, a brother or a sister, occasionally; but, as a general rule, the friend who tends us in sickness or confinement is older than the comrade who shares the hours of our health and strength.

Step aside with me, and take a peep at a child's sick chamber; you might even join me in serving our turn in the night-watch; for, sufferers dangerously ill must be watched, and it is impossible to let others do all the work without lending a helping hand. Constant attendance on a beloved patient, night after night and day after day, must soon wear out an aged female frame, even though the heartiest good-will support its efforts. We, therefore, will sit up to-night and make an experiment in nursing, while the nurse herself steals an interval of repose and the poor little patient passes the dead hours of the night as well as her state of illness allows.

The house is hushed. Everybody is in bed. Before us lie the treasures we are guarding, on their broad, postless, curtainless bed,—which is not a bed in the eyes of an every-day looker-on, but merely a pile of mattresses. The doctors have caused the curtains to be removed. At the foot, and outside the counterpane, there lies a confused bundle of clothes, inside which is concealed a woman of sterling metal, though now old and nearly worn-out. Somewhere within that flannel petticoat is a living head, as I can hear by its deep and regular breathing. The robe which is usually worn as a nether garment now answers the purpose of veil. That almost shabby and threadbare shawl carelessly envelops the feet and legs; but under what article of wearing apparel the mid-person is crouched is more than I can undertake to guess. Sleep, my friend! Sleep, worthy creature, with the refreshing intensity which a good conscience deserves, although a good conscience may not always insure it.

At the head of the bed, and within the bed-clothes, is uneasily stretched a poor sick child. A typhoid fever—the forty days' malady—is her complaint, and we are anxiously awaiting the hour of crisis. Life or death is, till then, a chance; that is to say, a result which we cannot foresee; for, existing causes, imperceptible to human eye, have doubtless already determined the event and issue. Many diseases in our bodily frame seem to follow their course as steadily as fermentation or putrefaction in inanimate bodies. Neither the doctor's nor the brewer's skill will always prevent our wine from becoming vinegar.

It is midnight; the hour when spirits

should appear. But they do not. We look in vain for obscurity to shape itself into form. The only perceptible apparitions are ourselves; we come—as Herr Teufelsdröck says—nobody knows whence; we show ourselves to cotemporary eyes for a brief and fleeting interval; and then vanish utterly, body and soul, departing to no one knows what region or abode, as completely as the ghosts that flit away at cock-crow. Exactly what generations and generations of men now are, shall we ourselves be before very long. We are now the only true apparitions.

Another living object passes across the chamber—a moth! It settles upon the wall. I must rise from my seat to go and kill it. Why kill it! What right have we to do that? May it not claim its privilege to enjoy its term of apparitioning as well as men and women? But, you say, it will deposit its eggs amongst our clothing, and so destroy them. The sure way to avoid that evil is to use them, and to amass no greater store of them than is needful for use. Lay not up for yourselves treasures where moth and rust do corrupt. If this prostrate sick child should never again require her little treasure of furry comforts and silken finery—why, there are others who may be thankful to—but hark! What is that, ticking so loud and slow behind the wainscot? It cannot be the timepiece down stairs that we hear; it is the death-watch! Listen; how deliberately and regularly the hidden creature makes its signal beats! There is no need to feel alarm; the death-watch is actually a sign of life instead of of death; it means—*increase and multiply*. I accept the omen in its favourable sense; our patient will recover; she slumbers tranquilly, without restlessness, and on her hands may be felt the slightest possible moisture.

But oh, my young companion in the watch, how hard it is to keep awake when one has not acquired the habit of watching. We easy-living people are much put out, if the sacrifice of a night is required of us. Yet hundreds and thousands of our fellow men and women live only by night-work, and make a regular practice of what we take to be so wonderful an act of self-denial. I must resist this drowsiness which is stealing over me. How our aged friend has stood against it so long, is wonderful. It will help me, if I get up and walk about the room a little; noiselessly, though, for fear of disturbing the sleepers. At the window, a dim light glimmers in the sky. Can it be the dawn that is breaking? Is morning coming, to conclude our heavy task? No, not yet; it is only the rising moon, now fast fading away into a shabby, dim, gleaming anti-crescent. Patience; as others have had patience before us. At this very hour, apparently so long and irksome, a change for the better, I believe, is working to reward us. There is hope to look forward to, and devotedness to con-

template. Let us not grudge an extra half-hour of slumber to her who has watched so constantly, though stricken in years. Could a young person, like yourself, have done the same as well and as faithfully?

And if, in return for such services as these, we cannot patiently listen to a few expressions of opinion adverse to our own, bear a little unasked advice, pardon a few infirmities, or ignore a few foibles,—when our own turn comes, my joyous young friends, shall we have a right to complain if we are pushed into corners, made to feel that we are one too many, set down as bores, extinguished with a sneer when we open our mouths, and left alone by the wayside, as useless, worn-out, effete, human marine-stores? Believe me, the amiable, gentle, and conciliating atmosphere which gathers around a person who has long striven to fulfil his duty to his seniors, remains to his profit, causing him to attract and to be beloved by the young. And what more charming member can appear in society than an elderly person in the enjoyment of well-deserved popularity? There is an absence of boyish rivalries; while the graceful prepossessing manner of youth is combined with the fulness of mature experience; there is everything to please, except the bright eye and the smooth ruddy cheek of adolescent men and maidens: and of those fascinating ornaments, I am delighted to feel assured, the rising generation is likely to suffer no lack.

There now; am I not a crafty fellow, so to prepare my own retreat into the shady lumber-room of senility?

CRYSTALS.

THOSE signs of past or of occurring changes in the inorganic or mineral kingdom, which depend upon crystallisation, are very striking and suggestive, and are most fruitful of varied and surpassing beauty. We are ignorant of the causes which determine, with wonderful regularity, the outline of crystalline bodies; and which give to them their sparkling brilliancy, whether exhibited by the jewels of a court, or by the frost-wrought tracery of a cottage-window. It is true, indeed, that certain guesses have been made, by Haidy and others, at causes which may possibly be concerned in producing the effects observed; but these guesses rest upon no other evidence than the very circumstances which they profess to explain, and amount to little more than another form of words for describing them. Thus it is said that the ultimate atoms of every crystallisable substance (the smallest particles into which it can possibly be divided) have themselves some determinate form; which is reproduced, on a larger scale, when many of these particles are collected into a mass. Again, as it is manifest that, in the absence of a power which shall guide all the

particles to fall or otherwise settle themselves in an uniform direction, the cube would be the only form capable of reproduction in this manner, so the hypothesis of atomic polarity, analogous to the polarity of the magnetic needle, has been added to the hypothesis of atomic form, and made to explain why a countless multitude of prisms or pyramids—each invisible by reason of its minuteness—should fall in the same manner and into the fitting place, so as to build up one prismatic or pyramidal crystal, instead of an incoherent heap, or a lump, shapeless and full of interstices. Such is the nearest approach philosophers have made, as yet, to an explanation of the causes of crystalline forms; as shown either in the miniature rockwork which is thrown down daily, in hundreds of laboratories, from solutions of almost every kind, or in the many other ways with which science is familiar.

For, the process of crystallisation, although most commonly seen as it takes place in solutions, is by no means limited to the conditions which they afford; it may be observed wherever, in consequence of a loss of heat, any inorganic substance passess from a fluid into a solid form. This change appears, indeed, to be the only essential to the formation of a crystal; and it may be shown to have occurred in every case when a crystal has been formed.

It is a property common to almost all substances, that they expand, or increase in size, by the application of heat,—a result that is explained by supposing them to consist of ultimate particles or atoms, which, when heated, tend to move apart by a mutual repulsion, and to enlarge the bulk of the whole mass, by a gradual loosening and separation of its texture. If the heat be carried to a certain extent, the substance heated will have its particles driven altogether away from each other, and diffused in the surrounding medium,—whatever that may be,—whether air, water, or spirit: a result that is called volatilisation in the first case, and solution in the others. Take, for instance, a piece of camphor, and place it in spirit of wine. Whenever the spirit is warmer than the camphor, minute particles of the latter will be taken up, and diffused invisibly throughout the former—being said to be dissolved in it. If the camphor be simply placed under a bell-glass, whenever the surrounding air is warmer than the lump, minute particles will be taken up as before, and diffused invisibly throughout this air: being readily detected, although invisible, by the more delicate senses of taste and smell. This result is commonly called volatilisation, or diffusion in the form of vapours, rather than solution; but it is, in fact, a true solution,—a solution in air instead of in spirit. And it will be found universally, and may be shown by a hundred familiar examples in daily life, that the compactness

of everything depends upon its temperature; diminishing as heat is added, increasing as heat is withdrawn. Thus, strong soup—a jelly unless artificially heated—liquifies when placed over the fire; in the same way, metals and other substances are melted by heat: that is, are reduced to a yielding and fluent state. Thus, ice is converted into water, and water into steam, which is dissolved in the surrounding air. Materials that are flexible and elastic, at ordinary temperatures, become hard, and even brittle, during frost: such things as caoutchouc, gutta-percha, and sealing-wax, being suitable examples. The rule is unlimited in its application; although more evident in some examples than in others.

There are, however, many substances which, when volatilised in air, or dissolved in any liquid, are found to undergo changes of a chemical nature, and no longer to exist in their original form. Thus charcoal, heated in the air, gives off minute atoms which combine immediately with the oxygen around them,—forming a noxious gas,—and cease to be charcoal by virtue of the combination. When iron is dissolved in a diluted acid, the resulting liquid does not contain finely divided iron, but finely divided salt of that metal, produced by its union with the acid employed. And so of many other instances. But there is a numerous class of bodies, both simple and compound, that may be either dissolved or volatilised without suffering any other change: their atoms, although separated and scattered, never losing their individuality and identity. Thus camphor—whether a lump in the hand or floating in the air or dissolved in spirit—is always the same substance.

It is with this latter class only that we have now to deal, that is to say, with substances whose atoms, when scattered by heat throughout some dissolving or suspending medium, undergo no change beyond the mere dispersion, and, in the inorganic kingdom of nature, act the part of Jews among mankind. For such as these, when once the force that separated them is removed, have a tendency to draw lovingly together, and to reconstitute the original solidity of the mass from which they sprung. Their union is hindered by the medium around them, in exact proportion to its density and resisting power. Thus, atoms which are dispersed in air unite more rapidly than those dissolved in spirit; and those dissolved in spirit more readily than those dissolved in water. But this resistance of the medium is usually overcome, unless the particles be very few and very remote; and, coincidently with a decline of temperature, the substance that was volatilised or dissolved is again recovered. So much might, perhaps, have been expected.

But what—prior to experience—could not have been anticipated, is that the scattered atoms, not content with mere re-union,

or aggregation into a mass, are found to arrange themselves into regular and symmetrical forms, bounded by flat sides and angles, and that each substance is found to assume always its own characteristic shape, from which it never varies,—whether this be a pyramid, a cube, or a prism. The number of known crystalline forms is much smaller than the number of crystallisable substances; and it follows that crystals of various kinds may possess the same form; but no substance is ever found to assume a form foreign to its usual habit. Some, it is true, assume more than one form; but even these keep strictly within their proper range, so that the shape of a crystal affords some evidence of its nature. The peculiar shape of the crystals of white arsenic furnishes one means of identifying this substance in medico-legal inquiries; and the same principle rules under a very great variety of circumstances.

All that is absolutely necessary to the process of crystallisation is to reduce the substance treated, to the fluid or gaseous state, either by heat alone, or by heat with this assistance of a solvent; and then to cool it so gradually, that its loosened or separated particles have time to select, as it were, the shape which they will assume. If a piece of cast metal be broken, the newly-exposed surface will always present a crystalline appearance, the result of the re-arrangement of its particles while hardening from the state of fusion. Crystals may also be obtained from melted sulphur by a method of treatment which it is needless to describe; and camphor, or white arsenic, if heated in a glass tube, will be first volatilised, and then deposited in a ring of crystals higher up, at the first point where the temperature is sufficiently low. All these are instances of crystallisation without a solvent, and are adduced as showing the essential nature of the process. In obtaining crystals of substances that are commonly used in that form, it is the practice to employ solvents; because the resistance of the liquid medium renders the process more gradual, affords opportunities of modifying it by art, and enables the operator to obtain large and perfect results. The crystalline form is to some extent a guarantee of purity, or, at least, of the absence of adulteration; hence, both in medicine and the arts, many salts are subjected to tedious processes for no other purpose than to assume this form.

When some substance readily soluble and crystallisable, as saltpetre, alum, Glauber's salt, or Epsom salt, is put into water at the temperature of the atmosphere, the mixture immediately becomes colder. It requires heat, in order to loosen and separate the integral particles of the salt, so that the water may dissolve them; and thus the salt absorbs and removes heat from the water into itself, and the water removes heat from all surrounding things—from the air, from

the containing vessel, from the hand, or the thermometer by which this vessel may be touched. After a time, this process comes to an end, either by the salt being all dissolved, or by the water having dissolved as much as it is able to sustain; and then the mixture is gradually raised to the temperature of the air around it. If it be now carried to a colder place, some of the heat necessary to keep the particles of the salt asunder and in solution is withdrawn; and these particles, in quantity proportionate to the fall of temperature, cohere into crystals, and attach themselves to the sides or bottom of the containing vessel, or to any projecting point that may offer itself. If the temperature were then raised, they would be re-dissolved; and if it were then again lowered, they would once more be deposited. In practice, it is found most expedient to make hot solutions, from which crystallisation takes place as they cool—an arrangement which supersedes the necessity of any contrivances for lowering the temperature. In a general way, it is important to the process of crystallisation that the liquid should not be shaken or disturbed, but some slight motion between its particles seems necessary in order to initiate the process, which does not commence at all in a state of absolute repose. A saturated hot solution of Glauber's salt, if allowed to cool in perfect stillness, will remain liquid as long as the stillness is preserved, but the slightest movement or tremor—even a wave of the hand through the air in its vicinity—will instantly transform the solution into a solid mass, some of the water entering into the composition of the crystals, and some being retained by interstices in their structure. In the same manner, water may be cooled to a very low temperature without change; and then, upon the slightest disturbance, will freeze (i. e., crystallise) throughout. But, when the process is once set on foot, any agitation diminishes the size of the crystals, a similar effect being produced if the solution be permitted to cool too rapidly. Hence, in pursuing crystallisation as an art, there are many minutiae that require attention.

That familiar cottage ornament, the alumbasket, and the equally familiar sugar-candy, illustrate the predilection of crystals for some point of attachment nearer than the sides of the vessel, and the certainty with which the process is carried on around any such nucleus that is provided. It is well known that strings are strained through the syrup to obtain the candy, and that the little basket is suspended in the alum solution. Then the tiny and invisible particles are gradually drawn together towards the foundation thus afforded, and presently little glittering specks may be discerned entangled among the fibres of the threads, or studding the network of the basket. If the matter be well managed, these specks increase steadily in size, by the regular addition of fresh atoms to every part;

but if the temperature be not attended to, or the solution be improperly disturbed, they increase chiefly in numbers, and the larger crystals are apt to be disfigured by adhering small ones. The beautiful crystalline masses that are now so common as ornaments in a druggist's window, and that were so conspicuous at the Industrial Exhibition of eighteen hundred and fifty-one, cannot be produced without the greatest care and attention, each crystal being separated from the mother liquor when it has attained a sufficient size, and being placed alone in a shallow pan, perfectly glazed, at a temperature carefully regulated, and under a solution of a specified strength. It is then turned over from day to day, as otherwise the facet in contact with the pan would be prevented from increasing, and a deformed crystal would result. It is also carefully supplied with fresh solution from time to time: because, if that around it were exhausted, its most prominent angles would be re-dissolved. By neglecting these precautions, deformed or monstrous crystals are obtained, and are exhibited, perhaps, as often as the perfect ones. Crystalline masses of the blue sulphate of copper, the red chromate of potash, of alum, and some other salts, may be produced of almost any magnitude that is desired.

The simple forms of crystals are not numerous, and are all traceable to a cube, from which certain portions have been cut off. If I had any way of describing them in English, without long words and prolixity, I would endeavour to avail myself of it. But an octohedron with triangular bases is the mildest known example of scientific crystalline nomenclature, and the terms at the other end of the scale, like the technicalities of most secondary sciences, are cacophonous and sesquipedalian beyond compare,—harder to pronounce than the song of *Hiawatha*, more difficult to remember than the names in the roll-call of old Fritz's Polish regiment. The secondary or compound forms are almost infinite; but the crystals presenting them may generally be cut, by cleavage, to some simple shape. It is this property which enables lapidaries to cut gems in certain directions; the translucent precious stones being all natural crystals, and having each its primary or natural shape. It may safely be presumed that they were produced by fusion or solution at a temperature and under conditions which it would be impossible even to conjecture.

The larger crystals, which are sought for in the arts, have no advantage over the small in point of beauty, except such as is due to their being more readily examined and appreciated. Snow seen through a microscope exhibits the most beautiful, and infinitely varied crystalline phenomena, of any known substance. A volume of plates would fail to exhaust all the shapes and positions in which the delicate needles of ice cohere—forming wreaths, and wheels, and arrows, and stars,

and resemblances to almost every object in art or nature. In like manner, the minute crystals or raphides that are found in certain plants, and especially in rhubarb, are well worthy of microscopic examination.

The manner in which crystals fasten upon any nucleus that occupies a prominent position in the liquid affording them is a fact applied to many useful purposes in the arts. Not only does it facilitate all kinds of ornamental crystallisation, from the alum-basket upwards, but it enables the chemist to draw together, and collect readily, the smallest quantities that can be thrown down from solution. Where only two or three very minute crystals can be deposited, it is usual to place a morsel of thread, or other fitting nucleus, into the liquor; and upon this nucleus, if anywhere, the crystals will be found. In larger undertakings, a nucleus is often supplied to act as a skeleton, and to determine the general shape of the mass that is to be produced.

Native crystals, many of which it is beyond the power of art to imitate, have been formed in various ways, both by solution and by fusion. The diamond is, perhaps, the most remarkable of them; and, as now discovered, usually appears to have been subjected to attrition under water, by which its shape has been modified and its lustre obscured, so that cutting and polishing are required for the development of its beauties. It is universally known to consist of pure carbon (the same substance with which we are familiar as charcoal and as plumbago), but which cannot be either fused or dissolved, and consequently cannot be crystallised by any means at present known. Such means have been eagerly sought for, however, since the composition of the diamond has been discovered; and there seems no reason why they should not one day be found. The crystallisation of boron—a substance having some analogies to charcoal, and heretofore only obtained in powder—has lately been announced, and the crystals formed, although too small to have any great value, are said to resemble the diamond in lustre and refractive power. If this be so, there can be little doubt that they will be used, as the art of forming them is perfected, for ornamental purposes; and it is possible that the crystallisation of boron may lead on to that of carbon itself. It is curious to reflect how the speculations and experiments of the alchemists would have been affected if they had possessed our knowledge of the composition of the diamond, and how they would have abandoned their endeavours at the transmutation of metals, to search for a road to wealth more rapid and seemingly more easy of attainment. The alkahest, or universal solvent, which was the object of enthusiastic quest among the less mercenary or more scientific of the alchemists, would have supplied the means, if discovered, of converting the most universal and valueless of substances into the most precious of gems;

for it may fairly be presumed that, carbon once dissolved, diamonds would be deposited from the solution. Hence it is not impossible that the making of diamonds may take its place some day among the morning amusements of young ladies, side by side with bread-seals and embroidery,—that an improvement on the Koh-i-Noor may be a toy for children, or an ornament on a mantel-piece,—and that the coronation-dress of Prince Esterhazy may be adopted to the partial extinction of King Charles the Second and Don Cesar de Bazan as a stock favourite at London fancy balls. For it is usually found in the progress of modern times that a discovery is not made until it is inevitable: until the general advancement of science has brought it within the grasp of many persons, every one of whom must light upon it before long. The actual priority which constitutes what we call a discoverer is due as often as not to some trivial or seemingly accidental circumstance which brings a particular fact under notice to-day instead of to-morrow; hence we so often hear from different parts of the world conflicting claims—turning upon days or hours—to such priority. Hence, also, the man who first made a diamond would have little prospect of enriching himself by the practice of his art in secret, or would be compelled, at least, to lose no time in doing so. Others would be certain soon to follow in his track, and his secret would be one that could not be long preserved.

Among other natural crystals there are many that deserve our notice, and that tell tales of eventful periods in the earth's past history. The varieties of rock crystal, their beauties, their curious refracting properties, and the mediæval legends of spirits imprisoned within their translucent walls, would alone furnish matter for an article. I say mediæval legends, but should add that they were by no means confined to the period in which they arose. Not seven years ago, in London, there was exhibited, with a sort of semi-publicity, a ball of rock crystal the size of an orange, which had originally been the pendant to a chandelier, and which the then owner had bought for twelve shillings at the sale of the Countess of Blessington. In this he stated that spirits were confined, and that his son—a lad of twelve years old—could see them, and could obtain from them responses to any questions that were asked.* People flocked to the house; and, among others, at least one bishop of the English Church put questions to the spirits in the crystal ball. The owner and his son—it was said to be the moral purity of the latter that enabled him to hold intercourse with the unseen world—emboldened by success, began to enlarge the sphere of their operations. Not content with ordinary fortune-telling, and with accounts of the health and actions of absent

friends of the questioners; not content with announcing the precise latitude and longitude in which Sir John Franklin and his followers were alive and well, but very thin; not content even with the promulgation of a new theological scheme;—not content with this, the son began to call the spirits of the dead into the piece of crystal, to ask in what planet they were then located, and to make sketches of them for inquiring friends. He succeeded tolerably well as long as he confined himself to persons recently deceased; but the boy was not possessed of sufficient historical knowledge to carry back his drawings very far; and, not even being aware of his ignorance, he broke down. Still there were some staunch believers who stuck to him through good or evil report; and, among others, a manufacturer who was making his preparations for the Exhibition of eighteen hundred and fifty-one, and who frequently suspected his workmen of revealing his trade secrets to his rivals. So he discharged the workmen whenever the spirits in the crystal were said to confirm his suspicions, and was constant in his applications to the lad who served as medium. The writer has more than once seen this man at the house where this abominable folly and wickedness was carried on, and has heard him announce his intention of dismissing persons in his employ, on no better ground than the answers given by the young jæskanapes who was associated with his father in the conduct of the imposture.

This digression leaves space for no more description of natural crystals, except in the case of one mineral, likely soon to be of great importance in the arts, and to which reference was made in a recent number.† This mineral is cryolite, a substance found in Greenland in great abundance; and which contains thirteen per cent. of aluminium. Cryolite is white, possessing an obscurely crystalline texture, and bearing much resemblance to petrified spermaceti—if such a petrification were conceivable. It is tasteless, insoluble in water, and its crystalline form appears to have been assumed in cooling from a state of fusion. It is a double fluoride of aluminium and sodium; and the former of its two metallic bases, although hitherto only separated from it by the use of more sodium—a method too expensive for general application—will, doubtless, in the course of a short time, be obtained more cheaply: either by a new method of reduction, or by a less costly process than that already followed for the procuring of sodium itself. In the meanwhile, cryolite is put to the question, both ordinary and extraordinary, in many laboratories; and the chemist who tortures it successfully, and who extracts, by simple means, the precious metal it conceals, will not only make a fabulous fortune for himself, but will open a new era of prosperity to Greenland's icy mountains.

* See Household Words, Volume the Second, page two hundred and eighty-five.

† Volume Fourteen, page five hundred and nine.

The probable future value of this mineral—which, long known, has, until now, been considered worthless, might furnish the text of a discourse upon the hidden treasures of nature, and the possible sources of material prosperity to our descendants; a discourse in which no flight of imagination could be called visionary by sober men, and which might exhaust the dreams of an enthusiast without approaching to the events that will be seen. Professor Sedgwick long ago epitomised the accomplished labour of geologists, by comparing those philosophers, in their relation to the earth's crust, to "an old hen, scratching in the corner of a ten-acre field." It is probable that his contemptuous parallel falls even short of expressing our ignorance of the riches scattered beneath our very feet—and just hinted at, or foreshadowed to our fancy, by the gold-fields of California and Australasia, and by the discovery of the sources and the utility of aluminium.

We have spoken, in the opening paragraph, of the suggestive character of the phenomena of crystallisation. In the regularity of their occurrence—by virtue of a law which we can discern only in its operation, and define only by describing its results—they appear to show, even to minds the least accustomed to such a train of thought, the direct and visible working of that Mighty Hand, by which the order of the universe is sustained. In many departments of science and of art, as in many of the walks of daily life, the great first cause is obscured by the presence of subordinate, but nearer, human agencies. But, in contemplating the characteristic forms of crystals of which the dissevered particles have united themselves—whether they were separated yesterday, by the hand of an experimenter, or countless ages ago, when the world was convulsed by forces of whose power we can form some faint conjecture from the visible traces of their effects—in such contemplation the student is brought, as it were, face to face with Him who is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.

PAN.

The Ancients have exquisitely described Nature under the person of Pan.—*BACON'S WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS.*

I AM the All—the soul created One—
The solitary Life beside the Life
Which fashion'd me from gusty darkness, flaw'd
With uproar of pre-natal elements:
And thus I dwell through all the quiet years,
A loneliness within a loneliness,
Myself sufficient to myself, and hush'd
By that most ancient silence in my heart,
Answering the silence over all; whereto
The babbling of my multitudinous tongues
Is as the voice of leaves in stillest night.

All aspects, sounds and movements, dwell in me.
The knotty forests, and the mountains old,
And the rich valleys, and the cataracts,

Dancing like youth eternal, and the wealth
Of the unmaster'd and rebellious sea,
And flowers, and herbs, and roots, and leaves, and
seeds,
With whatsoever in the gorgeous gloom
Of mines and central chasms may be hid;
Man, and the high-tower'd cities which he builds;
All lower forms of animal life—beasts, birds,
The swift, cold shapes of oceans, streams, and
pools,
Dull reptiles and obscure vitalities,
Monstrous developments, and prodigious births,
Motes of intense existence, beyond sight,
And the pale race of ante-natal germs,
Faint atoms on sensation's utter verge;—
All these are parts of me: yea, more than these.
All central suns,—even to that which is
The centre of all centres, bright and vast,—
Lighten, and burn, and orb their golden fires,
In me for ever: all attendant moons,
Kindling their white souls in the dreadful dark,
Are quicken'd by the life that is in me:
Mine are the lapsing planets, beamy-faced,
The lucid children of the suns, for aye
Peopling my vasts of silence and old Night:
Mine are those swift and haggard wanderers
Of the abyss, comets, drawn on through space
By strong enchantment of the unknown sun;
And mine are all the drifting nebulae
Of shapeless slime and mist, wherefrom new stars,
The happy homes of life and love, shall rise,
And warm the unilluminated gulfs
With spheres of rapid splendour. Meteor-shapes
Of the red storm, and acres of colour'd light
Built by the sun and ruin across the voids,
And vaporous stars, perishing utterly,
And the swift lightning's momentary noon,
Sky-flames, and visions in the homeless clouds
(The brief and rich enchantments of the heaven,
Dying in their height of glory), ghostly fogs,
And singing rains out of immensity,
And noiseless snow-falls, and the iron showers
Of hail and sleet, black Winter's javelins,
And billowy thunders, rolling into space,
And dews, and winds, and the diaphanous air;—
These, too, are in my universal round.

My lower frame is rough, and wild, and
grim;
Brute matter, torn with savage energies;
The old rebellion of swart Chaos, still
Struggling with Love, the always-youthful god,
The Reconciler. Bat, far up, I bask
For ever in the long celestial calm.
Behold! the stars are quivering on my breast!
Behold! my face is golden-bright with fire!
And upward from my head two horny beams
Stretch lengthening into heaven, with thrill on
thrill
Of endless aspiration, deathless hope.
So is it with all individual life:—
Below all forms are diverse, opposite,
Confounded with their contraries, cross-cut
With wranglings and with jealousies, grotesque,
Irreconcilable, and reeling back
To their original atoms: higher up,
Come fitness and consent of part with part,
Making one harmony; while, at the peak
Of the ever-sharpening pyramid of things,
The mystery of the unincarnate Jove
Lies like a consummation; into which
All figures sharpen upward, and are lost,—

All shapes, all hues, all odours, and all sounds,
 Pass, as the flushings of the rainy bow
 Fade in the vast and all-inspiring air.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST. THE MYRTLE ROOM.

A BROAD, square window, with small panes and dark sashes; dreary yellow light, glimmering through the dirt of half a century, crusted on the glass; purer rays striking across the dimness through the fissures of three broken panes; dust floating upward, pouring downward, rolling smoothly round and round in the still atmosphere; lofty, bare, faded red walls; chairs in confusion, tables placed awry; a tall black bookcase, with an open door half dropping from its hinges; a pedestal, with a broken bust lying in fragments at its feet; a ceiling darkened by stains, a floor whitened by dust;—such was the aspect of the Myrtle Room when Rosamond first entered it, leading her husband by the hand.

After passing the doorway, she slowly advanced a few steps, and then stopped, waiting with every sense on the watch, with every faculty strung up to the highest pitch of expectation—waiting in the ominous stillness, in the forlorn solitude, for the vague Something which the room might contain, which might rise visibly before her, which might sound audibly behind her, which might touch her on a sudden from above, from below, from either side. A minute, or more, she breathlessly waited; and nothing appeared, nothing sounded, nothing touched her. The silence and the solitude had their secret to keep, and kept it.

She looked round at her husband. His face, so quiet and composed at other times, expressed doubt and uneasiness now. His disengaged hand was outstretched, and moving backwards and forwards and up and down, in the vain attempt to touch something which might enable him to guess at the position in which he was placed. His look and action, as he stood in that new and strange sphere, the mute appeal that he made so sadly and so unconsciously to his wife's loving help, restored Rosamond's self-possession by recalling her heart to the dearest of all its interests, to the holiest of all its cares. Her eyes, fixed so distrustfully, but the moment before, on the dreary spectacle of neglect and ruin which spread around them, turned fondly to her husband's face, radiant with the unfathomable brightness of pity and love. She bent quickly across him, caught his outstretched arm, and pressed it to his side.

"Don't do that, darling," she said, gently; "I don't like to see it. It looks as if you had forgotten that I was with you—as if you were left alone and helpless. What need have you of your sense of touch, when you have got me? Did you hear me open the

door, Lenny? Do you know that we are in the Myrtle Room?"

"What did you see, Rosamond, when you opened the door? What do you see now?" He asked those questions rapidly and eagerly, in a whisper.

"Nothing but dust and dirt and desolation. The loneliest moor in Cornwall is not so lonely-looking as this room; but there is nothing to alarm us, nothing (except one's own fancy) that suggests an idea of danger of any kind."

"What made you so long before you spoke to me, Rosamond?"

"I was frightened, love, on first entering the room—not at what I saw, but at my own fanciful ideas of what I might see. I was child enough to be afraid of something starting out of the walls, or of something rising through the floor; in short, of I hardly know what. I have got over those fears, Lenny, but a certain distrust of the room still clings to me. Do you feel it?"

"I feel something like it," he replied uneasily. "I feel as if the night that is always before my eyes was darker to me in this place than in any other. Where are we standing now?"

"Just inside the door."

"Does the floor look safe to walk on?" He tried it suspiciously with his foot as he put the question.

"Quite safe," replied Rosamond. "It would never support the furniture that is on it, if it was so rotten as to be dangerous. Come across the room with me, and try it." With those words she led him slowly to the window.

"The air seems as if it was nearer to me," he said, bending his face forward towards the lowest of the broken panes. "What is before us now?"

She told him, describing minutely the size and appearance of the window. He turned from it carelessly, as if that part of the room had no interest for him. Rosamond still lingered near the window to try if she could feel a breath of the outer atmosphere. There was a momentary silence, which was broken by her husband.

"What are you doing now?" he asked anxiously.

"I am looking out at one of the broken panes of glass, and trying to get some air," answered Rosamond. "The shadow of the house is below me, resting on the lonely garden; but there is no coolness breathing up from it. I see the tall weeds rising straight and still, and the tangled wild-flowers interlacing themselves heavily. There is a tree near me, and the leaves look as if they were all struck motionless. Away to the left, there is a peep of white sea and tawny sand quivering in the yellow heat. There are no clouds; there is no blue sky. The mist quenches the brightness of the sunlight, and lets nothing but the fire of it through.

There is something threatening in the sky, and the earth seems to know it!"

"But the room! the room!" said Leonard, drawing her aside from the window. "Never mind the view; tell me what the room is like, exactly what it is like. I shall not feel easy about you, Rosamond, if you don't describe everything to me just as it is."

"My darling! You know you can depend on my describing everything. I am only doubting where to begin, and how to make sure of seeing for you, what you are likely to think most worth looking at. Here is an old ottoman against the wall—the wall where the window is. I will take off my apron, and dust the seat for you; and then you can sit down, and listen comfortably, while I tell you, before we think of anything else, what the room is like, to begin with. First of all, I suppose, I must make you understand how large it is?"

"Yes, that is the first thing. Try if you can compare it with any room that I was familiar with, before I lost my sight."

Rosamond looked backwards and forwards, from wall to wall—then went to the fire-place, and walked slowly down the length of the room, counting her steps. Pacing over the dusty floor with a dainty regularity and a childish satisfaction in looking down at the gay pink rosettes on her morning-shoes; holding up her crisp, bright muslin dress out of the dirt, and showing the fanciful embroidery of her petticoat, and the glossy stockings that fitted her little feet and ankles like a second skin, she moved through the dreariness, the desolation, the dingy ruin of the scene around her, the most charming living contrast to its dead gloom that youth, health, and beauty could present.

Arrived at the bottom of the room, she reflected a little, and said to her husband:—

"Do you remember the blue drawing-room, Lenny, in your father's house at Long Beckley? I think this room is quite as large, if not larger."

"What are the walls like?" asked Leonard, placing his hand on the wall behind him while he spoke. "They are covered with paper, are they not?"

"Yes; with faded red paper, except on one side, where strips have been torn off and thrown on the floor. There is wainscoting round the walls. It is cracked in many places, and has ragged holes in it, which seem to have been made by the rats and mice."

"Are there any pictures on the walls?"

"No. There is an empty frame over the fire-place. And, opposite—I mean just above where I am standing now—there is a small mirror, cracked in the centre, with broken branches for candlesticks projecting on either side of it. Above that, again, there is a stag's head and antlers; some of the face has dropped away, and a perfect maze of cobwebs is stretched between the horns. On

the other walls there are large nails, with more cobwebs hanging down from them heavy with dirt—but no pictures anywhere. Now you know everything about the walls. What is the next thing? The floor?"

"I think, Rosamond, my feet have told me already what the floor is like."

"They may have told you that it is bare, dear; but I can tell you more than that. It slopes down from every side towards the middle of the room. It is covered thick with dust, which is swept about—I suppose by the wind blowing through the broken panes—into strange, wavy, feathery shapes that quite hide the floor beneath. Lenny! suppose these boards should be made to take up anywhere! If we discover nothing to-day, we will have them swept to-morrow. In the meantime, I must go on telling you about the room, must I not? You know already what the size of it is, what the window is like, what the walls are like, what the floor is like. Is there anything else before we come to the furniture? O, yes! the ceiling—for that completes the shell of the room. I can't see much of it, it is so high. There are great cracks and stains from one end to the other, and the plaster has come away in patches in some places. The centre ornament seems to be made of alternate rows of small plaster cab-bages and large plaster lozenges. Two bits of chain hang down from the middle, which, I suppose, once held a chandelier. The cornice is so dingy that I can hardly tell what pattern it represents. It is very broad and heavy, and it looks in some places as if it had once been coloured, and that is all I can say about it. Do you feel as if you thoroughly understood the whole room now, Lenny?"

"Thoroughly, my love; I have the same clear picture of it in my mind which you always give me of everything you see. You need waste no more time on me. We may now devote ourselves to the purpose for which we came here."

At those last words, the smile which had been dawning on Rosamond's face when her husband addressed her, vanished from it in a moment. She stole close to his side, and, bending down over him, with her arm on his shoulder, said, in low, whispering tones:—

"When we had the other room opened, opposite the landing, we began by examining the furniture. We thought—if you remember—that the mystery of the Myrtle Room might be connected with hidden valuables that had been stolen, or hidden papers that ought to have been destroyed, or hidden stains and traces of some crime, which even a chair or a table might betray. Shall we examine the furniture here?"

"Is there much of it, Rosamond?"

"More than there was in the other room," she answered.

"More than you can examine in one morning?"

"No; I think not."

"Then begin with the furniture, if you have no better plan to propose. I am but a helpless adviser at such a crisis as this: I must leave the responsibilities of decision, after all, to rest on your shoulders. Yours are the eyes that look, and the hands that search; and, if the secret of Mrs. Jazeph's reason for warning you against entering this room, is to be found by seeking in the room, *you* will find it——"

"And you will know it, Lenny, as soon as it is found. I won't hear you talk, love, as if there was any difference between us, or any superiority in my position over yours. Now, let me see. What shall I begin with? The tall bookcase opposite the window? or the dingy old writing-table, in the recess behind the fire-place? Those are the two largest pieces of furniture that I can see in the room."

"Begin with the book-case, my dear, as you seem to have noticed that first."

Rosamond advanced a few steps towards the book-case—then stopped, and looked aside suddenly to the lower end of the room.

"Lenny! I forgot one thing, when I was telling you about the walls," she said. "There are two doors in the room besides the door we came in at. They are both in the wall to the right, as I stand now with my back to the window. Each is at the same distance from the corner, and each is of the same size and appearance. Don't you think we ought to open them, and see where they lead to?"

"Certainly. But are the keys in the locks?"

Rosamond approached more closely to the doors, and answered in the affirmative.

"Open them, then," said Leonard. "Stop! not by yourself. Take me with you. I don't like the idea of sitting here, and leaving you to open those doors by yourself."

Rosamond retraced her steps to the place where he was sitting, and then led him with her to the door that was farthest from the window. "Suppose there should be some dreadful sight behind it!" she said, trembling a little, as she stretched out her hand towards the key.

"Try to suppose (what is much more probable), that it only leads into another room," suggested Leonard.

Rosamond threw the door wide open, suddenly. Her husband was right. It merely led into the next room.

They passed on to the second door. "Can this one serve the same purpose as the other?" said Rosamond, slowly and distrustfully turning the key.

She opened it as she had opened the first door, put her head inside it for an instant, drew back, shuddering, and closed it again violently, with a faint exclamation of disgust. "Don't be alarmed, Lenny," she said, leading him away abruptly. "The door only opens

on a large, empty cupboard. But there are quantities of horrible, crawling brown creatures about the wall inside. I have shut them in again in their darkness and their secrecy; and now I am going to take you back to your seat, before we find out, next, what the book-case contains."

The door of the upper part of the book-case hanging open and half-dropping from its hinges, showed the emptiness of the shelves on one side at a glance. The corresponding door, when Rosamond pulled it open, disclosed exactly the same spectacle of bareness on the other side. Over every shelf there spread the same dreary accumulation of dust and dirt, without a vestige of a book, without even a stray scrap of paper, lying anywhere in a corner to attract the eye, from top to bottom.

The lower portion of the bookcase was divided into three cupboards. In the door of one of the three, the rusty key remained in the lock. Rosamond turned it with some difficulty, and looked into the cupboard. At the back of it were scattered a pack of playing cards, brown with dirt. A morsel of torn, tangled muslin lay among them, which, when Rosamond spread it out, proved to be the remains of a clergyman's band. In one corner she found a broken corkscrew, and the winch of a fishing-rod; in another, some stumps of tobacco pipes, a few old medicine bottles, and a dog's-eared pedlar's song-book. These were all the objects that the cupboard contained. After Rosamond had scrupulously described each one of them to her husband, just as she found it, she went on to the second cupboard. On trying the door, it turned out not to be locked. On looking inside, she discovered nothing but some pieces of blackened cotton wool, and the remains of a jeweller's packing-case.

The third door was locked, but the rusty key from the first cupboard opened it. Inside, there was but one object—a small wooden box, banded round with a piece of tape, the two edges of which were fastened together by a seal. Rosamond's flagging interest rallied instantly at this discovery. She described the box to her husband, and asked if he thought she was justified in breaking the seal.

"Can you see anything written on the cover?" he inquired.

Rosamond carried the box to the window, blew the dust off the top of it, and read, on a parchment label nailed to the cover: PAPERS. JOHN ARTHUR TREVERTON. 1760.

"I think you may take the responsibility of breaking the seal," said Leonard. "If those papers had been of any family importance, they could scarcely have been left forgotten in an old book-case by your father and his executors."

Rosamond broke the seal, then looked up doubtfully at her husband before she opened the box. "It seems a mere waste of time to

look into this," she said. "How can a box that has not been opened since seventeen hundred and sixty help us to discover the mystery of Mrs. Jazeph and the Myrtle Room?"

"But do we know that it has not been opened since then?" said Leonard. "Might not the tape and seal have been put round it by anybody at some more recent period of time? You can judge best, because you can see if there is any inscription on the tape, or any signs to form an opinion by, upon the seal."

"The seal is a blank, Lenny, except that it has a flower like a Forget-me-not in the middle. I can see no mark of a pen on either side of the tape. Anybody in the world might have opened the box before me," she continued, forcing up the lid easily with her hands, "for the lock is no protection to it. The wood of the cover is so rotten that I have pulled the staple out, and left it sticking by itself in the lock below."

On examination, the box proved to be full of papers. At the top of the uppermost packet were written these words:—"Election expenses. I won by four votes. Price fifty pounds each. J. A. Trevorton." The next layer of papers had no inscription. Rosamond opened them, and read on the first leaf:—"Birthday Ode. Respectfully addressed to the Mæcenæas of modern times in his poetic retirement at Porthgenna." Below this production, appeared a collection of old bills, old notes of invitation, old doctor's prescriptions, and old leaves of betting-books, tied together with a piece of whipcord. Last of all, there lay on the bottom of the box, one thin leaf of paper, the visible side of which presented a perfect blank. Rosamond took it up, turned it to look at the other side, and saw some faint ink lines crossing each other in various directions, and having letters of the alphabet attached to them in certain places. She had made her husband acquainted with the contents of all the other papers, as a matter of course; and when she had described this last paper to him, he explained to her that the lines and letters represented a mathematical problem.

"The book-case tells us nothing," said Rosamond, slowly putting the papers back in the box. "Shall we try the writing-table by the fire-place, next?"

"What does it look like, Rosamond?"

"It has two rows of drawers down each side; and the whole top is made in an odd, old-fashioned way to slope upwards, like a very large writing-desk."

"Does the top open?"

Rosamond went to the table, examined it narrowly, and then tried to raise the top. "It is made to open, for I see the keyhole," she said. "But it is locked. And all the drawers," she continued, trying them one after another, "are locked too."

"Is there no key in any of them?" asked Leonard.

"Not a sign of one. But the top feels so loose that I really think it might be forced open—as I forced the little box open just now—by a pair of stronger hands than I can boast of. Let me take you to the table, dear; it may give way to your strength, though it will not to mine."

She placed her husband's hands carefully under the ledge formed by the overhanging top of the table. He exerted his whole strength to force it up; but, in this case, the wood was sound, the lock held, and all his efforts were in vain.

"Must we send for a locksmith?" asked Rosamond, with a look of disappointment.

"If the table is of any value, we must," returned her husband. "If not, a screw-driver and a hammer will open both the top and the drawers, in anybody's hands."

"In that case, Lenny, I wish we had brought them with us when we came into the room; for the only value of the table lies in the secrets that it may be hiding from us. I shall not feel satisfied, until you and I know what there is inside of it."

While saying these words, she took her husband's hand to lead him back to his seat. As they passed before the fire-place, he stepped upon the bare stone hearth; and, feeling some new substance under his feet, instinctively stretched out the hand that was free. It touched a marble tablet, with figures on it in basso-relievo, which had been let into the middle of the chimney-piece. He stopped immediately, and asked what the object was that his fingers had accidentally touched.

"A piece of sculpture," said Rosamond. "I did not notice it before. It is not very large, and not particularly attractive, according to my taste. So far as I can tell, it seems to be intended to represent——"

Leonard stopped her before she could say any more. "Let me try, for once, if I can't make a discovery for myself," he said, a little impatiently. "Let me try if my fingers won't tell me what this sculpture is meant to represent."

He passed his hands carefully over the basso-relievo (Rosamond watching their slightest movement with silent interest, the while), considered a little, and said:—

"Is there not a figure of a man sitting down, in the right hand corner? And are there not rocks and trees, very stiffly done, high up, at the left hand side?"

Rosamond looked at him tenderly, and smiled. "My poor dear!" she said. "Your man sitting down is, in reality, a miniature copy of the famous ancient statue of Niobe and her child; your rocks are marble imitations of clouds, and your stiffly done trees are arrows darting out from some invisible Jupiter or Apollo, or other heathen god. Ah, Lenny, Lenny! you can't trust your touch, love, as you can trust me!"

A momentary shade of vexation passed

across his face; but it vanished the instant she took his hand again, to lead him back to his seat. He drew her to him gently, and kissed her cheek. "You are right, Rosamond," he said. "The one faithful friend to me in my blindness who never fails, is my wife."

Seeing him look a little saddened, and feeling, with the quick intuition of a woman's affection, that he was thinking of the days when he had enjoyed the blessing of sight, Rosamond returned abruptly, as soon as she saw him seated once more on the ottoman, to the subject of the Myrtle Room.

"Where shall I look next, dear?" she said.

"The bookcase we have examined. The writing-table we must wait to examine. What else is there, that has a cupboard or a drawer in it?" She looked round her in perplexity: then walked away towards the part of the room to which her attention had been last drawn—the part where the fireplace was situated.

"I thought I noticed something here, Lenny, when I passed just now with you," she said, approaching the second recess behind the mantelpiece, corresponding with the recess in which the writing-table stood.

She looked into the place closely, and detected in a corner, darkened by the shadow of the heavy projecting mantelpiece, a narrow, ricketty little table, made of the commonest mahogany—the frailest, poorest, least conspicuous piece of furniture in the whole room. She pushed it out contemptuously into the light with her foot. It ran on clumsy old-fashioned castors, and creaked wearily as it moved.

"Lenny, I have found another table," said Rosamond. "A miserable, forlorn-looking little thing, lost in a corner. I have just pushed it into the light, and I have discovered one drawer in it." She paused, and tried to open the drawer; but it resisted her. "Another lock!" she exclaimed impatiently. "Even this wretched thing is closed against us!"

She pushed the table sharply away with her hand. It swayed on its frail legs, tottered, and fell over on the floor—fell as heavily as a table of twice its size—fell with a shock that rang through the room, and repeated itself again and again in the echoes of the lonesome north hall.

Rosamond ran to her husband, seeing him start from his seat in alarm, and told him what had happened. "You called it a little table," he replied, in astonishment. "It fell like one of the largest pieces of furniture in the room!"

"Surely there must have been something heavy in the drawer!" said Rosamond, approaching the table with her spirits still fluttered by the shock of its unnaturally heavy fall. After waiting for a few moments to give the dust which it had raised, and

which still hung over it in thick lazy clouds, time to disperse, she stooped down and examined it. It was cracked across the top from end to end, and the lock had been broken away from its fastenings by the fall.

She set the table up again carefully, drew out the drawer, and, after a glance at its contents, turned to her husband. "I knew it," she said. "I knew there must have been something heavy in the drawer. It is full of pieces of copper-ore, like those specimens of my father's, Lenny, from Portgenna mine? Wait! I think I feel something else, as far away at the back here as my hand can reach."

She extricated from the lumps of ore at the back of the drawer, a small circular picture-frame of black wood, about the size of an ordinary hand-glass. It came out with the front part downwards, and with the area which its circle inclosed filled up by a thin piece of wood, of the sort which is used at the backs of small frames to keep drawings and engravings steady in them. This piece of wood (only secured to the back of the frame by one nail) had been forced out of its place, probably by the overthrow of the table; and when Rosamond took the frame out of the drawer, she observed between it and the dislodged piece of wood, the end of a morsel of paper, apparently folded many times over, so as to occupy the smallest possible space. She drew out the piece of paper, laid it aside on the table without unfolding it, replaced the piece of wood in its proper position, and then turned the frame round, to see if there was a picture in front.

There was a picture—a picture painted in oils, darkened, but not much faded, by age. It represented the head of a woman, and the figure, as far as the bosom.

The instant Rosamond's eyes fell on it, she shuddered, and hurriedly advanced towards her husband with the picture in her hand.

"Well, what have you found, now?" he enquired, hearing her approach.

"A picture," she answered faintly, stopping to look at it again.

Leonard's sensitive ear detected a change in her voice. "Is there anything that alarms you in the picture?" he asked, half in jest, half in earnest.

"There is something that startles me—something that seems to have turned me cold, for the moment, hot as the day is," said Rosamond. "Do you remember the description the servant-girl gave us, on the night when we arrived here, of the ghost of the north rooms?"

"Yes, I remember it perfectly."

"Lenny! that description and this picture are exactly alike! Here is the curling light-brown hair. Here is the dimple on each cheek. Here are the bright regular teeth. Here is that leering, wicked, fatal beauty which the girl tried to describe, and did describe, when she said it was awful!"

Leonard smiled. "That vivid fancy of yours, my dear, takes strange flights sometimes," he said quietly.

"Fancy!" repeated Rosamond to herself. "How can it be fancy when I see the face? how can it be fancy when I feel——" She stopped, shuddered again, and, returning hastily to the table, placed the picture on it, face downwards. As she did so, the morsel of folded paper which she had removed from the back of the frame caught her eye.

"There may be some account of the picture in this," she said, and stretched out her hand to it.

It was getting on towards noon. The heat weighed heavier on the air, and the stillness of all things was more intense than ever, as she took up the paper from the table, and opened it.

MANNERS MADE TO ORDER.

THERE have been men who held that manners grow, and cannot be put on and off like a coat. The mandarin devotes a considerable portion of his time to the calculation of the steps he ought to take in advance of every visitor who may honour him with a call; and, it is certain that the French Emperor's chamberlain only recently devoted his attention to the compilation of a description of the behaviour to be maintained by all who approach the Tuileries. Having lost the elaborate forms that, in the olden time, sprang from the tone of thought and morals then prevalent, men have endeavoured to fit them to modern society. Napoleon did not pay more attention to his celebrated code than he devoted to the etiquette of his palace, as his bulky book on the subject, bound in red and gold, plainly proves. Regnier Desmaries complained of the want of gallantry in the time of Louis the Fourteenth, and looked back mournfully a hundred years; just as, a century after his time, men turned to the great founder of Versailles as the first authority on manners—as the perfect gentleman. And now, seeing the dapper Bourse men in the broad avenue of the Champs Elysées, their hats cocked aside and useless glasses in their eyes, the old gentlemen of the Faubourg St. Germain, with their awfully deep stocks and their broad shoes, sigh touchingly for the days that are no more! There are no more children! is the exclamation in every Frenchman's mouth. Chivalry is dead since men now presume to remain covered before ladies, on the Boulevards. We discussed this point lately with a very ancient marquise.

This marquise was an extraordinary woman. She was living alone with her daughter in a two-pair back; she made her own bed; she cooked her own dinner; she swept her own little salon. We have seen her, in the courtyard, drawing a bucketful of water. Still,

discuss with her the temper of the times, and you would see her blood at once. As she washed the teacups or swept the hearth, she would tell you that Monsieur Un Tel was not gentilhomme; and that she had a suspicion that Monsieur Blanc was in business. Her daughter gave music lessons, at prices which would have proved to the English seamstress that she was not alone a miserable worker in the world; yet this young lady contrived to buy paper stamped with her father's coronet, and to express her scorn of tradesmen on every occasion. The contrast between the pretensions and the realities of the marquise and mademoiselle her daughter was ludicrous at first; but, by degrees, we fell in with their notions, and learned at all events to respect the dignity with which they bore the most terrible misfortunes. More, we saw that the marquise, who drew water in the morning, side by side with servants, in the evening claimed and obtained among her friends the respect usually accorded to her social rank. There was no greater stickler, among the old noblesse, than this same old lady, for the nicest details of behaviour. And it was with her that we ventured audaciously, one evening, to discuss the last question.

It was our opinion that a gentleman, on meeting a lady of his acquaintance on the Boulevards, some cold winter's day, having removed his hat when he accosted her, might replace it upon his head while he exchanged a few words.

"Horror!" exclaimed the marquise. "But there are no young men now. When I was a girl, a gentleman would have remained uncovered all the time he was addressing me, and if an east wind had been blowing its bitterest gusts! And now, monsieur, I maintain that every man is mauvais ton who does not hold his hat in his hand all the time he is addressing a lady."

The marquise belongs to a section of society that insists upon grafting dead branches of the past upon the vital limbs of the present. Seeing that manners have changed; and believing that all which has gone before, is better than all which actually exists, men have endeavoured, from time to time, to lay down laws of politeness, and to hold that they are irrevocable. M. de Meilhaurat's celebrated *Manuel du Sçavoir Vivre* is a notable instance of these endeavours to provide manners ready made to the people. Has he not the exact notes that should be written to sweethearts, mothers-in-law, fathers-in-ditto, to hosts and to guests? Are not his directions suggestive of the common occurrence of all the faults in behaviour he seeks to destroy? May we not fairly judge of what a person is likely to do, by the advice offered to him by his friend?

And so regarded, what shall we say of the manners as made to order by Miss Leslie, for observance in the United States? Shall we regard them as a satire on manners in

the United States? The picture is a strange one, it is also very amusing. Let us afford English ladies a list of what they must not do, whenever they happen to visit the United States, according to the authoress of the *Behaviour Book*.

They must not say: them there, I hadn't ought, pint for point, jint for joint, creatur for creature, nor great big for large. It sometimes happens that a lady puts on her collar unevenly. Well, on such distressing occasions, she is strongly recommended not to remark that it is put on drunk. A lady should never be floored, nor brought to the scratch. She should never ask an authoress how much she gets per page; nor pit her against a rival authoress; nor exclaim on seeing her confused table, you look quite littery; nor write authoress under her name when addressing a letter to her.

There are, however, more solemn occasions for the use of the *Behaviour Book*. Decorum in church, it will be agreed on all hands, is most desirable. Need we then apologise while, quoting from the American handbook, we bid English ladies, when they are on the other side of the Atlantic, not to "walk boldly up the middle aisle, to one of the best pews near the pulpit, and pertinaciously stand there, looking steadfastly at its rightful occupants, till one of them quits his own seat and gives it to her, getting another for himself where he can?" But if this proceeding have irresistible attractions for them, let them, at all events, when they have obtained seats, refrain from laughing or talking to their beaux above a whisper, or writing and passing about little notes. And then, when church is over and they are walking home through the streets, let them not call to a friend on the opposite side. If somebody fall down before them, let them remember that it is decidedly more feminine to utter an involuntary scream than to laugh.

They are perhaps going to pay a morning visit. On this occasion also, they will find the *Behaviour Book* a welcome friend. It will teach them not to stay with friends without an invitation; nor to question the servants about the family. On the other hand, hosts should not allow their children to ask visitors for money; nor have the hall lights put out, nor the furniture covered before the guests are gone; nor eat too fast; they should, on the contrary, either check the rapidity of their jaws, or eat a little more to keep the guest in countenance. There are times, indeed, when people decline to entertain visitors at all. These occasions appear in all families. They are unpleasant, but unavoidable. A visitor drops in at the family dinner-hour. Perhaps the viands are not sufficiently choice for his palate; perhaps the family wishes to be alone. Still, pray don't treat the unconscious intruder rudely. Don't slip out of the parlour one by one at a time, and steal away into the eating-room,

to avoid inviting the visitor! Just consider the look of the thing. The truth is always suspected! Then, again, will not the rattle of china, and the pervading fumes of hot cake betray the dreadful secret? It is well to know all this; for, these warnings kept back, how many distinguished strangers might stumble on the very threshold of American society!

It is always well to start properly; and, armed with a *Behaviour Book*, any English lady may confidently enter the train at Euston Square that is to bear her to a Transatlantic ship; for there are directions how to behave, even at sea. For instance, ladies are strongly recommended to wash the face daily. This direction proves the comprehensive treatment manners have received across the broad waters. Who otherwise would have thought of washing the face, every day, without missing even Sunday?

Arrived at an American hotel, let English ladies be very cautious, lest they disgust their fair Yankee sisters. We exhort them, taught by the *Behaviour Book*, not to push hard for a place near the head of the table; to keep their elbows off the cloth; to be neither loud nor boisterous in their mirth; to call a siesta a siesta, and not a snooze; to refrain from helping themselves with their own knives and forks, even to butter or salt. These restrictions are painful, it must be owned; but it is the duty—the first duty—of travellers to conform to the best manners of the people among whom they find themselves. It is hard not to wear palpably false diamonds; it is a bore when one cannot be conspicuously noisy at a public table. But, can human nature stand that rigidity of conduct which declines joggings, nudgings, pinchings, sleeve-pullings, and other attentions of equal delicacy among ladies and gentlemen, and which absolutely forbids them when the eye of the jogger is fixed upon the object of the jog. Society must be painfully straight-laced where these harmless elegancies are forbidden. But these are not the only obstacles in the path of a lady's happiness in the United States. She may neither gnaw, or know (as the *Behaviour Book* has it), bones, nor, as a compromise, suck them in public. Even the harmless amusement of holding their forks bolt upright, while carrying on a discussion, is denied to the sex. But when this severity reaches the climax of forbidding ladies the satisfaction of picking their teeth, and lapping up their soup without the artificial aid of a spoon, it is time to protest against a prinness worthy of the age of the Fourteenth Louis.

We have, however, presented to the ladies of England only the dark side of the picture. Let us now inform them, as a set-off to the above horrible restrictions on their enjoyment, that they may accept all kinds of presents from gentlemen. American ladies, it would appear, take advantage, with great success, of this permission—levying, with determined words, all

kinds of black mail upon defenceless bachelors. All that is reprehensible is, according to the Behaviour Book, to give broad hints. And this one permission is no small compensation for the sternness with which American etiquette denies ladies the luxury of biting their nails, looking through keyholes, or squirming—a process which consists of standing upon one leg and kicking out with the other. The gentleman who has enjoyed a lump of rice thrust into his honoured mouth by the condescending thumb of a pacha, who has been kissed by a Prussian, and who has turned his glass mouth downwards to his host at a Scandinavian banquet, will yet have something to learn from the American Behaviour Book. Even the conscientious student of the Berlin Compliment Book can hardly claim to be beyond the teaching of the American Lady Chesterfield.

DRAGONS, GRIFFINS, AND SALAMANDERS.

BARTHOLOMEW DE GLANVIL, a learned English Cordelier, who flourished in the middle of the thirteenth century, in a book which he wrote, having for its title *De Rerum Proprietatibus* (of the properties or nature of things) gave himself infinite trouble to ascertain what was what on a multiplicity of subjects which never had any real existence. Including Natural History amongst his researches, he went largely into the question of dragons, griffins, salamanders, and other creatures of the genus—Harris. In the chapter specially devoted to the properties of beasts, which have magnitude, strength and power in their brutalities, he discourses as follows, on the subject of the aforesaid apocryphal animals which he, as well as everybody else at that time, most implicitly believed in. Relying upon the authority of Isidore de Seville, who, being a Saint, was more behind the scenes than most folks, he tells us that the dragon is larger and longer than any other kind of serpent. The members of this family, which has furnished Art with so many striking illustrations, reside, he says, in deep caverns, from whence they frequently go flying forth, troubling the air with their pestilential breath, which they belch out in volumes of mingled smoke and flame. In the glare of the sun this vapour resembles fire; in the shade it has the appearance of a dense grey cloud. It would seem more natural that these distinctions should be reversed, but Glanvil must be allowed to tell his story his own way. This poisonous breath is of so mortal a nature, that whosoever it reaches experiences the sensation of being burnt and scalded, the skin rising instantaneously into enormous blisters. It has the property, also, of causing the sea—when they float over it—to swell as if under the influence of a tempest. So much internal caloric have these animals—so fully do they justify the invocation of Richard the Third,

who calls on fair St. George, to inspire his soldiers with the spleen of fiery dragons—that, when they rise in the air, they whistle and put out their tongues, drawing the wind towards them, in order to cool the intense heat generated by their venom. Sharp are their teeth, and pointed; crested their heads; fearful their talons, and tremendous the strength that abides in their tails. Their caudal extremity is, indeed, the dragon's chief weapon, for, though they can poison their antagonists, if they please, by simply breathing upon them, they prefer the bolder course of knocking them over with their tails. "There is no beast, however monstrous," says Glanvil, "that they cannot kill in this wise."

Antipathies between certain animals are, as we know from old writers, very often very strongly marked, but none exhibit so marvellous a propensity for hating each other as the elephant and the dragon. Dr. Johnson, who liked a good hater, would have been a great dragon-fancier; for I take it that the originator of the quarrel began with the winged perturbator, whose anger was a thing to be feared.

"Come not between the dragon and his wrath!" exclaims King Lear; and certainly, after reading Glanvil's account of the way in which he slays his foes, no one in his senses would like to interfere in his feuds. He has a motive for his enmity of the elephant, which I should not exactly call hatred, but self-interest. "The dragon," says Glanvil, "desires the death of the elephant, because the blood of that animal being cold" (which it is not) "allays the great heat and ardour of the dragon's poison, and therefore he drinketh it." To get at his adversary is the next thing; so the dragon settles upon a tree in the forest which the elephant frequents, and, when he perceives him approaching, artfully lowers his tail, and twisting it round the huge legs of the quadruped, throws him to the ground and kills him. Should the elephant, however, be up to that dodge, he makes for the tree on which the dragon is perched, and tries to uproot it; whereupon the dragon drops upon the elephant's shoulders and bites him between the ears, at the same time whisking his eyes out with his formidable tail. A raw once established, the dragon sucks the elephant's blood, at leisure, until he falls; but if he is not nimble he runs the risk of being crushed by the descent of his foe,—and thus," observes Glanvil, "they are frequently both killed at once."

The dragon is a thirsty soul, and St. Jerome attests the fact when alluding to the Prophet Jeremiah's description of the curse of drought (chapter the fourteenth, verse the sixth) he says, "Scarce can he assuage his thirst when in a river." This perpetual desire for drink is also a reason for his being everlastingly wide awake. To catch a weasel asleep, is a proverbial expression; but the

watchfulness of the weasel is nothing to that of the dragon, which, day and night, lies waiting for its prey. A recalcitrant minister who has a following, is described as upsetting the coach, when he withdraws with his tail from the cabinet to which he belongs; but the dragon with his tail is in the habit of upsetting boats, by taking a seat amongst the passengers: "when," says the learned Glanvil, "he spies a boat at sea, with the wind filling the sails, he goes aboard to get as much of the breeze as he can to cool himself; but his great weight sends the boat to the bottom, and therefore when the sailors perceive him approaching they haul their sails down."

Should any one wish to know where the dragon is generated, let him understand that the mightiest of his kind are brought forth in the hottest parts of India (a locality famous, as we know, for griffins), and in the live volcanoes of Ethiopia. Solinus is the authority for the latter assertion, which modern African travellers may contradict, if they please. I have spoken of the dragon in connection with the Fine Arts, meaning principally the subjects which he has furnished to the most celebrated painters, from the immortal Raffaele to the unknown limner, the prints of whose genius we admire in Bishopsgate Street; but he contributes in a more material way, for, according to Pliny, cinnabar, that brilliant colour, is nothing more than the elephant's blood vomited by the dragon when the latter receives his coup de grace in the mutually deadly struggle. It is only of late years that the resin, called dragon's blood has been excluded from the pharmacopoeia, where it formerly occupied a place as an astringent. The blood of dragons was held in great esteem by some,—the Ethiopians for instance,—who, according to Solinus, as he is rendered by Father Corbichon, employ it as a remedy against excessive heat; they, moreover, eat dragon's flesh as a cure for several maladies. "For they know how to extract the poison from the flesh, which, indeed, exists only in its tongue and its gall. And this is what David means in his psalm, where he says: Lord, thou hast given the dragons for meat to the people of Ethiopia!"

The birth and parentage of the dragon—I am sorry nothing is recorded of his education—are thus described by John Leo, in his history of Africa: "Many affirme that the male eagle, engendering with a shee-wolfe, begetteth a dragon, having the beake and wings of a bird, a serpent's taile, the feete of a wolfe, and a skin speckled and partie-coloured like the skin of a serpent; neither can it open the eyelids" (without assistance?) "and it liveth in caves." John Leo carefully adds—"This monster, albeit I, myself, have not seene it, yet the common report of all Africa affirmeth that there is such a one." Father Pigafetta, a great authority in un-

natural history, tells us that "Mount Atlas hath plenty of dragons, grosse of body, slow of motion, and in byting or touching incurably venomous. In Congo is a kind of dragons like in bignesse to rammes, with wings, having long tayles and chaps, and divers jawes of teeth of blue and greene colour, painted like scales, with two feet, and feed on rawe fleshe. The pagan negros pray to them as gods." This predilection for paying them divine honours is a feature of Chinese admiration. The Celestial people, says Marco Polo, "are superstitious in chusing a plot of ground, to erect a dwelling-house, or sepulchre, conferring it with the head, tayle, and feete of divers dragons, which live under our earth, whence depends all good and bad fortune." The same travelled Venetian, under the head of Huge Dragons in Chinese Tartary, says, "They have two little feet before, nigh the head, with three talons or claws like lions, and the eyes bigger than a great loafe, very shining. They have their mouths and jaws so wide that they are able to swallow a man; great sharpe teeth; nor is there any man, or other living creature, which may behold those serpents without terror: these are found lesse of eight, six, or five paces long" (the larger ones are described as ten paces in length, and in thickness ten spans), "which are taken after this manner. In the day-time they use to lie hid, by reason of the heat, in holes, out of the whiche they goe by night to seeke their prey, and devoure whatsoever they get—lions, wolves, or others; and then goe to seeke water, leaving such a tract with their weight in the sands, as if some piece of timber had been drawne there. Whereupon the hunters fasten under the sands sharpe iron prickles in the usuall tract, whereon they are wounded and slayne. The crows presently ring his knell, and by their craving cries invite the hunters, which come and flay him, taking forth his gall, profitable for divers medicines (amongst other things, for the biting of mad dogs, a penie-weight given in wine; and for women in travell, for carbuncles and pushes), and they sell the flesh dear, as being exceedingly delicate."

There is, it seems, one way in which you may get the better of a dragon, provided you are addicted to the black art—not paper-staining with ink, but necromancy. "This creature," says Albertus Magnus, "is greatly afraid of thunder, and the magicians, who require dragons for their enchantments" (vide the witches' incantation in *Macbeth*—"scale of dragon"), "get drums on which they roll heavily, so that the noise is mistaken by the dragons for thunder, and then they are vanquished. Then the enchanter bestrides the dragon, and flies through the air on his back. But frequently the dragon sinks under the magician's weight, and the length of the journey, and falls with his rider into the sea, where they are both drowned."

After all that has been said of the dragon's

poisonous breath, it is satisfactory to learn (from Pliny) that he has no venom proper "in him;" on the contrary, after he is dead and done for—in the way Saint George, or his humorous prototype, Moore of Moore Hall, settled him—his remains are highly medicinal. "The eies of a dragon," says Pliny, "preserved drie, pulverised, and incorporat with hony into a liniment, cause those who be annoited all over to sleepe securely, without any dread of night-spirits, though otherwise they were fearfull and timorous by nature. Moreover, the fat growing about the heart of a dragon, lapped within a piece of a bucke's or doe's skin, and so tied fast to the arme with the nerves or sinewes of a red deere, is very available and assureth a man good success in all suites of law." With every kind of respect for this recipe, I should greatly prefer to learn that my solicitor had secured Sir F. Thesiger or Sergeant Ballantine, in preference to any amount of dragon's fat. In the same way, I think, Mr. Hayter would be more serviceable, if I wished to be introduced to Lord Palmerston, than "the first spondyle or turning-joint in the chine of a dragon," which "doth promise an easie and favourable access unto the presence of great lords and potentates," or than the teeth of a dragon, which has the property of mitigating the rigour of high personages, and causing them to incline to the petitions and requests of those who present themselves before them. If you wish for success in everything you undertake, you have only to go to Savory and Moore, and get them to make up the following prescription: "Take the taile and head both of a dragon, the haire growing upon the forehead of a lion, with a little also of his marrow" (to be had at Truefitt's, in five-shilling bottles), "the froth, moreover, that a horse fometh at the mouth who hath woen the victory and prize in running a race" (apply to Sam Scott or John Day for this), "and the nailes besides of a dog's-feete" (the Regent Street gentlemen will furnish any quantity); "bind all these together with a piece of leather made of a red deere skin, with the sinewes partly of a stag, partly of a fallow deere, one with another in alternative course; carrie this about you, and it will work wonders!" All these admirable properties after death do not, however, prevent the dragon from being, when alive, the most formidable beast in creation; and it may, therefore, be soothing to the mind of the reader, affrighted at the terrible narrations of Glanvil, Solinus, Pliny, and the rest, to read what Cuvier says of the dragon. "The dragon (*draco*) is a small lizard, with a long, slender, round tail; its body is covered with small scales, and on its back are two triangular membranous kind of wings, sustained by six cartilaginous rays, articulated on the spine. Under its throat is a long pouch, and there are two other and smaller ones on each side of its head, which it can swell out at will. This

INNOCENT ANIMAL inhabits India, and lives on flies, which it pursues leaping from branch to branch." There are many varieties of the modern dragon, equally harmless.

When Winifred Jenkins exclaimed, in her exquisite cacology, "I've been a vixen and a griffin this many a day!" that pattern Abigail had no desire to liken herself to a Xantippe, or to assume the attributes of the animal which Glanvil defines as being "between a beast and a bird: a beast as relates to its general form, for it is bodied like a lion; a bird with respect to its extremities, for it is headed and winged, and has the talons of an eagle." Such is the Cordelier's account of the griffin, and the heralds have adopted his version in their blazonry. Ctesias, however, paints the creatures differently. He calls them "birds with four feet, of the size of a wolf, and having the legs and claws of a lion. Their feathers are red on the breast, and black on the rest of the body." In the number of legs, Glanvil agrees with Ctesias, as well as in some absolute bird-like properties; but, treated altogether as a bird, the griffin must certainly be looked upon as a *rara avis*. Hear Glanvil: "The claws of the griffin are so large and ample, that he can seize an armed man by the body as easily as a hawk a little bird. In like manner he can carry off a horse, an ox, or any other beast, in his flight, when he sets his claws in them. So great is the strength of his wings, that by their mere motion the wind will knock a man down; so large and widely spread are they, that if he were to fly over a street" (the dwellers in which he would slightly astonish), "his wings would touch the houses on both sides. It is no wonder," continues Glanvil, "that his claws are so large, seeing that his nails are as long as the horns of an ox. The proof of this is shown in the Holy Chapel at Paris" (it is not there at this present writing), "where the claw of a young griffin hangs in the middle of the aisle, attached to a chain; it was cut off by a man-at-arms, who had been carried into the desert by an old griffin, there to be devoured by his" (or her) "little ones. This valiant man found the means of escaping after he had fought for a long time with the young griffins, in the absence of the parents" (who kindly withdrew during the combat). "And thence he transported himself by flight to a seaport, where he found the means of crossing the sea with a boatman, paying his passage" (a cheap way of travelling) "by relating his adventure. And afterwards he brought the aforesaid claw to France, and deposited it in the aforesaid holy chapel, where many who have been there have seen it." The Sainte Chapelle was not, however, the only place that could boast of a relic of griffin-hood, for in a note to a passage in the *Travels of Sir John Mandevile* (London. Eighteen hundred and thirty-nine. Page two hundred and sixty-nine), a claw "four feet long" is described as being "in

the Cotton library," which "has a silver hoop about the end, whereon is engraven Griphi Unguis, Divo Cuthberto Dunelmensi Sacer." The same note says, "Another, about an ell long, is mentioned by Dr. Grew, in his History of the Rarities of the Royal Society, page twenty-six; though the doctor there supposes it rather the horn of a rock-buck, or of the Ibex mas." What Sir John Mandeville himself relates of the griffin may be appropriately mentioned here: "In that contree" (which he calls Bacharie) "ben many griffounes, more plenteu than in any other contree. Sum men seyn, that thai hav the body upward as an egel, and benethe as a lyoun: and treuly thei seyn sothe" (Sir John pretends, then, to have seen one) "that thei ben of that schapp. But a griffoun hath the body more gret and is more strong than eight lyouns, of suche lyouns as ben o this half; and more gret and strongere than an hundred egles, such as we han amonges us. For o griffoun there will bere, fleyng to his nest, a gret hors" (Glanvil and Sir John are both rowing in the same boat), "or two oxen yoked togidere, as they gon at the ploughe. For he hath his talouns so longe and so large and grete, upon his feet, as thoughte thei weren hornes of grete oxen or of bugles" (buffaloes), "or of kyzn" (cows); "so that men maken cuppes of hem, to drinken of: and of hire ribbes and of the pennes of hire winges, men maken bowes full stronge, to schote with arwes and quarelle." That there may be no mistake about the rieving capacity of Sir John's griffin, a vignette on the title-page of the edition of his works already cited, and copied from an old engraving, presents us with the lively portraiture of a griffin in the act of bearing a knight and horse through the air to breakfast his little ones, greatly to the dismay of an astonished palmer—the worthy knight himself—who is supposed to witness the transaction.

Oriental writers, who have a special gift of exaggeration, do not confine the exertions of the griffin to such trifling work as that of only carrying off a man and horse at the same coup, they place an elephant in each claw and a third in his beak, and, thus weighted, the rukh, or roc (which we identify with the griffin), skims over the mountain tops till it reaches the lonely nest, in which it makes its ponderous meal. Ibn-el-Wardee, one of these magnifying naturalists, states the length of the rukh's wings at merely "ten thousand fathoms," but Marco Polo corrects this account, and cuts them down to "sixteen paces in extent, from point to point," adding, that "the feathers are eight paces in length, and thick in proportion." He, nevertheless, believes that some messengers sent to Madagascar by the Grand Khan of Tartary, brought back with them "a feather of the rukh, positively affirmed to have measured ninety spans, and the quill part to have been two palms in circumference." Every reader

of the Arabian Nights—and that means every one who can read—remembers (in the translation of Galland's version) the perilous adventure of Sindbad and his merchant friends when they broke the roc's egg, took out the young bird, and roasted it. All, however, are not equally familiar with the story told by Ibn-el-Wardee, on the authority of a certain El-Maghrabee, which is given by Mr. Lane in the notes to the twentieth chapter of his translation of the world-famed *Entertainments*. The details given by El-Wardee are curious enough to justify reproduction here. "He (El-Maghrabee) said that he made a voyage in the Sea of China, and the wind drove them to a large, wide island, where the people of the ship landed to procure water and fire-wood, taking with them axes, and ropes, and water-skins, and he was with them. And they saw upon the island a dome, white, of enormous size, shining, glistening, more than a hundred cubits high. So they went towards it and approached it, and lo! it was the egg of the rukh. They began to strike it with the axes, and with masses of rock, and with wood, until it broke, and disclosed the young rukh, which was like a firm mountain; and they caught hold of a feather of its wing, and pulled it, where-upon it became dissevered from the wing; and the formation of the feathers was not complete. After this they killed the bird, and carried away as much as they could of its flesh. They also cut off the lower portion of the feather, from the extremity of the quill-part, and departed. And some of those who entered the island had cooked of the flesh, and eaten. Among these were old men with white beards; and when they arose in the morning, they found that their beards had become black; and not one of the people who ate became grey after that: wherefore they said, that the stick with which they stirred what was in the pot with the young rukh was of the tree of youth: but God is all-knowing. And when the sun rose, and the people were in the ship, and she was proceeding with them, lo! the rukh (the old bird) approached, coming down like a vast cloud, having in its claw a fragment of a mountain, like an enormous house, and bigger than the ship. And when it came over the ship, in the sky, it cast down the stone upon her, and upon those who were in her. But the ship was swift in her course; so she got before the stone, which fell into the sea, and its fall occasioned a most terrible commotion there. God, says the narrator, decreed us safety, and delivered us from destruction." But whether the roc and the griffin be one and the same, or two distinct (apocryphal) creatures, matters little: they are confessedly a very dangerous sort of wild-fowl. Gomara, who, in comparison, writes soberly with regard to griffins, speaks of the Mexican variety in these words: "The gryffons, in time past, did cause the vale of Ancatlan to

bee dispeopled, for they were great devourers of men, and their abiding was in the Mountaines of Tesacan. They were bigger than a lion, with a kind of haire and no feathers, and with their tallons and teeth they break men's bones." Another old writer, treating of the wonders of Ethiopia, says, "in this province (Damute) there be griffions, which be fowles so bigge that they kill the buffes (buffaloes); and carrie them in their claws as an eagle carryeth a rabbit."

The chief private occupation of the griffin, when quietly at home, appears to be that of keeping watch over a vast amount of concealed treasure, his property; though what he proposes to do with it is, probably, as great an enigma to him as it is to most other misers. He is obliged, however, to take care of his cash, for those burglarious Seythians, the Arimaspians, who adorned their hair with gold, are always on the look-out, though they have only one eye a-piece, to steal it. This is a practice alluded to by Milton in those strikingly-descriptive lines where, speaking of the Fiend as he careers through Space, on his way to Paradise, he says:—

As when a Gryphon through the wilderness,
With winged course, o'er hill and moory dale,
Pursues the Arimaspien, who, by stealth,
Has from his watchful custody purloin'd
The guarded gold: so eagerly the Fiend
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense or rare,
With head, hands, wings or feet pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies."

The hoarding propensity of the griffins has caused them to be confounded with certain ants of most enormous size—as large, say various Greek authors, as dogs or foxes ("grete as houndes," remarks Sir John Mandeville, who, of course, confirms the fable), which, inhabiting the regions of Taprobana (the Dardan country, according to Strabo, to the east of the Indian mountains), live on a large plateau, where, during the winter, they dig under ground, and throw up hillocks like moles. This earth contains a great deal of gold, and to obtain it from the formidable burrowers the gold-hunters throw them pieces of venison, and, while the ants are intent on eating it, they make off with the precious metal as fast as ever they can. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that the griffin and the giant pismire have anything in common except the tradition which assigns to each a remarkable fondness for gold—a link which connects these fabulous animals with many real creatures, whom all of us are tolerably well acquainted with.

Of that royal emblem, the Salamander—adopted by Francis the First, of France, as his device, with the motto, *Nutrisco et Extinguo*—a good deal has been related which must also be taken on trust. Bartholomew de Glanvil assigns the Ganges for its habitation, and tells us that, though it prefers the waters of that famous and sacred river, it has

not the slightest objection to be transferred to the antagonistic element, fire, which, on account of the coldness of its nature, has no effect upon it. He assures us, on the authority of Saint Isidore (who gets his authority from Pliny), that the venom of the salamander is more poisonous than that of any other serpent; "for," he says, "the latter kill only one person at a time with their sting, whereas the salamander inflicts a mortal wound on many." He proves it in this way: "For if a salamander climbs up a fruit-tree, she poisons all the fruit; and all who eat of the same die withouten remedye. So, also, when she goes into a river, she taints the water with her poison, and all who drink thereof die." This must be rather against the salubrity of the sacred stream, of whose waters, nevertheless, many millions of Hindoos drink daily without much inconvenience. However, Glanvil is strong on this point, and vows that not less than four thousand men of the conquering army of Alexander the Great (to say nothing of a couple of thousand beasts of burden) took their last draught in the salamandered flood. Returning to the anti-inflammable attributes of the creature, he informs us that "there is no beast in the world which fire does not burn save and except the salamander, which the more it is in the fire, the longer it lives there and rejoices in it." The travelling showman who said of his eagle, "The hotter the sun is, the higher he flies," must have taken a hint from Bartholomew de Glanvil, who adds, "The fact is" (this is a modern rendering of his words) "he puts out the fire by his frigidity."

Albertus Magnus, refuses to believe in the asbestine nature of the salamander, and tried to prove its impossibility by experiment. He could not, it is true, procure a real salamander for the purpose, but he operated upon large spiders; and the result, contrary to his expectation, rather favoured the idea of their being insured against fire. One of them placed upon a red-hot iron, remained there a long time without stirring or seeming to feel the heat; another, that was urged towards a light, extinguished it, as if it had been blown out. At a much later period than the time of Albertus—so recently, indeed, as the days of Newton, Milton, and Molière—the *Journal des Sçavants* describes the decisive experiments which were made at Rome upon a salamander that had been brought from India. "Placed upon a brisk fire, it swelled up, and from its body dropped a liquid which extinguished the charcoal beneath it; the charcoal, constantly relit, was as constantly put out in the same manner during two continuous hours, and at the end of that time the salamander was withdrawn from the flames, and lived nine months afterwards." Father Hardouin, who comments on this adventure, expresses his regret that the animal which stood fire so well was not fully described. But, while on the subject of credulity, one need not go further back than the

last century for an example. Under the head of *Amphibia*, in Mr. Charles Knight's English Cyclopædia, is the following statement: "A French consul at Rhodes (in seventeen hundred and eighty-nine) relates that, while sitting in his chamber there, he heard a loud cry in his kitchen, whither he ran, and found his cook in a horrible fright, who informed him that he had seen the devil in the fire. M. Ponthonier" (the consul) "then states that he looked into a bright fire, and there saw a little animal with open mouth and palpitating throat. He took the tongs, and endeavoured to remove it. At his first attempt, the animal, which he says had been motionless up to that time (two or three minutes), ran into a corner of the chimney, having lost the tip of its tail in escaping, and buried itself in a heap of hot ashes. In his second attempt the consul was successful, drew the animal out, which he describes as a sort of small lizard, plunged it into spirit, and gave it to Buffon."

How the salamander is produced seems to be a puzzle to learned Pliny, for he describes it as being barren. His proof, however, is not very conclusive. "There is," he says, "no more distinction of sex in them than in yeeles, and in all those that neither lay eggs, ne yet bring forth any living creature. Oysters, likewise, and all such creatures as cleave fast either to the rockes or to the shelves, are neither male nor female." Yet we have all heard of the oyster crossed in love.

Pliny's own statement is worth giving: "Of all venomous beasts, there are not any so hurtfull and dangerous as are the salamanders. As for other serpents, they can hurt but one at once, neither kill they many together; to say nothing how when they have stung or bitten a man, they die for verie griefe and sorrow that they have done such a mischief, as if they had some pricke and remorse of conscience afterwards, and never enter they againe into earthe, as unworthy to be received there." Imagine the conscience and humility of a viper, an adder, or a cobra di capella! The salamander, however, has none of this tenderness of conscience; he is not only able but willing to destroy whole nations at a time, and numerous examples, similar to those cited by Glanvil, are given. But there is compensation for all things: the poison of the salamander is dispelled by taking an infusion of cantharides, and the flesh of lizards proves an antidote; new wine in the lees is also recommended, and so is new milk. The salamandrine poison is not, therefore, so formidable as at first sight it appears, and one particular fact is noticeable—swine feed on salamanders with impunity. Whenever they meet with these creatures they go, as it were,

the whole hog, and find themselves none the worse for their banquet.

Would you like to know what the (ancient) salamander resembles? Take Pliny's description: "Made in fashion of a lizard, marked with spots like stars, he never comes abroad and sheweth himself but in great showres; for in fair weather he is not seene. He is of so cold a complexion, that if he do but touch the fire he will quench it as presently as if ice were put unto it. The salamander casteth up at the mouth a certaine venomous matter like milke; let it but once touch any part of a man or woman's body, all the haire will fall off, and the part so touched will change the colour of the skinne to the white morphew."

As metaphysical agents the salamanders occupy a remarkable position. In the cabalistic romance of *Le Comte de Gabalis* by the Abbé de Villars, we find them figuring, in conjunction with the gnomes, nymphs, and sylphides, amongst the viewless spirits of air who wait on nature's mischief. It is chiefly by their alliances with mankind that the salamanders have rendered themselves illustrious. All the demi-gods were descended from them, and many other important personages, including Zoroaster, who was the son of the salamander Oromasis, by Vesta, the wife of Noah, who, having such parents, deserved the length of life—twelve hundred years—which was granted him before he was removed from earth, without dying, to the region inhabited by the salamanders; a race, says the Comte de Gabalis, composed of the most subtle parts of the sphere of fire which is "conglobed and organised by the action of universal flame." The union of Oromasis and Vesta also produced the nymph Egeria—the same who gave such sage counsels in her grotto to Numa Pompilius. Another salamander was the father of Servius Tullius; and Hercules, Plato, Achilles, Æneas, Sarpedon, and Melchisedech, were all, according to the pretended cabalist, the sons of salamanders. The romance of the Abbé de Villars was a mystification, written in ridicule of the doctrines of Descartes.

Turning to science from the reveries of romance, Cuvier tells us what the salamander really is. He belongs to the Batrachian or Frog family, and is about as dangerous an animal as the dragon. Salamanders are divided into terrestrial and aquatic. The latter are chiefly remarkable for their extreme fecundity, the former for having the faculty of emitting a milky fluid, which is bitter, and has a disagreeable odour; being, moreover, a poison to very weak animals—the insects on which they feed. In shape they bear a general resemblance to the lizard; and their offspring, instead of being demi-gods, are tadpoles.

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THE NEW BOY AT STYLE'S.

THE last half I stopped at old Style's, said Master Balfour, was the jolliest of any.

Style's was often ill. The head usher was called away suddenly to his mother, who was dying; and the second, Mopkins, was a muff. We did as we liked with him; and whenever there was a row the senior fellows thought nothing of shying their Cæsars at his head!

"What are Cæsars?"

Books. Cæsar de Bello Gallico. Cæsar's crammers about pitching into the Gauls. Oh! continued the narrator, apostrophising, somewhat superfluously, his organs of vision, what whoppers he used to write to the senate! and how those Conscript parties sate and stroked their beards complacently, and sucked it all in! There was no Russell in those days, to check Master Julius's arithmetic, and tell 'em at home that, instead of killing, at one go, a hundred and sixty thousand Allobroges or Allemanni, he had been all but smashed himself, and was only saved by his crack tenth legion, who charged like bricks and — But that has nothing to do with Style's.

One morning—quite at the beginning of the half—a new boy was brought into the school-room. A very gentlemanly boy he was; for he stepped inside the door, and made a low bow to the school generally, which was received with a loud laugh (Style's being ill in bed). His name was Bright—Harry Bright, eleven years old, with large dark-blue eyes and long bright hair parted in the middle of the forehead, and turned under at the back, like a woman's, in a heavy glossy curl.

Every chap in the school had a nickname of some sort, and we furnished our young friend with his, before he sat down to his desk. We called him Madonna, from his beauty and the fashion of his hair. Altogether, he looked so smart, good-humoured, and engaging, that everybody was pleased, except Alf Bathurst, junior cock.

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Maxwell.

The boy who could whop all the junior division. There was a senior cock, besides—Robert Lindsay—who licked everybody.

Alf saw that he should have to fight for his

comb and dignity. Madonna and he were just about the same age and weight. Alf, we knew, was game enough, and took lots of punishing; and Madonna looked pluck itself. In short, the general impression was that it would prove one of the most gratifying mills in the annals of the school. Bets were covertly made (the amount of brandy-balls and rock-cakes staked on the event was something absurd) and, in a series of secret conferences during school-hours, it was arranged that the fight should come off at twelve o'clock. Two boys were subsequently chosen as seconds for each, and a deputation of juniors waited upon the illustrious senior cock (under colour of a difficult passage in the Georgics) humbly inviting his presence in the character of referee. The reply to this was all that could be desired.

Meanwhile, Madonna sat quietly at his desk—next to Alf's, blithely unconscious of the arrangements so anxiously making for his comfort and honour. Somehow, we forgot to tell him. It seemed so natural that they should fight!

Madonna seemed inclined to fraternise, and asked a whole lot of questions. What time we dined? If there were puddings every day? Was it a decent playground? Was smoking allowed? &c. &c., to all of which Alf Bathurst replied with a stern politeness, as one who felt that, until the event of the morning had come off, the relative position they were ultimately to hold towards each other, was not sufficiently defined for unrestrained social intercourse. Oddly enough it never occurred, even to Alf, that his neighbour needed to be informed of the impending passage of arms.

Madonna was a little puzzled by Alf's dignified manner, and still more by some expressions which escaped him. Attached to every two desks, was a small receptacle for the lexicons, &c. Perceiving that there was room here for some of his helps to learning, Madonna proceeded to fill up the vacant space when Alf arrested his hand, quietly observing:

"Better wait till after the mill."

Madonna looked at him with astonishment, which was increased when Alf added in an easier tone:

"Do you mind my having a squint at your wrists?"

Totally unconscious of the cause of Alf's sudden interest in his anatomy, and wondering, farther, why he should prefer the oblique mode of observation referred to, Madonna, nevertheless, frankly extended his hands, which Alf examined with much interest, feeling and pinching the well-defined muscles, and the firm yet flexible joints.

"Tough work, I expect!" muttered Alf thoughtfully, and let it fall.

Madonna opened his magnificent blue eyes to their full extent, and could by no means make it out; but the next moment classes were called, and no more opportunity was afforded for general conversation till the school rose.

At the first stroke of the clock the entire body, seniors and juniors, started up, and, with a wild shout, rushed to the playground, Madonna yielding readily to the common impulse, and rather curious to see what was to follow.

Arrived at the scene of expected action, his doubts were quickly resolved. Alf himself curtly informed him that, according to the custom of the school, it was necessary to decide, without an hour's delay, which was the better man, and entitled to the position of junior cock.

Madonna coloured to the eyes.

"I cannot fight," he said.

"You admit," said Bathurst, "that I can lick you, and may kick you also, if I please?"

This was a mere formula; but Madonna took it differently.

"You have no right to touch me," said Madonna, "but I can't fight—and I won't fight."

He turned away.

The eager crowd were, for a moment, stunned with surprise. Wonder and incredulity were stamped on every face. The boy who was marking out the ring stopped as though petrified. The senior cock himself betrayed as much emotion as was consistent with his dignity. I must not dwell upon this scene. It was too true—Madonna declined to acknowledge Alf the better man, and yet refused to fight! There was but one inevitable conclusion—he was a coward!

At first it was hoped he was jesting; chaffing and remonstrance were tried—both were inefficacious—fight he would not. In this dilemma, Robert Lindsay stepped up to the still blushing Madonna, and taking him by the arm led him a few paces apart. The two conversed eagerly in an under-tone, while we anxiously watched the conversation. At last, Lindsay was observed to give an almost convulsive start. He carried his hand to his forehead, gazed for a moment in his companion's face, burst into a wild laugh, and turned upon his heel.

"Gentlemen," he said, "Mr. Bright persists in declining the contest." (Bob Lindsay was always choice in his expressions.) "But

the reason he assigns for it, will hardly obtain credence in an assembly of British boys. He has given his word of honour to his mamma to be careful of his general beauty (of which, it would appear, that lady is justly proud); but especially of his fine eyes; and he is pledged never to expose those cherished organs to the chances of a fistie encounter."

Howls of derision followed this speech, mingled with shouts of genuine laughter—one chap throwing himself on the ground, tearing up the grass, and flinging it about him, in ecstasies of mirth.

"I have," resumed the senior cock, "pointed out to him the inevitable consequences. He is immovable. I leave the matter in your hands, and only regret that I should have been allured to the extremity of the playground on the pretence of a fight which was not to take place."

"Coward! Milksop! Send for his mamma! Where's Hannah with the pap-boat?" &c. &c., yelled the incensed and disappointed crowd.

Poor Madonna turned from red to white, and looked as though he would have cried, but for a strange fire in his eyes that seemed to burn up the tears. It was a miserable sight. But how could we pity him? A fellow with a wrist like the fetlock of a thorough-bred, who almost admitted he could fight, and wouldn't! What was a black eye, or a mouse on the cheek, compared with the horrible scorn of boys?

Alf Bathurst had a spice of the bully. Thinking, moreover, to fall in with the popular view, he walked up to Madonna, and slapped him smartly on the face. Strange to say, the latter seemed scarcely to feel this additional insult. Some applause followed; but Robert Lindsay suddenly re-appeared in our midst, and made another speech.

"Gentlemen," said Bob, "far be it from me to condemn your honest indignation—but let us not stoop to be bullies and persecutors. To my mind, a coward is an object of compassion, not of resentment. Nature dozed over his composition, and omitted the most common and familiar ingredient of our mixed humanity. I have," added the kind-hearted cock, "no title to dictate lines of conduct to the junior division; but I will say this, whoever shows consideration to this unlucky stranger, is the friend of Robert Lindsay."

Boys are queer animals. No one would believe it possible, that, after the scene of the morning, Madonna would become, by bedtime, one of the most popular fellows in the school! By Jove, he was! When he recovered his spirits a little, we began to find out (fighting aside) what a jolly chap he was—gay, generous—with altogether the sweetest temper I ever knew; he didn't know what malice was and would have been on good terms, even with Bathurst. The latter,

however, like a sneaking bully as he was, never from that day forth let slip an opportunity of annoying and insulting poor Madonna. He made him a sort of fag, often struck him, and more than once spat in his face. On these occasions, Madonna's eyes would light up with the same strange fire we noticed before; but he never struck again, and seemed to accept the necessity of submitting to every indignity, as the inevitable and only alternative of his not fighting.

I'm now going back to the day of Madonna's arrival.

His bed was in a large room, in which I, and a whole lot of other chaps—fourteen, I think—already slept. And after old Mopkins, the spoony usher, had taken away the candle, we began to talk as usual. Madonna was rather silent.

"I say—you—new boy—what's your name?"

"Madonna!" said his next neighbour.

"A penny for your thoughts. I bet I know what they are."

"Tell me," said Madonna, who was sitting up in bed, swinging his nightcap, "are any of you fellows in love?"

A perfect volley of affirmatives replied. Love, you must know, was a sort of epidemic at Style's—that is to say, it came in, at intervals, with other games. There wasn't much usually in the summer half; but when cricket, and hockey, and trapball were stopped, love came regularly in. It happened to be highly fashionable at the time of Madonna's appearance, having recently received an immense impulse from the arrival at Miss Billiter's, Pallas-House Academy, of three new pupils, all pretty.

Pallas-House was so capitally close to us that, by great skill and strength, a cricket-ball might be propelled over an immense wall, into their playground. It was a rum old house, with two little turrets at one end (that nearest us), one of which was called the penitentiary, and used as a place of confinement for pupils in disgrace. We saw (at different times, of course) lots of little golden-haired captives bobbing about in this cage, sometimes playing with a smuggled doll, sometimes trying to relieve the monotony of prison-life by killing flies, or other innocent pastime. We tried to establish a system of communication by signal, but it failed. One ingenious boy thought he had hit upon a method of conveying relief and sympathy in its sweetest form—sugar-candy. A small parcel was carefully made up, and attached to the tail of a kite, the wind being fair for the penitentiary, and the prisoner on the alert; the kite was dropped gradually down the wind till it reached the necessary point, then suddenly loosed, in the expectation that the tail would drop past the prison-window. It did so, with the greatest accuracy, but the small prisoner's arm was too

short to catch it; the packet descended lower than was intended, and flop it went right through the window of Miss Billiter's study! Kites were stopped for the rest of the half.

To go back to our bedroom chat. A sigh from Madonna was the next sound audible.

"Tell us all about it, old chap?" said a voice from an adjacent couch, in a mock sympathetic tone.

"If you won't make fun of it," replied Madonna. "It's no laughing matter, I can tell you. I've seen a good deal of the sort of thing. I've had much sorrow."

"Have you, though? I shouldn't have thought it, to look at you," squeaked Poppy Purcell, across seven other chaps. "What's she like?"

"I've been in love," said Madonna, "ever since—I don't remember when I wasn't—nine times, I think, with all sorts of women—but bosh! It's all hollow, sir, hollow. They go to school, and forget a fellow, or—"

"A fellow,—them,"—put in Matilda Lyon (whose name was Matthew). "I fear, Madonna, those precious eyes of yours have much to answer for."

"I'm as constant a chap now as ever lived," rejoined Madonna, warmly, "whatever I have been, in my younger days. The world soon smudges off one's romance! Besides, I'm tired of change. I'll tell you a secret. I'm in love, and mean to be, for ever and a day, with the sweetest little creature breathing."

"Oh, of course!" "What's her name?" "How old?" "Dark or fair?" "Ringlets?"—demanded several beds, the room becoming much interested.

"Eleanor Wilton," said Madonna, in a low voice. "She's an orphan, a kind of fifth cousin of mine, sixteen times removed. She came over from India, last year, after the death of her mother, to be educated, and she lives with a Mr. and Mrs. Perfect (perfect brutes, I call them), the husband a snobbish agent of her deceased papa. She's nearly ten. She fell desperately in love with your humble servant. I'd nothing in hand at the moment, having just had a split with Anne Chilcote, about dancing twice with a fellow in tunics. And we're engaged."

"Engaged!"

"Regularly booked, sir. Why not? I've had my swing. I've done. I can never love again, after Eleanor. And she is a darling, I promise you!"

We further gathered from the heart-worn Madonna, that his present lady-love was, in appearance, precisely his opposite, having large night-black eyes and raven hair, colourless cheeks, dark shades under the eyes, sad, dreamy expression, &c. &c. In short, the lover drew a very interesting and poetic picture of his lady, and concluded by assuring us that her attachment to himself, however unmerited, approached to adoration.

As for the engagement, he certainly showed us, next day, a paper written by his beloved, which the constant youth wore (in a small velvet case, like a needle-book) next his heart.

It was to the following effect, written upon pencil lines, only half rubbed out, and was evidently one of her very earliest efforts at penmanship:—

This is to give notis that I have promessed to be your true-love and when I groe up I will mary you if you like and to be your Dutiful wife till death and if not I would rather go to my mother—

You believe me,

Dear sir,

Yours truly,

ELEANOR WILTON.

We thought the conclusion rather stiff, considering the frankness of the foregoing portion; but Madonna explained that it was to be regarded rather in the light of a formal instrument than as a warm expression of feeling.

Certainly, if seed-cakes, mince and other pies, and macaroons speak the language of love, Madonna's account of his lady's devotion was fully corroborated. Every week parcels were arriving, containing such articles as the aforesaid, and covered with the strictest and most earnest invocations to the railway authorities concerning their safe and punctual delivery. How the little lady provided these testimonials was a mystery to Madonna—assuredly, it was not through her guardians; and the most plausible theory was, that she had won over the housekeeper—as well she might, the little darling!—to forward these proofs of attachment to her chosen lord.

But a change was destined to come over Madonna.

One fatal half-holiday, it so happened that, in returning home from playing cricket on the neighbouring downs, we met the establishment of Pallas-House in full procession. The usual file-fire of glances was exchanged, as the two trains swept past each other on opposite sides of the road, but only one casualty occurred; and who should that be but the love-wasted, used-up Madonna?

Tripping at the governess's side was a new pupil, the most exquisite little fairy you can conceive. Don't think I am romancing, when I declare to you that, in all my life—and I've seen something (said Master Balfour), knocking about the world—two more beautiful human creatures than Madonna Bright and Augusta Grosvenor (for that, we soon learned, was the new girl's name) I never beheld. She had a perfect cataract of rich, brown, silky hair, eyes that glittered like stars, and she walked with the air of a little princess.

"Poppy," faltered Madonna, who was walking with Purcell, catching his companion's arm, "I've seen my fate."

"Hold up, my pippin!" replied the more philosophic Poppy. "Have a brandy-ball?"

Madonna answered (in substance) that no amount of lollipops could minister effectually to a mind diseased; that it was, in fact, all over with him; that he never loved before, and, finally, that he could be content to perish in the course of that afternoon, if his doing so might afford even a momentary gratification to the object of his unquenchable passion.

On being reminded of his engagement to Eleanor Wilton, Madonna replied, with some warmth, that he was tired of her childish homage, and should take an early opportunity of pointing out to that young lady some more eligible investment for her affections; and finding, on arriving at home, a plum cake of unusual dimensions, he divided it among us, with a sort of disdainful pity, not reserving a crumb for himself.

Perhaps, if he had known it would be the last love-offering, save one, he was ever to receive from that source, he might have been less generous.

I won't bother you with all the extravagancies committed by poor Madonna while suffering from this severe attack. Positively, the boy scarcely ate or slept. He seemed to live upon the thought of this little fairy, and nothing else. As it happened, he saw her several times in a week—a series of lectures upon scientific subjects were being delivered at the public rooms; and these were attended by detachments from both the schools, in which the lovers were included.

I say lovers, because, either attracted by his uncommon beauty or his speaking gaze, or influenced by some odd instinct or other, the little lady seemed fully to comprehend the state of our friend's mind, and to accept his worship with considerable satisfaction. She had a thousand funny little coquettish airs and graces, all directed at Madonna, yet all tempered with a most becoming haughtiness, which plunged him deeper than ever in love. I should think Madonna must have derived a good deal of information from those lectures.

I never saw his attention awakened but to one experiment, and that was when the whole room took hands, and the same electric shock that paralysed Madonna's elbow, elicited a scream from Augusta Grosvenor.

A strange thing was now about to occur.

I think it was about three weeks after our first meeting with Augusta, that the school one day went out to walk. At the first turn in the road we came pounce upon the establishment of Pallas-House. The schools met. As they did so, I felt my arm squeezed hard by Madonna, with whom I walked, and heard him draw in his breath as one in terrified surprise. At that instant, Augusta Grosvenor passed. By her side there walked a little girl, with jet-black hair, small pale face, and the largest eyes I ever saw. Those eyes she fixed upon Madonna with an expression that haunted me—I don't

know why—for days and days. It's foolish to say days; for, to this very moment, I can recall it, and I see it now. I knew, without ever having seen her, that this was Madonna's little true-love, Eleanor Wilton.

We walked on in silence, Madonna amazed and bewildered as though he had seen a little spirit. In truth, she had passed us almost like one. I don't remember that we ever talked upon the subject. I did not know how Madonna might receive it, and, as I saw he was really very unhappy, I thought it best to say nothing. He moped about the school and playground, a totally changed being, and so provoked Alf Bathurst by his apathy, or, as Alf called it, sulkiness, that the latter tyrannised over and worried him in every possible manner. It was pitiable and disgusting to see. O, if I had but been two years older! I would—No matter.

One day, Alf struck Madonna a severe blow in the face. The flush that followed it did not subside, as was natural. Headache and sickness followed; and the doctor, being sent for, directed that Madonna should be kept apart from the boys, and, if possible, despatched home. This, with proper precautions, was done, and we shortly after learned that our schoolfellow was lying at home, attacked with small-pox.

During his absence we saw but little of our fair neighbours, and only heard incidentally, that the little new girl, Eleanor Wilton, was in rather delicate health, and rarely went out with the rest of the school. The poor little soul, however, seemed to be no especial favourite of the savage old governess, for we twice saw her in the penitentiary!

At the end of two months, Madonna returned to school, perfect in health; but O my gracious, what a change! His beauty—every bit of it, except his eyes—was gone; his forehead seamed, his cheeks hollow, his hair cut short. Poor old chap!

We all pitied him, and gave him a jolly welcome, pretending not to see any alteration. All but that bully, Alf Bathurst. The ill-natured brute laughed, and made fun of him, asking what mamma said now to our pretty face? Who was to be his next love? &c.

"Look sharp, you beggar," he added, "and bring me that ball" (flinging it to the other end of the playground). "I'll see if you have forgotten the use of your stumps, anyhow."

"Stop," said Madonna, very pale. "I can't run much yet; but, if you like, I'll show you instead, a capital new game."

"Cut away, milksop! Is it one of nurse's teaching? What a lot of asses' milk it will take to make a man of you!" said Alf.

"Come here," said Madonna, addressing the fellows generally. He walked into the middle of the ground, Alf following. A circle of boys collected round them. Ma-

donna turned up the cuff of his jacket, like a conjuror.

"You see this?" he asked, showing Alf his open palm.

"I do, you donkey!"

"Feel it too!" replied Madonna, and dealt him a smack on the face you might have heard at the end of the playground.

Bathurst staggered from the blow, and the surprise; but, recovering himself, flew at Madonna like a tiger. Several of us, however, threw ourselves between them. A fight wasn't to be wasted in that slovenly and irregular manner; and it was clear that Madonna's blood was up at last.

"You coward!" screamed Alf, over the heads of the crowd, "will you fight?"

"With the greatest pleasure," replied Madonna, politely—cool as a cucumber. "My mother, sir, is very much of your opinion as to the value of my beauty; and, having now withdrawn her prohibition, my fine eyes are at the service of your fists, provided you can reach them. Yes, you coward, tyrant, sneak, and bully!" cried the boy, growing warmer, as he proceeded, with the recollection of what he had endured, "I have a long account to settle with you; and I'll make your punishment remembered in the school as long as Styles's stands!"

Tremendous cheering greeted this warlike speech.

The fight was arranged to come off, after the school rose at five. Preliminaries were duly settled, seconds chosen (Ophelia and a boy called the Tipton Slasher, from some supposed resemblance to that distinguished gentleman, for Alf; and Poppy Purcell and Matilda Lyon for Madonna); the senior cock, in the handsomest manner, volunteering his services as referee, and this time the mill came fairly off.

I suppose, said Master Balfour, with great feeling, that a happier five and forty minutes never fell to the lot of boys, than those we now enjoyed. There we sat in a wide circle, hugging our knees, sucking brandy-balls, cheering, criticising, at the very climax of human happiness.

The end, satisfactory as it was, came but too quickly. Never was boy more beautifully and scientifically whopped, than Alf Bathurst. He wore a pulper look, ever after that polishing he got at the hands of the despised Madonna.

It is believed in the school to this hour, that Styles himself witnessed the fight. All I know is, that the curtain of his window was ostentatiously drawn, in a manner to show that he wasn't there, of course; and also, that a mysterious order reached the kitchen, directing, without any assignable reason, that tea, which was always served at six, should be delayed twenty minutes.

If our suspicions were correct, Styles calculated the time it would take to lick Alf Bathurst, to a nicety; for, at ten minutes

past six, the "Tipton" announced that Alf gave in. Amidst tumultuous applause Madonna was declared victor, and advanced to the proud position of JUNIOR COCK!

Bob Lindsay pressed his hand, with tears in his eyes, and led him towards the house.

It was a beautiful sight to see the two cocks walk away, arm in arm; the senior, the boy of fifty battles, kindly and patiently commenting upon the noticeable points of the contest; and, farther, explaining to his young brother, the means he had found most efficacious in removing the traces of such encounters. Scarcely less beautiful was it to notice the manner in which the senior cock affected to ignore the fact, that any portion of the cheers that pursued them up the playground, was due to his own manly condescension.

But, although victorious in the field, our poor Madonna had other and more painful battles to fight. He had come back apparently as much in love as ever with his little coquettish princess, and, I have no doubt, counted the minutes till his first chance of seeing her. This soon occurred.

Madonna had leave one day down the town. He came back the image of anguish and despair. He had met the Pallas-House school—and Augusta, looking radiantly beautiful, had turned quickly from him, with a look of such unmistakeable horror, surprise, and disgust that he could no longer doubt the effect upon her heart of his altered visage. Eleanor Wilton was not with them.

One only chance of reviving her interest in him suggested itself to poor Madonna—it wasn't of much use—and one or two fellows of experience whom he consulted, begged him not to risk it.

He had brought back with him to school a present from his godmother, a beautiful ruby heart set round with small rich brilliants. This Madonna resolved to offer at his mistress's shrine. In spite of all advice he did so. It went by post, unaccompanied by any communication, excepting only his initials "H. B."

We heard no more of that. As for Augusta, although he met her a score of times, she never again turned even a passing look upon her unhappy lover. It seemed as though she had come to a secret resolution not to do so.

But one remembrance did arrive for poor Madonna. It came in a queer way. We were marching one day in single file round the playground, under the superintendence of Sergeant Grace, of the Seventh Hussars; a rough chap he was, and stood no nonsense. As Madonna mournfully strutted by:

"Number nineteen—fall out!" growled the sergeant.

Madonna accordingly tumbled out, and stood at attention; a worrying position for a heart-broken lover!

The sergeant fumbled in his pocket. Madonna's heart stood suddenly still, for it

flashed upon his memory that Sergeant Grace was an attendant likewise at Pallas-House, to teach what the sergeant himself described as "polite walking."

"Look'e, now," said Grace, "I believe I'm a blessed old spoon, for running this yere risk—but, darn it all! I couldn't help it—she's such a dear little thing—and I don't think she—she will—March!" concluded the sergeant in a voice of thunder, thrusting into Madonna's hand a small packet.

That drill seemed interminable to the anxious lover. At last, "dismiss!" was given, and he darted into the school, and tore open the missive.

It was a little box of choice bonbons, and under the lid was written:—

Dear, dear boy,

I'm glad you are well—I'm not.

E. W.

"Good little heart!" thought Madonna, with a pang at his own, over and above the disappointment, and quite different from it. "She does not turn from me, at least."

An interval of a fortnight or so now passed.

And I wish, said Master Balfour, that you didn't want to hear any more! I always feel choky somehow, when I talk or think of the marvellous thing that followed. Perhaps you won't believe it; but it's as true as that I'm now sitting here.

About three o'clock in the morning, on the second of June, a loud cry that sounded like "Help!" roused us all from our sleep. We started up in bed. The shutters were not closed, and the room was already grey with the coming dawn. The cry had proceeded from Madonna, who was sitting up, like the rest, but motionless, his hands clasped upon his forehead. We asked him if he was ill, and why he had cried out. He made no answer, but took away his hands from his face, and looked so pale and strange, that Purcell was moving away to call the usher.

Madonna caught his dress.

"No, no, Poppy—I'm not ill. All right," he said, forcing a smile; "I was dreaming—only dreaming—go to bed, old boy—. You don't think they heard me, do you?"

In a minute or so, he seemed, as he said, all right, and we tumbled into our nests again to finish the night.

The next day Madonna's bed was vacant. His jacket and trousers were missing, his shoes and stockings remained. The window sash was open. He had made his exit that way, and, no doubt, by means of a familiar leaden water-pipe, which had often assisted us to terra firma.

The rest of the story I shall tell, partly from his own account, partly from what we learned elsewhere.

He said that, on the night in question, he had felt very odd and uneasy for several hours after retiring to bed, and could not close his eyes for a moment. A curious sense

of lassitude and hunger possessed him; he would have given five shillings for a hard biscuit. We remembered his asking if any chap happened to have any eatables under his pillow—but nobody had. At last, towards morning, he dozed off, and had a dream.

He thought that his little true love, Eleanor Wilton, came and stood at his bedside. She was dressed in white, and carried a basket filled with curious and beautiful white flowers just budding. Although she did not speak, the idea seemed to be conveyed to him that she had brought them as her last—her parting present, and that he must take them.

Madonna strove to obey the intimation, but found he could not stir. Paralysed, somehow, he could neither move nor utter a sound. This quiescence seemed to grieve his little lady. She gazed at him for a moment with sad, reproachful eyes, then faded into nothing. Madonna awoke.

Presently he slept again. A second time came the little ghostly visitant, with her basket of flowers now fully blown. In the centre of each was a ruby heart encircled with diamonds. Eleanor looked very wan and pale, but she smiled as she offered the flowers, and though, as before, he was powerless to reply, he understood that she was to come once again, and if he did not then answer, he would never—never—never—Before the meaning was complete she was gone, and once more he awoke, and once more he slept again.

For the third time the fairy figure stood at his side; but now so attenuated and indistinct, that he could only faintly trace her outline; and the flowers in her basket were broken, drooping, and dead. He thought she stooped over him as though bestowing a shadowy kiss, then began to disappear.

Madonna struggled fiercely to move in vain, and uttered the cry that woke us all.

He was now perfectly convinced that Eleanor was ill—was dying—perhaps dead. He would not mention his fears, but hastily resolved upon his course of action.

No sooner had we settled off to sleep again—which must have been in some five minutes—than he got up, threw on some clothes, softly opened the window, and slid down safely into the garden. It was early twilight—not a soul astir. Scaling the garden wall, he hurried round outside that of the playground till he arrived in front of Pallas-House. Something drew his attention to the window of the penitentiary—doubtless because it was the only one that had neither curtain nor shutter. Nothing indeed was visible; but Madonna felt as certain she was there, as though she had beckoned him with her hand from the window. Yet, how to reach the room? Suddenly he remembered the gardener's fruit-ladder, which lay in an empty cow-shed. Back he flew—found the ladder—dragged, pitched, and slung it across

the wall, and, in three minutes, had reached the window. He could make out nothing in the darkness within, so tried the sash—it was not secured. He pushed it up softly, and looked in. A chair, a small table with a book and a mug of water, a low couch, and upon it, sitting up, as though in expectation—Eleanor!

She exhibited not the least surprise.

"I knew you would come, dear boy," said the little thing, faintly, "but you were very long. I want to speak to you."

Madonna was in the room in an instant. In a few words, uttered with difficulty, she told him that the arrival of the ruby heart had been notified to Miss Billiter, who taxed Augusta with receiving it. That young lady having, it would appear, a desire to retain the ornament, though she discarded the donor, at first denied its possession; but, after two hours' confinement in the penitentiary, resolved to endure no more for the sake of either lover or offering, and gave in. She asserted, however, that it was not intended for her, but for Eleanor Wilton, with whose affection for Madonna she was well acquainted, and who, she knew, would unhesitatingly take all responsibility. Miss Billiter at once turned all her fury upon the latter; and, on her refusing to reveal the name of the sender, committed her to the usual prison, directing that she should have nothing but water—not even a crust of bread—until she had discarded her sullen, and accepted her mistress's terms.

Poor Eleanor, however, had been for some time very ailing, and the confinement and privation, not to mention the excitement of her mind, told more heavily upon her delicate frame than might have been apprehended. Still nothing could justify the keeping of the poor innocent nineteen hours without notice, solace, or refreshment of any kind.

As she came to this climax of her story, Madonna's rage mastered his grief. He started to his feet, intending to seek assistance; but Eleanor exerted all her strength, and held him fast.

"It is no use, Harry," she said, "I'm going to my mother; you know, I said, I would rather. Don't leave me again—oh, don't—don't! Oh, I am so glad you came! I asked God if you might, because you were my only friend. Let me lean my head on your shoulder," said the little thing. "Wait!" she added, and gently parting the long hair from Madonna's scarred forehead—white and smooth as ever to her loving eyes—she gave it one long kiss, then sunk lower, and hung upon his bosom as he knelt.

He thought she was sinking to sleep, and, almost afraid to breathe, remained perfectly motionless for nearly half an hour. Then a feeling of anxiety and dread stole over him. He looked closely at her—one tiny finger had hooked in his button-hole. He would not move it; but tenderly lifted back the small

head. The heavy black curls fell back. One glance was sufficient. He thought, poor boy! he had been soothing her to rest, and a better Comforter had, meanwhile, laid his little true love in her mother's bosom!

Bewildered and stupified with grief poor Madonna remained, for some time, kneeling beside the corpse; then, recollecting himself, placed it fitly on the low couch, kissed the yet warm lips, and went down stairs.

He met an early housemaid, who started and screamed as though he had been a ghost, which, it is probable, he much resembled. To her he said that a child—his cousin—was lying dead above, and that he was hastening to tell his friends and hers.

The servant tried to detain him; but he walked down stairs, opened the front door and proceeded straight to the school, and to Styles's room. There he related the circumstance of his dream, and the sad story of his little lady's imprisonment and death.

Styles—when he wasn't in school—was a kind, good, old chap, just and decided, and always did the right thing—which is a great point, you know.

He wrote instantly to his friend, the clergyman of the parish, who was also a magistrate. This gentleman came to him directly, and I don't know exactly what was the result of their consultation; but a rather rapid correspondence ensued with the governess at Pallas-House.

It was reported that a coroner's inquest would be held on the poor child. This, indeed, was not done; but you'll be glad to hear—at least, I was—that that act of tyranny cost Miss Billiter her school, and that she now goes out teaching, at eighteen pence an hour.

Madonna never recovered his formerspirits. He left at the end of the half, and his friends sent him abroad with a tutor; but he became so fretful, irritable, and impatient of control,—at least, of that sort of control—that his father yielded to a curious fancy that had seized him in Paris, and procured his enrolment in the French marine. This was just at the beginning of the war.

Madonna was appointed to the Ville de Paris and sailed to the East, carrying the flag of Admiral Hamelin. At the attack by the ships upon the sea-forts, at the first bombardment of Sebastopol, the Ville de Paris got into a hot position. She lost several officers and many men, and a fragment of the same shell which killed two aides-de-camp of the admiral, laid poor Madonna lifeless on the deck.

The French officers kindly collected every little article of value belonging to him, and, cutting off a mass of his bright curls, transmitted the whole to his relations. Among other things was a small velvet case which was found in his bosom, and within it a little paper written in a child's hand. You've heard it:

This is to give notice that I have promessed to be your true-love and when I groe up I will mary you

if you like and to be your Dutiful wife till death and if not I would rather go to my mother—

You believe me,

Dear sir,

Yours truly,

ELEANOR WILTON.

AN OLD PEACE CONFERENCE.

By this time the famous conference fauteuils in the Tuileries salle have been rolled back to the wall—being most likely put away and covered up carefully from the dust until wanted for another such gathering. The peace-makers that sat there, and perhaps found in them luxurious solace against the tedium of the weary meetings, have long since done their work, and are gone away to their homes. Now that the atmosphere is in some sort cleared, and our ears are no longer confounded with such hurly-burly as Sulina mouth, protectorate, strip of territory, and Bolgrad difficulty, it may perhaps be found curious to look back—say, one hundred and forty-four years—and see how such grave matters were transacted at that date.

With what accompaniment of fiddling and dancing and other light festivity—with what curious jumble of gay and grave, of priest and laymen, of Plenipos and beautiful ladies, of whisperings in window embrasures during pauses of the dance, of knotty difficulties smoothed away in my lady's boudoir—a great treaty was signed at Utrecht, in the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and thirteen, may be found an amusing enquiry even at this remote interval. It will be seen that the men of those days were formed of stuff not quite so stern as that which constituted the potent, grave, and reverend signors who sat so lately in the arm-chairs at Paris.

Nothing could be imagined more gay and lively than the aspect of this city of Utrecht, so often beleaguered and cannonaded, as the time for the assembling of the congress drew near. Pleasure seekers flocked thither from all parts of the world, and of a sudden the town became filled with a motley crowd of haughty seigneurs and rich strangers, together with a fair sprinkling of adventurers and chevaliers d'industrie from Spa, Bagnières, and other fashionable watering-places. By and by the ministers began to drop in to the surprising number of fifty-four, and their equipages and gorgeous liveries of their retainers, pages, and running-footmen—whose colours and distinguishing tokens were set forth in a small volume printed shortly after their arrival—added to the brilliancy of the scene. Nor was the charm of female attractions wanting—such of the ministers as were blessed with wives and daughters bringing them to share in the great gala, with, of course, attendant store of costly dresses and rich parures. Among whom were to be seen three peerless beauties, whose matchless perfections had been sung and raved of

throughout all the courts of Europe. Traveling gallants, returned home from the grand tour, told how they had seen glittering in the salons of Berlin the Countess Denhof, followed whithersoever she moved by all eyes, and Madame Marckchal—fair bride, just sixteen years of age, and, as the chronicle tells us, *d'une tournure enchantée*. Eagerly was her coming waited for by the Grand Monarque and his *petits-maitres*, for her husband was already appointed ambassador to the court of France, and was to proceed thither at the termination of his Utrecht labours. Madame Dalwick, wife of the Hessian minister, completed this famous triad of beauty. There was, besides, a host of lesser stars not quite so resplendent, among whom were to be seen Madame Bergomi from Modena; Madame Passionei, wife of the Pope's representative; the Duchess of St. Pierre; and, lastly, Miss Wood, or Woold, as the French must mispell it, daughter of the Bishop of Bristol, who was held to be a *demoiselle de mérite*, and much liked. With such distraction, it is wonderful how their excellencies contrived to do business at all. Pleasure first and business afterwards (reversing the popular maxim) became the established canon, or rather an agreeable mélange of both, which pleasantly lightened the labours of office. Perhaps, thanks to the intercession, sundry little difficulties were smoothed away, which might otherwise have hindered the march of the great negotiation. Who knows how much of the famous treaty was to be set down to one of Madame Denhof's seductive smiles, or a soft whisper of Madame Marckchal? Who shall tell how many times an impracticable diplomatist gave way before the witcheries of these fair but unaccredited negotiators? It is to be feared that in the cold insensible council so lately dissolved, such gentle aids to discussion would not have found proper appreciation, and the efforts of some captivating intercessor would have fallen powerless before flinty Buol or Walewski natures.

Before, however, any serious business could be thought of, certain terrible breakers showed themselves a-head, on which it was just possible the congress might split and go to pieces at once. With fifty-four excellencies present, each with their following of servants, livery-men, pages, écuyers, and the like, it was only to be expected that brawls and quarrels on the score of precedence would result when rival nations came in contact. It is written, then, that at the very first sitting of this Utrecht conference a solemn treaty or convention of many articles was rédigé, by which provision was made for the better behaviour of their excellencies' Jehus and running footmen. It was decreed, in the first instance, that every commissioner should drive to the place of meeting in a coach drawn by not more than two horses, and

attended by a small following only. Further, that to avoid contestation *parmi les cochers*, each should draw up at the door where their masters had alighted. MM. les Plénipotentiaires were also enjoined to use their best efforts towards hindering quarrels among their coachmen and lacqueys—these latter being conjured to treat each other with *douceur* and *honnêteté*. Provision was even made for a delicate point of professional etiquette, on which tenants of the Bon are proverbially sensitive—viz., as to the right of passing first in a narrow street. In the public walks and promenades, when their excellencies would go forth in state attended by their train of attendants, every one was enjoined to keep strictly to his own side, giving place to others with all gentleness and politeness. By this means, what has been a fruitful source of quarrel in all ages and countries—taking shape in our own land as the right to the wall-side—was in some measure sought to be avoided. The history of London life during the last century is full of such unhappy rencontres—gallants stepping out into the road to settle the quarrel there and then. Again, no page, lacquey, or domestic was to carry sword, stick, or other offensive weapon. Above all, no one was to be seen in the streets after ten o'clock, and transgressors were to be handed over to the scout or police officer.

In spite of all this sage legislation, almost before the congress had met a second time, a difficulty arose between the followings of two of the ministers. News arrived one day of the defeat at Denain, and the domestics of the Dutch plenipotentiary, Count Rechteren—possessed of vast estates, and married to Princess — brought home word to their master that when passing the hotel of M. Mesnager his servants had made insulting gestures at them. M. le Comte de Rechteren cannot credit such effrontery. What! he, a great Dutch noble, one of the Hogen Mogen, and husband of a princess! Impossible! Accordingly, he ordered round his carriage; and, to convince himself, bade his coachman drive past the scene of the affront. He was to be convinced. The French valets were still standing about the door, and repeated their offensive gestures. The Count returns home furious, and pens a note to M. Mesnager, complaining of the insult and demanding reparation. That minister, with true French insouciance, affected to treat the whole affair as a mere bagatelle. His excellency must have been mistaken—he had enquired among his servants—nothing of the sort had taken place. However, he would make further perquisitions. After a proper interval, during which M. Mesnager appeared to be sleeping over the matter, the Count again wrote, demanding that his valets should be confronted with those of the French minister. This, M. Mesnager, naturally foreseeing the inevitable consequences, and of

which his hotel would be the scene, put lightly aside with more French excuses. Upon this, the high-spirited Dutchman, seeing that no redress was to be had in this quarter, bade his valets take the law into their own hands and right themselves on the first opportunity. This was not long in presenting itself.

The Mall was crowded with idlers and gay promenaders, conspicuous among whom, were to be seen the envoys of the different countries, each at the head of a brilliant train. Before long, the two ministers met face to face. M. le Comte repeated his demands for satisfaction, and complained of the length of time allowed to elapse before conceding his just demands. M. Mesnager could only repeat—as before—that he had made every exertion to discover the culprit, but without success. M. le Comte upon this stepped aside, and his followers without further preface, rushed upon those of the French minister, and a desperate *melée* ensued, in which the victory finally remained with the Dutch. M. Mesnager was indignant at this conduct, and wrote home to the King, his master. The great Louis was very wroth, and despatched angry letters to the States General refusing to allow his ministers to take part in the conference, until the offending minister had been withdrawn. In short, there were elements here for a very pretty quarrel, and the congress might have been cut short prematurely, had not the Count de Rechteren insisted so strongly on his resignation being accepted by the States, that they were forced to give way to his wishes. Thus was averted an awkward complication—for Louis was preparing to carry matters with a high hand.

The plenipotential fifty-four had not been many days together, when the disturbing influence of beauty began to make itself felt. It got abroad that the Count de Tarouca, envoy of his Portuguese Majesty, was busy planning a series of fêtes, and was actually supervising the construction of a superb dancing pavilion in his garden. Readers will here bethink them of a certain other pavilion sent out to a noble ambassador, not so many months since; which, however, was to add to the glories of a coronation, not of a sober conference. Count Tarouca's improvised ball-room was two hundred feet long, garnished round with two rows of magnificent orange-trees, and hung with rich tapestries. But, as ill luck would have it, on the very eve of the fête, a difficulty arose, which went nigh to ruin the whole. It was on a delicate point of etiquette: the Duc de St. Pierre having unhappily conceived the idea that the Count Tarouca owed him the first ceremonial visit. The Count, on his side, refused to give way, being persuaded that he was equally entitled to this unlucky ceremonial visit. Every one was in despair. The fêtes would be ruined. For it was well-known that the French

visitors would take part with their injured duke, or rather with his brilliant duchess, who was of their nation, and would absent themselves from the festival. And it was felt that a fête without the French strangers would be indeed lame and impotent. Just as matters seemed desperate (it was already the evening before the great day), the Marquis de Miremond stepped in, through whose good offices the recalcitrant Count was prevailed upon to strike, and went that same night to pay his respects to the duke and duchess. The beau monde breathed again. All went merrily as a marriage-bell.

Those fêtes must have been truly magnificent. The first day was for the entertainment of the fifty-four, consisting of a grand banquet, followed by a theatrical exhibition. They were seated round a great oval table, where they were served with the most exquisite dishes and delicacies. Marvels of cookery were set before them in such numbers and profusion as to defy enumeration. It was remarked, too, that all these dishes were brought in and set with un ordre et un tranquillité admirable; which shows that the blessings of noiseless attendance were well understood, even in those days. Fourteen great lustres, and two hundred lights illuminated this apartment, while at one end was to be seen a gorgeous buffet of gold and silver plate, of exquisitely shaped vases, containing the choicest wines and liqueurs. Great mirrors—rare enough in those days—were disposed at intervals round the room, and a band of musicians in the gallery discoursed sweet music throughout the evening. Miracles of confectionery art were there, gigantic sugar temples, fountains, and trees with artificial fruit. The service was exquisite porcelain from Japan. In short, never was plenipotential heart so rejoiced before.

Next was to follow the theatrical representation, to witness which the party adjourned to a pretty extemporised theatre. Though this was especially the gentlemen's feast (*la fête des messieurs*), and no ladies had been invited, still, three of the beauties, the Duchess St. Pierre, with Mesdames Dalwick and Bergomi, presented themselves at the theatre door, and were joyfully welcomed by the noble host. The comedy of *La Femme Juge et Partie* then commenced, and was played admirably by the actors engaged: being followed by a sort of *harlequinade*—an entertainment then very popular. The evening wound up with an illumination on the water in front of the Count's hotel, which sent everybody home delighted with the day's entertainment.

Next morning ushered in the ladies' feast, two hundred of whom were invited by the gallant Count, not to mention many more who came unbidden, drawn, we are told, by curiosity, and who were courteously made

welcome. The dresses were d'une magnificence enchantée, and everything passed off delightfully. Even an awkward matter of etiquette (something of the sort seemed to lie in wait for members of the congress at every turn) was turned by the polished Count to so much social capital. With so many stately personages present, who was to go first? Who was to be led out first for the minuet? The Count disposed of the matter very happily by requesting a young nobleman to select a partner, and commence dancing at once. Thus was the ball, as it were, accidentally opened, and no one's dignity was wounded. Not till five o'clock next morning did the unwearied Plenipotes bethink them of turning homeward.

But, there was yet more to come. The Count de Tarouca, having so gracefully performed his part in the round of pleasure, gave place to his colleague, Don Louis d'Acunha, who threw open his salons that very night for a grand bal-masqué. This species of entertainment had never been witnessed in the sober city of Utrecht, and was looked forward to with extraordinary curiosity. Even the tailors and milliners had to be initiated into the mysteries of masks and dominos, having never heard of such gear till then. The result was a brilliant festival, perfectly dazzling by the multitude and variety of the dresses. The fascinating duchess was of course present, figuring in the strange character of Scaramouche, which may be likened to the modern débardeur costume; while Madame Denhof, with far better taste, appeared in a simple Spanish dress.

Still, this was not enough. These great entertainments were a little overgrown—perhaps too crowded; and it was thought that a series of small fêtes, given only to a select few, would be less constrained, and fill up the dead portion of the week pleasantly. Accordingly, the first of these little re-unions took place, in a few days, at Count Denhof's, and the amusements of the evening was a grown-up children's play, known as the Gâteau des Rois, which seems to have resembled our Twelfth-night games. That grave senator, my Lord Comte de Strafford, was chosen king, and selected the pleasure-seeking duchess for his queen. Twenty people exactly assisted at this little gathering, and it was ingeniously suggested that each member of the clique should entertain the rest in his turn. So admirable an idea was not allowed to fall to the ground; and, before separating, an heir to the crown, in the person of the Roman minister, was chosen, who was to be the hero of the next Gâteau des Rois. Even the polished Abbé de Polignac, and my Lord Evêque de Bristol, contributed their share to the merry-making. A few days later, the gallant Tarouca, not content with his previous exertions, must needs throw open his great pavilion for another high fes-

tival. So the round of pleasure and of mummery went on.

Perhaps it was while performing Gâteaux des Rois with Madame Marckchal and other diplomatic syrens, that my Lord Comte de Strafford was seduced into consenting to terms, long afterwards held to be shameful and discreditable to England.

During another fête given by Count Denhof, and which did not break up till long past midnight, a stroke of business was effected. It was noted that late in the night, the Abbé de Polignac and Count Zizendorf had withdrawn together into the recesses of a window, and had there communed for a space of some three hours. It was further discovered that my Lord Comte de Strafford had disappeared about midnight, and was proved to have gone away in the Dutch minister's coach, to my Lord Evêque de Bristol's, whence he had not departed till three o'clock in the morning. Very important matters were concluded during this vigil: nothing less than a renewed guarantee for the succession to the English Crown, and Barrier Treaty betwixt England and Holland. Of such importance was this night's work held to be, that Le Sieur Harrison was sent away at early dawn, bearing despatches for the English Court. More fêtes succeeded, the unwearied Count Tarouca striking in again and again, with ball and masquerade, whenever there were symptoms of flagging. At last, news arrived of the death of the King of Prussia, which event prematurely cut short the festivities.

In this fashion did the famous Utrecht Treaty come to be signed, exactly one hundred and forty-four years ago.

TWO MILLIONS OF TONS OF SILVER.

THE future historian of Great Britain will doubtless relate, among the fashions of the nineteenth century, the rise and progress of aquariums,—how ladies, grown weary of buying and losing and rebuying their cats and dogs, drowned their sorrows in salt-water and transferred their affections to a lively shrimp. But while they are exploring the living wonders of the deep, scientific men have been ransacking the sea for treasures, if not as interesting, at least as valuable as the beautiful zoophytes; and their experiments have led them to the conclusion that the ocean holds dissolved two million tons of silver.

To three French chemists the discovery is due. They took gallons of water from the coast of St. Malo, a few leagues from land, and analysed it in two ways. A portion of the water they acted upon by the usual tests for silver; and the presence of the precious metal was clearly ascertained. The remainder of the water they evaporated; and the salt they obtained, they boiled with lead.

This gave them a button of impure lead, which they subjected to what is called cupellation. This rather grand word denotes a very simple process. The button is placed upon a little tiny saucer made of lime, and is submitted to heat sufficient to melt the lead, but not high enough to affect the silver, should any be present. The lead soon begins to melt, and, as it melts, it is sucked up by the porous little saucer or cupel: it grows smaller and smaller, until no lead remains, and in its place is a little brilliant speck, far brighter than the boiling lead. The cupel is then removed from the fire, and as it cools the red-hot spark cools too, and you have a homœopathic globule of silver, very much like one of those small pills that druggists delude smokers into buying to take away the smell of the fragrant weed. The operation, as I have said, is very simple, and is the ordinary mode of procuring silver from the ore. Analyses are being made in this way, every day, at the Mint. When the presence of silver is doubtful, the work is most exciting. I saw an English ore so tested the other day, and sure enough, after a few minutes of anxious watching, shone forth a bright spark about the size of a pin's head, for which our eyes were longing. The ore proved a very rich one, and we shall most likely soon hear more about it.

But we must not forget our French friends. Again and again they repeated the experiment with the same success. Then they sat down and made the calculation that a cubic mile of ocean contains two pounds and three-quarters weight of silver. After this, they made another series of experiments: they gathered seaweeds, preferring those known to botanists as *fuci*: because, as those plants have no roots to insert into the rocks, they must derive all their aliments from the sea. These they analysed, and found them twenty-six times richer in silver than the water itself.

The results attracted the attention of an English chemist, Mr. Frederick Field, who is engaged in assaying silver in Chili; they induced him to commence a course of experiments upon the copper or yellow metal with which the hulls of vessels are sheathed. His knowledge of chemistry told him that if the sea contained silver, he would in all probability find the metal on the bottoms of vessels that had been at sea. He soon had an opportunity of testing the correctness of his surmise. The *Ana Guimaraens*, a large vessel under the Chilean flag, was hauled down to be repaired near Coquimbo, where Mr. Field resides. The ship had been seven years at sea, and trading the whole of the time in the Pacific Ocean; so that if silver existed in any ship's bottom it certainly would in the *Ana Guimaraens*. A few ounces of the metal sheathing were taken, and, after a careful analysis, Mr. Field obtained from five thousand grains a trifle more than two

grains of silver, which is equal to one pound one ounce two pennyweights fifteen grains in the ton. There was no yellow metal on board the ship by which a comparison could be made with that which had been exposed to the salt-water. But, shortly afterwards, another vessel came into dock, and from her cabin a piece of metal was taken which had never been exposed to sea-water, and another piece of equal weight was removed from the hull, which had been three years afloat. The metal from the hull yielded eight times as much silver as that taken from the cabin. Similar comparative analyses were made on other vessels, and a difference between the two metals was invariably found: the difference varying according to the length of time the ship had been at sea. In those ships that had been the shortest time at sea the difference was least, and vice versa.

But, why should there be any silver in the brass and copper used in the cabins? Well, it appears that in these metals there is generally a little silver—two or three pennyweights per ton; and beyond this, Mr. Field accounts for it from the employment of masses of metal melted down from old sheathings which derive their silver from former voyages. One other experiment Mr. Field is at present carrying out. He has granulated some very pure copper—a portion is reserved in a bottle to be compared at a future period with the other portion, which is floating in a wooden box, perforated on all sides, a few feet below the surface of the Pacific. When a good-humoured captain puts into Coquimbo, he takes the box in tow, and drags it at the stern of his vessel up and down the coast of Chili. Just as you have tried to catch a mackerel with a mackerel's tail, so is Mr. Field trying to catch silver with his copper bait.

The curious discovery of sea-water silver gives rise to one or two questions. Where, for instance, does the silver come from? Has it been extracted from the earth by artificial means, the waste of man's diggings, borne to the bosom of ocean by rivers, which, like giant arteries, burst from the heart of the earth? It could scarcely be that man, avaricious man, could have let two millions of tons of silver so slip through his fingers. No! we may acquit the world of so egregious a blunder. That the presence of silver in the sea is more ancient than human folly or cupidity, M. Durocher and his friends, who first called attention to the subject, have proved by procuring the precious metal from crystals of rock salt which had been deposited anterior to the existence of man upon this earth.

One experiment leads to another. If the sea could be made to yield silver, where might not the metal be found? The wood of the oak, birch, beech, hornbeam, aspen, apple, and ash, grown at long distances from the

sea, and which had never been manured with salt or seaweed, has been burnt, and in the ashes silver has been detected. But, if plants contained silver it was not difficult to infer that it existed also in animals. This was proved to be the case by an experiment which brought these remarkable researches to a triumphant conclusion. An ox was sacrificed to science, and in his blood was discovered the same valued metal.

The explanation of these phenomena is not very difficult. The sulphide of silver, or silver in combination with sulphur, is very widely diffused in nature. Salt-water attacks the sulphide and converts it into chloride of silver, which it dissolves by the agency of common salt. So, also, the common salt contained in the water of the earth acts in a similar manner, dissolving out small quantities of metal, which it carries off and transfers to plants, and from plants it is received by animals in their food.

What the value of the discovery may be, remains to be proved. Wiseacres may shake their heads, and pronounce it useless. But, if no attempt be made to turn it to account, one of two things will be clearly shown; either that silver is not so scarce as some people would make us believe, or else we can do very well without it.

THE LATTICE.

I sat at my lattice window,
And the night-wind whistled by,
The silent stars but dimly shone

Through the lowering winter sky—oh, so mournfully!

My hair was blown by the pitiless breeze
That chanted a dirge through the forest trees,
And I murmur'd wearily, "Oh, be kind to me!"

I rose in the morning early,
Though my eyes were dim with weeping,
I thought of the silent lowly home

Where weary hearts are sleeping—oh, so quietly!

I lay me down by the churchyard tree—
The branches heaved so lovingly,
Saying, "Rest near me! I will be kind to thee!"

I sat again in my bower,
Where the garden-flowers grew,
The sun shone high in the noon-day sky,

My heart was shining too—oh, so cheerily!

For a firm strong heart was beating near,
And a soft voice whisper'd in my ear,
"Thou art all mine—I will be kind to thee!"

That day has pass'd like a night-dream,
So fair, but oh! so fleeting!
The sunlight left me smiling;

But the moonbeams found me weeping—oh, so bitterly!

For cypress-leaves entwined his brow,
And his cheek was pale as the fallen snow:
Oh, it was hard! and he so kind to me!

My heart is sad, yet I weep not,
Though the soft, sad summer breeze
Seems not as sweet as when it wav'd

That day through the forest trees—oh, so cheerily!

From my lattice I look up to Heaven high,
Where angels watch from the starry sky,
And then I pray, "Oh, God, be kind to me!"

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND. THE TELLING OF THE SECRET.

FOLD by fold Rosamond opened the paper, and saw that there were written characters inside it, traced in ink that had faded to a light yellow hue. She smoothed it out carefully on the table—then took it up again, and looked at the first line of the writing.

The first line contained only three words—words which told her that the paper with the writing on it was not a description of a picture, but a letter;—words which made her start and change colour, the moment her eye fell upon them. Without attempting to read any further, she hastily turned over the leaf to find out the place where the writing ended.

It ended at the bottom of the third page; but there was a break in the lines, near the foot of the second page, and in that break there were two names signed. She looked at the uppermost of the two—started again—and turned back instantly to the first page.

Line by line, and word by word, she read through the writing; her natural complexion fading out gradually the while, and a dull, equal whiteness overspreading all her face in its stead. When she had come to the end of the third page, the hand in which she held the letter dropped to her side, and she turned her head slowly towards Leonard. In that position she stood,—no tears moistening her eyes, no change passing over her features, no word escaping her lips, no movement varying the position of her limbs—in that position she stood, with the fatal letter crumpled up in her cold fingers, looking steadfastly, speechlessly, breathlessly at her blind husband.

He was still sitting as she had seen him a few minutes before, with his legs crossed, his hands clasped together in front of them, and his head turned expectantly in the direction in which he had last heard the sound of his wife's voice. But, in a few moments, the intense stillness in the room forced itself upon his attention. He changed his position—listened for a little, turning his head uneasily from side to side—and then called to his wife.

"Rosamond!"

At the sound of his voice her lips moved, and her fingers closed faster on the paper that they held; but she neither stepped forward nor spoke.

"Rosamond!"

Her lips moved again—faint traces of expression began to pass shadow-like over the blank whiteness of her face—she advanced one step, hesitated, looked at the letter, and stopped.

Hearing no answer, he rose surprised and uneasy. Moving his poor helpless, wandering hands to and fro before him in the air, he walked forward a few paces, straight out from the wall against which he had been sitting. A chair, which his hands were not held low enough to touch, stood in his way; and, as he still advanced, he struck his knee sharply against it.

A cry burst from Rosamond's lips, as if the pain of the blow had passed, at the instant of its infliction, from her husband to herself. She was by his side in a moment. "You are not hurt, Lenny?" she said, faintly.

"No, no." He tried to press his hand on the place where he had struck himself, but she knelt down quickly, and put her own hand there instead; nestling her head against him, while she was on her knees, in a strangely hesitating, timid way. He lightly laid the hand which she had intercepted on her shoulder. The moment it touched her, her eyes began to soften; the tears rose in them, and fell slowly one by one down her cheeks.

"I thought you had left me," he said. "There was such a silence that I fancied you had gone out of the room."

"Will you come out of it with me, now?" Her strength seemed to fail her, while she asked the question; her head drooped on her breast, and she let the letter fall on the floor at her side.

"Are you tired already, Rosamond? Your voice sounds as if you were."

"I want to leave the room," she said, still in the same low, faint, constrained tone. "Is your knee easier, dear? Can you walk, now?"

"Certainly. There is nothing in the world the matter with my knee. If you are tired, Rosamond—as I know you are, though you may not confess it—the sooner we leave the room the better."

She appeared not to hear the last words he said. Her fingers were working feverishly about her neck and bosom; two bright, red spots were beginning to burn in her pale cheeks; her eyes were fixed vacantly on the letter at her side; her hands wavered about it before she picked it up. For a few seconds, she waited on her knees, looking at it intently, with her head turned away from her husband—then rose and walked to the fireplace. Among the dust, ashes, and other rubbish at the back of the grate were scattered some old, torn pieces of paper. They caught her eye, and held it fixed on them. She looked and looked, slowly bending down nearer and nearer to the grate. For one moment she held the letter out over the rubbish in both hands—the next she drew back, shuddering violently, and turned round so as to face her husband again. At the sight of him, a faint, inarticulate exclamation, half sigh, half sob, burst from her. "Oh, no, no!" she whispered to herself, clasping her

hands together, fervently, and looking at him with fond, mournful eyes. "Never, never, Lenny—come of it what may!"

"Were you speaking to me, Rosamond?"

"Yes, love. I was saying—" She paused, and, with trembling fingers, folded up the paper again, exactly in the form in which she had found it.

"Where are you?" he asked. "Your voice sounds away from me, at the other end of the room again. Where are you?"

She ran to him, flushed, and trembling, and tearful; took him by the arm; and, without an instant of hesitation, without the faintest sign of irresolution in her face, placed the folded paper boldly in his hand. "Keep that, Lenny," she said, turning deadly pale, but still not losing her firmness. "Keep that, and ask me to read it to you as soon as we are out of the Myrtle Room."

"What is it?" he asked.

"The last thing I have found, love," she replied, looking at him earnestly, with a deep sigh of relief.

"Is it of any importance?"

Instead of answering, she suddenly caught him to her bosom, clung to him with all the fervour of her impulsive nature, and breathlessly and passionately covered his face with kisses.

"Gently! gently!" said Leonard, laughing. "You take away my breath."

She drew back, and stood looking at him in silence, with a hand laid on each of his shoulders. "Oh, my angel!" she murmured tenderly. "I would give all I have in the world, if I could only know how much you love me!"

"Surely," he returned, still laughing, "surely, Rosamond, you ought to know by this time!"

"I shall know soon." She spoke those words in tones so quiet and low that they were barely audible. Interpreting the change in her voice as a fresh indication of fatigue, Leonard invited her to lead him away by holding out his hand. She took it in silence, and guided him slowly to the door.

On their way back to the inhabited side of the house, she said nothing more on the subject of the folded piece of paper which she had placed in his hands. All her attention, while they were returning to the west front, seemed to be absorbed in the one act of jealously watching every inch of ground that he walked over, to make sure that it was safe and smooth before she suffered him to set his foot on it. Careful and considerate as she had always been, from the first day of their married life, whenever she led him from one place to another, she was now unduly, almost absurdly, anxious to preserve him from the remotest possibility of an accident. Finding that he was the nearest to the outside of the open landing, when they left the Myrtle

Room, she insisted on changing places, so that he might be nearest to the wall. While they were descending the stairs, she stopped him in the middle, to enquire if he felt any pain in the knee which he had struck against the chair. At the last step she brought him to a stand-still again, while she moved away the torn and tangled remains of an old mat, for fear one of his feet should catch in it. Walking across the north hall, she entreated that he would take her arm and lean heavily upon her, because she felt sure that his knee was not quite free from stiffness yet. Even at the short flight of stairs which connected the entrance to the hall with the passages leading to the west side of the house, she twice stopped him on the way down, to place his foot on the sound parts of the steps, which she represented as dangerously worn away in more places than one. He laughed good-humouredly at her excessive anxiety to save him from all danger of stumbling, and asked if there was any likelihood, with their numerous stoppages, of getting back to the west side of the house in time for lunch. She was not ready, as usual, with her retort; his laugh found no pleasant echo in hers: she only answered that it was impossible to be too anxious about him; and then went on in silence, till they reached the door of the housekeeper's room.

Leaving him for a moment outside, she went in to give the keys back again to Mrs. Pentreath.

"Dear me, ma'am!" exclaimed the housekeeper, "you look quite overcome by the heat of the day, and the close air of those old rooms. Can I get you a glass of water, or may I give you my bottle of salts?"

Rosamond declined both offers.

"May I be allowed to ask, ma'am, if anything has been found this time in the north rooms?" inquired Mrs. Pentreath, hanging up the bunch of keys.

"Only some old papers," replied Rosamond, turning away.

"I beg pardon, again, ma'am," pursued the housekeeper; "but, in case any of the gentry of the neighbourhood should call to-day?"

"We are engaged. No matter who it may be, we are both engaged." Answering briefly in these terms, Rosamond left Mrs. Pentreath, and rejoined her husband.

With the same excess of attention and care which she had shown on the way to the housekeeper's room, she now led him up the west staircase. The library door happening to stand open, they passed through it on their way to the drawing-room, which was the larger and cooler apartment of the two. Having guided Leonard to a seat, Rosamond returned to the library, and took from the table a tray containing a bottle of water, and a tumbler, which she had noticed when she passed through.

"I may feel faint as well as frightened," she said quickly to herself, turning round

with the tray in her hand to return to the drawing-room.

After she had put the water down on a table in a corner, she noiselessly locked first the door leading into the library, then the door leading into the passage. Leonard, hearing her moving about, advised her to keep quiet on the sofa. She patted him gently on the cheek, and was about to make some suitable answer, when she accidentally beheld her face reflected in the looking-glass under which he was sitting. The sight of her own white cheeks and startled eyes suspended the words on her lips. She hastened away to the window, to catch any breath of air that might be wafted towards her from the sea.

The heat-mist still hid the horizon. Nearer, the oily, colourless surface of the water was just visible, heaving slowly from time to time in one vast monotonous wave that rolled itself out smoothly and endlessly till it was lost in the white obscurity of the mist. Close on the shore, the noisy surf was hushed. No sound came from the beach except at long, wearily long intervals, when a quick thump, and a still splash, just audible and no more, announced the fall of one tiny, mimic wave upon the parching sand. On the terrace in front of the house, the changeless hum of summer insects was all that told of life and movement. Not a human figure was to be seen anywhere on the shore; no sign of a sail loomed shadowy through the heat at sea; no breath of air waved the light tendrils of the creepers that twined up the house-wall, or refreshed the drooping flowers ranged in the windows. Rosamond turned away from the outer prospect, after a moment's weary contemplation of it. As she looked into the room again, her husband spoke to her.

"What precious thing lies hidden in this paper?" he asked, producing the letter, and smiling as he opened it. "Surely there must be something besides writing—some inestimable powder, or some bank-note of fabulous value—wrapped up in all these folds?"

Rosamond's heart sank within her, as he opened the letter and passed his finger over the writing inside, with a mock expression of anxiety, and a light jest about sharing all treasures discovered at Porthgenna with his wife.

"I will read it to you directly, Lenny," she said, dropping into the nearest seat, and languidly pushing her hair back from her temples. "But put it away for a few minutes now, and let us talk of anything else you like that does not remind us of the Myrtle Room. I am very capricious, am I not, to be so suddenly weary of the very subject that I have been fondest of talking about for so many weeks past? Tell me, love," she added, rising abruptly and going to the back of his chair; "do I get worse with my whims and fancies and faults?—or am I improved,

since the time when we were first married?"

He tossed the letter aside carelessly on a table which was always placed by the arm of his chair, and shook his forefinger at her with a frown of comic reproof. "Oh fie, Rosamond! are you trying to entrap me into paying you compliments?"

The light tone that he persisted in adopting seemed absolutely to terrify her. She shrank away from his chair, and sat down again at a little distance from him.

"I remember I used to offend you," she continued quickly and confusedly. "No, no, not to offend—only to vex you a little—by talking too familiarly to the servants. You might almost have fancied, at first, if you had not known me so well, that it was a habit with me because I had once been a servant myself. Suppose I had been a servant—the servant who had helped to nurse you in your illnesses, the servant who led you about in your blindness more carefully than anyone else—would you have thought much, then, of the difference between us? would you—"

She stopped. The smile had vanished from Leonard's face, and he had turned a little away from her. "What is the use, Rosamond, of supposing events that never could have happened?" he asked rather impatiently.

She went to the side-table, poured out some of the water she had brought from the library, and drank it eagerly; then walked to the window and plucked a few of the flowers that were placed there. She threw some of them away again the next moment; but kept the rest in her hand, thoughtfully arranging them so as to contrast their colours with the best effect. When this was done, she put them into her bosom, looked down absently at them, took them out again, and, returning to her husband, placed the little nosegay in the button-hole of his coat.

"Something to make you look gay and bright, love—as I always wish to see you," she said, seating herself in her favourite attitude at his feet, and looking up at him smiling, with her arms resting on his knees.

"What are you thinking about, Rosamond?" he asked, after an interval of silence.

"I was only wondering, Lenny, whether any woman in the world could be as fond of you as I am. I feel almost afraid that there are others who would ask nothing better than to live and die for you, as well as me. There is something in your face, in your voice, in all your ways—something besides the interest of your sad, sad affliction—that would draw any woman's heart to you, I think. If I was to die—"

"If you were to die!" He started as he repeated the words after her, and, leaning forward, anxiously laid his hand upon her forehead. "You are thinking and talking very strangely this morning, Rosamond! Are you not well?"

She rose on her knees and looked closer at him, her face brightening a little, and a faint smile just playing round her lips. "I wonder if you will always be as anxious about me, and as fond of me, as you are now?" she whispered, kissing his hand as she removed it from her forehead. He leaned back again in the chair, and told her jestingly not to look too far into the future. The words, lightly as they were spoken, struck deep into her heart. "There are times, Lenny," she said, "when all one's happiness in the present depends upon one's certainty of the future." She looked at the letter, which her husband had left open on the table near him, as she spoke; and, after a momentary struggle with herself, took it in her hand to read it. At the first word her voice failed her; the deadly paleness overspread her face again; she threw the letter back on the table, and walked away to the other end of the room.

"The future?" asked Leonard. "What future, Rosamond, can you possibly mean?"

"Suppose I meant our future at Porthgenna?" she said, moistening her dry lips with a few drops of water. "Shall we stay here as long as we thought we should, and be as happy as we have been everywhere else? You told me on the journey that I should find it dull, and that I should be driven to try all sorts of extraordinary occupations to amuse myself. You said you expected that I should begin with gardening and end by writing a novel. A novel!" She approached her husband again, and watched his face eagerly while she went on. "Why not? More women write novels now than men. What is to prevent me from trying? The first great requisite, I suppose, is to have an idea of a story; and that I have got." She advanced a few steps further, reached the table on which the letter lay, and placed her hand on it, keeping her eyes still fixed intently on Leonard's face.

"And what is your idea, Rosamond?" he asked.

"This," she replied. "I mean to make the main interest of the story centre in two young married people. They shall be very fond of each other—as fond as we are, Lenny—and they shall be in our rank of life. After they have been happily married some time, and when they have got one child to make them love each other more dearly than ever, a terrible discovery shall fall upon them like a thunderbolt. The husband shall have chosen for his wife a young lady bearing as ancient a family name as—"

"As your name?" suggested Leonard.

"As the name of the Treverton family," she continued, after a pause, during which her hand had been restlessly moving the letter to and fro on the table. "The husband shall be well-born—as well-born as you, Lenny—and the terrible discovery shall be, that his wife has no right to the ancient name that she bore when he married her."

"I can't say, my love, that I approve of your idea. Your story will decoy the reader into feeling an interest in a woman who turns out to be an impostor."

"No!" cried Rosamond, warmly. "A true woman—a woman who never stooped to a deception—a woman full of faults and failings, but a teller of the truth at all hazards and all sacrifices. Hear me out, Lenny, before you judge." Hot tears rushed into her eyes; but she dashed them away passionately, and went on. "The wife shall grow up to womanhood, and shall marry, in total ignorance—mind that!—in total ignorance of her real history. The sudden disclosure of the truth shall overwhelm her—she shall find herself struck by a calamity which she had no hand in bringing about. She shall be crushed, petrified, staggered in her very reason by the discovery; it shall burst upon her when she has no one but herself to depend on; she shall have the power of keeping it a secret from her husband with perfect impunity; she shall be tried, she shall be shaken in her mortal frailness, by one moment of fearful temptation; she shall conquer it, and, of her own free will, she shall tell her husband all that she knows herself. Now, Lenny, what do you call that woman? an impostor?"

"No: a victim."

"Who goes of her own accord to the sacrifice? and who is to be sacrificed?"

"I did not say that."

"What would you do with her, Lenny, if you were writing the story? I mean, how would you make her husband behave to her? It is a question in which a man's nature is concerned, and a woman is not competent to decide it. I am perplexed about how to end the story. How would you end it, love?" As she ceased, her voice sank sadly to its gentlest pleading tones. She came close to him, and twined her fingers in his hair fondly. "How would you end it, love?" she repeated, stooping down till her trembling lips just touched his forehead.

He moved uneasily in his chair, and replied, "I am not a writer of novels, Rosamond."

"But how would you act, Lenny, if you were that husband?"

"It is hard for me to say," he answered.

"I have not your vivid imagination, my dear: I have no power of putting myself, at a moment's notice, into a position that is not my own, and of knowing how I should act in it."

"But suppose your wife was close to you—as close as I am now? Suppose she had just told you the dreadful secret, and was standing before you—as I am standing now—with the happiness of her whole life to come depending on one kind word from your lips? Oh, Lenny, you would not let her drop broken-hearted at your feet? You would know, let her birth be what it might, that she was still the same

faithful creature who had cherished, and served, and trusted, and worshipped you since her marriage-day, and who asked nothing in return but to lay her head on your bosom, and to hear you say that you loved her? You would know that she had nerved herself to tell the fatal secret, because in her loyalty and love to her husband, she would rather die forsaken and despised, than live, deceiving him? You would know all this, and you would open your arms to the mother of your child, to the wife of your first love, though she was the lowliest of all lowly-born women in the estimation of the world? Oh, you would, Lenny; I know you would!"

"Rosamond! how your hands tremble; how your voice alters! You are agitating yourself about this supposed story of yours, as if you were talking of real events."

"You would take her to your heart, Lenny? You would open your arms to her without an instant of unworthy doubt?"

"Hush! hush! I hope I should."

"Hope? only hope? Oh, think again, love, think again; and say you *know* you should!"

"Must I, Rosamond? Then I do say it."

She drew back as the words passed his lips, and took the letter from the table.

"You have not yet asked me, Lenny, to read the letter that I found in the Myrtle Room. I offer to read it now, of my own accord." She trembled a little as she spoke those few decisive words, but her utterance of them was clear and steady, as if her consciousness of being now irrevocably pledged to make the disclosure, had strengthened her at last to dare all hazards and end all suspense.

Her husband turned towards the place from which the sound of her voice had reached him, with a mixed expression of perplexity and surprise in his face. "You pass so suddenly from one subject to another," he said, "that I hardly know how to follow you. What in the world, Rosamond, takes you, at one jump, from a romantic argument about a situation in a novel, to the plain, practical business of reading an old letter?"

"Perhaps there is a closer connection between the two, than you suspect," she answered.

"A closer connection? What connection? I don't understand."

"The letter will explain."

"Why the letter? Why should you not explain?"

She stole one anxious look at his face, and saw that a sense of something serious to come was now overshadowing his mind for the first time.

"Rosamond!" he exclaimed, "there is some mystery——"

"There are no mysteries between us two," she interposed quickly. "There never have been any, love; there never shall be." She moved a little nearer to him to take her old

favourite place on his knee, then checked herself, and drew back again to the table. Warning tears in her eyes bade her distrust her own firmness, and read the letter where she could not feel the beating of his heart.

"Did I tell you," she resumed, after waiting an instant to compose herself, "where I found the folded piece of paper which I put into your hand in the Myrtle Room?"

"No," he replied, "I think not."

"I found it at the back of the frame of that picture—the picture of the ghostly woman with the wicked face. I opened it immediately, and saw that it was a letter. The address inside, the first line under it, and one of the two signatures which it contained were in a handwriting that I knew."

"Whose?"

"The handwriting of the late Mrs. Treverton."

"Of your mother?"

"Of the late Mrs. Treverton."

"Gracious God, Rosamond! why do you speak of her in that way?"

"Let me read, and you will know. I would rather read it than tell it. You have seen, with my eyes, what the Myrtle Room is like; you have seen, with my eyes, every object which the search through it brought to light; you must now see, with my eyes, what this letter contains. It is the Secret of the Myrtle Room."

She bent close over the faint, faded writing, and read these words:—

"To my husband,—

"We have parted, Arthur, for ever; and I have not had the courage to embitter our farewell by confessing that I have deceived you—cruelly and basely deceived you. But a few minutes since, you were weeping by my bedside, and speaking of our child. My wronged, my beloved husband, the little daughter of your heart is not yours, is not mine. She is a love-child, whom I have imposed on you for mine. Her father was a miner at Porthgenna, her mother is my maid, Sarah Leeson."

Rosamond paused, but never raised her head from the letter. She heard her husband lay his hand suddenly on the table; she heard him start to his feet; she heard him draw his breath heavily in one quick gasp; she heard him whisper to himself the instant after, "A love-child!" With a fearful, painful distinctness she heard those three words. The tone in which he whispered them turned her cold. But she never moved, for there was more to read; and while more remained, if her life had depended on it, she could not have looked up.

In a moment more she went on, and read these lines next:—

"I have many heavy sins to answer for, but this one sin you must pardon, Arthur; for I committed it through fondness for you. That

fondness told me a secret which you sought to hide from me. That fondness told me that your barren wife would never make your heart all her own until she had borne you a child; and your lips proved it true. Your first words, when you came back from sea, and when the infant was placed in your arms, were:—'I have never loved you, Rosamond, as I love you now.' If you had not said that, I should never have kept my guilty secret.

"I can add no more, for death is very near me. How the fraud was committed, and what my other motives were, I must leave you to discover from the mother of the child, who is charged to give you this. You will be merciful to the poor little creature who bears my name, I know. Be merciful also to her unhappy parent: she is only guilty of too blindly obeying me. If there is anything that mitigates the bitterness of my remorse, it is the remembrance that my act of deceit saved the most faithful and the most affectionate of women from shame that she had not deserved. Remember me forgivingly, Arthur—words may tell how I have sinned against you; no words can tell how I have loved you!"

She had struggled on thus far, and had reached the last line on the second page of the letter, when she paused again, and then tried to read the first of the two signatures—"Rosamond Treverton." She faintly repeated two syllables of that familiar Christian name—the name that was on her husband's lips every hour of the day!—and struggled to articulate the third, but her voice failed her. All the sacred household memories which that ruthless letter had profaned for ever, seemed to tear themselves away from her heart at the same moment. With a low, moaning cry, she dropped her arms on the table, and laid her head down on them, and hid her face.

She heard nothing, she was conscious of nothing, until she felt a touch on her shoulder—a light touch from a hand that trembled. Every pulse in her body bounded in answer to it, and she looked up.

Her husband had guided himself near to her by the table. The tears were glistening in his dim, sightless eyes. As she rose and touched him, his arms opened, and closed fast round her.

"My own Rosamond!" he said, "come to me and be comforted!"

CANTON-ENGLISH.

ON reaching Canton, about two years ago, numerous novelties in human shape were presented to my observation. Among the foremost was a native tutor of the Canton patois,—whose services had been engaged to facilitate the study of this particular dialect. On the morning of introduction I was curious enough to take notes of my first impressions of a Chinese

dominie. He was of middle size, rather stooping, by no means corpulent. His head was small; his eyes were sleepy. His face, naturally smooth, had become more so from having that morning been under the barber's hand,—whose tools had evidently passed over all the facial lines. He had shaved his chin, cheeks, and forehead; had titillated his eyeballs, clipped his eyebrows, cleaned his nostrils, picked his ears, and braided his queue. His neck was uncovered. It being then midwinter, he wore a felt cap lined with fur. His outer dress was a robe, reaching below the knees, folding over the breast, and fitting close to the neck. It was made of satin of a fine texture, and elegant blue; and his sash of an exquisite yellow crape. It was not his usual attire, but was probably borrowed for the occasion, of a friend, or from a tailor, or had been taken out of pawn.

Around the right wrist, partially concealed in his wide sleeve, there was a bracelet of large dark beads, and from the top button of his outer dress, there hung a string of smaller beads, strongly perfumed with musk. He carried with him a short pipe—the bulb of which could hold tobacco only sufficient for two or three puffs. He was very fond of tobacco; and it was curious to watch the Chinese preceptor leaning back in his chair, and, while he cast a beatific look at me, smoking his tube. He smoked, he smoked, and smoked—and, as he seemed decidedly to swallow the irritating vapour, to my surprise, from each nostril there streamed forth a volley of smoke,—nothing else than the pent up fume expressed from the narcotic leaf. At first I had not the audacity to interfere with his incessant use of the pipe; but at length, to save the wooden floor, on which he had no objection to empty the contents of the pipe, as well as to save my time—to spend which in smoke he had as little scruple—I was compelled to place him under some restraint during the hours of study, allowing him certain intervals for self-indulgence. As the cold weather had set in, the teacher did not bring his fan with him; but in a large pouch slung from his girdle he carried his ink-horn. This was a truly simple portable apparatus. It consisted of a brass tube as long as his pencil-brush, with a tiny cup for ink, and a simple lid to close it up. Oftener a native scribe or copyist is satisfied with a brass cap for his hair pencil, containing a small quantity of liquid India ink, in which, when unused, the pencil lies saturated. Of the other parts of the teacher's clothing,—tunic, trousers, stockings, and shoes,—the shoes were the most noticeable, perhaps. The soles were thick, and the outer sides painted white. Being of the first style, the shoes were made of brocaded silk; and the ends were rounded up, some Chinese say, to give ease in walking on soles so thick. But how this can be it is difficult

to see; for by being curled upward at the toes,—the front part of one's foot is much higher than the heel part, so that the wearer is in danger, when he walks, of falling backwards. However, as in many other things, so, in this too, Chinese rule carried the principle of doing everything the contrary way to other nations; with us the fashion is to raise the shoe-heel, but among the Chinese it is to depress the heel and raise the toes.

There is now pretty well established in the south of China a jargon language, denominated Canton-English. It was coined first, perhaps, a hundred and fifty years since, and has at last become the standard language of communication between the natives and foreigners in Canton and its vicinity. It is the mixed result of Canton and English attempts at intercommunication.

For many years there have been circulating among the natives of Canton, Whampoa, Macao and Hongkong, numerous editions of a printed vocabulary of the Canton-English. The number of phrases and words in it do not exceed a hundred and fifty; but the mongrel dialect thus published, seems to have become fixed in its idioms, etymology, and definitions. The plan of the work is simply to express the sounds of English words in Chinese characters, giving underneath the Canton word for the same.

As specimens of this murdering of the English tongue, take the following:—three, telee; five, fie; seven, sumwun; ten, teng; eleven, lumwun; twelve, telup; stove, szetore; January, chenawih; westward, weezewan; buffalo, peefuhlow; business, pigeon; bother, bobberie; rice, lice; trouble, trouppigeon; proper, popa; fear, feelw; want, wanchee; take, taykee; secure, skure; send, sendee; make, maykee; catch, ka-chee.

But this piebald lingo does not merely consist of corrupted English. You have Portuguese words introduced also in a deplorable, mangled form; e. g., sabbee, to know; maskee, not to mind; joss, for God or deos, &c. Besides, in this jumble, we have numerous words of the genuine native dialect, violently forced to meet the English mode of pronunciation; thus, fokee, a friend or comrade is sounded, by foreigners, fookkee; and used as a synonymous term for John Chinaman; samshow, used by foreigners for wine, is a corruption of a Canton word, hongtsui; chinchin, is to pay respects, derived from the native phrase, tsingtsing; chinchinjon is a compound of Canton and Portuguese to express idol worship; cumshaw is a perversion of the local phrase, kumsai, to give thanks, or a present in token of gratitude.

It was a severe tax on my risible powers, when, on the first morning of my arrival, a smart-looking Canton youth walked into my chamber and announced, "Pakefuss lady sil, awe lady sil." The only interpretation I could make of it was by aid of my watch-dial, and the calls of hunger; for he

meant to say, "Breakfast is ready, sir; all ready, sir." But the most comic specimen is a colloquy between a native and a foreigner, both versed in this style of conversation. Shortly after my reaching Macao, I walked out one morning with an American who had been sometime resident there. We rambled into the Chinese bazaar and got into a shoemaker's shop. The conversation, with explanation in pillory, is as follows:

CANTON-ENGLISH.

Foreigner.—Chin—chin
fookkee?

Chinaman.—Belly well,
belly well. Chin-chin:
whafo my no hab see
taipan sot langim?

F.—My wanchee wun
pay soo belly soon. Spose
fookkee too muchee pigeon:
no can maykee.

C.—Cando cando:
whafo no cau: no cazion
feeloo: my sabbee belly
well: can fixee alla popa.

F.—Wanchee maykee
numba wun ledda: feeloo
no hab eulop ledda?

C.—No cazion feeloo.
Can skure hab numba wun
popa ledda.

F.—Patchee wun piece
sulek insigh alla popa:
wanchee finis chopchop:
can do?

C.—Can see, can sab-
bee: skure you day afoo
mollo: taipan can sen wun
piece cooly come my sop
look see.

F. (seeing a woman in
the back part of the shop).
—High ya, fookkee: my
see insigh wun piece wifoo.
Dat you wifoo? My no
sabbee fookkee hab catchee
wifoo. Tooloo?

C.—So fashion tooloo.
Beefo tim 'wun moon,
countee alla popa day, my
catch dat piece wifoo.

F.—My chin-chin you,
fookkee, Chin-chin.

C.—Ah chin-chin, tai-
pan, chin-chin.

Horrid trash this. But, versed in it, the Canton servants, shroffs, boatmen, and shop-people think themselves up to the mark in pure English. Nor can it be otherwise than a matter of much regret that this gibberish has been extended to other ports on the coast of China since they were opened by the treaty of eighteen hundred and forty-two. When foreign merchants and supercargoes (formerly resident at Canton, and accustomed to this medium of conversation) moved up to Ningpo, Shanghai, &c., where the natives are able to

QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

F.—How do you do,
John Chinaman?

C.—Quite well, thank
you, sir. How is it that I
have not had the honour of
seeing you for so long?

F.—I want a pair of
shoes soon. But I fear
you are too busy to make
them for me now.

C.—Most certainly I
can. Why not? Don't
be afraid of that. I am
sure I can make them all
right.

F.—I want a pair made
of the best leather; but
perhaps you are out of
European leather?

C.—Don't be afraid of
that. I can guarantee the
leather to be the very best.

F.—Well, line them
with silk nicely. I want
them at once, if you can.

C.—I'll see. I promise
you them the day after to-
morrow. Please, sir, to
send a servant to my shop
for them.

F.—Well, friend, who
is that woman inside there?
Is that your wife? I did
not know you had got
married. Is it so or not?

C.—Yes, sir, quite true.
Last month, on the most
auspicious day I could se-
lect, I married her.

F.—Well, I congratu-
late you, friend. Good
morning.

C.—Good day, sir;
good-day.

pronounce our language more accurately than the Cantonese, it does not appear that they took any specific pains to introduce a reformed vocabulary. But, a very praiseworthy attempt in this direction was made by the first appointed consul at Ningpo (the late Robert Thom, a friend of the Chinese, and a thorough Chinese scholar); who, as soon as he entered upon his consular duties, tried to mend the mischief, and published a cheap work—a help to Chinese students of the English language. At first the innovation introduced by Mr. Thom bade fair to be successful among the northern youths in assisting them to pronounce and speak good English. But, presently, as the trade in the north rose in importance and quantity, there was such an influx of boys, compradores, and merchants from the south—already versed in, and proud of, this Canton-English—that the tide of improvement was turned.

THE METROPOLITAN CATTLE MARKET.

ONE dry cold moonlight morning, at the special suggestion of my friend and fellow member of the Social Agronomicals, Tom Ashtick,—Tom being a real farmer-grazier,—I, only an honorary member of the said Association, I took my place in the North London Railway for Copenhagen Fields, in company with a fair load of other passengers, well-clad in somewhat greasy garments, with blue aprons; which however they wore, as if in the way of business. Their unbrushed clothes by no means tallied with the neat precision of their conversation; in a word, my fellow-travellers were London butchers, who, from constant conversation with lady customers, acquire a certain conversational refinement, and, from the hurry of their occupation, a certain curt, condensed, authoritative style of diction. Our station was the Caledonian Road, a stone's throw from the greatest meat-market in the world.

Now-a-days we go everywhere by railway; we generally go away by railway, after being married; and sometimes even to be buried. When we reached our halting place, the last droves had taken their appointed places; the needful dog-barking and man-shouting had ceased; and we walked through a broad road, along which a few score of untaxed suburban butchers' carts, generally carrying six inside, were furiously careering toward the square of thirty acres which has superseded old Smithfield.

As we enter the gate, I cannot help wondering why the architect, who well planned this Royal Exchange of Live Stock, did not take British breeds for his ornamental types. The mild Short Horn and the savage Highlander, the obese Leicester, and the lively, succulent Southdown, instead of the Roman bulls and Spanish merinoes which now crown the gate pillars.

In the market square, in parallel lines or streets, diverging from a central clock tower (if any point can be the centre of a square), thousands of fat cattle are ranged, each tied by the head to a rail, which forms one side of a narrow lane. There are thirteen thousand feet of these rails. Thus there are broad streets bordered by tails and living legs, destined, when dead, for soup; where the salesmen stand, ash-stick in hand, and receive their customers, who stroll up and down, pricing, bargaining, and finally buying; and there are narrow lanes, bordered on each side by horned or polled heads, meekly awaiting their doom;—these lanes being useful as affording views of the forequarters of the cattle, and providing convenient thoroughfares through the market. One side of the square, divided by the clock and an avenue, is devoted to beasts; the other to one thousand eight hundred sheep-pens, and pig-pens, with a special elevated roofed platform for calves—at this particular time of year chiefly occupied by sheep-dogs, resting from their drover duties.

The clock tower, contrived a double or say "treble debt to pay," contains on its basement the "Cattle Banks," institutions peculiar to the London butcher trade; a druggist's shop, equally provided with medicaments for man and beast, distinguished from all ordinary druggists by barrels of red ruddle, for the supply of sheep-purchasing customers; and a retail warehouse of warm jackets and blankets, thick boots, bridles and saddles—once shipped in haste for the Crimean army, now sold dirt cheap.

A survey from the clock tower, shows, on one side, several acres of white squares with black borders. These are the sheep pens; on the other, parallelograms of divers cattle colours,—red most prevails; and, next to that, the most popular cow colour; white mixed with red; here and there a score or so of white faces on red bodies mark a batch of Herefords, huge oxen only to be raised on good fat pastures. Black and dark gray patches, and pale dun, tell of Scots and of Welsh mountaineers; while, in a remote corner, black, mottled, and white, hail from the polders and grain distilleries of Holland. In no part of the market is there any crowd or confusion; the fat beasts, comfortably tied, are as quiet as if in a fold-yard; and, as for the butchers in search of beef and mutton, they are lost in space. Noise, except a bellow now and then, a little bleating, or the distant barking of a discontented dog imprisoned in a calf pen, there is none. The scene is not Arcadian, although greenfields are to be seen beyond, not yet invaded by the bricklayer; it is more like a well-ordered camp at day-break, substituting beeves for chargers.

Descending to terra firma and details, I began my march, meeting from time to time with many a country friend, interested in the sale of a dozen fat oxen or a few score of fat sheep. On the window of the market office

the numbers entered for sale are written up: 3500 cattle; 18,560 sheep.

There was at least a quarter of a million of pounds of live beef, without counting the offal, loose fat, or suet, which costs the butcher nothing, and forms at Christmas time, say from December to the end of January, an important part of the butcher's profit in sale for plum-puddings. A fat ox on a pedestal of plum-pudding would typify, better than any of the old-fashioned emblems, modern British agriculture; for, without the pudding it would be difficult to say what would become of the extra fat, which roots, cake, and corn combine to lay up on Christmas prize cattle.

Of the day's supply, the largest, the fattest, and the youngest were, as they always are, Short Horns, invented by the brothers Collinge, improved by a long series of breeders down to the late Earls Spencer and Ducie; the present brothers Booth of Killerby; Sir Charles Knightley, of fox-hunting fame; Squire Townley, a Lancashire militia colonel; Richard Stratton, a yeoman-farmer of Wiltshire; Gunter, a militia captain of Middlesex (a name eminent for sweets as well as roasts), and a crowd of others, amongst whom are divers Scotchmen; and, among Irishmen, Lord Talbot de Malahide and Captain Ball. Of Short Horns and their crosses,—the true meat for the million, which, fifty years ago, was scarcely known out of three northern counties, and which is fit for the butcher at an age when most other breeds are little better than hobbledehoy calves,—it was estimated that full three thousand oxen and fat cows and heifers stood in the great market, held before Christmas, and not one of the Long Horns, the prime breed of Arthur Young's time. Short Horns are bred now everywhere, and fed everywhere. They are bred side by side with native breeds in northern Scotland, and as far south as Devonshire. In Ireland they are superseding the native Long Horned breed to such an extent as to afford a great export of yearlings, which finish their education in the warm yards, stalls, and boxes of the Midland and Metropolitan counties. Next in size and beef-making qualities is the huge red white-faced Hereford ox, fattened to perfection alike on Shropshire pastures and Midland grass, feeding also on corn-cake and roots. The Hereford cow, unlike the Short Horn, is small and insignificant, of small value in the dairy, although affording neat juicy ribs and sirloins. The Hereford is not, and never will be widely spread, like the Short Horn; he is rarely found, out of three or four counties round the city that gives him his name; only one nobleman, the Duke of Bedford, out of that district breeds him; for he has no reputation as a cross for improving other breeds, while the Short Horn improves, whether for milk or beef, every breed. But, he is a great favourite with the butcher. In trade term, he dies well. In his native district he has a reputation as being powerful and

docile in the plough. Ox-ploughing, however, is too slow for modern high farming. In the Midland counties, and as far north as Norfolk, the white face of the Hereford may be seen placidly ruminating in root-feeding winter yards; but, he is seldom to be found further north than Norfolk, and, even there, the Devon and Short Horn are preferred to him.

Inferior in size, but superior in quality, comes the red curly-coated North Devon, the Norfolk favourite, with his round mole-like carcase, his neat thorough-bred head, branching horns, and delicate limbs. The farmers of Norfolk—the only county where he is bred in any quantity out of Devonshire, Somersetshire, and Dorsetshire—has, ever since the time of Coke of Holkham (who introduced him to supersede the unprofitable Norfolk cattle) been fond of filling their winter yards with delicate Devons. At one time, the Norfolk farmers were the chief northern customers; now, they find a difficulty in getting their number, for they are intercepted on the way; and even the slow Devonians and slower Somersets find the advantage of feeding fat the denizens of their damp hills. The Devons are much in demand among West-end-of-London and Brighton butchers for their best customers. At the last Smithfield Club Show a little Devon had the rare honour of winning the gold medal, as the best ox in the show.

Very much like the Devons in colour and stamp of head, but altogether on a larger scale, and I am afraid,—in the face of farmer Wood, of Ockley Manor,—I must say coarser and less refined by careful breeding, are the Sussex; no doubt of the same breed as the North Devon enlarged by richer pastures, and not refined by the pedigree breeding of a Quartley and a Turner, and the Herd Book of a Davey—not Sir Humphry, but Captain John, of Rose Ash. The Sussex are unknown beyond the South-coast and Metropolitan markets, and do not seem to be increasing in number; they are esteemed where known, and are often amongst the earliest sold, being of great size and fine quality; what butchers call a useful class of animals.

In the place of honour, in the most fashionable shed of the cattle market, under the charge of the D'Orsay of cattle salesmen, were to be found a large lot of the primest meat of the highest price—the Scots, West Highlanders, and Black Polled Angus. The Scotch cattle are finished and fed fat all over England, as far down as where they meet the Herefords and Devons, but are only bred in Scotland. The West Highlander, when fat, seems a curious compound of two animals—one savage and untameable; the other tamest of the tame. A wild head, with sharp threatening horns and savage little eyes, gleaming beneath a shaggy forehead, is attached to one of the fattest, roundest, and most plump and mole-like

of bodies, covered with a thick curly hair, supported on four delicate limbs, and finished off with a long meteor-like tail. This admirable beast, reared among storms and mists, fed and thriving for two or three years on the coarse scanty herbage and heather of Scotch mountains, no sooner reaches southern pastures, sheltered in southern show-yards, or the snug Scotch homesteads, where roots and cakes supply him with breakfast, dinner, and supper, than he does credit to his keep; and, without losing his wild quality and flavour, lays on flesh of the juiciest, so that when driven to slaughter, he tops the more effeminate and artificial breeds by from sixpence to a shilling per stone of eight pounds. The West Highlander is deservedly a favourite in parks, where he is almost as picturesque, if dun or red, as, and is much more profitable and hardy than, fallow deer. It is worth a journey into Notts to see them, as I saw them last winter, browsing under the oaks, alongside the lake at Clumber, or wildly dashing away in twos and threes, when startled by the cry of hounds and rush of scarlet-coated horsemen.

It is a hundred years since Jennie Dean's Duke of Argyle began to improve the West Highlander; but, the savage mountaineer never came to perfection until he tasted oil-cake, mangolds, Swedes, and with straw to eat and to lie on. Equal in fine grain and quality of meat, larger in carcase, nearly equal in hardness of constitution, more useful in the plough and dairy, but very different in personal appearance, is the improved Black Polled Angus, by exception only, dun, red, or white. This breed, within the last quarter of a century brought to perfection, has for want of horns a sort of elk-like unfinished look, and a peculiarly mild expression. Like the Highlander, he is only bred in Scotland, but is a great favourite with all the high-class farmers of England, as well as of Scotland, especially in the Lincolnshire yards, where his hornless head makes it possible to pack a larger number together than of any other kind. Besides these distinct breeds, there are always in the market odd animals of every and of no local breed, and some elephantine aged fat bulls, intended for workhouse or emigrant ship consumption. Foreigners were represented, as before observed, by a lot of black and white Dutch cows, probably fattened on distillery grains—lumpy, uneven, coarse-looking animals, sadly in want of a good Short Horn cross, yet supplying every week, with Danish, Rhenish, and other strangers, a very seasonable quantity of low-priced beef. The Dutch were in the care of a mild, stout, close-shaven dealer, in a pair of high boots, and an overcoat of sealskin.

The population, or passengers, met in perambulating the streets between the cattle's tails, consisted of a very few classes, and all well to do. In greatest numbers were the butchers with eager looks; graziers

having stock in the market in the hands of salesmen; a few drover lads; but, their occupation having ceased with the tying up of the cattle, and not recommencing until, when, later in the day, sales had become plentiful,—they were not numerous. Those about were very quiet; with, for the most part, pale faces, and an awake-all-night look. Their singularly seedy, often unctuous, caps contrasted with particularly stout serviceable boots, a fact of costume which proved that drovers are well paid. A working man with good feet coverings is generally well off. Each drover carried a long stick, with a blunt prong at one end, about an eighth of an inch long; the length being, as the drovers are, licensed by municipal market authority. Whatever these drovers were under old Smithfield education, careful observation enables me to state that at present they do their duty without any flesh damaging, banging or prodding; * they are under the eye of the butchers now, and such unprofitable cruelty would not be permitted.

The general appearance of the Copenhagen public is decidedly cold, uncomfortable, and much needing the moustache movement—with a full beard accompaniment, to cover unshaven, half-shaven, or much gashed cheeks and chins, operated on by the candlelight of early winter mornings. The leg-coverings of the market frequenters are characteristic of their pursuits. Long boots, leather leggings of various complexity, worsted hose, gaiters, and primitive fustian galligaskins, very equally divided the honours of the field; while turned-up trousers looked vastly uncomfortable. One luxurious grazier-salesman, who wore a pair of woollen-lined Crimean boots, with a Crimean sheepskin jacket, and a Welsh wig under his Jim-Crow hat, was taking his breakfast according to the Copenhagen fashion, *al fresco*, off a tray, supported on an empty sheep-pen; the said breakfast consisting of one tankard of hot tea, and another of hot ale, a hissing rumpsteak, and a plate of hot buttered rolls, brought from the Cattle Market Tavern by a young waiter who had very much the air of a butcher's apprentice. I recommend those unfortunate gourmands who cannot raise an appetite, to try a course of Copenhagen market, beginning at six o'clock on a frosty morning.

Next to the leg-coverings, the distinguishing mark of the Copenhageners, from the highest to the lowest, is a long thin ash plant; a sort of wand of office, sold by wandering merchants at one penny each, and borne by every one, from the volunteer eight-year-old assistant sheep-driver to the Shropshire squire grazier, with his two score of fat Herefords. With this wand, stock are pointed out, tapped on their

prime joints in admiration, and on their deficiencies in depreciation, turned from side to side, and finally driven to slaughter. Therefore, on entering the market, provide yourself with an ash-stick; it will be your passport everywhere if discreetly used. The only other peripatetic trade of any moment seems to be in penny pies, sold from a deal box.

The important men of the market are the salesmen, who fill the place of brokers on the Stock Exchange and Mincing Lane. They stand between and sell for the graziers to the butchers on commission. The most eminent reside in London, and confine themselves to special departments; realising incomes of thousands per annum. The sheep salesman does not sell cattle, and the cattle salesman does not sell sheep. Besides the metropolitan salesmen, there are a certain number of graziers, like my six-foot friend, Tom Ashstick, from the fat pasture counties, who make it a business of coming up once a week to sell their own and their neighbours' stock during the six cold months of the year.

The cattle salesmen are, as a class, tall powerful men; they had need be, for theirs is a laborious calling; requiring energy, a good temper, calm judgment, decision, and a certain knack of ready repartee. The distinguishing part of the costume of a salesman is an apron, of mackintosh with the swells; or blue serge, much needed to protect him from the dirt and grease while placing his arms round the beasts, or handling the sheep, to show their perfection. The cattle salesman always carries the before-mentioned ash-stick.

All preconceived notions of the noise and riot of a cattle-market are upset at Copenhagen, where one of the principal brokers has—in style of face and figure, in the cut of his inevitably greasy clothes, in his neat though muddy boots, and his measured West-end accent and subdued manner, while praising a half-score of Scots—very much the idea of a guardsman in disguise, selling cattle for a wager. Nevertheless the greater number of these gentlemen are known as Bob this or Tom that; a fact which the observant reader will know how to appreciate. The most celebrated have a certain jolly independent air, tempered by a dash of the capitalist. They ride neat hacks when off duty, are to be found with their families in season in Brighton or Paris, and altogether occupy a happy intermediate position between the slow agriculturist and the fast gents of Capel Court. They are obliged, in order to succeed, to understand both beasts and men.

The business of Copenhagen market is done with few words, a good deal of quiet pantomime, and a total absence of those shrieks and furious gesticulations without which no Irishman, Welshman, or French Celt can conclude a public bargain. For instance, as I came up to my grazier friend,

* See the first volume of Household Words, page one hundred and twenty-one.

an excited butcher asked the price of a pair of Herefords out of a score under his charge. Tom began by gently tapping one beast, to make him stand apart, at the same time saying, "Forty pounds." Then he went through the pantomime of showing a "level back," a "deep girth," pin bones well covered, "round, even barrel," "mellow touch." Butcher makes an offer in a whisper, "Can't do it, Mr. Suet," replies Tom. Butcher handles the beast himself in a depreciatory style, walks away a few yards, and then returns briskly, extending a remarkably red, ruddy, greasy hand, like the claw of a huge roc, crying, "Shake hands, Mister Ashstick, on thirty-nine pounds." "Can't do it, Mr. Suet." Suet throws up both hands in disgust, and walks off, lingering and exclaiming, "Well, Mr. A., to turn off an old customer for a pound! Well! I'll tell every one you are a gentleman—except to me!" "Very sorry, Mr. Suet, but I'm a man of business, and that pays better." So Suet, pathetically deploring, departs; but, when I return in a quarter of an hour he has bought—not two, but four bullocks, and is cheerfully engaged in cutting his mark with a pair of scissors on the beast's hair, while an assistant, with a not too sharp knife, shaves off the flowing honours of each tail, reducing them to rats, and consigning the hair to a market bag provided for the purpose.

The next step is the payment. No money passes. The butcher, having ascertained where the salesman banks, proceeds there, and pays in the price agreed. In olden time, those who are now bankers were called "money takers." They merely received the money from each butcher, counted it over to see that the amount was correct, the gold and notes genuine, and delivered it up in separate packets at the end of the day to the salesman. But, in the course of time, they have grown into a sort of cattle brokers; transacting all the business connected with the disposal of the cattle, except the sale. For instance, the farmers or graziers, who for six or nine months of the year send up cattle and sheep every week to the market, have a regular account with one of the market bankers, although they also employ a salesman for their beasts, and another for their sheep. The grazier who is despatching from—say, Norfolk, by rail, for the Christmas market, a score of bullocks, and five score sheep, writes a sort of letter of advice, with an invoice to the salesman, and, also, to the banker. The stock on arriving at the London station, are received by an agent of the salesman, called, technically, an "upholder;" who, for a fee of so much per head (sixpence for bullocks), sees them properly driven and tied up in the market. On the morning of the sale, the upholder waits until each bargain is concluded. When a

butcher has purchased anything, he says, "Where do you bank?" The salesman answers, perhaps, "with Challis." The butcher proceeds to Challis's bank, accompanied, or followed by the upholder, and says, "I want to pay for two Hereford bullocks bought from Bob Moxon (the salesman). Eighty-two pounds." The upholder having satisfied himself that the money has been paid, permits the butcher to cut his hieroglyphics on the beasts, to shave the tufts from their tails, and to drive them away.

In the evening, the salesman calls over and checks his list and his sales for the day, with one of the bank clerks; after which the bankers make out the account of the salesman, including every item of his sales, for, perhaps, a dozen consignees, and the total of his commission. Also a separate account for each country customer, with the deductions for commissions, market-fees, &c. This is sent by post, generally the same night, to the countryman, with either a cheque for the balance due to him, or advice that the amount has been paid in to the London agents of the grazier's country bankers.

Thus, it will be seen that the bankers save the salesmen almost all the trouble of accounts and correspondence. In Scotland, banking is extended to fairs of lean stock, and most purchases are paid in cheques on banks; which open peripatetic branches for the accommodation of their agricultural customers.

The next stage of the beasts sold, is either to the suburbs and villages round London, under charge of the licensed drovers, or to the slaughter-house attached to the market, and thence to Newgate or Leadenhall or to the slaughter-house of the butcher.

My morning concluded with a visit to one of the market taverns, which I found crowded with butcher lads and drovers, in the bar and the tap; graziers and topping butchers upstairs; below, chiefly beer and gin; above, tea, coffee, and furious assaults on cold meat. In one room a skin merchant sat, with bowls of sovereigns, rolls of notes, and a huge cheque book, before him; while three assistants, in blue short smocks, were busy counting some square yards of silver into heaps. The skin merchant was accommodating those of his butcher clients who had no banking account, with gold, or notes, or cheques for their heaps of silver. It was a droll contrast to the bars and cages of a French money-changer. The room, was not private, pipes were smoked, pots were drained by strangers, looking on at financial transactions that would have astonished a French city.

In conclusion, I can only say, if any one, alderman or other man, wants a proof of the civilising influences of space, light, and order, let him remember old Smithfield, and then go and look at the Copenhagen Market.

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GRAND JURY POWERS.

WHEN we described, last June, the course of law in the case of a criminal trial, and the care taken throughout the whole procedure to respect fully the liberty that is the birth-right of an Englishman, we said of the members of the grand jury:—"The duty of those gentlemen is to read all the bills of indictment against persons to be tried, and to throw out those that do not seem to them sufficiently supported by the evidence to call for further hearing. By rejecting an indictment the grand jury may set free a guilty man; but it cannot condemn an innocent one. This is the first chance given to the prisoner, and a palladium of liberty no longer necessary; rather unserviceable, perhaps, than serviceable to the country." We have now before us all the facts that are to be had pertaining to a case which may be taken as a reasonable illustration of the doubtful value of grand juries in the present day. Of their value in past times doubt is impossible: the only argument, indeed, in favour of retaining them is, that a future time may come in which the people of England may again need this additional defence against the exercise of oppressive kingly power.

The fundamental idea of the grand and petty jury system is, of course, that no man shall be condemned under a crown prosecution except upon the judgment of at least four and twenty of his countrymen. The crown officers first have to lay their indictment before a grand jury composed of not less than twelve or more than three and twenty gentlemen of some estate and consequence, who may examine the evidence for the prosecution in a secret council as much or as little as they please, and have power to liberate the accused and to stop his formal trial, if they declare their belief to be that the evidence laid before them does not suffice to substantiate the charge. The grand jury does not examine any witness nor call for any statement that may be made on behalf of the accused. It looks simply to the accusation and to the manner in which it is to be enforced by evidence, and is to say whether it be fair, upon such an accusation sustained by such evidence, to put the accused upon his trial. If twelve of them do not agree in

saying so, the bill of indictment is not found, and the prisoner is set free; although it is in the power of the crown to submit a fresh indictment at a future assize to a new grand jury. When the formal trial follows, no subject can be condemned unless the whole (petit) jury of his countrymen agree that he is guilty.

Of course, when king and people had conflicting interests and came not seldom into conflict, the value of this double jury system to the subject was quite obvious enough. In our time, however, while the old dangers to civil liberty have decreased in strength, new and most powerful means of defence against them have arisen. The greatest of these is publicity. At present the grand jury is the only secret tribunal in Great Britain. It has, indeed, no power to bind, only a power to loose; but that may be no mean power of mischief in the state. The grand jury is a people's court; but, while we allow no power of secret judicature to the crown, what need is there that we should claim any such power for the people?

In the old days, newspapers were tiny sheets of gossip, and the proceedings both of the legislature and of the executive were, except in their results, to all intents and purposes kept secret from the nation, and it mattered little that the grand jury was not responsible to public opinion. Moreover, when it had to discuss freely, in relation to many a case, the personal objects of a king or the necessity for checking his aggression, it was lawful and right that many things should be said secretly that would bear almost the construction of treason if spoken in public, and would certainly expose the speaker of them to much persecution from the government. Now, however, when the people has become a host, and a free host, submitting gladly to be ruled by monarchs who are bound to merit its respect, the power of the nation in its parliament is of a kind that no monarch could break, with help from English hands. It is only conceivable—we do not say possible—for the degree of freedom to which we have attained to be destroyed by the arms of foreigners; and against these certainly the secret working of grand juries would be no valid protection.

As matters stand, therefore, if it be not

prudent to abolish altogether the grand jury, we are certainly disposed to wish that its deliberations should take place always in the presence of reporters. When a case which a qualified magistrate has heard and decided to be one requiring a full trial is dismissed untried by the grand jury, the country has a right to know after what sort of inquiry, and upon what grounds, the solemn investigation is quashed. It does not suit the spirit of openness which is the truest safeguard of our public rights, that the path of justice should in any part of its course be hidden amidst the darkness of a secret, irresponsible tribunal. It is not permitted to lord chancellor or lord chief-justice to give an opinion or pronounce a sentence without setting forth sufficient reasons for it; why, then, should we be called upon to puzzle in vain over the inexplicable mystery of a grand jury presentment for which there are no grounds apparent, and by which—as in the case to which we now proceed to call attention—it happens that, if there be ground for it, the accused person is seriously injured; but, if there be no ground for it, the public.

A parliamentary document lately issued contains, as fully as they are to be had, both sides of the untried case to which we shall refer for one proof of the inconvenience of secrecy in the deliberations of grand juries. It is the case of Mr. Snape, Medical Superintendent of the Surrey Lunatic Asylum; who was charged last year, on the prosecution of the Commissioners in Lunacy, with the manslaughter of a pauper lunatic. Let it be understood that we by no means undertake to judge the case. While following the evidence detailed in the indictment, the reader will remember that we are telling the tale as it would be told by counsel for the prosecution, and sworn to by witnesses for the prosecution; but that upon this there is to follow a defence which, even as it stands, will affect the opinion of very many men, and which, if it be a true defence, could, by examinations and by cross-examinations have been so established, as to free the accused from all that was most serious in the accusation.

The case as made out by the indictment was as follows: On the ninth of April last year, in the Surrey Lunatic Asylum, Daniel Dolley, a pauper inmate sixty-five years of age and rather thin, became violent in the day-room. This fact was reported to Mr. Snape, the resident surgeon. Dolley had been walking rapidly up and down, singing and stamping, had been very talkative, and had kicked another patient. In cases of excitement it was customary at the Surrey Lunatic Asylum, to administer a shower-bath, and Dolley had been treated with shower-baths on previous occasions. Only a week before he had had one which lasted half-an-hour. When, therefore, Mr. Snape, walking in the direction of the shower-bath, said, "Come this way, Dolley," the old man knew what was intended, and,

as one of the keepers tells the tale, he "up with his fist, and struck Mr. Snape on the side of the head, and gave him a very violent blow, and then he went to run through Number two ward, and I went after him, and he turned round and kicked me in a dangerous place, and Davis, the attendant of Number two, closed in behind him, and secured him. I blew my whistle, and Iberson came to our assistance." Mr. Snape said, "Get him undressed, and put him into the bath." When he was undressed, he said, "Now, Dolley, walk into the bath." Dolley quietly obeyed. Mr. Snape then said, "Now, pull the string, Barnett."

When the string was pulled, there fell over the patient, according to the testimony of two eminent engineers, by whom the bath and cistern were examined, nearly twenty gallons of water in the first half-minute, sixty in the first two minutes, less after the depth of water in the cistern had fallen; but, on the whole, an average of nineteen and a half gallons per minute. This water, Mr. Glaisher, of the Greenwich Observatory, states would have been of the low temperature of forty-five degrees on that April morning.

The string having been pulled, the evidence of Barnett is that, "then Mr. Snape said to me, 'Barnett, I never was struck by a patient before, since I have been in the institution.' He stayed for a moment or two—perhaps a minute—and said, 'Keep him in half-an-hour,' and I said I had not my watch in my pocket; if you will tell Davis when the time is expired, I will thank you. Mr. Snape said, 'Look in upon him several times.' Mr. Snape then left the bath-room. Before leaving the room, Mr. Snape said also, that when Dolley came out, Barnett was to 'Give him a good dose of the light-coloured mixture.'" That is the name of an antimonial emetic which it was usual to give to patients after they had come out of the shower-bath.

Evidence on the part of the prosecution further proved, that no patient had ever before been kept in a shower-bath so long as thirty minutes. The attendant in the bath-room said, "I have generally given five minutes and ten minutes, some of twenty minutes, but of those, very few." The "good dose" was interpreted to mean four tablespoonfuls instead of three. In passing through the adjoining ward, after he had given his orders in the bath-room, Mr. Snape observed again to the attendant there, that "he had never been struck by a patient in that establishment before;" and that, "it was a violent blow." He did not return to observe the effect produced by adding one-third more to what had been his utmost prescription (and one used in few cases) before that time. He did not see Dolley again until the moment when he died.

Dolley remained in the bath twenty-eight minutes, during which he was looked in upon four or five times, and seen to be standing

perfectly quiet, with his hands over his head. At the end of twenty-eight minutes, Davis came into the room, and Barnett, thinking that he had come to say the time was up, opened the bath-door. Davis said that the time was not up, to which Barnett replied, "Never mind that, the door is open." The old man came out, and walked with some assistance a distance of eight or nine yards to a chair by the fire in his own day-room. He shivered very much while he was being dressed, took quietly his dose of emetic, which contained two grains of tartarised antimony; speaking to a patient who, sitting by, offered him some bread, thanking him and declining it because he was too cold. Suddenly, in about seven minutes after he had left the bath, his head fell back, his mouth opened wide, his face was drawn up. He was carried away and laid upon a bed. One of the attendants sent Barnett, who then entered the room, for the doctor, who arrived immediately and gave out some brandy for the patient, but it was too late. Dolley had only lived a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes after coming out of the bath.

The Commissioners in Lunacy considered it their duty to inquire whether this death was natural, or the result of one of those accidents in the course of practice for which medical men ought not to be held accountable to the community. With evidence of the facts detailed, there was also laid before the Commissioners and eventually before the grand jury, the evidence of Mr. Snape's colleague, Dr. H. W. Diamond, who is the medical attendant for the female wards of the Asylum. On the day in question, Mr. Snape had intended visiting the Crystal Palace, and had arranged for Dr. Diamond to take his duty; but, after a time, he came back and said, "I have not gone, for I have had a very unpleasant occurrence." He told what had happened, and the fatal result was then attributed by both surgeons to disease of the heart. Dr. Diamond offered to assist at the usual post-mortem, but he adds when going round the male wards in the evening, "I asked Barnett to see Dolley's body. I was very much astonished to see it, for it was as white as the marble; it was like a piece of alabaster." As to what followed, we give, in Dr. Diamond's words, the essential portions of his evidence: "I asked Barnett, in a way not to excite his suspicion, for I thought it an unpleasant occurrence, if he would tell me the particulars. . . . The next morning I wrote a letter to Mr. Snape, and I told him I thought the case had assumed a very severe aspect to what I expected, and he had better communicate with the chairman, and state the plain facts, and meet them at once; and then, after this, occurred the post-mortem examination. . . . My son, who had just passed the College of Surgeons, . . . was gathering flowers in the

garden, which was in sight of the dead-house; I beckoned him in and I said to him, 'I should like you to be present at the examination;' and then Mr. Snape said, 'Will you operate,' and he did so. . . . Mr. Snape thought there was more disease than I did myself. . . . I do not think there was any disease of the heart to cause death, but I am sorry to say, I think the bath did cause death in conjunction with the tartar emetic afterwards. . . . I had a conversation with Mr. Snape previous to the inquest, and I told him that he must manage so that I should not be examined, because I felt so strongly upon the subject. I took a walk at the time of the inquest. . . . I may say further, I have seen the man upon the subject of the bath, and I find it will take four hundred gallons of water, and that it is supplied by a two-and-a-half-inch pipe, so that the shock would be tremendous. . . . About three minutes is a long time for a shower-bath. The other day, one of my nurses came to me, and I told her to imagine a patient was in the shower-bath, and to give an extra good one, and I watched with my watch in my hand, and I found it was ninety seconds."

That the question as to the state of the heart in the deceased patient might be submitted to a closer trial, Mr. Diamond the younger secretly removed the heart from Dolley's body in the dead-house; Dolley having then been dead five days. Three days afterwards the heart was shown to Mr. Henry Hancock, the surgeon of the Charing Cross Hospital, and to Mr. Paget of St. Bartholomew's, an eminent physiologist. Neither gentlemen could find in the heart cause of death. Mr. Hancock recognised just enough disease to make the treatment by the shower-bath likely to be fatal. Mr. Paget found no changes that were not usual in the hearts of persons more than fifty years of age; nothing that would explain a person's death. On the Saturday following, the heart was so much decomposed that it was burnt by Dr. Diamond in his surgery.

The shower-bath in question was itself described by evidence of engineers and physicians laid before the grand jury, to be a long, wooden box, one foot seven inches square, and eight feet three inches high, containing twenty-one cubic feet of air, and with an entrance door fastened on the patient by an iron bar outside, fitting also so tightly that very little access or escape of air is possible. The evidence of engineers stated that six hundred and eighteen gallons of cold water must have fallen over the old man during the twenty-eight minutes of his confinement in this bath.

The case for the prosecution laid before the grand jury included heads of the following evidence of medical men upon the treatment to which Dolley had been subjected. The resident medical superintendent of Bethlehem hospital for lunatics (who had previously held

the same office at Colney Hatch asylum) was prepared to state that the largest shower-bath at Bedlam contains sixteen gallons. That this is enough water to let fall on sane or insane. That it is his firm belief that he never saw a shower-bath given for more than three minutes, and his strong impression that he never knew one given for so long a period; that, in his opinion, Dolley died from the effect of the long-continued cold water shower-bath, followed by the dose of tartar emetic. The resident medical superintendent of St. Luke's Hospital for Lunatics was there to state that the shower-baths at St. Luke's contain thirteen or fourteen gallons each; that he had never given a shower-bath for longer time than from thirty to forty-five seconds; that he would expect the subjecting of a patient of sixty-five years of age to a cold water shower-bath for twenty-eight minutes would terminate fatally. Mr. Lawrence, the surgeon of St. Bartholomew's, who was for many years surgeon to Bethlehem, thought "the shower-bath in this case was quite enough to kill the man, and that the dose of tartar emetic was needless." Dr. Forbes Winslow, was of opinion "that the treatment used towards the patient Dolley was, in every view of it, unjustifiable, and caused his death." Dr. Conolly, visitors' physician at the Hanwell Asylum, known for thirty years by his successful labour on behalf of lunatics, and the highest authority on the subject of their treatment, had "never given a shower-bath of more than one minute flow; would highly disapprove of a cold shower-bath of even ten minutes' duration, and would not order such a bath; would not regard the administration of a shower-bath of twenty-eight minutes' duration to any person, whether sane or insane, or under circumstances of excitement, as medical treatment, and would not consider such a practice as either useful or justifiable; in his opinion, a cold water shower-bath of twenty-eight minutes' duration, followed by a dose of tartar emetic, would be so likely to be attended with fatal results, that he would not take the responsibility of ordering it."

There was more evidence to a like effect, but this will suffice to show the grounds on which the Commissioners in Lunacy were advised by counsel that it was their duty, by instituting a prosecution, to procure for the case a full and public trial. A sitting magistrate decided that it was a fit case to be tried: the question being whether Mr. Snape, in using a severity of treatment not warranted by medical knowledge, designed thereby rather to inflict a punishment than to administer a remedy, had not been to a criminal degree inconsiderate; and although, of course, not for a moment having it in his mind to kill the patient.

We have thus far been telling the case for the prosecution only: all that was before the grand jury: all that was before the public

when the grand jury threw out the bill of indictment, and therefore virtually suppressed the defence of the accused gentleman. If the grand jury came to a right decision, reporters present at its deliberation on it, could have shown by what steps it was reached, and could have put an end to all uncertainty. The tribunal, however, being a secret one, nobody can tell why the bill of indictment was thrown out; and it inevitably happens that if it were thrown out on insufficient grounds, the public interests are damaged; and if it were thrown out on sufficient grounds, the private interests of Mr. Snape are damaged not less seriously; for, by the intervention of the grand jury at a time when—his defence having been reserved—only the case against him was known to the public, he was left in the position of a man acquitted but not cleared, when he had a right to be acquitted and cleared. His defence is now to be read only in a parliamentary document, where it stands side by side with the accusation. Wherever the two cases contradict or clash, even the few readers of the document are left to guess their way into the truth; for, of course, no testimony is qualified by any test of cross-examination; and contradictions as to fact arise without exciting closer scrutiny.

To this defence we now turn. The committee of visitors to the Surrey Lunatic Asylum object to the manner in which the Commissioners in Lunacy conducted the inquiry that led to their prosecution. They would have had it conducted openly at the Asylum, or some other place, in presence of some of the committee of visitors, of Mr. Snape, and of the friends of all parties concerned. They point out that the Commissioners rejected the testimony of Dr. Todd and of Mr. Caesar Hawkins, from whom they had asked for a report, because they had urged many hypothetically possible causes of death after reporting that they were "unable to discover any cause likely to have occasioned the death of the patient, besides the use of the shower-bath prolonged for twenty-eight minutes, rendered more dangerous by the existence of disease (unknown at the time) in both the heart and brain; and we do not find evidence that the mixture believed to contain tartar emetic had been taken long enough to add much, if anything, to the effect of the bath." Upon the sentence last cited the committee of visitors lay stress. Whatever might have been the action of the tartar emetic if the patient had lived another hour or two, he died too soon after the administration of the bath, for the medicine to have had part in the fatal issue. The committee of visitors complain that the Commissioners in Lunacy paid no attention to that passage in the report of Dr. Todd and Mr. Caesar Hawkins which said that the post mortem examination "had been conducted very inadequately, as regards the facts which were looked at, when the subject

of investigation was the cause of a sudden and unexpected death. It is, therefore, not impossible that had a more complete and searching examination of the body been made, some morbid condition, sufficient to produce death, might have been discovered."

The committee state that, when the case was left to them, they called on Mr. Snape for his defence, which they submitted to six medical men of eminence, three chosen by Mr. Snape, three by themselves. The eminence of these six gentlemen was unquestionable. They were—by choice of the committee—Dr. Addison, Dr. Sutherland, and Dr. Todd; by choice of Mr. Snape, Dr. Babington, Dr. Quain, and Mr. Bowman. The result, we may say, at once, was Mr. Snape's reinstatement in his office, with the admission that, in certain particulars, his conduct was not unobjectionable. The most important of these, were his not communicating the circumstance of the lengthened bath to the coroner and jury at the inquest; his not having stated the length of this bath and of all unusual baths in the case-book, instead of entering in that record the general term—shower-bath—from which it would be erroneously inferred that the baths had been of the ordinary description of one or two minutes' duration; and his not having reported this alteration in his mode of treatment to the medical world and the committee.

The main point of Mr. Snape's defence, is, that the long shower-bath treatment was a discovery of his own: a curative measure of which he had proved the efficacy by five years' experience without one instance of evil result, and which was regarded with distrust by other practitioners, simply according to the common fate of all discoveries when they are new. He sets out by expressing the desire he has had, not merely to relieve patients, but to cure them. He has been attached, during eight years, to the Asylum, and he shows—by a detail of the improvements he has introduced, and by the fact that he has never once been charged with unkindness—that his career in it has been that of a surgeon who had the welfare of his patients at heart, and has been zealous, even to excess of zeal, in the fulfilment of his duty. With a wife, and a family of eight children dependent upon his labour, he was, by a painful accident, called upon to meet a grave and ruinous charge, powerfully urged. Medicine, he says, is a science of surmise:—

"The obscurity of pathology of mental disorders" is specially adverted to in Dr. Conolly's recent work, and he expressly ascribes "our limited knowledge of remedial means applicable to mental disorders to the extreme obscurity in which the original cerebral disturbance is involved, and to the narrowness of our knowledge of the mental functions of the brain." "But," he observes, "there is still no reason to abandon the hope that fresh resources will some day be possessed by the practitioner, and that the real nature of the changes taking place in the brain may

be better understood, and greater success attend medical treatment."

When, then, it is admitted by the most noted practitioner in insanity of the present day that so little is known, and so much yet remains to be discovered and even hoped for, why am I to be denounced as a barbarous practitioner for advocating a treatment which I have practically proved to be so good and valuable in itself (I am at present speaking of twenty minutes' continuous shower-baths), because others who have not tried this treatment consider it dangerous and unsafe? Thus to condemn me, would be to make theory preferable to practice, and would sweep away the result of my last four or five years' most valuable experience, during which time I have been in the frequent habit of administering continuous cold shower-baths to insane patients for periods of fifteen and twenty minutes, with and without intermissions of a few seconds, with the greatest success. I never knew the slightest ill result, and instances can be given of entire restoration to reason by one single fifteen or twenty minutes' continuous bath: added to which, there are cases, which I should have proved had my case gone to trial, in which discharged patients have imputed their restoration solely to these long baths.

When the late Mr. George Stephenson was asked by a Commons Railway Committee, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-six, whether a railway train could travel at the rate of a mile a minute without danger, his sagacious reply was, "Yes, but the public mind is not yet prepared to receive that truth as a fact." Such is precisely the present state of the shower-bath question. These continuous shower-baths, if the weight and fall of water be of moderate height, are not distressing; whereas intermittent baths, which are not nearly so beneficial, are distressing; for while the continuous bath after the first burst and shock is only an equable flow of water over the body, the intermittent bath, being a series of fresh and separated falls of cold water on the body when it is wet from the previous shocks, and the patient is shivering, produces a much more chilling and disagreeable sensation, than a continuous and unbroken stream. In fact, intermission or non-intermission of the stream, rather than the length of duration of the bath, is the principal point of difference between myself and others. What is the purpose for which shower-baths are recommended? "The prostration of the system"—"the overpowering of the patient." Thus, Dr. Conolly, in his last work, recommends the use of intermittent shower-baths at short intervals, "until decided prostration ensues;" adding that, "employed in the ordinary manner, its effects are rather exciting than depressing; and Dr. Elliotson, who tried the bath in question and was retained to give evidence against me, in his work on "The Principles and Practice of Medicine," says, when adverting to the treatment of mania, "Warm and cold baths are found very useful, but it is in melancholia that warm baths answer best. The cold bath, in most cases of insanity where patients glow after it, is an exceedingly useful measure; and in violent paroxysms, a cold shower-bath, continued till the patient is nearly overpowered, has often beneficial influence. As a means of remedy in chronic cases also, the shower-bath is one of the best things that can be employed."

The shower-bath is, for a few seconds, a stimulant; but Mr. Snape adduces the evidence to show that eminent men have advised its prolongation until it shall have produced depression and sickness. This was

the hint upon which he has acted, he says with results of the most favourable character. He began with baths of five minutes, and, by gradual extension, found that fifteen or twenty minutes might be endured by excited patients, and that keepers could often trace a curative turn in the cases from one long bath. As to the particular shower-bath in question, three sane persons have tried its effect for half-an-hour, and they asked for a half-hour more; while Mr. Snape himself has placed himself under it twice,—once for three quarters of an hour—once for an hour.

It is not true, Mr. Snape asserts, that Dr. Diamond had never given these long baths. He has ordered a bath of twenty minutes; although the shower-baths are much more powerful on his (the female) than on Mr. Snape's (the male) side. The calculations of the quantity of water discharged over Dolley differ. The defence make it four hundred and seventeen gallons—not six hundred and eighteen gallons, which was the statement for the prosecution—of which only one hundred and nineteen gallons could have fallen on the man's body, the weight per second being only eleven ounces. Neither is it true, adds the defence, that air was excluded from the bath when closed; the engineers who inspected must have overlooked air-holes in extent altogether to seventeen and a half square inches.

Mr. Snape illustrates, by extracts from his case-book, the efficacy of long shower-baths combined with antimony. He then turns to Dolley, who, he says, was a strong man: a man, who before his insanity was able to walk fifty miles a day. He was a dangerous lunatic, who had had one shower-bath of fifteen minutes' duration, and again one of twenty minutes, without medicine, only a week before his death. The extension of the bath to thirty minutes, was designed as a remedial treatment only, and all witnesses agreed that the order was given with deliberation, and with no display of any anger caused by Dolley's blow. Dolley's upright position in the bath; his walking to the fire; his speaking to a patient; his using a towel, in the first instance alone, and his helping to dress himself, are urged as conclusive evidences against the notion that the bath produced suffocation or prostration and syncope.

It is then suggested that the cause of death was fatty degeneration of the heart: a theory propounded as possible by two physicians who have made fatty degeneration their especial study, and glanced at by Mr. Paget, when, although he saw nothing in the heart to cause death, he said that a microscopical examination would be necessary to prove that there was actually nothing to cause death. But, the heart in question was not examined with a microscope until the eighteenth of April, and it was so much decomposed, on the day following, that it was burnt. Now, it could be

shown that examination of the heart a week after death is utterly valueless; and instances would have been adduced by Dr. Ormerod and Dr. Quain, establishing the fact that, even thirty-six hours after death, the structure of the heart had been too much changed by decomposition to admit of a right knowledge of its state. Moreover, it requires a well-practised eye to detect fatty degeneration. Mr. Snape's defence contains also this passage:

It will be remembered that Dolley had been in an increasing state of maniacal excitement for a month previously to the ninth, and that on that morning he had from first getting up at six o'clock till half-past ten been in a very and unusually excited state, extending to three distinct acts of violence. Death by prostration, as it is called, after fits of excitement, is the frequent end of mania. In one of the best modern asylums—Dr. Bucknill's, of Exminster—these sudden deaths have been investigated, and I should have proved by Dr. Quain, who inspected and reported upon them, that in every such case subjected to his investigation fatty degeneration of the heart decidedly existed, and was the primary cause of death, though the moving and secondary cause was most probably, in the generality of the cases, cerebral excitement.

Death by prostration I regard as a most inaccurate and unscientific phrase, and I doubt not that, on further investigation, death from fatty degeneration of the heart will be found and accepted as the only explanation of sudden death of lunatics so frequently occurring in asylums after violent fits of excitement; and Mr. Paget expressly remarks, in his Lectures, that mania is primarily and powerfully conducive in bringing on and maturing this disease.

Upon reading Mr. Snape's statement, together with the case against him, all the six gentlemen selected by himself and by the committee of visitors to adjudicate upon the matter, decided that they themselves had no experience of baths of the kind in question, but that, on the faith of the assurance that shower-baths of twenty minutes' duration had been frequently found to be beneficial to persons of all ages, they did not consider the extension of the bath to thirty minutes unreasonable. Also, that there had not been time for the tartar emetic taken only two minutes before death to exert any influence upon the system.

This, then, would have been the character of Mr. Snape's defence had he been permitted by the grand jury publicly to meet the charge made publicly against him. Of the sufficiency or insufficiency of the case on either side we cannot take upon ourselves to judge. Obviously there are on each side, points to be made clearer by cross-examination and by that searching scrutiny which is to be obtained only in a court of law. The defence was ready. If it be a bad defence, then we regret that it was never subjected to scrutiny; if it be a good defence, then we regret that the accused was not allowed to prove it good in open court; clearing his character before every man who had heard of the doubt cast upon it, and coming through the strict

ordeal, with his reputation raised rather than lowered.

We leave the case we have been stating, beset, as we found it, with uncertainty. But, it is certain that either public or private interests have suffered. Either the state has suffered, or a citizen of the state has suffered a miscarriage of justice, by the decision at which the grand jury arrived on grounds which never have been stated. We could detail many other cases leading to the same conclusion. Few readers indeed will fail to have some such in their recollection. As set-off, can there be shown one instance in which, during the present generation, the secrecy and irresponsibility of the grand jury tribunal have served as a help to justice?

ROYALLY "HARD UP."

THE scene is at a pleasant town looking Rhineward, whither chiefly resort valetudinarians to drink of the famous healing spring found there. It looks lonely enough now, for the season is over. It was over the last day of last month, and now the company have all departed. Table d'hôtes have shrunk and dwindled away, and no longer does neat-handed Phyllis fill for you the red Bohemian goblet at the spring. The grand orchestra, who all these frosty mornings back have been playing to the drinkers at seven o'clock—dismal *al fresco* it was!—have departed on furlough till spring season shall come round again. Piteous sight it was, truly, to behold violinists bravely pressing frost-nipped forefingers on the sharp string, or flautist, blue with cold, discoursing shivering music from his instrument. Yet, high perched in their painted pagoda (how tawdry it looked those bare, frosty mornings!) they valiantly played out that last day of the season, to an audience, say, of not more than two dyspeptics. How sick must they have grown of water-drinking that hard-worked orchestra; sick of the frosty seven o'clock performance; of the mid-day kurhaus performance; of the opera performance at night; of the Sunday performance in the great dom; of rehearsal at spare moments; of concert, of ball, where they too must find the music. Sick, too, of the black ammunition-cart that bore about their stringed and wind potentialities from garden to theatre, from theatre to kurhaus, and from kurhaus to theatre back again.

Innkeepers' occupation gone, too—none coming to them, save transit travellers; birds of passage that bring no profit, and are gone in the morning. Only one dyspeptic lingers on, and daily toddles down to fill his tumbler at the Lion's mouth, vainly hoping against hope that it may do him good. One other lingers on, too, being money-bound, as it may be, and cruelly chafed waiting for "that remittance." Which remittance he has now waited for this fortnight back. The two last men—the money-bound and dyspeptic—cross each

other many times in their weary up and down walk beneath the colonnade. The kurhaus reading-saal—grateful retreat of a sultry noon-day, when the town, in its best, is gathered in the garden below, coffee sipping and hearkening to the Harmonie; that lounging resource, with its hundred newspapers and roomy sofas—has passed away utterly with the end of the month. It is pitilessly closed. No official cognisance is taken of derelict sojourners; they having no business to be there after the season. The ball-room—great white chamber with shining oaken floor—has begun to gather dust already, and looks mournful and melancholy, as a ball room out of work. The theatre is striving hard to keep open, playing light German comedy to an audience of at least thirty people. So let the contemplative man—money-bound or dyspeptic—find his recreation in looking forth from coffee-room windows, or else in open street studying shop-window treasures—alack! studied many times before—or else, in solitary promenade along the fountain piazza aforesaid. It was a miserable, lonely, dispiriting, suicidal slough of despond that watering-place past its season!

So those two last men found it without doubt, dragging on life wearily; till, one morning, dyspeptic was missed at his accustomed seat (a favourite green garden-chair), and was discovered to have passed away gently per early train. A deep discouragement, this, to the money-bound; who had now, in a manner, grown used to their crossing of each other; though ever ignoring him strictly, as was only fitting British feeling. Now was he left sole survivor of the wreck: Selkirk of that colonnade island: sole incumbent of the spa, without cure of souls or bodies. Still does he walk to and fro mechanically, waiting that remittance, till even King's royal postman—entity with queer cap and soldier's pouch by his side—comes to know him familiarly, and shakes his head as he passes, in token that he has nothing for him.

Meantime, from out the dull clouds of monotony comes a ray of light: a plank is cast to the shipwrecked, and a rumour, small and attenuated at first, comes finally to take such shape as this. The king cometh? Which king, Bezonian? Who cometh? It is merry monarch Friedrich—Fritz, as he hath been sportively termed; Fritz of the tapering flask and wired cork—now making royal progress through his domains, and about to show himself to his lieges of this place. Let the ancients of the city come forth, chaunting *Io Pæans!* and the sulphuretted streams change to rivulets of milk and honey. Rather let the Resident, or chief governor, providently lay in good store of fitting beverage, even Clicquot's, against the coming of so choice a connoisseur. August Friedrich cometh, and suddenly too: may be looked for within a brief space. Already burgesses have met in council to devise schemes of reception, how

they shall go processionally and meet him at railway terminus, bend low before him, and be sent on their way rejoicing with three soft words or so to be shared among them all. Such as it is, it brings some distraction from that hope deferred which is making the money-bound's heart sick. Looking from his coffee-room window, he sees sentry-boxes—coloured in favourite jackdaw fashion—borne by on little carts, about to be set up at hotel doors where princes and other magnates are newly arrived. Such are high commissioners, sent by neighbouring majesties to do honour to the coming of august Brother Friedrich.

The General von Wrangel is rumoured to be in town organising the army of the district: an available force of not less than fifty men. He may be seen driving furiously in open calèche, sunk beneath his awful helm and roomy cloak, pointed at by awe-stricken burghers. So passes the vigil away, and the morn of the great solemnity draws on with abundance of light and sunshine. No tidings to-day—nothing for the hapless money-bound. So he goes forth with the rest, terminus-ward to see the pageant, such as it is.

All gay with flags and garlanded, with the population, in its best, flooding the green square in front; so that the terminus has a very light and brilliant aspect. Only a train of uncouth eilwagen, or stage-coaches, no doubt having obtained congé for that festival, are drawn up on the left with damaging effect to the prospect. Shabby conveyances, with sorry, unkempt steeds attached, bestrode by postilions in bright waistcoat, heavy jack-boots, and horn slung round them. Who shall divine what part will be found for such royal eilwagen in the coming show? Which doubt shall, in the fullness of time, come to be resolved.

Meantime, all available vehicles are at this moment under hire and busy setting down strange, dried old men, very yellow and shrivelled, in look and costume to be likened unto ancient admirals. Town councilmen they are said to be, whose shrunken shanks, outlined but too plainly through their white trousers, tell of small profit to the state from their service. Gathered, too, at the top of the steps may be seen a motley group, made up of the commissioners before mentioned, of fighting men from contiguous countries, sent also to do honour to the occasion, now to be swelled by the ancient admirals fast arriving. Some of the fighting men are arrayed in snowy white—plainly Austrian; others in glazed shining hats with broad brims, with gold cords fastening them to the coat, are not so plainly to be recognised as gentlemen of the Dutch colony. Here, too, are sundry of the Belgian following; trim, airy little men, also with golden cords pendant from their caps, crossing the breast with graceful festoon, and terminating ingeniously on the shoulder in a kind of tassel-epaulette.

The day creeps on wearily. From two to three, from three to four, and still no king comes. The ancient admirals, fast collapsing with the cold, have sensibly grown yellower. The fighting men stamp impatiently and clink their spurs upon the stones. Still the king comes not. What has befallen august Friedrich?

The money-bound man whiles away intervening hours as best he may, and about seven o'clock, when it is tolerably dusk, goes forth again. There is a vast crowd in a dirty, winding street, under the shadow of the Great Dom; where too is situate the resident's house—halting-place, for that night, of royal Friedrich. Waiting here for some half-hour or more, and sorely troubled by mounted gendarmerie gratuitously backing their horses upon unoffending toes, of a sudden he hears the steam-whistle afar off, whereby he knows deliverance to be at hand. By and by comes significant clattering up the paved street and roar as of many voices, when, lo! emerges into view—the crowd contemplating it curiously—the eternal train of eilwagen leading the van of the procession. Heavy laden, and with whips cracking, they come toiling up the steep street, piled high with shabbiest of carpet-bags and travel-stained portmanteaus. O! such mean, threadbare bag-miscellany was never seen gathered together. Such worn, decayed, poverty-stricken mails show most unroyal and undignified. Up the steep street they come toiling; the estafettes jogging uneasily upon their spare quadrupeds, with enthusiastic crowd following, and gazing reverentially on the sacred pile. Now comes on even greater crowd; surging tumultuously round a kind of closed phaeton—most unroyal, too—within which, the rumour goes, sits the royal Friedrich. With monstrous flags of the jackdaw pattern borne on each side, with a body of valiant foresters with guns on their shoulders and clad in green (uniform of a shooting club of the town), with populace, men and boys, shouting most unmusically, the procession struggles painfully up the narrow street. Finally, is royal Friedrich set down at the Resident's door, and is seen no more that night.

The Resident's bow-window looks out conveniently enough upon certain pretty gardens, where the well-worked orchestra are accustomed to perform of those bare frosty mornings, for convalescents' entertainment. It has been decreed there shall be a little fête, or serenade under the royal window, to commence, say, in two hours' time. And, meanwhile, the money-bound bethinks him of a walk round the town to see the illuminations.

Very pretty does he find them, with a dash of French taste in their disposition, all down the wide new street; windows being thrown open, and those French paper many-hued lanterns floating to and fro. All along the window-sills are rows of candles, pretty to

look at, which make long converging lines down the street, and burn steadily; for there is not a breath of wind abroad. Afar off—up in the clouds—he sees the fiery letters F. W., standing for Friedrich Wilhelm, written in the air, but which he knows to be attached to the highest pinnacle of the Great Dom.

Much pleased with what he has witnessed, he turns his steps once more to the gardens, whence float already strains of soft music. Here, too, he finds an extempore effort at illumination, very pleasing and effective; the coloured lanterns abounding in all directions—being hung in festoons, shrouded in bushes, and swinging from every available twig and branch. While, from the Resident's bow-window, streams rich effulgence of light—plain token that royal Friedrich was even now in the drawing-room—all the respectabilities are gathered below in the gardens, promenading; but are chiefly clustered round a group of some sixty or seventy singing-men, with scraps of music in their hands—societies of Liedertafel, Concordia, and Orpheus, all fused into one for this great night. Notable societies, too, that have perigrinated in foreign countries, and have won fame, and medailles d'honneur, and yards of ribbon, and Heaven knows what beside. The musik-corps of the royal twenty-eighth infanterie regiment shall lend their aid during singing intervals; discoursing music of Wagner, Mendelssohn, and Meyerbeer, with excellent effect. Meantime, figures—one particularly, a tall, czar-like personage: king's brother, says one of the crowd—are to be seen looking forth from the blaze of light in the bow-window. The singing-men draw closer together, and in a few seconds have sent abroad upon the night a soft abedlied, or even-song, with a most bewitching burden of *Gute Nacht! Gute Nacht!* Wondrous enchanters are these singing-men, with strange power over their voice; now hushing them in curious lulls, now sending them abroad with startling power and effect. At one moment the stranger thinks he must be listening to rich swelling organ tones in a cathedral aisle, at the next, that musik-corps of the royal twenty-eighth must of a surety have begun to play, so metallic have grown the chords: all, however, eventually resolving into mellifluous melody of *Gute Nacht! Gute Nacht!* bearing it home to their couches, chaunting it softly as they go along.

Yet has it failed utterly to draw royal Friedrich to the window. Stately dames and czar-like personage have come and hearkened gratefully, and wait for more. All save royal Friedrich; who makes no sign. Who shall say whether he be in that bright atmosphere at all, or still down in the banquet-room with the Resident, busy over those tapering silver-topped flasks before mentioned. But, however that may be, the singing-men bestir themselves valiantly, and the musik-corps of the royal twenty-eighth are not behind-hand

with Tannhauser's selection and Sommer-nacht's Dream. And so runs on the lightest hour the hapless money-bound has spent since care overtook him.

But there is other festivity in petto. A night or so more, and the town shall give a fête or bal paré in the Great White Chamber before mentioned, to townfolk of every degree and quality. All shall be welcome, from Madame down to suburban Couturière—from M. le Maire to Coiffeur's unctuous foreman. For all that, they shall be very merry, and enjoy themselves exceedingly. Even the money-bound thinks he will be present too, just to keep up his failing spirits.

It has a gay and glittering aspect, the Great White Chamber, lighted up with many chandeliers, and just beginning to be thinly peopled at the early hour of eight o'clock. Exceedingly pretty the prospect looking down the room, with its rich, painted ceiling overhead, and the lights reflected back from the dark, shining floor. Enthusiasts might sorrowfully bethink them of the days of *Le Jeu*, and fancy the palmy time again with that warm, cozy chamber hard by, under shaded lamps playing on a waste of green baize and velvet cushioning, the exciting pastime going forward, to the music of Croupier's monotonous chaunting.

Prodigious efforts have the kur-comité been making to lend grace to the festival. Thus the stranger, leaning carelessly against the snow-white pillar, sees, afar off, a very bower of green trees, behind which are cunningly shrouded the musicians; whence, as from a grove, are wafted soft sounds all the night long. Hard by, in a convenient chamber, are symptoms of an abundant supper, with store of cooling ice preparations for wearied Terpsichoreans, but subject, alas! to certain fiscal regulations, suggesting doubts as to whether café-keeper below may not have deeper interest in such recurring festivity.

By and by, he takes note of the quality of the invited, as they promenade to and fro seeking partners for the contre danse. For the men, he is constrained to admit that they are plainly of the coiffeur species—at which conclusion point certain little eccentricities of costume, which it certainly does seem strange the kur-comité should tolerate. It does seem a little exceptional to behold an individual arrayed in plover tint nether garment, with a white beaver under his arm, standing moodily, and surveying the company with the air of a blazé lion, yet not without a certain dignity; for he bore his beaver, as though it were chapeau bras, most courtly, and might be seen hereafter in the dance, deporting himself with singular grace and agility. In what category to range him—how many degrees above or below the coiffeur species—would be utterly beyond the stranger's powers of thought. Every élégant there present has, also, his coat buttoned tight to

the throat—with what significance need not be so much as hinted at.

Looking next to the fairer portion of that company, not very much would be said in their praise, being of many types, from Modiste's head-woman down to the lady that waits at the French confectioner's in the next street. The stranger recognises many familiar faces as he looks around. Distinctly does he recollect purchasing a meerschaum porte cigar, curiously wrought with effigy of dog couchant, from the lady in the singularly curt robe. He recognises, too, La Belle Julie (as she is popularly called), who sits in the rostrum at the Café de la Fontaine, and hands gentlemen their change. There is pointed out to him, too, a belle of the town, arrayed in costly satin and laces, said to be daughter to an opulent master tanner. Also pointed out are certain Jewish sisters of bold aspect, held to be heiresses. To whom the cavaliers in the tightly-buttoned garments pay assiduous court.

Still the dancing proceeds merrily, though the elements are but rude pottery, not choicest porcelain, and with all the courtesies and ceremonial of an imperial festival. True, there is a certain springiness and superfluity of action which might strike the beholder as too fatiguing to be adopted by higher circles. There is also plentiful salaaming, and shrugging, and other posturing. Nevertheless, as has been said, it is a pleasant scene, and it is not lawful to be too critical. Valse follows on the heels of contre danse, and to valse succeeds graceful polka, mazurka; until, towards twelve o'clock, signal is given for the famous cotillon which is to wind up all.

A cotillon, composed of a hundred people or more sitting round in a gigantic horseshoe; white dresses being set off effectually by the dark polished floor. It was pleasant to view certain mysteries performed in the centre by a select few, followed close by the grande ronde, or tumultuous pandemonial whirl; followed again by more ingenious figuring in the centre, and tumultuous round as before. Then were the little coloured flags brought forth and distributed, upon which followed ingenious complications—wrong flags getting together—until, finally, all was made straight; and, flags and partners being now happily paired, all went round once more in the grand pandemonial whirl. Finally came the last act of this famous cotillon—a great table being brought in, heaped high with fragrant bouquets, which were distributed in a pretty, fanciful kind of way, ending with grande ronde as before—thus bringing to a close this commemorative festivity.

Early next morning, before the money-bound had yet risen, a letter was brought in and laid upon his pillow. It contained the wished-for remittance. With light heart he arose, cheerily consumed his last break-

fast there, and by noon had gone on his way rejoicing, leaving behind him the ancient town and its sulphuric waters.

MAY-MEETING AT WESTMINSTER.

LEND me your pulpit for five minutes, because I am full of joy. People of England, rejoice much in the May meeting of your chosen ones. Do you say that I and my brethren talk to you about Jerusalem and Timbuctoo, that we bid you pay for our dealings with the Jew and the African, that we bid you hear much talk of Jew and African, and that we do not look sufficiently at home. I, Burnup Howell, look at home for you; I see a May meeting in Westminster, and I opine what I opine. Behold I reason with you in the manner of the heathen from the pulpit of the heathen. The nation—habitans in sicco—cries, Revered Burnup Howell, what do you opine? Preach to us in Westminster Abbey if you like, or in Household Words if you like; but only let us hear from your noble and powerful lungs what you opine.

Elect of England, in May Meeting assembled, having found a Speaker and done swearing, will hold forth. They will hold forth upon affairs of the far East, they will hold forth upon affairs of the far West; but, as parts of a meeting sworn in May, they will know better than to widen out the nostrils over that which shall lie close under the nose. May we salute thee with our early song, and welcome thee and wish thee long. Now the Chinese debate in Parliament,

Comes dancing from the east, and leads for you
The flowery May.

He was a wise man who called May the flowery. In honour of the month, I scatter blossoms from the May-bush. What, Britons, is your Parliament but a great May-bush?

There are two sorts of May—May problematical and May potential. The government may fill up with the Revered Burnup Howell the next vacancy in the Archbishopric of Canterbury: that is May problematical. What is offered to me I may take, and that is May potential. The people wanting some domestic legislation, and having chosen its elect with a view to that, the elect of the people of England may begin to work at the disencumbering of England from unreasonable hindrances to progress: that is May potential. The elect of the people may do that for which they are elected: that is May problematical.

Parliament May, if it will—I wish it may, says the nation—bring the schoolroom nearer to my children, by at any rate saying that any community of Englishmen may, if it will, rate itself in aid of education. Parliament May, indeed—May problematical. Parliament May, if it will—I wish it may, says the nation—take some pity on the fagged limbs of

the farm-labourer, whom Laws of Settlement, sharply regarded, force to add to a hard day's work, with the body on his master's farm, five, six, or seven miles of daily walking to and from the place of work, though horse and ox are never tasked with even twenty paces of waste labour, since no farmer can afford to weary them to death. Parliament, in the midst of its talk from the far East and the far West, may find time to crush the law that works so cruelly. The May is potential; it is also problematical.

The Parliament which comes together as the greatest of May Meetings, may, if it will—I wish it may, says the nation—watch the breath out of the body of that universal creditor and dun, the Income Tax, close its eyes, tie up its jaws, and dance at its wake. It May remove all pressure of tax from paper, the white matter of the public brain; it May remove matter by which local ailment is produced, and clear off the sickly humours bred of a disturbed balance in the body corporate between the functions of the churchman and those of the dissenter; it May reduce every ecclesiastical process to the condition of straightforward dealing, and by such a May the lawns revive so much that bishops shall be honoured for simplicity of dealing. It May admit Jews who are citizens of England to the rights of citizenship. It May admit thousands of Christians who are citizens to the rights of citizenship, from which they are excluded because they rent rooms instead of living in whole houses, or because they dwell in houses that are not considered big enough to think in. Here are potential Mays, which also are Mays problematical. I come down now out of the May-bush, which is very thick with blossom, as you see, but the fruit of which will turn out to be only hums, or at least haws.

I, Burnup Howell, who look forward always to the gloomy end for which all things were made, rejoice in the rejoicing of your great May Meeting. People of England, it will begin work with talk, never will cease talking, never begin working till the end is near. In the first May days, eloquence will disclose the long-expected flowers, about which M.P.s will sport even as flies. Of the flying session let the members all sing with the bard—

On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

We frolic in June also while we May. O be joyful, English people, for it is the merry month of May, and expect nothing from your eminent May Meeting but much talk and much concern about the state of the far East and about the state of the far West. You laugh at me in Exeter Hall when in this month I instruct you from its platform. Behold, I make a mock at you, and bid you rejoice in the good omen of a May Meeting

in Westminster. Ah, you say, if there were but a sober month of Must as well as a merry month of May, and if in the month of Must our Parliament could meet, and if we could say to our Parliament, O Parliament, you Must attend to us, and not you May attend to us; and if the imperial Parliament thereto replied, as of necessity it would, I Shall, instead of echoing I May, then would the assembling of the House of Commons be indeed as a muster of the nation's strength. But now, O people, your elected ones meet in the midst of May. I thrust again and yet again that omen between your teeth. You are elate with hope. I, Burnup Howell, bid you hope for nothing. I talk, you observe, only of May, and hint slightly indeed at June. For beyond June why look? In June the comet comes that is to bake the earth as a pie in the oven of its fury. There will be lamb pie in the place of the assembling of my flock, goose pie in the places where they congregate who stretch the neck and hiss at me and mine, rook pie in many haunts of commerce, pigeon pie in other parts, calves-head pie where John Bull the younger sleeps, fidgetty pie or stew in boroughs, and a great hash at St. Stephen's. Hearken to me, therefore, O people of England, and be joyful while you May; for when the reign of May is over, then—and no sooner—the comet comes.

LATE IN SPRING.

Throw up the window, lest we miss
One charm of such a day as this;

I saw it dawn, and by
The tints on its unfolding scroll
I knew how softly o'er the whole
Will Beauty's picture lie.

By the clear rose-light o'er the sea,
The blue air drooping dewily
Above the kindling hill—
Spring that in Paradise had birth
Must keep to beautify the earth
Some Eden touches still.

How close to Heav'n earth seems to lie,
Thus floating in so pure a sky,
So luminous and calm!
The fancy catches on the breeze
The stray notes of its melodies,
Its breathings out of balm.

Sure, love, joy's pulses in thy breast,
'Mid Nature's buoyant bright unrest,
Must beat with quicken'd power.
For me glad thoughts are at the flood,
My cares melt down: Hope's tiniest bud
Swell out into a flower.

A few years since a day so bright
Had dawn'd, as with Hope's flutter'd light
And set in rosiest smiles.
To me, thou know'st, the last red ray
Brought one who dwelt too far away,
But tired not with the miles.

A thought of Love's dear wooing plays,
Since then, round all clear lovely days

This bath its own fresh charm :
We catch the flush of Summer fair,
Though veil'd with Spring's soft golden hair
While sleeping on her arm.

See one small garden all in blow :
Anemone and crocus glow,
The sun's illumin'd bow,
That these shall deep carnations bloom,
Blush-river and lily gush perfume,
So base, so scentless now!

The wild bird builds its summer house,
The trees with hope seem tremulous,
Thus in the light wind sway'd;
A fragrant promise spreading round,
That in their small green buds are bound
Rich depths of emerald shade.

The azure sea all sparkling springs
To meet the morning's airy wings,
The busy boats go out;
And looking down the sunny street,
Our eyes such cheery faces meet,
Such pleasant groups about!

Hark to those children's passing talk!
They have not, on their morning walk,
Left one wild flower unstir'd;
Our neighbours are astir, then one
Puts her geraniums in the sun,
The next hangs out her bird.

The dear old couple o'er the way
Smile at the children, blithe as they,
And live their childhood through.
The Spring that o'er each white head breathes,
Drops ever on mem'ry's primrose wreaths
A sprinkle of its dew.

The sick girl in her window lies,
While her unearthly, brilliant eyes
Seem into Heaven to strain.
Her Spring will open far away,
Long e're of ours the earliest ray
Can bless the world again.

All duly robed for its first day,
The pretty mother, proud and gay,
Brings out the babe next door.
Ah! tiny blossom, thou couldst bring
Into her very heart a Spring
It never felt before.

But sure, dear husband, 'twere a sin
To spend the golden hours within;
Up to the warm hill-side,
And let those little ones of ours
See Nature write her name in flower
Before the first have died.

If Spring and childhood, glad and free,
But move us with their blended glee
To play the child again,
The day shall close on soften'd hearts,
That own with praise, as it departs,
It hath not shone in vain.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD. UNCLE JOSEPH.

The day and the night had passed, and the new morning had come, before the husband and wife could trust themselves to speak calmly of the Secret, and to face resignedly the duties and the sacrifices which the discovery of it imposed on them.

Leonard's first question referred to those

lines in the letter, which Rosamond had informed him were in a handwriting that she knew. Finding that he was at a loss to understand what means she could have of forming an opinion on this point, she explained that, after Captain Treverton's death, many letters had naturally fallen into her possession which had been written by Mrs. Treverton to her husband. They treated of ordinary domestic subjects, and she had read them often enough to become thoroughly acquainted with the peculiarities of Mrs. Treverton's handwriting. It was remarkably large, firm, and masculine in character; and the address, the line under it, and the uppermost of the two signatures in the letter which had been found in the Myrtle Room, exactly resembled it in every particular.

The next question related to the body of the letter. The writing of this, of the second signature ("Sarah Leeson"), and of the additional lines on the third page, also signed by Sarah Leeson, proclaimed itself in each case to be the production of the same person. While stating that fact to her husband, Rosamond did not forget to explain to him that, while reading the letter on the previous day, her strength and courage had failed her before she got to the end of it. She added that the postscript which she had thus omitted to read, was of importance, because it mentioned the circumstances under which the secret had been hidden; and begged that he would listen while she made him acquainted with its contents without any further delay.

Sitting as close to his side, now, as if they were enjoying their first honeymoon-days over again, she read these last lines—the lines which her mother had written sixteen years before, on the morning when she fled from Porthgenna Tower.

"If this paper should ever be found (which I pray with my whole heart it never may be), I wish to state that I have come to the resolution of hiding it, because I dare not show the writing that it contains to my master, to whom it is addressed. In doing what I now propose to do, though I am acting against my mistress's last wishes, I am not breaking the solemn engagement which she obliged me to make before her on her death-bed. That engagement forbids me to destroy this letter, or to take it away with me if I leave the house. I shall do neither,—my purpose is to conceal it in the place, of all others, where I think there is least chance of its ever being found again. Any hardship or misfortune which may follow as a consequence of this deceitful proceeding on my part, will fall on myself. Others, I believe, on my conscience, will be the happier for the hiding of the dreadful secret which this letter contains."

"There can be no doubt, now," said

Leonard, when his wife had read to the end ; "Mrs. Jazeph, Sarah Leeson, and the servant who disappeared from Porthgenna Tower, are one and the same person."

"Poor creature !" said Rosamond, sighing as she put down the letter. "We know now why she warned me so anxiously not to go into the Myrtle Room. Who can say what she must have suffered when she came as a stranger to my bed-side ? Oh, what would I not give if I had been less hasty with her ! It is dreadful to remember that I spoke to her as a servant whom I expected to obey me ; it is worse still to feel that I cannot, even now, think of her as a child should think of a mother. How can I ever tell her that I know the secret ? how—" She paused, with a heart-sick consciousness of the slur that was cast on her birth ; she paused, shrinking as she thought of the name that her husband had given to her, and of her own parentage, which the laws of society disdained to recognise.

"Why do you stop ?" asked Leonard.

"I was afraid—" she began, and paused again.

"Afraid," he said, finishing the sentence for her, "that words of pity for that unhappy woman might wound my sensitive pride, by reminding me of the circumstances of your birth ? Rosamond, I should be unworthy of your matchless truthfulness towards me, if I, on my side, did not acknowledge that this discovery *has* wounded me as only a proud man can be wounded. My pride has been born and bred in me. My pride, even while I am now speaking to you, takes advantage of my first moments of composure, and deduces me into doubting, in the face of all probability, whether the words you have read to me, can, after all, be words of truth. But, strong as that inborn and inbred feeling is—hard as it may be for me to discipline and master it as I ought, and must, and will,—there is another feeling in my heart that is stronger yet." He felt for her hand, and took it in his ; then added : "From the hour when you first devoted your life to your blind husband,—from the hour when you won all his gratitude, as you had already won all his love, you took a place in his heart, Rosamond, from which nothing, not even such a shock as has now assailed us, can move you ! High as I have always held the worth of rank in my estimation, I have learnt, even before the event of yesterday, to hold the worth of my wife, let her parentage be what it may, higher still."

"Oh, Lenny, Lenny, I can't hear you praise me, if you talk in the same breath as if I had made a sacrifice in marrying you ! But for my blind husband I might never have deserved what you have just said of me. When I first read that fearful letter, I had one moment of vile ungrateful doubt if your love for me would hold out against the discovery of the secret. I had one moment of

horrible temptation that drew me away from you when I ought to have put the letter into your hand. It was the sight of you, waiting for me to speak again, so innocent of all knowledge of what had happened close by you, that brought me back to my senses, and told me what I ought to do. It was the sight of my blind husband that made me conquer the temptation to destroy that letter in the first hour of discovering it. Oh, if I had been the hardest-hearted of women, could I have ever taken your hand again,—could I kiss you, could I lie down by your side, and hear you fall asleep, night after night, feeling that I had abused your blind dependence on me to serve my own selfish interests ? knowing that I had only succeeded in my deceit because your affliction made you incapable of suspecting deception ? No, no ; I can hardly believe that the basest of women could be guilty of such baseness as that ; and I can claim nothing more for myself than the credit of having been true to my trust. You said yesterday, love, in the Myrtle Room, that the one faithful friend to you in your blindness who never failed, was your wife. It is reward enough and consolation enough for me, now that the worst is over, to know that you can say so still."

"Yes, Rosamond, the worst is over ; but we must not forget that there may be hard trials still to meet."

"Hard trials, love ? To what trials do you refer ?"

"Perhaps, Rosamond, I over-rate the courage that the sacrifice demands ; but, to me, at least, it will be a hard sacrifice of my own feelings to make strangers partakers in the knowledge of the secret that we now possess."

Rosamond looked at her husband in astonishment. "Why need we tell the secret to anyone ?" she asked.

"Assuming that we can satisfy ourselves of the genuineness of that letter," he answered, "we shall have no choice but to tell the secret to strangers. You cannot forget the circumstances under which your father—under which Captain Treverton——"

"Call him my father," said Rosamond sadly. "Remember how he loved me, and how I loved him, and say 'my father,' still."

"I am afraid I must say 'Captain Treverton' now," returned Leonard, "or I shall hardly be able to explain simply and plainly what it is very necessary that you should know. Captain Treverton died without leaving a will. His only property was the purchase-money of this house and estate ; and you inherited it, as his next of kin——"

Rosamond started back in her chair and clasped her hands in dismay. "Oh, Lenny," she said simply. "I have thought so much of you, since I found the letter, that I never remembered this !"

"It is time to remember it, my love. If

you are not Captain Treverton's daughter you have no right to one farthing of the fortune that you possess; and it must be restored at once to the person who is Captain Treverton's next of kin—or, in other words, to his brother."

"To that man!" exclaimed Rosamond. "To that man who is a stranger to us, who holds our very name in contempt! Are we to be made poor that he may be made rich?—"

"We are to do what is honourable and just, at any sacrifice of our own interests and ourselves," said Leonard firmly. "I believe, Rosamond, that my consent, as your husband, is necessary, according to the law, to effect this restitution. If Mr. Andrew Treverton was the bitterest enemy I had on earth, and if the restoring of this money utterly ruined us both in our worldly circumstances, I would give it back of my own accord to the last farthing; I would give it back without an instant's hesitation—and so would you!"

The blood mantled in his cheeks as he spoke. Rosamond looked at him admiringly in silence. "Who would have had him less proud," she thought fondly, "when his pride speaks in such words as those!"

"You understand now," continued Leonard, "that we have duties to perform which will oblige us to seek help from others, and which will therefore render it impossible to keep the secret to ourselves? If we search all England for her, Sarah Leeson must be found. Our future actions depend upon her answers to our inquiries, upon her testimony to the genuineness of that letter. Although I am resolved beforehand to shield myself behind no technical quibbles and delays—although I want nothing but evidence that is morally conclusive, however legally imperfect it may be—it is still impossible to proceed without seeking advice immediately. The lawyer who always managed Captain Treverton's affairs, and who now manages ours, is the proper person to direct us in instituting the search; and to assist us, if necessary, in making the restitution."

"How quietly and firmly you speak of it, Lenny! Will not the abandoning of my fortune be a dreadful loss to us?"

"We must think of it as a gain to our consciences, Rosamond; and must alter our way of life resignedly to suit our altered means. But we need speak no more of that until we are assured of the necessity of restoring the money. My immediate anxiety, and your immediate anxiety, must turn now on the discovery of Sarah Leeson—no! on the discovery of your mother; I must learn to call her by that name, or I shall not learn to pity and forgive her."

Rosamond nestled closer to her husband's side. "Every word you say, love, does my heart good," she whispered, laying her head on his shoulder. "You will help me and

strengthen me when the time comes to meet my mother as I ought? O, how pale and worn and weary she was when she stood by my bedside, and looked at me and my child! Will it be long before we find her? Is she far away from us, I wonder? or nearer, much nearer, than we think?"

Before Leonard could answer, he was interrupted by a knock at the door, and Rosamond was surprised by the appearance of the maid servant. Betsey was flushed, excited, and out of breath; but she contrived to deliver intelligibly a brief message from Mr. Munder, the steward, requesting permission to speak to Mr. Frankland or to Mrs. Frankland on business of importance.

"What is it? What does he want?" asked Rosamond.

"I think, ma'am, he wants to know whether he had better send for the constable or not," answered Betsey.

"Send for the constable!" repeated Rosamond. "Are there thieves in the house in broad daylight?"

"Mr. Munder says he don't know but what it may be worse than thieves," replied Betsey. "It's the foreigner again, if you please, ma'am. He come up and rung at the door as bold as brass, and asked if he could see Mrs. Frankland."

"The foreigner!" exclaimed Rosamond, laying her hand eagerly on her husband's arm.

"Yes, ma'am," said Betsey. "Him as come here to go over the house along with the lady——"

Rosamond, with characteristic impulsiveness, started to her feet. "Let me go down!" she began.

"Wait," interposed Leonard, catching her by the hand. "There is not the least need for you to go down stairs. Show the foreigner up here," he continued, addressing himself to Betsey, "and tell Mr. Munder that we will take the management of this business into our own hands."

Rosamond sat down again by her husband's side. "This is a very strange accident," she said, in a low, serious tone. "It must be something more than mere chance that puts the clue into our hands at the moment when we least expected to find it."

The door opened for the second time, and there appeared, modestly, on the threshold, a little old man, with rosy cheeks and long white hair. A small leather case was slung by a strap at his side, and the stem of a pipe peeped out of the breast-pocket of his coat. He advanced one step into the room, stopped, raised both his hands with his felt hat crumpled up in them to his heart, and made five fantastic bows in quick succession—two to Mrs. Frankland, two to her husband, and one to Mrs. Frankland, again, as an act of separate and special homage to the lady. Never had Rosamond seen a more complete embodiment in human form of perfect inno-

cence and perfect harmlessness, than the foreigner who was described in the house-keeper's letter as an audacious vagabond, and who was dreaded by Mr. Munder as something worse than a thief!

"Madam, and good sir," said the old man, advancing a little nearer at Mrs. Frankland's invitation, "I ask your pardon for intruding myself. My name is Joseph Buschmann. I live in the town of Truro, where I work in cabinets and tea-caddies, and other shining woods. I am also, if you please, the same little foreign man who was scolded by the big major-domo when I came to see the house. All that I ask of your kindness is, that you will let me say for my errand here and for myself, and for another person who is very near to my love,—one little word. I will be but few minutes, madam and good sir, and then I will go my ways again with my best wishes and my best thanks."

"Pray consider, Mr. Buschmann, that our time is your time," said Leonard. "We have no engagement whatever which need oblige you to shorten your visit. I must tell you, beforehand, in order to prevent any embarrassment on either side, that I have the misfortune to be blind. I can promise you, however, my best attention as far as listening goes. Rosamond, is Mr. Buschmann seated?"

Mr. Buschmann was still standing near the door, and was expressing sympathy by bowing to Mr. Frankland again, and crumpling his felt hat once more over his heart.

"Pray come nearer, and sit down," said Rosamond. "And don't imagine for one moment that any opinion of the steward's has the least influence on us, or that we feel it at all necessary for you to apologise for what took place the last time you came to this house. We have an interest—a very great interest," she added, with her usual hearty frankness, "in hearing anything that you have to tell us. You are the person of all others whom we are, just at this time——" She stopped, feeling her foot touched by her husband's, and rightly interpreting the action as a warning not to speak too unrestrainedly to the visitor before he had explained his object in coming to the house.

Looking very much pleased, and a little surprised also, when he heard Rosamond's last words, Uncle Joseph drew a chair near to the table by which Mr. and Mrs. Frankland were sitting, crumpled his felt hat up smaller than ever and put it in one of his side pockets, drew from the other a little packet of letters, placed them on his knees as he sat down, patted them gently with both hands, and entered on his explanation in these terms:—

"Madam and good sir," he began, "before I can say comfortably my little word, I must, with your leave, travel backwards to the last time when I came to this house in company with my niece."

"Your niece!" exclaimed Rosamond and Leonard, both speaking together.

"My niece, Sarah," said Uncle Joseph, "the only child of my sister, Agatha. It is for the love of Sarah, if you please, that I am here now. She is the one last morsel of my flesh and blood that is left to me in the world. The rest, they are all gone! My wife, my little Joseph, my brother Max, my sister Agatha, and the husband she married, the good and noble Englishman, Leeson—they are all, all gone!"

"Leeson," said Rosamond, pressing her husband's hand significantly under the table. "Your niece's name is Sarah Leeson?"

Uncle Joseph sighed and shook his head. "One day," he said, "of all the days in the year the evilmost for Sarah, she changed that name. Of the man she married—who is dead, now, Madam—it is little or nothing that I know but this:—His name was Jazeph, and he used her ill, for which I think him the First Scoundrel! Yes," exclaimed Uncle Joseph, with the nearest approach to anger and bitterness which his nature was capable of making, and with an idea that he was using one of the strongest superlatives in the language. "Yes! if he was to come to life again at this very moment of time, I would say it of him to his face:—Englishman Jazeph, you are the First Scoundrel!"

Rosamond pressed her husband's hand for the second time. If their own convictions had not already identified Mrs. Jazeph with Sarah Leeson, the old man's last words must have amply sufficed to assure them, that both names had been borne by the same person.

"Well, then, I shall now travel backwards to the time when I was here with Sarah, my niece," resumed Uncle Joseph. "I must, if you please, speak the truth in this business, or, now that I am already backwards where I want to be, I shall stick fast in my place, and get on no more for the rest of my life. Sir and good madam, will you have the great kindness to forgive me and Sarah, my niece, if I confess that it was not to see the house that we came here, and rang at the bell, and gave deal of trouble, and wasted much breath of the big major-domo's with the scolding that we got. It was only to do one curious little thing, that we came together to this place—or, no, it was all about a secret of Sarah's, which is still as black and dark to me as the middle of the blackest and darkest night that ever was in the world—and, as I nothing knew about it, except that there was no harm in it to anybody or anything, and that Sarah was determined to go, and that I could not let her go by herself: as also for the good reason that she told me, she had the best right of anybody to take the letter and to hide it again, seeing that she was afraid of its being found if longer in that room she left it, which was the room where she had hidden it before—

Why, so it happened, that I—no, that she—no, no, that I—Ach Gott!" cried Uncle Joseph, striking his forehead in despair, and relieving himself by an invocation in his own language. "I am lost in my own muddlement; and whereabouts the right place is, and how I am to get myself back into it, as I am a living sinner is more than I know!"

"There is not the least need to go back on our account," said Rosamond, forgetting all caution and self-restraint in her anxiety to restore the old man's confidence and composure. "Pray don't try to repeat your explanations. We know already——"

"We will suppose," said Leonard, interposing abruptly before his wife could add another word, "that we know already everything you can desire to tell us in relation to your niece's secret, and to your motives for desiring to see the house."

"You will suppose that!" exclaimed Uncle Joseph, looking greatly relieved. "Ah! I thank you, sir, and you good madam, a thousand times for helping me out of my own muddlement with a 'Suppose.' I am all over confusion from my tops to my toes; but I can go on now, I think, and lose myself no more. So! Let us say it in this way: I and Sarah, my niece, are *in* the house—that is the first 'Suppose.' I and Sarah, my niece, are *out* of the house—that is the second 'Suppose.' Good! now we go on once more. On my way back to my own home at Truro, I am frightened for Sarah, because of the faint she fell into on your stairs here, and because of a look in her face that it makes me heavy at my heart to see. Also, I am sorry for her sake, because she has not done that one curious little thing which she came into the house to do. I fret about these same matters, but I console myself too; and my comfort is that Sarah will stop with me in my house at Truro, and that I shall make her happy and well again, as soon as we are settled in our life together. Judge then, sir, what a blow falls on me, when I hear that she will not make her home where I make mine. Judge you, also, good madam, what my surprise must be, when I ask for her reason, and she tells me she must leave Uncle Joseph because she is afraid of being found out by you." He stopped, and, looking anxiously at Rosamond's face, saw it sadden and turn away from him, after he had spoken his last words. "Are you sorry, Madam, for Sarah, my niece? do you pity her?" he asked with a little hesitation and trembling in his voice.

"I pity her with my whole heart," said Rosamond, warmly.

"And with my whole heart for that pity I thank you!" rejoined Uncle Joseph. "Ah madam, your kindness gives me the courage to go on, and to tell you that we parted from each other on the day of our getting back to Truro! When she came to see me this time, years and years, long and lonely, and very many, had passed, and we two had never met.

I had the fear that many more would pass again, and I tried to make her stop with me to the very last. But she had still the same fear to drive her away—the fear of being found and put to the question by you. So, with the tears in her eyes (and in mine), and the grief at her heart (and at mine), she went away to hide herself in the empty bigness of the great city, London, which swallows up all people and all things that pour into it, and which has now swallowed up Sarah, my niece, with the rest. 'My child, you will write sometimes to Uncle Joseph?' I said, and she answered me, 'I will write often.' It is three weeks now since that time, and here, on my knee, are four letters she has written to me. I shall ask your leave to put them down open before you, because they will help me to get on farther yet with what I must say, and because I see in your face, madam, that you are indeed sorry for Sarah, my niece, from your heart."

He untied the packet of letters, opened them, kissed them one by one, and put them down in a row on the table, smoothing them out carefully with his hand, and taking great pains to arrange them all in a perfectly straight line. A glance at the first of the little series showed Rosamond that the handwriting in it was the same as the handwriting in the body of the letter which had been found in the Myrtle Room.

"There is not much to read," said Uncle Joseph. "But if you will look through them first, madam, I can tell you after, all the reason for showing them that I have."

The old man was right. There was very little to read in the letters, and they grew progressively shorter as they became more recent in date. All four were written in the formal, conventionally correct style of a person taking up the pen with a fear of making mistakes in spelling and grammar, and were equally destitute of any personal particulars relative to the writer; all four anxiously entreated that Uncle Joseph would not be uneasy, inquired after his health, and expressed gratitude and love for him as warmly as their timid restraints of style would permit; all four contained these two questions relating to Rosamond:—First, had Mrs. Frankland arrived yet at Porthgenna Tower? Secondly, if she had arrived, what had Uncle Joseph heard about her?—And, finally, all four gave the same instructions for addressing an answer:—"Please direct to me, 'S. J., Post Office, Smith Street, London,'"—followed by the same apology, "Excuse my not giving my address, in case of accidents, for even in London, I am still afraid of being followed and found out. I send every morning for letters; so I am sure to get your answer."

"I told you, madam," said the old man, when Rosamond raised her head from the letters, "that I was frightened and sorry for Sarah when she left me. Now see, if you

please, why I get more frightened and more sorry yet, when I have all the four letters that she writes to me. They begin here, with the first, at my left hand; and they grow shorter, and shorter, and shorter, as they get nearer to my right, till the last is but eight little lines. Again, see, if you please. The writing of the first letter, here, at my left hand, is very fine—I mean it is very fine to me, because I love Sarah, and because I write very badly myself—but it is not so good in the second letter; it shakes a little, it blots a little, it crooks itself a little, in the last lines. In the third it is worse—more shake, more blot, more crook. In the fourth, where there is least to do, there is still more shake, still more blot, still more crook, than in all the other three put together. I see this; I remember that she was weak, and worn, and weary, when she left me, and I say to myself, She is ill, though she will not tell it, for the writing betrays her!”

Rosamond looked down again at the letters, and followed the significant changes for the worse in the handwriting, line by line, as the old man pointed them out.

“I say to myself that,” he continued, “I wait, and think a little; and I hear my own heart whisper to me, Go you, Uncle Joseph, to London, and, while there is yet time, bring her back to be cured, and comforted and made happy in your own home! After that, I wait, and think a little again—not about leaving my business; I would leave it for ever sooner than Sarah should come to harm—but about what I am to do to get her to come back. That thought makes me look at the letters again; the letters show me always the same questions about Mistress Frankland; I see it plainly as my own hand before me, that I shall never get Sarah, my niece, back, unless I can make easy her mind about those questions of Mistress Frankland’s that she dreads as if there was death to her in every one of them. I see it! it makes my pipe go out; it drives me up from my chair; it puts my hat on my head; it brings me here, where I have once intruded myself already, and where I have no right, I know, to intrude myself again; it makes me beg and pray now, of your compassion for my niece, and of your goodness for me, that you will not deny me the means of bringing Sarah back. If I may only say to her, I have seen Mistress Frankland, and she has told me with her own lips that she will ask none of those questions that you fear so much—if I may only say that, Sarah will come back with me, and I shall thank you every day of my life for making me a happy man!”

The simple eloquence of the old man’s words, the innocent earnestness of his manner, touched Rosamond to the heart. “I will do anything, I will promise anything,” she answered eagerly, “to help you to bring

her back! If she will only let me see her, I promise not to say one word that she would not wish me to say; I promise not to ask one question—no, not one—that it will pain her to answer. O, what comforting message can I send besides! what can I say!”—she stopped confusedly, feeling her husband’s foot touching her’s again.

“Ah, say no more! say no more!” cried Uncle Joseph, tying up his little packet of letters, with his eyes sparkling and his ruddy face all in a glow. “Enough said to bring Sarah back! enough said to make me grateful for all my life! O, I am so happy, so happy, so happy, my skin is too small to hold me!” He tossed up the packet of letters into the air, caught it, kissed it, and put it back again in his pocket, all in an instant.

“You are not going?” said Rosamond. “Surely you are not going yet?”

“It is my loss to go away from here, which I must put up with, because it is also my gain to get sooner to Sarah,” said Uncle Joseph. “For that reason only, I shall ask your pardon if I take my leave, with my heart full of thanks, and go my ways home again.”

“When do you propose to start for London, Mr. Buschmann?” inquired Leonard.

“To-morrow, in the morning, early, sir,” replied Uncle Joseph. “I shall finish the work that I must do to-night, and shall leave the rest to Samuel, my man, and shall then go to Sarah by the first coach.”

“May I ask for your niece’s address in London, in case we wish to write to you?”

“She gives me no address, sir, but the post-office; for even at the great distance of London, the same fear that she had all the way from this house, still sticks to her. But here is the place where I shall get my own bed,” continued the old man, producing a small shop card. “It is the house of a countryman of my own, a fine baker of buns, sir, and a very good man indeed.”

“Have you thought of any plan for finding out your niece’s address?” inquired Rosamond, copying the direction on the card while she spoke.

“Ah, yes,—for I am always quick at making my plans,” said Uncle Joseph. “I shall present myself to the master of the post, and to him I shall say just this and no more: ‘Good morning, sir. I am the man who writes the letters to S. J. She is my niece, if you please; and all that I want to know is, Where does she live?’ There is something like a plan, I think. A-ha!” He spread out both his hands interrogatively, and looked at Mrs. Frankland with a self-satisfied smile.

“I am afraid,” said Rosamond, partly amused, partly touched by his simplicity, “that the people at the post-office are not at all likely to be trusted with the address. I think you would do better to take a letter with you, directed to ‘S. J.’; to deliver it in

the morning when letters are received from the country; to wait near the door, and then to follow the person who is sent by your niece (as she tells you herself) to ask for letters for S. J."

"You think that is better?" said Uncle Joseph, secretly convinced that his own idea was unquestionably the most ingenious of the two. "Good! The least little word that you say to me, madam, is a command that I follow with all my heart." He took the crumpled felt hat out of his pocket, and advanced to say farewell, when Mr. Frankland spoke to him again.

"If you find your niece well, and willing to travel," said Leonard, "you will bring her back to Truro at once? And you will let us know when you are both at home again?"

"At once, sir," said Uncle Joseph. "To both these questions, I say at once."

"If a week from this time passes," continued Leonard, "and we hear nothing from you, we must conclude, then, either that some unforeseen obstacle stands in the way of your return, or that your fears on your niece's account have been but too well founded, and that she is not able to travel?"

"Yes, sir; so let it be. But I hope you will hear from me before the week is out."

"O, so do I! most earnestly, most anxiously!" said Rosamond. "You remember my message?"

"I have got it here, every word of it," said Uncle Joseph, touching his heart. He raised the hand which Rosamond held out to him, to his lips. "I shall try to thank you better when I have come back," he said. "For all your kindness to me and to my niece, God bless you both, and keep you happy, till we meet again." With these words, he hastened to the door, waved his hand gaily with the old crumpled hat in it, and went out.

"Dear, simple, warm-hearted old man!" said Rosamond, as the door closed. "I wanted to tell him everything, Lenny. Why did you stop me?"

"My love, it is that very simplicity which you admire, and which I admire, too, that makes me cautious. At the first sound of his voice I felt as warmly towards him as you do; but the more I heard him talk, the more convinced I became that it would be rash to trust him, at first, for fear of his disclosing too abruptly to your mother that we know her secret. Our chance of winning her confidence and obtaining an interview with her, depends, I can see, upon our own tact in dealing with her exaggerated suspicions and her nervous fears. That good old man, with the best and kindest intentions in the world, might ruin everything. He will have done all that we can hope for, and all that we can wish, if he only succeeds in bringing her back to Truro."

"But if he fails—if anything happens—if she is really ill?"

"Let us wait till the week is over, Rosamond. It will be time enough, then, to decide what we shall do next."

CHIPS.

REVIVALS.

OUR readers, any more than ourselves, may not believe any fact adduced in evidence of the possibility of an old man's recovering the strength and aspect of youth or maturity; but such evidences were cited by learned men with more than a half-belief little more than a hundred years ago.

On the authority of Torquemada, it is to be stated that the Admiral Don Fudriga passed in his youth through a place called La Rioja, where he saw a man apparently fifty years old, who said that he had been lacquey to the admiral's grandfather, then long since dead. The admiral did not believe him, but he gave evidence of the truth of what he said, and bade the admiral not doubt, inasmuch as his real age was a hundred; but that, some years before, a natural change had occurred in his body, and all those faculties had been renewed in him, by the decay of which infirmity is caused.

Ferdinand Lopez is the authority for a narrative of the same kind, which is even more remarkable. In the year fifteen hundred and sixty-six, when Nuñez de Lune was viceroy in India, a man was brought to him as a curiosity, of whom it could be proved by "indisputable evidence" that he was three or four hundred years of age. He remembered when there were no people in the town which he inhabited, though it was then one of the chief towns of the East Indies. He had recovered youth four times, the white hairs falling away, and new teeth appearing upon each occasion. He was a native of Bengal, and was certain that he must have had at one time and another, seven hundred wives,—some of whom had died in marriage, some had been divorced. His hair and beard, when Nuñez saw him, were black; but he had not very much beard. The viceroy ordered his pulse to be felt by a physician, and it was found to beat steadily and strongly.

Valescus de Taranta—let us, by all means, cite authorities—relates that there was an abbess in the nunnery at Monviedra, who reached the great age of a hundred, and was then very infirm; but the lost powers of nature unexpectedly flowed back into her. Black hairs sprouted from her head, and the white hairs were thrown off; all the teeth returned into her mouth; wrinkles were lost from her face; her bosom swelled, and she became at last as fresh and lovely as she had been at the age of thirty. Many flocked to see this marvel, and no doubt paid for the

privilege; but the abbess did not readily suffer herself to be seen, for she was ashamed (she said) of the recollections that her restored beauty awakened.

Johannes Francus, in his *Chemical Letters* says that, in the month of August in the year fifteen hundred and seventy-two, he saw at Paris, M. Guillaume Postel, and talked to him, and that he then in his old age had black hair, though he had been grey fifteen years before. Such marvels—thanks (or no thanks) to the hairdressers—are not uncommon in the nineteenth century. A like change happened to the hair of John Montanus, and thrice it is said to have happened to a deacon of Breslau; who recovered each time, with his black hair, all his teeth. In testimony hereof, an inscription was put upon his tombstone which we will quote, though it be Latin, because it will amuse some readers, its oddity being untranslatable:

*Hic jacet Andreas canus simul atque Decanus
Qui ter nigrescit, dentescit, et hic requiescit.*

There used to be many attempts made to account for these stories; very few to show that they were altogether false. Perhaps, reasoned one learned man, the grey hairs were caused by bad humours in the system; and on the recovery of a more healthy dryness, the black hair returned. Perhaps, others argued, it was potable gold that had restored youth; but then it was asked, what knew the man of Bengal, or the lacquey found in La Rioja about potable gold? Could it be stellar influence? Nay, but many men are born in the same moment. Why do not the stars pour youth into the whole batch? Possibly, said others, it happens with such a man as with a taper made of good material throughout; that, when the light is waning and the taper seems to be on the point of extinction, suddenly, by the kindling of new material, although that be the last, the flame shoots up and burns again for a long time with its old vigour, and with unexpected steadiness. Thus, then, a modern theorist might say of the deacon lately mentioned that he had his candle of life three times snuffed.

It was also asserted that there are means in nature of restoring youth. There was said to be a fountain in the Island of Bonica which restored youth to those who drink its waters. Certain animals know also herbs that restore youth to them, and the stag recovers it by eating snakes, as snakes themselves recover it by eating fennel. Surely man may sometimes fall upon such means, or be helped to them by the aid of spirits. Thereto it was replied, that if spirits could be of any service in this matter, the witches whom they served would not lie under the disadvantage of being decrepit and ugly. As for the snakes, it is true that capons had been fed upon them in order

that they might live to a great age without becoming tough, and Italian ladies used to eat snakes in order to retain their freshness and their beauty. No doubt it is a great purifier of the blood, said the old reasoners, but it is very questionable whether we know clearly enough what kind of snakes to eat, and whether we should do well to eat snakes indiscriminately. Roast hare is a great preservative of beauty, and hares are more plentiful than snakes; besides being less dangerous to deal with. Pliny, Theophrastus, and Galen, all tell of certain nations by whom much snake-meat is eaten, and it is not said in any case, that the people of that nation renew their youth in any extraordinary manner.

We leave these questions as we find them, only to the voracious histories of the rejuvenescence of men, saying nothing of the phoenix—who, because he was caught in the time of the Roman Emperor, Claudius, is no more to be seen—we add the equally voracious doctrine of the Jewish sages that the eagle renews youth every ten years.

THE SAMARITAN INSTITUTION.

In our number of the fourteenth of March, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, appeared under the head of the *Predatory Art*, an article in which Redpath, Saward, Robson, and others were particularly animadverted on. We regret that the writer of that article included the case of the Secretary of the Samaritan Institution.

That gentleman had perused certain *ex parte* statements against the Secretary, and had not seen a published contradiction of them on oath. Further, he was not aware that, at a large meeting presided over by the clergyman of the district (who bore testimony to the innocence of the Secretary, and who was commissioned by the Rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn, to do the same), the Secretary's character was declared to be exonerated from blame and even from suspicion.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The reader has already been informed of sundry particulars respecting our mental habits, our merry-makings, and our mode of life; * I now proceed to a peep at our Grand Speciality—Our Boys and Girls; by which I do not mean that we sell boys and girls, or that we send them out as articles of merchandise, as apprentices to chimney-sweeping or cotton-growing, as self-tradesmen or artists, or in any other American or Russian sense. On the contrary, we welcome them with open arms, and keep them here as long as we can; which is far from saying, or thinking, that we take them in.

* See Household Words, No. 359, Our Specialities, page 123; and No. 368, Our Ducasse, page 340.

If there is one hostage more precious than another, which a family, or a nation, can confide to a neighbour, it is undoubtedly their children—their delight, their pride, their comfort, their hope. Hundreds of such precious hostages are confided by England to the keeping of France; and the portion of the number who are sent to our own droll little town, are what I call Our Boys and Girls. Most readers of *The Times* must have observed twice a-year, shortly after the summer and the winter solstices, numerous advertisements from French school-masters and mistresses, principally resident in Boulogne-sur-Mer, Calais, Guines, and Bourbourg, but also in towns scattered over the whole of the North of France. These advertisements are, in great measure, addressed to English parents whose business compels them to live in London, though many pupils come from the inland counties, to swell the ranks of foreign educational establishments. Le Havre and its neighbourhood mainly invite American children; and very many young persons, both coloured and white, cross the Atlantic to receive instruction as boarders in Normandy. It is strange that so many of the rising generation should be driven from a republic, a quasi-land of self-styled freedom, by the necessity of seeking, in monarchical and despotic Europe, the equality of access to the means of instruction which is denied to them at home. In European schools a black, or mulatto, or creole boy, may say his lessons in the same class, eat his meals at the same table, and take his rest in the same dormitory, with a pure-blooded white boy. "Wonder of wonders!" an American might exclaim. Would he call that a land of freedom, where a white boy might not drive a black boy from his presence? But, as the Western-French schools are mostly frequented by juvenile free travellers, or dark-skinned refugees, from America, so the Eastern-French academies are generally patronised by parents who prefer for their young folk the shortest cut across the Channel.

Our own boys and girls are received in roomy mansions, which are complimented by English titles; we have Victoria House, Britannia House, Park House, and so forth. The masters and mistresses, at the commencement of each vacation, accompany their returning pupils to London, and await the starting of such new ones as they can get, together with those sent back to France, after passing the midsummer or Christmas holidays with their friends at home. Many children remain abroad at school, during the whole of both those holidays—orphans whose guardians do not find it convenient to receive them; boys and girls whose parents are settled in distant colonies—we have some charming young people from Australia—boys and girls whose French, whose dancing, whose power

of resistance to London fogs, or whose something else, is backward and behind-hand, and who must lose no time in making up lee-way. For these school and class-time go on much as usual, under the superintendence of the sub-masters, French and English. As a general rule, I think, the principals have the tact to select able and trusty school-assistants. I also think that, were it my destiny to be an usher or a governess, I had rather fill either one or the other of those situations in France than in England. True, they get better paid, and sometimes better fed, in England; but money and meat alone are not sufficient to satisfy all the reasonable requirements of rational and warm-hearted young men and women. The travels of the little pilgrims to our town—their journey by rail—their sickness at sea, or their triumph over it—their custom-house troubles, and their ride in the caravan of carriages which conducts them inland—are a practical romance which is mostly the commencing enlargement of their views of life, their first knowledge of a world beyond their threshold. Homekeeping youth, they remember, have ever homely wits; and even if they don't remember an adage they may have never heard, their proud consciousness of travelled superiority attests its truth.

Schoolkeeping in England and in France, are not the same profession in respect to liberty of action. In Great Britain and Ireland, any man or woman may turn school-master or mistress, provided they can but persuade pupils to come to them. In France, no person under five-and-twenty years of age, and without a diploma gained by passing the prescribed examinations, can open a boarding-school for boys or girls. The diploma may be gained previously to their twenty-sixth birthday; but the school cannot be opened, nevertheless. Before that age many of the privileges of majority are not legally attainable in France; there is a great difference, the Code Napoléon assumes, between the maturity of judgment of a person of twenty-one, and of the same person arrived at twenty-five. However, in England we contrive to drive coaches-and-six through Acts of Parliament, and similar attempts are made elsewhere, with more or less success. Principals deficient in the requisite qualifications obtain the services of a qualified person, whom they set up as the ostensible head of the concern, for a time at least, and who is known as their *Prête-nom*, or name-lender. But taking a *prête-nom* is accompanied by so many disagreeables, that it is only resorted to as an expedient of the last necessity; it is setting up a master or a mistress over your own head, in your own household: not to mention the constant explanations with the authorities.

Even when their establishment is thus legitimately opened, schoolmasters and school-

mistresses are not by any means their own masters or mistresses therein. They are subject to the visits, control, and interference of troublesome persons, called Government Inspectors of Schools. The inspectors can come at any time; can (and do) penetrate into the dormitories at ten o'clock at night, to see that all is right, and that the usher on duty is in his proper place, instead of abroad in the town. They can examine the kitchen, question the pupils, inquire into the medical attendance, and moreover can summarily close the establishment, if things do not go on, or at least promise to go on, in a way they can approve. The inspectors enter into little matters which many people might think they would hardly notice. Thus, *Our Boys and Girls* have occasionally got up and acted, in their respective schools, little dramas, mostly in French, as a harmless application of private theatricals. The girls' comedies were played and witnessed only by themselves; but when the lads performed their dramas, they were glad to have a girls' school (comprising sisters and cousins), as audience on the benches before them; and they also themselves personated the female characters, appearing on their stage in female costume. No public, or anything approaching to it, was admitted. Well, the inspectors forbade the visits of the young ladies, disapproving any general meeting of the kind between a boys' school and a girls'; they also prohibited any future assumption of feminine attire by boys, under whatsoever theatrical pretence it might be made. The French inspectors would thus stop the Westminster play, had they the power, and would extinguish the representations of Terence, which have so often received the approving smile of nobility and even of royalty.

I don't agree with the inspectors (any more than I do with anybody else) in everything. We used to have nice little half-yearly balls, before breaking up, or to open a new school-campaign. Basketfuls of evergreens were brought in from the wood; with these the girls and their governesses dressed up the school-room in tasty fashion, with wreaths and garlands, converting it into an elegant ball-room. It was an excellent lesson in domestic decoration. On the happy evening, there was a grand muster of muslin robes, satin ribbons, and smiling young faces. The males honoured with an invitation were staid masters and professors of accomplishments, sober members of our bourgeoisie, and a selection from the lads' academy, mostly brothers or relatives of the lady-pupils. And then there was a cheerful dance, with proper forms, training young people to drawing-room ease and the habitudes of society; and then there was an excellent substantial supper, with all that reasonable boys and girls, or their elders, can require. There was much good, and, I think, no harm, in those meetings

of the respective establishments for opposite sexes. But, the inspectors have forbidden them. The girls may have dances among themselves, and that is all. Still, pupil-concerts may be given, and masculine hearers allowed admission; also, boys who have sisters among our girls, are allowed to visit them, under proper superintendence, once a week—oftener, in case of illness or emergency. But, I wish that the inspectors, instead of forbidding such balls, had put their veto on the reception, by ladies' schools, of parlour-boarders; that is, of ladies of any age from fifteen to fifty, coming with any indefinable object not actually reprehensible. A girls' school ought not to be a lady's lodging-house to any extent, not even to the least. Many a parlour-boarder, who may not personally deserve a word of reproach, has still experienced too much, knows too much, perhaps suffers too much, to make her a desirable companion for school-girls, whose thoughts should be otherwise occupied than by an inquisitive striving after stolen peeps at the external world of good and evil. Let the girls have their school friendships, their school excitements, their school sorrows; but, it is not convenient that their sympathies should be excited by Mrs. Lackaday, whose husband is gone to Australia; by Miss Tantarum Flasheye, whose friends don't know how to employ her time at home; or by poor pitiable Mrs. Pincher, of limited income. For those ladies, and their like, there should undoubtedly be a refuge somewhere, but certainly not in the same household with *Our Girls*. Let me add that in the apparently harsh injunction of forbidding the boys' and the girls' schools to meet in private balls at their own homes, the inspectors assuredly deserve credit for no more than an honourable anxiety to do their duty; they take the prudent and precautionary course; they avoid the possible abuse of a harmless indulgence; they feel bound to prevent the formation of all dangerous attachments, or even of such acquaintances as parents might consider undesirable. In this they do but carry out the social and educational etiquette of France; and for the English friends of children, it is a great guarantee to know that such jealous supervision is exercised. The chances of culpable neglect, of harshness, or of continued ill-treatment in a foreign country, are much less in pensionnats like those of *Our Boys and Girls*, than is the case with pupils intrusted by twos and threes to private tutors and governesses. It would be impossible for any of our schoolmistresses to become a Célestine Doudet; I beg their pardon for putting such a hypothesis, even as a suppositious case.

For, in respect to punishment, if we err, it is on what I must consider the right side—the side of forbearance. So far am I from holding with the dictum, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," that I believe there are

infinitely more children spoiled, rendered dogged and bad, and put into the wrong way, by the application of personal chastisement as a panacea for all evil—I believe many more moderately good children have been thus made perverse and incorrigible, than perverse children have been rendered mild and docile by the softening influence of the omnipotent stick. The French law forbids flogging children, except in extreme cases of rebellion. Not that monsters do not now and then appear, at intervals, similar to those of natural portents—such as the afore-mentioned wretch, Doudet, who is now undergoing her five years' imprisonment; not that impertinent and aggravating pupils never get a box on the ear, a push, or a pinch, from the worn-out patience of an over-vexed usher; but, as a rule, gentleness is the guiding principle laid down by the educational powers; and the law gives them the power to enforce that principle. "Respect your children; do not 'tuttoy' them, that is, be not too familiar with them in speech, and do not brutalise them by blows," is a direction given to all authorised teachers—and no others are permitted to exercise the profession of teacher. Any breach of the respect which an instructor owes to his pupil is punishable more severely, in that case, than the same offence if complained of by one not so connected. Even the last resource with an incorrigible pupil—expulsion—is resorted to most unwillingly, and never if it is possible to avoid it. No matter what may be the motive of such long-suffering, we are glad that it exists, if it be but a pledge to English parents against the likelihood of measures of uncalled-for severity.

"Lowhead is a very bad boy, sir," said a master to his principal. "I can do nothing with him. In fact, sir, if I were you, I would expel him at once."

"Oh no! I'm sure you wouldn't!" replied the head of the establishment.

"Why not, sir? I am perfectly convinced he is incorrigible."

"I quite agree with you, there, Mr. Smithson. But you don't know the value of an English connection; I do."

It is sad that, in most large assemblies of boys, there may be expected to be a certain small per-centage—two and a fraction in a thousand say; perhaps not so much—of thoroughly bad children, under the circumstances, for whom utter banishment and removal from the rest is the only possible mode of treatment, in justice to the great majority. I use the qualifying phrase "under the circumstances," in connection with thoroughly bad, because it might be that, under other circumstances, the unmanageable individuals would turn out better, or at least, not so bad. The old expedient of sending to sea, or establishing in a half-savage colony, or apprenticeship to a dangerous and exciting trade, such as horse-breaking, whale-fishing, and the like, may

occupy and divert from actual crime the fierce passions of a boy whose existence is utterly incompatible with the society of lads of more humane temperament. We have had to deplore the presence of such exceptional creatures, even amongst our own boys here.

An English youth, whose evil disposition and untameable character had long been known to his masters and schoolfellows, rather through the utterance of muttered threats than by overt and punishable acts, was to take his departure one morning, to the relief and gratification of all. During the previous night, by the merest accident it was discovered that the house was on fire; and the fire had broken out in such a place that, in another quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, the children must have been roasted alive. A tutor, against whom a special grudge was entertained, was barricaded in his room. The alarm was given; the pupils were hurried, in their night-clothes, into a place of safety; and the cause of danger was soon extinguished. The author of the mischief was up and dressed, ready for a start. Whether the suspicions were inadequate for his detention, or whether the master felt compassion for the parents of such a child, the incendiary was suffered to make his way to England. The gendarmerie and police made due inspection and inquest on the spot; and as, by French law, an accused person can be tried in his absence, if he choose to absent himself, and is condemned, on account of that contumacy, to the heaviest penalty which the law awards to the offence, if proved—our would-be firebrand was sentenced to death by the court, and his sentence advertised and placarded in the usual form. The young convict-at-large will take care how he sets foot in France again. Doubtless, he would not be guillotined; but, certainly he would be treated to a long and severe imprisonment, with heavy law-costs to be paid before his final liberation could take place. Let me add, that no intending candidate for admission into our boy-community need be alarmed at the above example (unless he too has an idea of committing arson); because, a danger escaped only makes people more careful to guard against a repetition of the same danger to come.

Inquiries into the question of religion are only natural and just. More than nine-tenths of the children are Protestants, sent from home, and confided to the charge of Roman Catholic preceptors. Do those preceptors, as they are bound, leave the ancestral faith of their charges undisturbed, making no attempts to draw them over to their own? I may answer, that I sincerely believe they do honourably fulfil this implied contract. Lately, considerable uneasiness was felt, in consequence of the conduct of the Bishop of Arras, which threatened seriously to disturb the cordial understanding

between France and England in a social point of view. The residence of Our Boys and Girls is clearly subject to an indispensable condition which every common-sense Englishman and Frenchman—except an Ultramontane—would take for granted; namely, that their religious profession, as Protestants, be strictly respected. Catholic children, of course, follow their creed; but others attend a Protestant place of worship—a Temple, as it is called—have free possession of, and access to, Bibles and Church of England Prayer-books, besides other works of an evangelically religious tendency; and are visited, from time to time, by an English chaplain, for the purpose of catechising, preparation for the Protestant rite of confirmation, and religious instruction in general, in accordance with the reformed faith held by their forefathers. All this has gone on smoothly for some years past, with the full consent and aid of the masters and mistresses of these pensionnats, themselves Catholics; and the system has worked satisfactorily.

But, it seemed good to Monseigneur Parisis, bishop of Arras, Boulogne, and St. Omer, to address a pastoral letter to his clergy, and to them alone, counselling the excommunication of Catholic teachers who should take charge of Protestant children, without perverting them from the faith in which they were born. It met with no support from the more liberal-minded of the clergy; it gave great pain, and more than pain, to many conscientious school-mistresses, themselves sincere disciples of Rome, but who still wished to fulfil their duty to the parents of children of other creeds. It roused a storm of indignation among persons connected with the instruction of youth throughout the department of the Pas-de-Calais. True it is, not half-a-dozen other bishops in France would have affixed their signature and their sign of the cross to such a persecuting document; but the point which concerned us, by concerning Our Boys and Girls, is that Monseigneur Parisis's see is the one wherein almost all the mixed schools receiving English children are situate. Had he been Bishop of Toulon or Strasbourg, his peculiarities would have been comparatively of but little consequence.

All religious sects in France are allowed the free enjoyment of their opinions. Consequently, the Mayor of Boulogne, urged by the British Consul, who was urged by the parents and guardians of heretical children, applied to the government; and the Minister of Public Instruction issued a dignified and temperate circular, in which he assured French residents generally, that inmates of schools need be under no apprehension that interference would be permitted with their freedom of conscience or worship. On this, the bishop drew in his horns, and composed a second letter, in which he made a nice distinction between the schoolmasters' simply and passively allowing their pupils to go to

temples, and sinfully accompanying them thither and sanctioning the heterodox doctrine by their presence. The one they might do; the other, not, without incurring episcopal censure. Immediately several masters, contrary to their custom, personally conducted their English trusts to the English church, in defiance of the prelate's threats. And so the matter has rested ever since, and is not likely to trouble us again. The aggressor came for wool, and went back shorn.

Again; it may be asked, "What style of young people are Our Boys and Girls? Are they such as our Toms and our Harriets can associate with?" Now, great disappointment will be generally avoided, by first defining exactly to yourself what ware it is you want, before going to market; and then by ascertaining what special wares are offered by certain markets. No market will offer all wares for sale. Where other men find their affair, you, perhaps, may not find yours; and vice versa. If you are in quest of an Eton, a Harrow, or a Rugby, where your son may form friendships with aristocratic youths; if you are in hopes that fagging obediently may lead to a seat even in a reformed Parliament, and that boating may introduce to a government clerkship—don't come here. If you require a school of extremest selectness, where a strictly limited number of young ladies, or young gentlemen, the sons and daughters of noblemen and gentlemen only, are received, with a warrant for the absolute exclusion of all pupils of low connections, or in any way connected with trade and shopkeeping—don't come here. If you are looking out for a forcing-school, where children's heads, hands, and limbs, are crammed with knowledge and accomplishments on the high-pressure system, whether there is room for them or not, never leaving the attention free to wander and select subjects of its own, not even during walks and meal-times—don't hope to find here what you seek. If you insist on your son's becoming a double first-class man at Oxford, or a Smith's prize-man and a Chancellor's medallist at Cambridge—don't send him for his preliminary education to swell the ranks of our boys. If you wish your daughter's training to include a carriage's stopping-the-way at the door of the boarding-school, three times a-week, with the attendance of a mistress of deportment to teach the young lady how to get into the said carriage, how to sit or repose there, and how to get out again—send your aspirant after chariot graces elsewhere, not here. Our girls have occasional treats to the sea-side or to the woods, in an omnibus or in the carriages of the country, and they ride to and fro merrily enough; but, they are not brought up exactly like ladies born to their carriage-and-four as a matter of course. It all depends upon what you want; different people look upon the same things in such a strangely different

light. The report of an occasional blacking of their own shoes by Our Boys, and of the setting the dinner-table in turn by Our Girls, would make some mothers faint at the horribly vulgar idea; while others would calmly receive the news with a smile or even with a nod of approbation.

But, if you prefer your boy to have two tongues in his head, instead of one; if you desire to qualify him for the office, the shop, the warehouse, the road, Continental as well as British; if you are pent up in London, Leeds, or Manchester, and wish your youngster to breathe fresh air, although you yourself are compelled to breathe foul; while you are assured that their mental education makes some little way at the same time that their bodily education is furthered, not only by sufficient food, but by out-door exercise, which they cannot have at home—in that case, you may at least come and look whether further details correspond with your list of desiderata, and may inquire within with some slight chance of being suited. "See with your own eyes, and judge for yourselves," is the best advice that can be given to parents. They cannot then complain of having been deceived by false recommendations. A few hours' journey by sea and land is not a heavy price to pay for the assurance of a child's well-being.

As a general rule, and it is impossible that even my details should be otherwise than general, Our Boys and Girls are well and plentifully fed, and kindly treated.

"You dare not pinch your boys for food," I said to a master, "even if you were inclined to do so."

"Certainly, I dare not," he replied; "it would ruin me in a month."

One point here is, that you get a French education combined with an English one. Elsewhere, in towns of greater educational pretensions—in St. Omer, Lille, Douai, or Paris—you have a good French education only, with English lessons certainly, if you like. Our boys get up at six in the morning all the year round; they go to bed at eight in winter, and at nine in summer. They breakfast at eight, dine at twelve, have a slice of bread if they like at five, and sup at seven. Their beverage at breakfast is milk (and our milk is different to what you get in London), or sometimes coffee; at dinner, water, or wine-and-water; at supper, milk. As hours of study; from half-past six to eight, may be devoted to arithmetic and mathematics generally; from nine till a quarter to twelve, to French; and from two till five, to French and English. After supper, there is study in the evening, as a preparation for the lessons of the morrow. Three times a week, the hours of recreation are employed by such pupils as learn extra

accomplishments—dancing, fencing, German, Italian, music, &c. And then, three days a week there is time for walks and exercise after the five o'clock schooling is done. The long summer evenings afford excellent opportunities for free and healthful rambles across the fields and meadows—sometimes for bathing. Thursday is often a half-holiday, and Saturday always a whole holiday. In fine weather, our boys often start after breakfast, taking their dinners with them, to spend the whole day in sylvan sport, accompanied by one or two of the professors. A common rendezvous is frequently the column in our forest, which marks the spot where Blanchard and Jeffery's balloon fell after crossing the Channel. And the forest is not like a London park, with blackened trees in rows, with a sooty, gas-laden atmosphere, and with a prohibition to leave the gravel-walk or walk on the grass, but an interminable wood, where thousands of acres of oak and beech are cut down, let to grow, and cropped, with the same regularity as a Norfolk farm. In the forest, our boys learn the aspect of a real bird's nest; how to take the slow-worm alive, and how to kill the adder; in what thicket to capture the dormouse; where the woodruff springs, and the violet scents the air—because certain forest-violets are scentless. As for nuts, our boys won't let us have any nuts, but gather them before the kernels have filled their shells. To get nuts in the forest, you must extend your search beyond the length of our young gentlemen's tether. I must cut short the mention of our boys' whole holiday in the paradisaical woods, for fear of causing town-pent children to pine.

After his return to England, the schoolboy (no longer) writes to his former master, some such letter as this, which is genuine:

Dear sir,—You will no doubt be very happy to hear that I have succeeded in obtaining a very good situation in a merchant's counting-house in this town. I cannot sufficiently thank you for the kindness I experienced whilst under your care. It has proved most useful to me; for I am fully convinced that, but for my knowledge of the French language, I should not be at present in nearly so good a position as I am, and that knowledge I attribute mainly to the instructions I received from you, though I flatter myself that I learnt a great deal by attention to my studies, both French and German.

Yours very truly,
THOMAS BLANK.

For further particulars respecting Our Boys and Girls, apply, not to me, who am merely a looker-on without any interest in the matter—a chiel who takes notes and prints them, and simply a lover of truth and fair play—but to some of the worthy inhabitants of Guînes, Pas-de-Calais, France.

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COMETS, AND THEIR TAILS OF PROPHETS.

THE office of Cassandra is not extinct, though the Trojan prophetess herself has long been in her grave. From time to time the same disagreeable people appear in the midst of society, enforcing attention by fearful tales of ruin, which the event generally disproves. But, whereas the ancient Cassandra was always disbelieved, the modern Cassandras are invariably credited. In times of real calamity they are especially rife. Thus, when the Plague was desolating London in the days of Charles the Second, a half-naked fanatic went about the town with a brazier of burning coals upon his head, scattering fierce denunciations on the terror-stricken citizens; and, some century later, a crazed trooper, who fancied himself an inspired religious apostle, sent the more excitable part of Cockneydom into fits of alarm at his glowing descriptions of the coming earthquake, which, when it did come, proved to be so gentle that, as Horace Walpole said, you might have stroked it. Most of us are old enough to remember the agitation attendant on the comet of eighteen hundred and thirty-two, which was to roll us all into oblivion, and which made many a nervous person shake into his mental shoes, in spite of the re-assuring voices of science and philosophy. Some ten years later, a learned gentleman discovered that Dr. John Dee had prophesied a dolorous conclusion to famous London town at that very date. The earth was to open without any visible cause, and to swallow the great city like a gigantic pill, without giving any chance to a modern Curtius to redeem his country's capital by leaping into the gulf; and such was the hold which this preposterous fancy took upon the minds of the lower orders of Irish that they were seen, on the day when the catastrophe did not take place, kneeling in the streets of St. Giles's, and calling on all the saints to save them, while rumours floated up and down to the effect that Ludgate Hill was beginning to sink, and that the dome of St. Paul's was settling heavily earthward.

Between that time and this, we could probably count up half a score of anticipated last days, advertised (by popular preachers, in the secrets of the universe) as being infallibly about to come-off at a given date,

but which, like the last nights of favourite singers and actors, are capable of an indefinite postponement.

The last absurdity of the kind—not, however, chargeable to the pulpit, as far as we know—is the promised destruction of the world on the thirteenth of next June, by the comet, which is then to swoop down upon us. These comets are the terrors of our system, and have been charged with more mischief-making, murders and crimes in general, confusion of states, foreign and civil wars, oppression, impiety, plague, pestilence, and famine, than the Prince of darkness himself. The ancients and moderns agree in attributing to these swarthy visitors from remote space a malign influence over human destinies. Homer calls them,

A fatal sign to armies on the plain,
Or trembling sailors on the watery main.

Milton compares Satan to a comet :

That fires the length of Ophioneus huge
In the Arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war.

And Timon of Athens, in Shakspeare's wonderful drama, bids Alcibiades and his army :

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Shall o'er some high-iced city hang his poison
In the sick air.

It is difficult to read the history of any country without finding the great events ushered in by skiey portents, wherefrom the Cassandras of the time deduce appalling vaticinations. Not to go back to the fall of Julius Cæsar—when

The sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;

when (as Plutarch sets forth, and Shakspeare sublimates into poetry) the hand of a slave in the market-place burnt "like twenty torches joined," without receiving any hurt; when a prodigious lion glared in the Capitol, and

Men, all in fire, walk'd up and down the streets, and "a hundred ghastly women, transform'd with their fear," huddled together in one heap—not to go back so far as that pre-Christian era, we may discover, in very modern times, not a few instances of the

popular tendency to see omens on the earth and in the heavens whenever the nation is disturbed to its centre by any great crisis. Even as late as the days of William the Third, we find Lord Lonsdale, at one time Prime-Minister of that monarch, and one of the three lords-justices who governed the kingdom during the sovereign's absence in Holland in seventeen hundred, in his Memoir of the Reign of James the Second, chronicling a prodigious comet which appeared in sixteen hundred and eighty-one, with a beard reaching to a third part of the heavens, and which was supposed to be the cause of the disasters that followed. His lordship, indeed, thinks it is "not easy to imagine how comets should occasion wars;" but he records, with an evident lurking belief in the connection between the one and the other, that the appearance of this celestial monster was followed by wars and persecutions all over Europe, and by the invention in England of hitherto unheard-of cruelties for the punishment of the disaffected. He also mentions certain fiery visions which some persons saw in the clouds; but, these he thinks of small account, as being in great measure the creations of superstitious and excited minds.

It is curious to observe how the people conspire to place their rulers in the category of superior beings, whose fall convulses the universe.

If a king meet with a violent death, the world shall be troubled for some months beforehand, and the celestial regions shall partake of the general disease. Stars shall rain blood upon the earth; there shall be a plurality of moons, or suns; an eclipse shall darken the heavens with unnatural night; armies shall rush to battle in the clouds, with a noise of artillery; threatening arms shall start out of the zenith, brandishing portentous swords of fire; and there shall be Lamentings heard i' the air,—strange screams of death,—

And prophecy, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confused events,
New-hatch'd to the woeful time.

The despot is beheaded, stabbed, poisoned, or what not; and his successor is much obliged to the Cassandras for their implied recognition of the importance of the despotic office, and puts an additional yoke round the neck of the people, on the strength of their credulity.

But, after all, the favourite subject of the Cassandras is the extinction of the world. This result is to be effected in various ways—either by a sudden blow which will, at any rate, very speedily put us out of our misery, or by a lingering process of torture. Thus, some one found out, a short time ago, that the earth and the sun were getting farther and farther apart every year, and that in process of time the fructifying power, the physical vitality of our planet, would necessarily be-

come less and less, until living beings, after miserably dwindling and languishing for some generations, would at length perish for want of food, light, and warmth. Many of the devotees in Cassandra's temple upheld this opinion by referring to the potato disease, the vine disease, and the diminished supply of fruit, as evidences of a visible deterioration in the earth's producing powers. But their opinions have been contradicted by another faction, the members of which contend that the earth is getting nearer to the sun, and that in time we shall be sucked into his fiery vortex, and consumed like a moth in the flame of a taper. Thus, if we are to escape gradual starvation, it is only that we may be slowly roasted alive. A third hypothesis is, that the sun himself is absolutely going out, like a lamp that has burnt its appointed time. A gentleman signing himself Helioscopus, recently wrote to the Times, to say that the well-known spots on the sun's disc are increasing in size and number. From this, we suppose we are to infer that that robe of fire and luminosity which encompasses the opaque body of the sun, and which is the source of all the vitality of our system, is wearing out—dropping to pieces with celestial rottenness. Several minor and purely local signs of decay are also talked of. The river Thames is said by some of the Cassandra tribe to be decreasing in depth and volume, and we are informed that the result must be the presence of a dry ditch, instead of a noble stream, between the Middlesex and Surrey divisions of the great metropolis, followed by the decay and desertion of London, and the erection of Liverpool into the capital of the empire. A report, however, just issued by Captain Burstall, who has made an official survey of the Thames from Blackwall to Putney, shows that the river has actually deepened by several feet since the removal of the cumbrous old London Bridge, in eighteen hundred and thirty-two, which increased the scour, and that the same effect is still being perpetuated by the action of the numerous river steam-boats, and by dredging.

But, all such minor considerations give place to the overmastering dread of the thirteenth of next June—a fear not unfelt in this country, but producing, in several parts of the continent, a perfect madness of despair among the peasantry, who refuse to till the ground, to make provision for the harvest, or to transact any business whatever. For, on the terrible thirteenth, Time, like a grim bowler at an awful game at cricket, is to deliver a comet at this our earthly wicket, to terminate our innings with a remorseless hand, and stump us out for ever.

Against this unreasoning fear, there rises up a French astronomer, who says that the collision of a comet with this globe would be (on the part of the comet), like the dashing of a fly against a locomotive in full speed. And Herr von Littrow, a German astronomer,

reminds us that comets are nothing more than a species of drifting mist; that they are not coherent masses at all; and that we have nothing to fear from

The airy jústles
Of those atoms and corpuscles.

It is not to be hoped, however, that the ignorant and superstitious will refrain from snatching a fearful joy from their anticipations of the thirteenth.

The belief in great convulsions of the universe is as old as the era of the ancient Egyptians. When Herodotus was in the land of the Pyramids, he was told "by the priests" that, in the course of eleven thousand three hundred and forty years (which prodigious lapse of time they claimed to be included in their history), the sun had four times altered his course—twice rising where he now sets, and setting where he now rises. But, they added that no evil effects had followed: the solar vagaries were apparently of not the slightest importance to the earth. The ancient Egyptians, being ignorant of the fact that the motion of the sun is not real, but only apparent, were of course not aware that, if the effect they spoke of had ever really taken place, it must have resulted from some change in the position and rotation of our own globe, the sun all the while remaining stationary. But, it is singular to find our sage and serious poet, Spenser, after the promulgation of the Copernican system, gravely repeating the fable with every appearance of awe-struck belief. In the Introduction to the Fifth Book of the Faery Queene, he thus performs the part of Cassandra on a large scale:

The heavens' revolution
Is wandred farre from where it first was pight,
And so does make contrarie constitution
Of all this lower world toward his dissolution.

For whoso list into the heavens looke,
And search the courses of the rowling spheares,
Shall find that from the point where they first tooke
Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares
They all are wandred much; that plaine appoares:
For that same golden fleecy ram, wh: bore
Phrixus and Helle from their stepdame's feares,
Hath now forgot where he was plást of yore,
And shouldred hath the bull wh: fayre Europa bore:

And eke the bull hath with his bow-bent horne
So hardly butted those two twinnes of Jove,
That they have crusht the crab, and quite him borne
Into the great Nemeian lion's grove.
So now all range, and doe at random rove
Out of their proper places farre away,
And all this world with them amisse does move,
And all his creatures from their course astray,
Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay.

Ne is that same great glorious lampe of light,
That doth enlumine all these lesser fyres,
In better case, ne keeps his course more right,
But is miscarried with the other spheares:

For, since the terme of fourteen hundred yerés,
That learned Ptolomée his hight did take,
He is declyned from that marke of theirs
Nigh thirtie minutes to the southerne lake;
That makes me feare in time he will us quite forsake.

And if to those Egyptian wisards old
(Which in star-read were wont have best insight)
Faith may be given, it is by them told
That since the time they first took the sunne's hight,
Foure times his place he shifted hath in sight,
And twice hath risen where he now doth weat,
And wested twice where he ought rise aight.
But most is Mars amisse of all the rest;
And next to him old Saturne, that was wont be best.

The Egyptian tradition to which Herodotus refers has been attributed by a learned commentator to the defect of the solar year. Horne, in his Introduction to the Critical Study of the Scriptures, refers it to the narrative in Joshua of the sun standing still (chapter the tenth, verse the twelfth), and to the story of the sun going ten degrees backward at the prayer of Isaiah, related in the Second Book of Kings (chapter the twentieth, verse the eleventh), and in the Book of Isaiah (chapter the thirty-eighth, verse the eighth). But, Herodotus is not the only ancient writer who records the Egyptian story of a vast disturbance of the celestial system. The same relation is referred to by Plato, Pomponius Mela, Plutarch, Achilles Tatius, Solinus, and others. Modern astronomers, however, repudiate the narrative as inconsistent with probability and with facts.

The Greek fable of Phaeton driving the horses of the sun, which ran away with him, and nearly burnt up the world by going too near it, is supposed by some commentators to refer to a disturbance of the heavenly bodies at some very remote period. The American scholar, Anthon, in criticising this fable, says: "Aristotle states, upon the authority of some of the ancient writers, that, in the time of Phaeton, there fell from heaven flames that consumed several countries; and Eusebius places this deluge of fire in the same age with that of Deucalion. The most curious circumstance connected with the story of Phaeton, is the fact that the name of Eridanus, of the river into which he is said to have fallen, belongs properly to the Rodaun, a small stream in the north of Europe, running near Dantzic. The poets fabled that the tears shed by Phaeton's sisters were converted into amber; and, what is very remarkable, there was no amber ever found in the vicinity of the Po; whereas the Phœnicians drew their main supply from the shores of the Baltic, and from the immediate vicinity of the true Eridanus itself. Was the scene, then, of the catastrophe of Phaeton laid in so northern a latitude? There is nothing at all absurd in this supposition, since an extraordinary heat might have prevailed for a certain time as well in a northern as in any other latitude. But, the

difficulty seems to be to find physical proofs of such a phenomenon having once taken place. Perhaps an argument in favour of a very elevated temperature having once prevailed in the environs of the Baltic, may be drawn from the great quantities of amber that are found there. The best naturalists regard this fossil as a juice, which once flowed from a tree, and which, buried in the earth by some natural convulsion, would be impregnated with mineral vapours, and acquire a certain degree of consistency. As, however, the copal, the only kind of known gum which resembles amber, is brought to us from Africa and the East Indies, it would appear that the forests in which amber was produced, could not have existed in the vicinity of the Baltic, unless the temperature of the atmosphere in that quarter had been very elevated."

It is certainly not extravagant to suppose that the neighbourhood of the Baltic was at one time remarkable for excessive heat. We believe it is allowed by all geologists that Great Britain was a tropical country at some remote age, and that at another period it was arctic.

The world changes, but gradually; and we have therefore no reason to fear a sudden extinction by any collision with comet or rival star. In the meanwhile, if we particularly wish to make ourselves uncomfortable, we can do so by thinking of the murrain, the floods, the potato-rot, and the oidium.

We shall soon have to give up the Comet, and those of us who must be menacing and miserable, had better choose their black spot and make their game while the terrestrial ball rolls.

THE PAINTER'S PET.

CLAUDE LAFONT was a painter—an artist in the fullest and completest sense of the word; for he lived, as it were, in the centre of a circle of art, and it was through this medium that the perception of all outward things came to him; it was under the influence of this atmosphere that all thoughts were presented to him.

He lived, therefore, in a world of his own: realities were to him the things the most unreal; he mixed as little as possible in the society of other men, because he found their presence and conversation disturbed the beautiful phantoms that, when he was alone, held him such sweet and genial company. He cared nothing for the subjects that interested them: they might barter and traffic, marry and give in marriage, dupe and be duped—all these things it only confused and unsettled him to hear of; the relation of them conveyed to him no clear or definite idea, while, at the same time, it disturbed and troubled his own thoughts and dreams. Alone, he was never lonely; seated in his studio in an old arm-chair, with his pipe, he saw through

his half-closed eyes the gracious company that surrounded him: women lovelier than angels—now gorgeous, proud, queen-like—now soft and holy as the Madonna; now tearful as Niobe—now young and radiant as Aurora. Cleopatra passed before him many times as he sat there: Helen, Clytemnestra, Guenevere, sad CEnone, frail Rosamond, murdered Iphigenia, Jephtha's daughter, bending, an un murmuring sacrifice, to a mad oath; Ruth and Griselda, Judith and Jael,—all great, or good, or beauteous, or fated, or terrible women named in Scripture, or history, or fable, visited him at his call. So did all heroes, all knights, all men of old renown or later fame, and other visions, beings begot by his own teeming brain, born of his own bright fancy, grew into form and maturity, to be later fixed on the canvas.

In summer-time, with a knapsack, a staff, and a sketch-book, he would wander forth wherever the fancy led him; now over the mountains, now by the sea-shore, now through woods and valleys, collecting everywhere fresh ideas, fresh experiences of that nature without which true art cannot exist; that nature of which she is born, and nursed, and nourished, and inspired; that nature, that if she seeks to let go its hand and walk alone, her creations become monsters or pigmies, which struggle through a weak and ridiculous existence, and then fall away into an ignoble tomb.

High up, on the eternal hills, he listened to the voice of God in the winds that swept around him. It seemed to him that it was but the clouds which capped their summits that veiled from him the glory of His throne.

Lying on a cliff that overhung the ocean, far and near were sights and sounds, costly, and strange, and beautiful. The low immovable horizon, over whose barrier no mortal ken might reach; the water that might not rest day or night, but dashed passionately, or heaved in slow, unbroken undulations; indented coves, with fringes of yellow sand; cliffs with pale, stern, hard faces looking out to sea, sometimes brightening into a faint rosy smile, in answer to the sun's ardent good-morning, or good-night; little valleys in their laps, with trees, and white cottages, and silver threads of streams, hurrying to throw themselves into the bosom of the deep. And there, about him, beneath him, within reach of his hand, what minute miracles in the tiny tangles of the close short grass and mosses, leaves and stems, buds and blossoms, roots and seed-vessels, of the unknown, unnamed plants, hundreds of which went through all the phases of their existences, completely and perfectly, in the space of each inch of ground; while hosts of as minute and as perfect insects, gauze-winged, rainbow-tinted, burnished, and speckled, roved through them as through vast forests.

The woods—Ah, let us not open the vo-

lume, for its leaves are as many as those of the trees, and the last page may never be read by man.

To Claude Lafont sensualism was a word that conveyed no meaning. He had passed through the stages of youth and early manhood untempted by any of the desires or ambitions, natural or artificial, that seem almost inseparable from man's career in society. He worshipped beauty in whatever form it came to him, but only through the soul, and in its purest essence.

Now that his life was midway spent—that the stamp of full maturity was marked on his brow—that the time was approaching when the sun of his existence would be declining from its zenith, there were moments when a vague want was felt, hints that came, he knew not whence, of a yearning for some more warm and real sympathy than that shadows of great men and women could afford him. These longings came and passed away, but not for long; and their stay was, at each return, more extended.

But whence could he satisfy them? His slight commerce with the men and women of the outer world had brought him in contact with none whose society promised in the slightest degree to fill the void that was growing in his heart, wider and deeper each day.

One still October day, Claude was pursuing his desultory rambles through the autumn forest, when the sight of a thin blue smoke, wavering upward through the stirless air, attracted his attention. He advanced with a feeling of vague curiosity, and soon perceived a sparkling fire, and distinguished amid its crackling the voice of a woman, harsh and shrill. Advancing further, he found he was approaching a sort of gipsy encampment, or the bivouac of one of those gangs of strollers, half actors, half conjurors, of the lowest order, that wander about France, stepping to display their performances only at out-of-the-way villages and country fairs. All the party were absent with the exception of a woman, the speaker—whose hardened features and unsympathetic aspect kept the promise given by her voice—and a little girl of about thirteen or fourteen, small, dark, sharp-featured, but with limbs firm and faultless in their slight proportions, and wondrous wild dark eyes, almost excessive in size, flashing from beneath the masses of black hair that overhung her face. To her the woman was addressing herself in harsh and bitter reproaches, to which the child listened in the silence that becomes almost apathy in children who from their infancy are little used to any other tone.

Finding how slight was the effect of her words, the woman sprang at the girl, and, ere she could escape or parry the blow, struck her severely with a faggot on the naked shoulders. The stroke was a heavy one, yet the child uttered no cry.

"Ah! little wretch! You don't care? We'll see—take that!" and, seizing her, the virago poured on the half-clothed body of her victim a shower of blows. At first the girl writhed in silence, then, pain and passion overcoming her enforced stoicism, she burst into wild ringing shrieks of rage and agony, that thrilled through every fibre of Claude's heart.

Springing forward, he grasped the astonished tormentor, and, with a voice tremulous with generous emotion, indignantly reproached her cruelty. Her wrath, for a moment checked by surprise, now only directed itself into a new channel, and with fierce abuse she turned on the child's defender.

Claude had no arms to meet such an attack, and, after a fresh protest against the woman's brutality, he turned and left the spot, throwing a glance of pity and a word of sympathy to the sobbing child, whose slight frame still quivered with pain and excitement.

Claude returned to the village inn, which was his temporary abode. He dined, lighted his pipe, and sat down to the enjoyment of his customary reveries. But, the shapes he was wont to invoke came not; one face—a wild elfin face, with heavy black hair and great lustrous eyes; one form—a slight, agile, nervous one—always stood before him. He took a pencil and sketched them in various positions and attitudes, and formed plans of pictures in which this little figure was to form the conspicuous object.

"I must get that child to sit to me," said Claude to himself; and he resolved to go on the morrow to the stroller's camp, and offer the virago a few francs to obtain this purpose.

The sound of a cracked drum and wheezy hand-organ came along the village street; anon, a boyish voice proclaimed that on the following evening, at seven o'clock, would be given by Signor Pandolfo, the celebrated Soreerer of the South, a series of experiments in magic and prestidigitation; that Madame Mondolfieri and Mademoiselle Edmée would perform le pas des Djinns, aided "by figurates of the locality;"* that Signor Pandolfo would further consent to execute various gymnastic exercises with the brothers Zingari; after which a variety of entertainments, followed by "*une pièce qui a pour intitulé Guillaume Tell, Délibérateur de la Suisse*," with all the strength of the company, would complete the pleasures of the evening.

Claude was sitting by the window. He opened his eyes and looked out languidly; a lean lad, of about fifteen, with a large shock head and very conspicuous hands, feet, knees, and elbows, scantily attired in dirty flesh-coloured cotton hosiery and short spangled drawers, was beating the drum to fill up the

* The passages marked within inverted commas are taken verbatim from the programme of such a performance as is here described.

pauses of his programme ; behind him, with the organ and a monkey, came the wild-eyed child whose image had, for the last hour or two, been floating through Claude's dreams. He got up, went into the street and joined the crowd of urchins and idlers that followed the strollers. Soon they got beyond the limits of the village ; then the boy slung the drum behind him, and flung over his histrionic costume, a ragged loose coat ; he helped the girl to lade her shoulders with the organ, on the top of which the monkey perched himself, and the village idlers, seeing the artists retire into private life, and consequently cease to be objects of interest, dropped off in pairs and groups and returned to converse of the morrow's performance.

Not so, Claude. When the last of the idlers had turned away, he addressed himself to the little girl, whom he had hitherto followed at some distance, and unperceived, for she had walked along looking neither to the right or left, but with the spiritless, apathetic air of one performing a task whose dull routine afforded no shadow of interest or excitement.

She looked up. What a change came over the listless face !—every feature became instinct with earnest life ; the eyes gleamed, the lips broke into a radiant smile over dazzling little teeth, and a warm glow spread itself beneath the dark, sallow, but transparent skin :

"Ah ! Monsieur !"

"You are glad to see me, little one ?"

It was very pleasant, Claude felt, to see any face light up so at his presence.

"Glad, yes !"

"What is your name ?"

"Edmée, Monsieur."

"Should you like me to make a portrait of you ?"

"Of me, Monsieur ?" Another blush and smile.

"Yes ; if you will sit, I'll give you forty sous."

A pained expression crossed the child's face.

"Yes,—only—"

"Only what ? You won't ? Why not ?"

"Because—mother—"

The boy broke in with the half-laugh, that rough, bashful boys are wont to introduce their speeches with.

"She's afraid ; the old woman's always on the look-out for excuses to beat her. Ah, that's an ugly customer—old hag !"

"But if I ask her leave, and give her something ?"

"Ah, then, perhaps."

It was settled that on the morrow Claude should make the requisite advances to the "hag," and giving the forty sous to the children, by way of earnest-money, each party took their separate way,—one to the forest, the other to his inn.

Next day the bargain was struck. A five

franc-piece softened the obdurate nature of the hag, and she readily consented to Edmée's giving as many sittings as Claude desired, provided they did not interfere with the double drudgery to which the child was subjected in her domestic and professional occupations.

She was to Claude a curious study, in her moral as well as in her physical nature. Vicious example, uncontrolled passion of every bad sort,—brutal usage, fraud, force, the absence of all manliness, of all womanliness in those she lived with ; the absence of all tenderness, of all instruction,—such was the moral atmosphere in which she had grown to girlhood, such was the soil in which were sown a warm heart, an intense sensibility, a bright intelligence, and a keen sense of all grace and beauty. Not a tint of vulgarity was in the child's nature ; not a word passed her lips that had not a meaning, not a movement of her limbs but was replete with a strange peculiar grace.

Claude was fascinated by the elfin child, who, as she sat or stood before him, seemed not only to guess all his slightest intentions, but constantly suggested new ideas of form and symmetry beautiful beyond description. He sketched and painted her in every attitude ; he sometimes feared to weary her, but when he expressed the fear, she shook her head, with one of her bright smiles, and an emphatic "Jamais !" so he went on painting, sometimes talking to her, sometimes in a silence which lasted for hours, and which she never attempted to break.

At length, after the fifth positive last appearance of the troupe, they prepared to collect their scanty properties and decamp, and with more than one heavy sigh, Claude bundled his baggage into his knapsack, armed himself with his stick, and started on the road to Paris ; for his summer wanderings were over, and he was going back to his quartier Beaujon to vitalise their fruits.

His way lay through woods,—a part of the forest where he had first met Edmée, but quite in the opposite direction. At first he was thinking of her, sadly and pityingly, and with many conjectures as to the future fate of so strange a nature so strangely placed.

Then, by degrees, the artist again came uppermost. He thought of the pictures he would paint, in all of which some hint, some movement, some expression taken from her, could be introduced with precious effect. He opened his sketch-book, and as he walked slowly on, he contemplated the innumerable studies of her with which it was filled. He looked up at last ; before him stood the original,—trembling, her great eyes rivetted on his face, with a look at once fearful, so earnest, so beseeching.

"You, Edmée !"

Her breath came fast and thick, and her voice was hardly intelligible ; but, as she went on, it strengthened.

"Yes! it is me; let me go with you—anywhere, I will be your servant,—I'll do anything on earth for you; don't be angry—I could not stay with them any longer—she beat me worse than ever, because she knew I was happy with you, and you were kind to me. Oh, let me go with you—let me go with you!"

"But, child—your mother. I have no right to take you from her."

"She's not my mother, she's only my step-mother; and my father is dead. I belong to nobody—nobody cares for me. Even what I do for them, they only curse me for, and beat me when I can't do the work they put me to. Oh! let me go with you—let me go with you!"

Claude's hesitation was gone, and taking her little trembling hand in his, he led her on.

At the next town they approached, he gave her money and sent her to a shop to purchase some decent clothes; then he went to a little out-of-the-way inn, stopped to give her rest and food, and made her go and perform her toilette. In half an hour, down she came; all traces of poverty, fatigue, and emotion vanished; her neat dress sitting on her so gracefully, her wild hair parted in shining wavy bandeaux beneath her trim cap, her little Arab feet and firm slender ankles so symmetrical in high shoes and well-drawn striped stockings, and, above all, her oval face, so radiant with beautiful joy and gratitude.

Claude felt very proud and happy.

"So there you are, little one, you think yourself smart do you, hein? Well, so do I,—I think you look charming."

She stood before him, smiling, holding out her skirts, as children do when their dress is admired. She broke into a short gleeful laugh of joy and triumph.

"So you're happy now?"

"Oh! Monsieur!" She seized his hand and covered it with kisses.

The tears sprang to Claude's eyes; he drew her towards him, and, resting his chin on her head, he began, in a voice of deep and quiet emotion,

"Edmée, I do not know if I have done right in taking thee; at all events, it is done now; never, child, give me cause to think I have acted wrongly—even foolishly, and with God's help I will be a father and a protector to thee as long as I live. Kiss me, my child."

She flung her arms round his neck and clung to him long and in silence, and he felt it was very sweet to hold such communion,—to claim such love, and trust, and gratitude from a human creature—sweeter than to hold imaginary unloving converse with the shadows of dead heroes and heroines.

Claude Lafont was once more installed in his painting-room. As of old he dreamed and

painted—painted and dreamed; but when the shadowy company was not sufficient to fill his heart and brain, he half woke up from his reverie and went to the little sitting-room at the back that opened into a bit of a garden; and there, in winter by the sparkling fire and clean-swept hearth; in summer at the open door, round which trailed a vine, a climbing-rose and gay vulgar nasturtiums, he re-lighted his pipe, and half-dreaming, half-listening, heard the prattle, childish yet strangely wise, of Edmée, who, as she fluttered about, or sat on a stool at his feet, thought aloud in her own wild, suggestive, conjectural way, hitting on singular glimpses of great truths that could only come to her intuitively.

By degrees Claude began to dream less and think more.

Edmée was now fifteen. He felt that she had become something more than a child and a plaything, and that a certain responsibility weighed on him in the care of her, in the provision for her future. She had learnt, it is hard to say how, reading and writing since she had been with him. One day, when he entered the sitting-room, he found Edmée with a book on her knees, which she was studying with a puzzled air.

"What are you reading there, child?" he enquired, carelessly.

She held up the book. It was a volume of *Voltaire*.

"The devil! where did you fish out that book? But you don't understand it?"

She shook her head.

"Mind this: when you want to read anything, you must show it to me first—do you hear, little one?"

She arranged his chair, lighted his pipe, and sat down at his feet in silence. Claude's eyes were wide open, and full of earnest reflection. Once or twice she looked up timidly, but, meeting no reply to her glance, she dropped her eyes again.

She said at last, "You're not angry with me?"

"With you? Never!"

"You see, I am afraid of nothing on earth but vexing you. I care for nothing on earth but pleasing you. Between these two thoughts lay all the cares of my life."

Strange! the pain and the pleasure Claude felt. He stroked her shining hair, kissed her forehead, and fell to thinking harder than ever.

Next day, instead of putting on his dressing-gown, cap, and slippers, and retiring to his atelier, he, for the first time for many a long year at such an hour, donned coat, boots, and hat, sallied forth, and returned with a small library—books of history, biography, religion, and some poetry; all works the most perfectly suited to the purpose they were intended for.

"There! you want to read—there are books enough for you. What do you say to that hein?"

She bounded round him and the books laughing, skipping, clapping her hands, in wild, beautiful delight.

For months, between her light household duties, so quickly and happily performed, and the frequent sittings she still continued to give him, the books were studied with earnest attention. Some of them Claude already knew; the rest he now read, and constantly of an evening questioned his pupil, drawing out and correcting her impressions with a pride and interest strangely new and pleasant to him.

As he had anticipated, Edmée grew before his eyes into striking and remarkable beauty. He noted the progress with a mingling of pleasure and uneasiness, and watched over her with a jealous care. Few visitors came to his painting-room; but, at the sound of a strange footstep, a look warned Edmée to retreat, and she fled through the back-door like a mouse into its hole.

Another year and another passed by, and Edmée was seventeen.

"It is certain," said Claude to himself, "this cannot go on for ever. I am not immortal, and if some day a misfortune happens to me, what becomes of the child? I must find a husband for her!"

This is the French mode of settling all such affairs, which are conducted as any other matters purely of business might be.

The idea was a good one, certainly; yet many difficulties presented themselves. Claude's mode of life, and unworldly, unbusiness-like habits made him the last man in the world to set about match-making. He knew nobody who in the least degree suited his notion of the sort of husband to whom he would confide the happiness of his adopted child. He had a vague consciousness that, in matrimonial affairs, there were troublesome details of money matters to be gone through, and on this part of the question he felt dreadfully incompetent to enter. He was quite willing to give Edmée anything and everything he possessed; but how much that might be, or how he was to find it out and get it in train, and what were likely to be the pretensions or arrangements on the other side, it put him into a state of hopeless desperation to think of. All this he admitted to himself; but he did not admit—for the thing was too vague and unformed for admission or actual contemplation—that a little aching jealousy, a numb pain, lay at the bottom of his heart, when he thought of giving to another the treasure that for four years had lightened his life, and given him new and human feelings and a hitherto unknown love and sympathy with his race.

Edmée was eighteen, and still Claude had found no husband for her.

Hitherto he had worked alone; now, the thought and the care of her, the time he devoted to her education and to her amusement, rendered it impossible to him to do all he

had been wont to do in his painting-room. He resolved, therefore, to look out for a student—a good student—who might never in word or deed break on the cloistral strictness and purity with which Claude's jealous care had surrounded his pet.

After long search the wonderful student was discovered, and installed in the painting-room. Paul was essentially a pattern student. The son of a rich farmer, he found painting the fields infinitely more to his taste than ploughing them—drawing his father's oxen to driving them. The father, another pattern in his species, considered that his labourers might perform the ploughing and driving work, and that his son would not be wasting his time in spending it as his taste dictated.

It was the fête at St. Cloud, and Claude went there in the omnibus, with Paul at one side and Edmée at the other.

Arrived at the park, the sight of the people made him shrink a little.

"Go on, children—I'll follow you."

Arm in arm the joyous children went on, laughing and chatting gaily.

"Yes," said Claude to himself, "they are young, they are happy, happy in themselves, happy in the scene, happy in each other's society—if——"

A thought for the first time flashed across him with a thrill of such strange mingled contradicting sensations, that he passed his hand across his brow and stopped, then quickened his steps—he hardly knew why. But the thought that had struck into his brain, stayed there, and he took it and handled and examined it and familiarised himself with it. Strange, it had never presented itself to him before! Here was the husband he had been looking for for Edmée during the last two—three—years. Here, under his hand! Yes; it was the thing of all others to suit. If the father would but approve, he saw no obstacle. Paul—Paul! he would be but too happy—who would not?—to marry Edmée; and Edmée—she liked Paul, she certainly liked him; how gay they were, what friends, how happy together! Yes; he would go bravely into the thing, money matters and all, and present the question to the father. He did so, and before the week was out received a reply in the affirmative. The pattern farmer had looked favourably at the thing from the first. All he heard of Claude and his adopted child perfectly satisfied him. He gave the least possible amount of mystification to Claude's brain about the question of finance, and expressed his readiness to the match taking place as soon as Claude and the young people thought fit.

Claude was sitting at work with Paul. There was a long silence; the student had made one or two attempts to break it, but the monosyllabic replies of the master had discouraged these, and they were aban-

doned. At last Claude opened the matter lying heavy at his heart.

"You have never thought of marrying, Paul?"

Paul shifted his position a little, coloured very vehemently, and replied that he never had seriously.

"You ought to think of it, however, my good boy—why not now?"

Paul replied "That's true."

There was a pause; Claude cleared his throat.

"If I found you a wife—a good, nice, charming little wife—would that suit you?"

"Well, perhaps so."

"Do you know any one you could like?"

"Oh, yes!"

Claude's heart fluttered.

"Who?"

"You don't guess? Who could I like but Edmée?"

"And do you think she likes you?"

"Ah! that's what I want to know. Sometimes I hope so; at other times not."

"We'll find out, my lad."

Claude sat by the open door of the garden, in the warm summer twilight—Edmée in her old place by his knees.

"My child, I have been thinking a great deal about you."

She looked up hastily.

"Do you know that you are of an age to think about being married?"

Heedless of the start she gave, for Claude's speech was all made up, and he feared that if he stopped it might stick in his throat and he would break down, he went on.

He told her how long he had thought of this; how he felt the loneliness of the life she led; how little a man like him was fitted to be the sole instructor, and protector, and companion of a young girl; how he dreaded that a day might come—must come, when, if she were not married, he would have to leave her alone and unprotected in the wide world; how dreadfully this thought weighed on him; how, until she was thus provided for, he never could feel happy or assured concerning her. Then he spoke of Paul; of his affection for her; of all his good qualities; of what peace and joy he would feel in seeing her united to him; and then, feeling he could not wait for her answer, he took her to his heart, kissed her, bid her think of all he had said, and took refuge in his painting-room, where he smoked five pipes without stopping.

So the affair was settled, and the preparations for the marriage, which was to take place in a fortnight, went on. Claude made himself very unnecessarily busy; nay, perfectly fidgety, when he might have kept quite still, and let other people manage matters infinitely better than he could possibly do.

It was the night before the wedding. Claude had been out, occupied with the last arrangements, and returned home towards eleven o'clock.

As usual, he opened the door with his latch-key, and entered the quiet little dwelling, whose silence struck upon him with a chill of disappointment; for he had secretly hoped that Edmée would have been up to greet him, after the occupations of his busy day. He listened, but there was no quick, light step, no sound to indicate her consciousness of his entrance. Claude sighed, took up the dim light that had been left burning against his arrival, and instead of going to his room, turned into the studio. How deadly still it was! how deserted! the wan, quivering flame of the little lamp only made the gloom it could not pierce more heavy, and as its wavering light flashed and faded over the faces of the pictures, they seemed to shudder on him while he passed.

And so it was all over, and she was already gone from him, and the old, lonely, loveless life was to be begun again, now that he was so much less able and fitted to lead it than formerly. Art is great, and noble, and elevated, and he who pursues it with all his energies cannot fail to profit thereby. But, art is not enough to fill man's life alone. Art will be worshipped as a sovereign, and if courted in right guise, sometimes condescends to let the votary kiss the hem of her garment, and now and then bestows on him a smile. But she gives no more than this, and though for a time it may satisfy him, there comes a day when he would resign all the favour she ever accorded him, for a little human love, and a little human sympathy. Claude had felt this before he had attained these. Now he had known them, and was about to lose them—for ever.

The perfume of flowers—the flowers she had placed there that morning, before he went out, drew him to the table. A note lay on it—a note in her handwriting, and directed to himself.

A mist passed over his eyes, as he opened and sought to read the contents, written in a trembling hand, and here and there blurred and blotted, how,—he knew.

"My dear, dear friend; my only friend—Forgive me if you can for the pain I am causing you, and above all, oh, above all, do not think your poor child ungrateful. But I cannot marry Paul; my heart revolts from it. Indeed, indeed, I have done everything I could to reconcile myself to it, because you wished it; and I know he deserves a better wife than I could make him; it is not any foolish, wicked pride, or self-conceit on my part that turns me from him; but I cannot love him, poor Paul, and when he knows this he will learn to forget me, and marry some one better worthy of him. So I am going away, because I know all the anxiety you have concerning me, feeling how little I am now fit for any other life than the happy one I have led with you these last years. Do not be afraid for me: I am young, and strong, and able, and willing to work, and God will not desert me.

"And later, when I am quite a woman, and have got used to make my way in the world, and learnt to obtain a living, I will come back to you, and we will

be happy again in the old way, and you will see that your child only left you for a while, because she loved you so dearly that she could make this great and terrible sacrifice now, to insure your future comfort. I am going into service, and when I have got a place, I will write to you, my own dear friend, but I will not tell you where I am, for fear you should come to take me back again, and if you did, I know I am not strong enough to refuse to go with you.

"God bless you, and O my dear, best, only friend, believe that I love you, now I am leaving you, better than ever I did in all my life, and that the only happiness I look to on earth is the idea of coming back to you. And I will come back to you before long: God will bless my work, and we shall meet again, and forget this heavy trial; I am sure of it. Once more, blessings on you.

"Your poor child,
"EDMÉE."

His heart, then, had not misgiven him in vain: she was gone, actually and positively. —Whither and to what? The thought nearly drove him wild: that little young, helpless, beautiful creature, unsuspecting and inexperienced as an infant, gone out alone and unprotected into that great wide world of guile, and sin, and suffering, and temptation, under every form and every treacherous disguise!

He knew her courage, her resolution, her high heart; but, were these enough to guard her alone against the danger whose name is Legion? And would not these very qualities, aided by the wild spirit of independence and adventure her gipsy blood and early training had infused into her, tend to induce her to bear up against every difficulty, to brave every hardship in the pursuit of the aim she had imposed on herself?

And now, where to look for her?

For three days, Claude Lafont, aided by Paul, sought her, sorrowing, through every part of the great metropolis; and sought in vain. The fourth, Paul proceeded on his mission alone, for Claude lay on his sick bed, racked with pain, and grief, and fever, but insisting on remaining alone, that the quest might not be for a day interrupted.

Slowly the evening reddened and paled, and the hush and dimness of twilight fell upon the sick-room, and for the first time since Edmée's departure, Claude slept.

Presently the door opened, and a shadow stood on the threshold, noiseless and breathless as shadows are; then it glided across the room, paused, stood, and finally knelt by the bed-side. The sleeper's laboured breathing stopped suddenly, he was not yet awake, and still he was listening—something—a consciousness, a hope, was rising in him, combating the numbness of slumber; he started, stretching out his arms, and pronouncing Edmée's name; it was Edmée's voice that answered him; they were Edmée's tears that fell on him, Edmée's kisses that pressed his hot brow. Long and silently he held her close in his embrace.

"Thou wilt not leave me again?"

"Never, never, never! Oh forgive me—if

you knew one half of what I have suffered!—not of hardship or misery—I had got abundant means to secure me from that—but from the separation from you! Oh, I could not live longer without seeing you! I thought just to steal back—have one glance at you, and then—then I knew not, cared not—what might become of me; and I find you—thus!"

"Edmée, tell me what was the reason you would not marry Paul? You did not love him. Did you—do you—love any other?"

She clung to him, hiding her face and weeping silently.

"You will not tell me?"

"I cannot."

A wild, trembling, thrilling hope traversed the obscurity of Claude's brain.

"Is it—I?"

"Who could it be but you!"

And so Edmée was married—but not to the pattern student, son of the pattern farmer.

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S USUAL CUSTOMS.

ONE and four-twelfths gross pairs garters; four metronomes; thirty-five stereoscopes; one and two-twelfths dozen pen-cleaners; three and eleven-twelfths gross pen-holders—going at ten guineas—gone. Two mantles, of eight ounces silk pillow lace; two pieces of seventeen ounces figured silk broadstuffs; two robe pieces, and one piece of seven mètres, of silk manufactures; two habits and sleeves; two pairs sleeves, one collar, one jacket, one mantle, of needlework; one toilet-glass; three pieces, twelve ounces scented soap; one bottle, one gill perfumed spirit; three dozen pairs habit leather gloves—any advance upon twenty-nine pounds fifteen? —Gone!

One of her Majesty's usual customs is to place her royal interdict on any commodities which, arriving from beyond seas, are sought to be introduced into the United Kingdom without payment of the Customs' duties thereupon imposed; and the result is often shown in such auctioneering achievements as are shadowed forth in the preceding paragraph. Dishonesty it may be, but is not always. A little mercy is shown to those who inadvertently fail to pay the proper amount of duty at the proper time, to the proper person in the proper place; nevertheless, mercy has its limits, and inadvertency, as well as dishonesty, occasionally bears the burden of its own sins. Downright smuggling meets with no quarter. If Lady Glacé Chiné, of May Fair, sews up French gloves in the lining of her dress, or if Alderman Blogg's daughter plunges Valenciennes lace into the mysterious recesses of her bustle or her crinoline; and if these delinquencies are detected by the Argus-eyed officials at Folkestone or Dover, gloves and lace are impounded. If the bold smugglers of the song-books and the Victoria Theatre land casks of spirits by night on out-of-the-way

shores, and if the hard-working coastguardsmen detect them in so doing, the casks with their contents become forfeited, and the smugglers will be glad to escape in a whole skin. If a stealthy boatman comes alongside a newly arrived ship in river or dock, and receives duty-payable goods over the ship's side without her Majesty's permission, goods and boat become alike subject to forfeiture.

The Lively Fanny, Thomas Smith, master, arrives at a British port from foreign parts. She has a miscellaneous cargo, comprising many commodities on which parliament has permitted the government to impose import duties, as well as other goods duty free; but whether free goods or not, the master has to observe certain forms rigorously exacted by the Custom-House authorities. He announces his arrival within twenty-four hours, and delivers in a report, containing an exact inventory of all the goods the Lively Fanny has brought over, where from, how much, for whom, and all the rest of it. This announcement made, a representative of the Customs' department goes on board: an officer who instantly becomes all-powerful, for he may lock up anything, unlock anything, break open anything, according as his judgment marks out a course of proceeding in relation to duty-payable goods; the master loses command over the cargo for the time being. In due course the officer learns all he needs to know concerning the cargo; he may question the master, and probe the packages and casks. If the result of the scrutiny differs from the report by a small amount, the master may amend his report; but if the difference be great and a fraud be suspected, both forfeiture and fine are consequences. In due time, if all be well with the master, the importer makes his appearance: or the person, whether owner or not, to whom the government look for payment of the duty. If, as is the case in the majority of instances, the goods are intended for home consumption, the importer prepares a bill of entry, which must bear close comparison with the report of the ship, in regard to the kind and quantities of goods. The Customs' officers, with this bill before them, and with their tariffs and tables at hand, calculate the amount of duty on every package, or on the bulk, if the packages are all alike. If the duty be levied by weight, measure, or tale, the officers have a straightforward course before them; but if the duty be ad valorem, a per-centage on the value of the goods, the importer must name that value as a guide to the officers. All being fairly and honourably done, the duty calculated, and the money paid, the bill of entry then becomes a warrant for the landing and delivery of the goods; but, until the officer on board is satisfied that all has been done that ought to have been done, he will suffer nothing to be removed from the ship. Such of the goods as are not duty-payable must be

reported and entered with nearly the same minuteness as the rest, for the prevention of smuggling, and for the preparation of statistical tables, &c. Many kinds of free goods, as they are called, are watched with a jealous eye by the officers, who know by experience that dishonest traders will occasionally conceal duty goods in casks or packages professedly containing only free goods; and to test this, one in every four or five of the packages is examined by the tidewaiters and landing surveyors. If suspicion be strong, the scrutiny goes farther; and if it be confirmed, the package becomes forfeited.

Several modifications in form occur,—all involving forfeiture or penalty in the case of fraud. Thus an importer is suspected by the officers of having too low a value on ad valorem goods, or of having misnamed them in order to place them in a group less highly taxed. This may be either intentional or unintentional. If the latter, he is permitted to amend his bill of entry, with a small penalty for his neglect; but, if the officers suspect him of knowingly undervaluing his goods, they catch him in his own trap; they buy his goods for the Queen—at his own price—and pay him that price with deductions for duty, expenses, and other charges. They then sell the goods by auction; and if a surplus remains after paying all outgoings, one-half of this surplus goes to the general revenue of Customs, and the other half in augmentation of the salaries of meritorious officers. There is, therefore, this gradation in moral offence and fiscal punishment; if the importer tries to evade duty altogether, his goods are forfeited; but if he aim at an evasion of part of the duty by under-valuation, he is punished by being obliged to sell to the Queen at a low price. The warehousing system introduces other modes of ensuring the payment of duty. Unless in some very special instances, an importer has a choice whether he will pay the duty at once and remove the goods, or leave the goods in the hands of the Crown until he pays the impost at some subsequent period. Variations in market prices, and in the state of trade generally, under this privilege, are of great importance. Places of safety must be provided, where the goods may be deposited in this interim period; and these places are the bonded warehouses, which now exist at about a hundred and thirty ports in the United Kingdom. The buildings do not belong to the government, but are under the rigorous supervision of the Customs' officers; in some of them any duty-payable articles may be deposited; in others, only certain specified kinds. The landing at these warehouses is specially watched. It is a rule that nothing shall be landed unless at prescribed spots, and under the eye of an officer, under pain of forfeiture.

If an importer intends to warehouse his goods under bond, instead of paying the duty

immediately, he prepares a bill of entry, containing, besides a description of the goods, mention of the name of the warehouse and its proprietor; this bill, when perfectly attested and signed, serves as a warrant to the landing-officers to permit the commodities to be warehoused; but they must be kept in the same packages as on ship-board, or must not be repacked except in the presence of supervisors, which is also necessary during any inspection of them or access to them. If, through any causes, the importer is not fully aware of the exact contents of any package, he prepares a bill of sight, containing an enumeration to the best of his belief; they may then be landed provisionally and examined in detail by an officer in presence of the importer, who is thereby enabled to prepare a correct bill of entry. If the goods are simply brought to England from one country to be re-exported in an unaltered state to another, they generally pay no duty; but the Customs' department take special care in all that relates to the unshipping and reshipment of such goods to prevent evasion of the law.

Thus, it will be seen that there are multiplied ways in which foreign goods imported may be so managed, or mismanaged, as to incur either absolute forfeiture or compulsory sale, by which the owner will suffer a loss. The question arises then, what will her Majesty do with the commodities thus gradually accumulated on her hands? She holds a Custom-House sale at certain intervals, a year or so asunder, at which an auctioneer renders his services and prints his catalogue in the usual way. We may run through the alphabet, and find agates, Berlin embroidery, bags, boots and shoes, brushes, books, brandy, cambric handkerchiefs, canvas, clocks, coffee, cordials, cordage, cottons, elastics, furniture, artificial flowers, feathers, gin, gloves, hair, hair-guards, harness, hat-linings, ivory ornaments, iron, jewellery, lace, leather, mats, needles, needlework, organs, organ-pipes, opera-glasses, optical instruments, paper, pipe-stems, photographic apparatus, perfumed spirits, picture-mouldings, portemonnaies, prints, rum, ropes, cigars, succades, shawls, spirits, silk-vestments, silk-velvets and ribbons, silk trimmings and gauzes, sugar, tapestry, tea, timber, toys, watches, waterproof-clothing, wine. As no one will buy a pig in a poke, the buyers require to see these things before bidding for them; consequently, the wines, spirits, tobacco, and other taxed articles of similar kind are placed on view in the London, St. Katherine's, East India, and West India Docks, some of the rougher articles at Rotherhithe, while the smaller and miscellaneous commodities are deposited in the Queen's warehouse at the Custom House.

Here, in this Queen's warehouse, we stand among many lookers-on, surrounded by a

medley worth many thousands of pounds. A queer place it is, with whitewashed walls and dingy windows,—counters placed here and there, laden, or ready to be laden, with treasures; intending buyers looking at the several lots, and Custom-House officials behind the counters bringing forward anything that may be asked for, and keeping a sharp supervisor at work. On one side are carved cabinets, wardrobes, and buffets, that have not had the good luck to pass safely through Custom-House formalities; on another are huge boxes of German toys, containing smaller boxes of Noah's Arks, and boxes of those interminable soldiers that appear so sincerely to interest German and French children; here are bales and heaps of waterproof garments, and here parcels of coloured prints, enough to stock a galley; hanging around on this side are saddles and bridles, and on that side tapestries and carpets; on tables that groan beneath their weight are clocks—black, brass, bronze, and ormolu; and on tables of lighter frame are nice little Swiss carvings, including all the varieties of chalets, Alpine hunters, Tyrolese maidens, spoons, paper-knives, and paper-weights; round about are lenses for photographic purposes, boxes of artificial flowers, pasteboard-trays of porte-monnaies, or cigar-cases, boxes filled with many gross of pipe-stems, pianoforte actions without keys, or strings, or aught else, bales of hat-linings in dozens of dozens, tankards and cups in carved ivory or bone, boxes of Berlin chair-covers and slipper-pieces, and collars, and other articles of embroidery, parcels of trimmings, and laces, and braids in silk, and bales of elastic webbing. In short, it is almost as difficult to say what is contained in this assemblage, as what is not.

All these goods are undergoing examination and keen scrutiny by persons who know to a shilling what everything is worth. Hebrew countenances are mingled among the Caucasian; and the feminine gender is concerned with those lots involving the materials for feminine vestments, such as the laces, silks, embroideries, gloves, and so forth. Here, with catalogue in hand, is a dealer examining a lot consisting of six silver Geneva watches; he opens, examines, turns about, shuts, opens again, peeps within, peeps around each watch, forms a judgment, makes a mark on his catalogue, and says nothing. Here are two personages, evidently learned in the respective merits of Colt, and Adams, and Deane, examining every twist and quirk on a pair of revolvers, comparing notes, snapping and cocking, and making mental resolutions as to the prospective amount of their biddings. Here, in a somewhat greasy hat and coat, is one who looks like a small dealer in cheap jewellery; he is engaged in scrutinising a pasteboard-case filled with shirt-studs, wrist-studs, pins, brooches, wristlets, and rings—all very resplendent, but telling tales of gems

made of stained-glass, and gold made chiefly of copper. Here, under the gaze of a couple who may be man and wife, is an array of laces or rather embroidered needlework, comprising ten caps, seven collars, four habit-shirts, four pairs of sleeves, a berthe, and a pair of cuffs; and close, indeed, is the microscopic examination to which these articles are subjected. And here is (we will suppose) a dealer who supplies optical and mathematical instrument-makers, examining in detail a lot containing ten cases for opera-glasses, five dozen pairs of compasses, five dozen spectacle-cases, one dozen object-glasses, a microscope, and six boxes of instruments.

The all-significant taps of the hammer are not heard at the places where the goods are exhibited. One of the many halls or apartments at the Commercial Sale Rooms, in Mining Lane, is engaged for the occasion by the Customs' department; and here, on many successive days, the lots, perhaps thirteen or fourteen hundred in number, are sold. Nothing is exhibited at the auction room; the quality can only be tested by a previous visit to the Queen's warehouse or to the docks. A hundred or two persons are present, and the auctioneer seems to know everybody: a proof that the purchases are mostly made by brokers and dealers known to the king of the rostrum. No time is lost. The number of the lot is announced, without any enumeration of the articles comprising it; for, every man has got his catalogue, and knows all about it. The biddings begin, and are soon over; they generally lie within rather narrow limits; but, occasionally a crack lot, on which many bidders have fixed their eye, will be knocked down at four or five times the amount of the first bidding. The various circumstances under which the goods have been declared forfeit, lead to diversities in the mode of selling them. In most cases the crown fixes a minimum price, which denotes the lowest bidding that will be taken—such, for instance, as fifty dozen purses, seven pounds fifteen; one ormolu clock, three pounds eight; two gold watches, five pounds; six silver watches, six pounds; six pianoforte actions, fourteen pounds five; forty-five embroidered handkerchiefs, four pounds. A lot rarely passes without a bidder at the prices named: there is generally a competition, more or less keen. In other instances the lots are sold at buyers' prices, no minimum being named by the auctioneer. The buyers know well what they are about; on some lots they have to pay the duty in superaddition to the nominal bidding; in others, the bidding covers the duty. The greater number of the lots are sold for home consumption only; others are sold either for exportation without duty, or for home consumption on payment of duty; a third variety includes commodities saleable for exportation only. These varieties determine the nominal amount of the biddings, by determining whether duties are or are not

included. It seems marvellous to hear and see Mr. Auctioneer knock down a large lot of useful or ornamental articles for one shilling; but he and the buyer well know in what way the duty will affect that particular lot. In fact, this sort of buying is a trade in itself, which the uninitiated may not dabble in without fear of getting out of their depth.

RETURN.

"How is grown my little lady?"—

'Tis a soldier from the wars,
Bearing honours on his bosom,
And the marks of battle-scars.

"How is grown my little lady,
Sweetest maiden of the place,
With her sunny head of curls,
And her beauty-bathed face:

"Daughter of my worthy master,
Whom I left four years ago,
When I went to join my arm
In the smiting of the foe?

"Makes she still the daylight brighter
As she bounds along the lawn,
With the laughter of the joy-bells,
And the motion of the fawn?

"Come the children from the village
Still with homage to their queen,
Learning goodness from her actions,
Learning graces from her mien?

"Do the old men stand to bless her,
And the young men stand to pray
For a wife but half as lovely,
Ere their youth be pass'd away?

"How I long to tell her stories
Of the marching and the strife;
And to see her melt with pity
For the soldier's harass'd life!—

"Long to tell her how the trumpet
Woke me from a happy dream,
As I swept her in my arms
O'er yon gushing mountain stream;

"Long to give her bauble treasures
That I gather'd in the East,
And the fruits of southern vineyards
That are crowning of a feast!

"But perhaps she's now a woman,
With a stately gait of pride;
That a haughty husband wears her
Jewel'd at his rigid side:

"Not remembering the roses
That I wreath'd for her fair hair,
When we roamed along the valleys,
Gladder than the gladdest there:

"Not remembering the tear-drops
That were standing in her eyes,
When she deck'd my gun with ribbons,
Whispering the fast good-byes.

"O, my gossip, tell me quickly,
Shall I find her still the same,
Setting roughest things to music
When she speaks my humble name?"

"Soldier, simple-hearted soldier,
Home returned from the wars,
I must give thee wounding deeper
Than thy many battle-scars.

"Yonder, where the sun is making
Folding shadows round the trees;
Yonder, where the grass is growing
Damp and tangled under these;

"Yonder, where the frightened woodquest
In among the branches shoots;
Where the happy lambs are bounding
O'er the aged knotty roots;

"Where the thistle sheds the silver
Of its tresses on the air,
And the brambles give a shelter
To the weary-footed hare ;—

"There the lovely little maiden,
As you knew her, is at rest;
For the cruel Death, last summer,
Laid his hand upon her breast."

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH. WAITING AND HOPING.

THE week of expectation passed, and no tidings from Uncle Joseph reached Porthgenna Tower.

On the eighth day, Mr. Frankland sent a messenger to Truro, with orders to find out the cabinet-maker's shop kept by Mr. Buschmann, and to inquire of the person left in charge there whether he had received any news from his master. The messenger returned in the afternoon, and brought word that Mr. Buschmann had written one short note to his shopman since his departure, announcing that he had arrived safely towards nightfall in London; that he had met with a hospitable welcome from his countryman, the German baker; that he had discovered his niece's address by an accident which saved him all trouble in finding it out; and that he intended to go and see her at an early hour the next morning. Since the delivery of that note, no further communication had been received from him, and nothing therefore was known of the period at which he might be expected to return.

The one fragment of intelligence thus obtained was not of a nature to relieve the depression of spirits which the doubt and suspense of the past week had produced in Mrs. Frankland. Her husband endeavoured to combat the oppression of mind from which she was suffering, by reminding her that the ominous silence of Uncle Joseph might be just as probably occasioned by his niece's unwillingness as by her inability to return with him to Truro. Taking into considera-

tion her excessive sensitiveness and her unreasoning timidity, he declared it to be quite possible that Mrs. Frankland's message, instead of reassuring her, might only inspire her with fresh apprehensions, and might consequently strengthen her resolution to keep herself out of reach of all communications from Porthgenna Tower. Rosamond listened patiently while this view of the case was placed before her, and acknowledged that the reasonableness of it was beyond dispute; but her readiness in admitting that her husband might be right and that she might be wrong, was accompanied by no change for the better in the condition of her spirits. The interpretation which the old man had placed upon the alteration for the worse in Mrs. Jazeph's handwriting, had produced a vivid impression on her mind, which had been strengthened by her own recollection of her mother's pale, worn face, when they met as strangers at West Winston. Reason, therefore, as convincingly as he might, Mr. Frankland was unable to shake his wife's conviction that Uncle Joseph's silence was caused solely by the illness of his niece.

The return of the messenger from Truro suspended any further discussion on this topic by leading Mr. and Mrs. Frankland to occupy themselves in considering a question of much greater importance. After having waited one day beyond the week that had been appointed, what was the proper course of action for them now to adopt, in the absence of any information from London or from Truro to decide their future proceedings?

Leonard's first idea was to write immediately to Uncle Joseph, at the address which he had given on the occasion of his visit to Porthgenna Tower. When this project was communicated to Rosamond, she opposed it on the ground that the necessary delay before the answer to the letter could arrive would involve a serious waste of time, when it might, for aught they knew to the contrary, be of the last importance to them not to risk the loss of a single day. If illness prevented Mrs. Jazeph from travelling, it would be necessary to see her at once, because that illness might increase. If she were only suspicious of their motives, it was equally important to open personal communications with her before she could find an opportunity of concealing herself again in some place of refuge which Uncle Joseph himself might not be able to trace.

The truth of these conclusions was obvious, but Leonard hesitated to adopt them, because they involved the necessity of a journey to London. If he went there without his wife, his blindness placed him at the mercy of strangers and servants, in conducting investigations of the most delicate and most private nature. If Rosamond accompanied him, it would be necessary to risk all kinds of delays and inconveniences by taking the child with them on a long and wearisome

journey of more than two hundred and fifty miles.

Rosamond met both these difficulties with her usual directness and decision. The idea of her husband travelling anywhere under any circumstances, in his helpless dependent state, without having her to attend on him, she dismissed at once as too preposterous for consideration. The second objection of subjecting the child to the chances and fatigues of a long journey, she met by proposing that they should travel to Exeter at their own time and in their own conveyance, and that they should afterwards insure plenty of comfort and plenty of room by taking a carriage to themselves, when they reached the railroad at Exeter. After thus smoothing away the difficulties which seemed to set themselves in opposition to the journey, she again reverted to the absolute necessity of undertaking it. She reminded Leonard of the serious interest that they both had in immediately obtaining Mrs. Jazeph's testimony to the genuineness of the letter which had been found in the Myrtle Room, as well as in ascertaining all the details of the extraordinary fraud which had been practised by Mrs. Treverton on her husband. She pleaded also her own natural anxiety to make all the atonement in her power for the pain she must have unconsciously inflicted, in the bedroom at West Winston, on the person of all others whose failings and sorrows she was most bound to respect: and, having thus stated the motives which urged her husband and herself to lose no time in communicating personally with Mrs. Jazeph, she again drew the inevitable conclusion, that there was no alternative, in the position in which they were now placed, but to start forthwith on the journey to London.

A little further consideration satisfied Leonard, that the emergency was of such a nature as to render all attempts to meet it by half measures impossible. He felt that his own convictions agreed with his wife's; and he resolved accordingly to act at once, without further indecision or further delay. Before the evening was over, the servants at Porthgenna were amazed by receiving directions to pack the trunks for travelling, and to order horses at the post-town for an early hour the next morning.

On the first day of the journey, the travellers started as soon as the carriage was ready, rested on the road towards noon, and remained for the night at Liskeard. On the second day, they arrived at Exeter, and slept there. On the third day, they reached London, by the railway, between six and seven o'clock in the evening.

When they were comfortably settled for the night at their hotel, and when an hour's rest and quiet had enabled them to recover a little after the fatigues of the journey, Rosamond wrote two notes under her husband's direction. The first was addressed to Mr.

Buschmann: it simply informed him of their arrival, and of their earnest desire to see him at the hotel as early as possible the next morning; and it concluded by cautioning him to wait until he had seen them, before he announced their presence in London to his niece.

The second note was addressed to the family solicitor, Mr. Nixon,—the same gentleman who, more than a year since, had written, at Mrs. Frankland's request, the letter which informed Andrew Treverton of his brother's decease, and of the circumstances under which the captain had died. All that Rosamond now wrote, in her husband's name and her own, to ask of Mr. Nixon, was that he would endeavour to call at their hotel on his way to business the next morning, to give his opinion on a private matter of great importance, which had obliged them to undertake the journey from Porthgenna to London. This note, and the note to Uncle Joseph, were sent to their respective addresses by a messenger, on the evening when they were written.

The first visitor who arrived the next morning was the solicitor,—a clear-headed, fluent, polite old gentleman, who had known Captain Treverton and his father before him. He came to the hotel fully expecting to be consulted on some difficulties connected with the Porthgenna estate, which the local agent was perhaps unable to settle, and which might be of too confused and intricate a nature to be easily expressed in writing. When he heard what the emergency really was, and when the letter that had been found in the Myrtle Room, was placed in his hands, it is not too much to say that for the first time in the course of a long life and a varied practice among all sorts and conditions of clients, sheer astonishment utterly paralysed Mr. Nixon's faculties, and bereft him, for some moments, of the power of uttering a single word.

When, however, Mr. Frankland proceeded from making the disclosure to announcing his resolution to give up the purchase-money of Porthgenna Tower, if the genuineness of the letter could be proved to his own satisfaction, the old lawyer recovered the use of his tongue immediately, and protested against his client's intention with the sincere warmth of a man who thoroughly understood the advantage of being rich, and who knew what it was to gain and to lose a fortune of forty thousand pounds. Leonard listened with patient attention, while Mr. Nixon argued from his professional point of view, against regarding the letter, taken by itself, as a genuine document, and against accepting Mrs. Jazeph's evidence, taken with it, as decisive on the subject of Mrs. Frankland's real parentage. He expatiated on the improbability of Mrs. Treverton's alleged fraud upon her husband having been committed, without other persons, besides her maid and

herself, being in the secret. He declared it to be in accordance with all received experience of human nature, that one or more of those other persons must have spoken of the secret either from malice or from want of caution, and that the consequent exposure of the truth must, in the course of so long a period as twenty-two years, have come to the knowledge of some among the many people in the West of England as well as in London, who knew the Treverton family personally or by reputation. From this objection he passed to another which admitted the possible genuineness of the letter, as a written document, but which pleaded the probability of its having been produced under the influence of some mental delusion on Mrs. Treverton's part, which her maid might have had an interest in humouring at the time, though she might have hesitated, after her mistress's death, at risking the possible consequences of attempting to profit by the imposture. Having stated this theory, as one which not only explained the writing of the letter but the hiding of it also, Mr. Nixon further observed in reference to Mrs. Jazeph, that any evidence she might give was of little or no value in a legal point of view, from the difficulty—or, he might say, the impossibility—of satisfactorily identifying the infant mentioned in the letter, with the lady whom he had now the honour of addressing as Mrs. Frankland, and whom no unsubstantiated document in existence should induce him to believe to be any other than the daughter of his old friend and client, Captain Treverton.

Having heard the lawyer's objections to the end, Leonard admitted their ingenuity, but acknowledged, at the same time, that they had produced no alteration in his impressions on the subject of the letter, or in his convictions as to the course of duty which he felt bound to follow. He would wait, he said, for Mrs. Jazeph's testimony before he acted decisively; but if that testimony were of such a nature, and were given in such a manner, as to satisfy him that his wife had no moral right to the fortune that she possessed, he would restore it, at once to the person who had—Mr. Andrew Treverton.

Finding that no fresh arguments or suggestions could shake Mr. Frankland's resolution, and that no separate appeal to Rosamond had the slightest effect in stimulating her to use her influence for the purpose of inducing her husband to alter his determination; and feeling convinced, moreover, from all that he heard, that Mr. Frankland would, if he was opposed by many more objections, either employ another professional adviser, or risk committing some fatal legal error by acting for himself in the matter of restoring the money; Mr. Nixon at last consented, under protest, to give his client what help he needed in case it became necessary to

hold communication with Andrew Treverton. He listened with polite resignation to Leonard's brief statement of the questions that he intended to put to Mrs. Jazeph; and said, with the slightest possible dash of sarcasm, when it came to his turn to speak, that they were excellent questions in a moral point of view, and would doubtless produce answers which would be full of interest of the most romantic kind. "But," he added, "as you have one child already, Mr. Frankland, and as you may, perhaps, if I may venture on suggesting such a thing, have more in the course of years; and as those children, when they grow up, may hear of the loss of their mother's fortune, and may wish to know why it was sacrificed, I should recommend—resting the matter on family grounds alone, and not going further to make a legal point of it also—that you procure from Mrs. Jazeph, besides the *viva voce* evidence you propose to extract (against the admissibility of which, in this case, I again protest), a written declaration, which you may leave behind you at your death, and which may justify you in the eyes of your children in case the necessity for such justification should arise at some future period."

This advice was too plainly valuable to be neglected. At Leonard's request, Mr. Nixon drew out at once a form of declaration, affirming the genuineness of the letter addressed by the late Mrs. Treverton, on her death-bed, to her husband, since also deceased, and bearing witness to the truth of the statements therein contained, both as regarded the fraud practised on Captain Treverton and the asserted parentage of the child. Telling Mr. Frankland that he would do well to have Mrs. Jazeph's signature to this document attested by the names of two competent witnesses, Mr. Nixon handed the declaration to Rosamond to read aloud to her husband, and, finding that no objection was made to any part of it, and that he could be of no further use in the present early stage of the proceedings, rose to take his leave. Leonard engaged to communicate with him again, in the course of the day, if necessary; and he retired, reiterating his protest to the last, and declaring that he had never met with such an extraordinary case and such a self-willed client before in the whole course of his practice.

Nearly an hour elapsed after the departure of the lawyer before any second visitor was announced. At the expiration of that time, the welcome sound of footsteps was heard approaching the door, and Uncle Joseph entered the room.

Rosamond's observation, stimulated by anxiety, detected a change in his look and manner, the moment he appeared. His face was harassed and fatigued, and his gait, as he advanced into the room, had lost the briskness and activity which so quaintly

distinguished it, when she saw him, for the first time, at Porthgenna Tower. He tried to add to his first words of greeting an apology for being late; but Rosamond interrupted him, in her eagerness to ask the first important question.

"We know that you have discovered her address," she said, anxiously, "but we know nothing more. Is she as you feared to find her? Is she ill?"

The old man shook his head sadly. "When I showed you her letter," he said, "what did I tell you? She is so ill, madam, that not even the message your kindness gave to me will do her any good."

Those few simple words struck Rosamond's heart with a strange fear, which silenced her against her own will, when she tried to speak again. Uncle Joseph understood the anxious look she fixed on him, and the quick sign she made towards the chair standing nearest to the sofa on which she and her husband were sitting. There he took his place, and there he confided to them all that he had to tell.

His first question, he said, when he reached the shop of his countryman, the German baker, related to the locality of the post-office to which his niece's letters were addressed; and the answer informed him that it was situated within ten minutes' walk of his friend's house. The conversation that ensued on the subject of his errand in London, and of his hopes and fears in undertaking it, led to more questions and answers, which terminated in the discovery that the baker, among his other customers, supplied the landlady of a lodging house in the neighbourhood with certain light biscuits for which his shop was famous. The biscuits were purchased for the use of an invalid lady who was staying in the house; and the landlady, on one of the many occasions when she came to the shop and gossiped about her own affairs, expressed her surprise that a person so evidently respectable and so punctual in all her payments as the sick lodger, should be lying ill without a friend to come and see her, and should be living under the name of "Mrs. James," when the name marked on her linen was "S. Jazeph." Upon arriving at this extraordinary result of a conversation which had started from the simplest possible beginning, the old man had taken down the address of the lodging-house immediately, and had gone there at an early hour the next morning.

He had been saddened, over-night, by the confirmation of his fears on his niece's account, and he was startled, when he saw her in the morning, by the violent nervous agitation which she manifested as he approached her bedside. But he had not lost heart and hope, until he had communicated Mrs. Frankland's message, and had found that it failed altogether in producing the re-assuring effect on her spirits which he had trusted and believed

that it would exercise. Instead of soothing, it seemed to excite and alarm her afresh. Among a host of minute inquiries about Mrs. Frankland's looks, about her manner towards him, about the exact words she had spoken, all of which he was able to answer more or less to her satisfaction, she had addressed two questions to him, to which he was utterly unable to reply. The first of the questions was, Whether Mrs. Frankland had said anything about the Secret? The second was, Whether she had spoken any chance word to lead to the suspicion that she had found out the situation of the Myrtle Room?

The doctor in attendance had come in, the old man added, while he was still sitting by his niece's bedside, and still trying ineffectually to induce her to accept the friendly and re-assuring language of Mrs. Frankland's message, as sufficient answer to the questions which he was unable to meet by any more direct and more convincing form of reply. After making some inquiries and talking a little while on indifferent matters, the doctor had privately taken him aside; had informed him that the pain over the region of the heart and the difficulty in breathing, which were the symptoms of which his niece complained, were more serious in their nature than persons uninstructed in medical matters might be disposed to think; and had begged him to give her no more messages from any one, unless he felt perfectly sure beforehand that they would have the effect of clearing her mind, at once and for ever, from the secret anxieties that now harassed it—anxieties which he might rest assured were aggravating her malady day by day, and rendering all the medical help that could be given of little or no avail.

Upon this, after sitting longer with his niece and after holding counsel with himself, he had resolved to write privately to Mrs. Frankland that evening, after getting back to his friend's house. The letter had taken him longer to compose than anyone accustomed to writing would believe. At last, after delays in making a fair copy from many rough drafts, and delays in leaving his task to attend on his niece, he had completed a letter narrating what had happened since his arrival in London, in language which he hoped might be understood. Judging by comparison of dates, this letter must have crossed Mr. and Mrs. Frankland on the road. It contained nothing more than he had just been relating with his own lips—except that it also communicated, as a proof that distance had not diminished the fear which tormented his niece's mind, the explanation she had given to him of her concealment of her name, and of her choice of an abode among strangers, when she had friends in London to whom she might have gone. That explanation it was perhaps needless to have lengthened the letter by repeating, for it only

involved his saying over again, in substance, what he had already said in speaking of the motive which had forced Sarah to part from him at Truro.

With last words such as those, the sad and simple story of the old man came to an end. After waiting a little to recover her self-possession and to steady her voice, Rosamond touched her husband to draw his attention to herself, and whispered to him—

"I may say all, now, that I wished to say at Porthgenna?"

"All," he answered. "If you can trust yourself, Rosamond, it is fittest that he should hear it from your lips."

After the first natural burst of astonishment was over, the effect of the disclosure of the Secret on Uncle Joseph exhibited the most striking contrast that can be imagined to the effect of it on Mr. Nixon. No shadow of doubt darkened the old man's face, not a word of objection dropped from his lips. The one emotion excited in him was simple, unreflecting, unalloyed delight. He sprang to his feet with all his natural activity, his eyes sparkled again with all their natural brightness: one moment, he clapped his hands like a child; the next, he caught up his hat, and entreated Rosamond to let him lead her at once to his niece's bedside. "If you will only tell Sarah what you have just told me," he cried, hurrying across the room to open the door, "you will give her back her courage, you will raise her up from her bed, you will cure her before the day is out!"

A warning word from Mr. Frankland stopped him on a sudden, and brought him back, silent and attentive, to the chair that he had left the moment before.

"Think a little of what the doctor told you," said Leonard. "The sudden surprise which has made you so happy might do fatal mischief to your niece. Before we take the responsibility of speaking to her on a subject which is sure to agitate her violently, however careful we may be in introducing it, we ought first, I think, for safety's sake, to apply to the doctor for advice."

Rosamond warmly seconded her husband's suggestion, and, with her characteristic impatience of delay, proposed that they should find out the medical man immediately. Uncle Joseph announced—a little unwillingly, as it seemed—in answer to her inquiries, that he knew the place of the doctor's residence, and that he was generally to be found at home before one o'clock in the afternoon. It was then just half-past twelve; and Rosamond, with her husband's approval, rang the bell at once to send for a cab. She was about to leave the room to put on her bonnet, after giving the necessary order, when the old man stopped her by asking, with some appearance of hesitation and confusion, if it was considered necessary that he should go to the doctor with Mr. and Mrs. Frankland; adding, before the question could be answered, that he would

greatly prefer, if there was no objection to it on their parts, being left to wait at the hotel to receive any instructions they might wish to give him on their return. Leonard immediately complied with his request, without inquiring into his reasons for making it; but Rosamond's curiosity was aroused, and she asked why he preferred remaining by himself at the hotel to going with them to the doctor.

"I like him not," said the old man. "When he speaks about Sarah, he looks and talks as if he thought she would never get up from her bed again." Answering in those brief words, he walked away uneasily to the window, as if he desired to say no more.

The residence of the doctor was at some little distance, but Mr. and Mrs. Frankland arrived there before one o'clock, and found him at home. He was a young man, with a mild, grave face, and a quiet subdued manner. Daily contact with suffering and sorrow had perhaps prematurely steadied and saddened his character. Merely introducing her husband and herself to him, as persons who were deeply interested in his patient at the lodging-house, Rosamond left it to Leonard to ask the first questions relating to the condition of her mother's health.

The doctor's answer was ominously prefaced by a few polite words which were evidently intended to prepare his hearers for a less hopeful report than they might have come there expecting to receive. Carefully divesting the subject of all professional technicalities, he told them that his patient was undoubtedly affected with serious disease of the heart. The exact nature of this disease he candidly acknowledged to be a matter of doubt, which various medical men might decide in various ways. According to the opinion which he had himself formed from the symptoms, he believed that the patient's malady was connected with the artery which conveys blood directly from the heart through the system. Having found her singularly unwilling to answer questions relating to the nature of her past life, he could only guess that the disease was of long standing; that it was originally produced by some great mental shock, followed by long wearing anxiety (of which her face showed palpable traces); and that it had been seriously aggravated by the fatigue of a journey to London, which she acknowledged she had undertaken, at a time when great nervous exhaustion rendered her totally unfit to travel. Speaking according to this view of the case, it was his painful duty to tell her friends that any violent emotion would unquestionably put her life in danger. At the same time, if the mental uneasiness from which she was now suffering could be removed, and if she could be placed in a quiet comfortable country home, among people who would be unremittingly careful in keeping her composed, and in suffering her to want

for nothing, there was reason to hope that the progress of the disease might be arrested, and that her life might be spared for some years to come.

Rosamond's heart bounded at the picture of the future, which her fancy drew from the suggestions that lay hidden in the doctor's last words. "She can command every advantage you have mentioned, and more, if more is required!" she interposed eagerly, before her husband could speak again. "Oh, sir, if rest among kind friends is all that her poor weary heart wants, thank God we can give it!"

"We can give it," said Leonard, continuing the sentence for his wife, "if the doctor will sanction our making a communication to his patient, which is of a nature to relieve her of all anxiety, but which, it is necessary to add, she is at present quite unprepared to receive."

"May I ask," said the doctor, "who is to be entrusted with the responsibility of making the communication you mention?"

"There are two persons who could be entrusted with it," answered Leonard. "One is the old man whom you have seen by your patient's bedside. The other is my wife."

"In that case," rejoined the doctor, looking at Rosamond, "there can be no doubt that this lady is the fittest person to undertake the duty." He paused, and reflected for a moment; then added:—"May I inquire, however, before I venture on guiding your decision, one way or the other, whether the lady is as familiarly known to my patient, and is on the same intimate terms with her, as the old man?"

"I am afraid I must answer No to both those questions," replied Leonard. "And I ought, perhaps, to tell you, at the same time, that your patient believes my wife to be now in Cornwall. Her first appearance in the sick room would, I fear, cause great surprise to the sufferer, and possibly some little alarm as well."

"Under those circumstances," said the doctor, "the risk of trusting the old man, simple as he is, seems to be infinitely the least risk of the two—for the plain reason that his presence can cause her no surprise. However unskillfully he may break the news, he will have the great advantage over this lady of not appearing unexpectedly at the bedside. If the hazardous experiment must be tried,—and I assume that it must, from what you have said,—you have no choice, I think, but to trust it, with proper cautions and instructions, to the old man to carry out."

After arriving at that conclusion, there was no more to be said on either side. The interview terminated, and Rosamond and her husband hastened back to give Uncle Joseph his instructions at the hotel.

As they approached the door of their sitting-room they were surprised by hearing the sound of music inside. On entering, they

found the old man crouched up on a stool, listening to a shabby little musical box which was placed on a table close by him, and which was playing an air that Rosamond recognised immediately as the "*Batti, batti*" of Mozart.

"I hope you will pardon me for making music to keep myself company while you were away," said Uncle Joseph, starting up in some little confusion, and touching the stop of the box. "This is, if you please, of all my friends and companions the oldest that is left. The divine Mozart, the king of all the composers that ever lived, gave it with his own hand, madam, to my brother, when Max was a boy in the music-school at Vienna. Since my niece left me in Cornwall, I have not had the heart to make Mozart sing to me out of this little bit of box until to-day. Now that you have made me happy about Sarah again, my ears ache once more for the tiny *ting-ting* that has always the same friendly sound to my heart, travel where I may. But enough so," said the old man, placing the box in the leather case by his side which Rosamond had noticed there when she first saw him at Porthgenna. "I shall put back my singing-bird into his cage, and shall ask, when that is done, if you will be pleased to tell me what it is that the doctor has said?"

Rosamond answered his request by relating the substance of the conversation which had passed between her husband and the doctor. She then, with many preparatory cautions, proceeded to instruct the old man how to disclose the discovery of the Secret to his niece. She told him that the circumstances in connection with it must be first stated, not as events that had really happened, but as events that might be supposed to have happened. She put the words that he would have to speak, into his mouth, choosing the fewest and the plainest that would answer the purpose; she showed him how he might glide almost imperceptibly from referring to the discovery as a thing that might be supposed, to referring to it as a thing that had really happened; and she impressed upon him, as most important of all, to keep perpetually before his niece's mind the fact that the discovery of the Secret had not awakened one bitter feeling or one resentful thought, towards her, in the minds of either of the persons who had been so deeply interested in finding it out.

Uncle Joseph listened with unwavering attention until Rosamond had done; then rose from his seat, fixed his eyes intently on her face, and detected an expression of anxiety and doubt in it which he rightly interpreted as referring to himself.

"May I make you sure, before I go away, that I shall forget nothing?" he asked, very earnestly. "I have no head to invent, it is true; but I have something in me that can remember, and the more especially when it

is for Sarah's sake. If you please, listen now, and hear if I can say to you over again all that you have said to me?"

Standing before Rosamond, with something in his look and manner strangely and touchingly suggestive of the long past days of his childhood, and of the time when he had said his earliest lessons at his mother's knee, he now repeated, from first to last, the instructions that had been given to him, with a verbal exactness, with an easy readiness of memory, which, in a man of his age, was nothing less than astonishing. "Have I kept it all as I should?" he asked simply, when he had come to an end. "And may I go my ways now, and take my good news to Sarah's bedside?"

It was still necessary to detain him, while Rosamond and her husband consulted together on the best and safest means of following up the avowal that the Secret was discovered by the announcement of their own presence in London. After some consideration, Leonard asked his wife to produce the document which the lawyer had drawn out that morning, and to write a few lines, from his dictation, on the blank side of the paper, requesting Mrs. Jazeph to read the form of declaration, and to affix her signature to it, if she felt that it required her, in every particular, to affirm nothing that was not the exact truth. When this had been done, and when the leaf on which Mrs. Frankland had written had been folded outwards, so that it might be the first page to catch the eye, Leonard directed that the paper should be given to the old man, and explained to him what he was to do with it, in these words:

"When you have broken the news about the Secret to your niece," he said, "and when you have allowed her full time to compose herself, if she asks questions about my wife and myself (as I believe she will) hand that paper to her for answer, and beg her to read it. Whether she is willing to sign it, or not, she is sure to inquire how you came by it. Tell her in return that you have received it from Mrs. Frankland—using the word 'received,' so that she may believe at first that it was sent to you from Porthgenna by the post. If you find that she signs the declaration, and that she is not much agitated after doing so, then tell her in the same gradual way in which you tell the truth about the discovery of the Secret, that my wife gave the paper to you with her own hands, and that she is now in London——"

"Waiting and longing to see her," added Rosamond. "You, who forget nothing, will not, I am sure, forget to say that?"

The little compliment to his powers of memory made Uncle Joseph colour with pleasure, as if he was a boy again. Promising to prove worthy of the trust reposed in him, and engaging to come back and relieve Mrs. Frankland of all suspense before the day

was out, he took his leave, and went forth hopefully on his momentous errand.

Rosamond watched him from the window, threading his way in and out among the throng of passengers on the pavement, until he was lost to view. How nimbly the tight little figure sped away out of sight! How gaily the unclouded sunlight poured down on the cheerful bustle in the street! The whole being of the great city basked in the summer glory of the day; all its mighty pulses beat high; and all its myriad voices whispered of hope!

CHIP.

MONTHLY SALARIES.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:

Will you allow me earnestly to ask your interference to procure a great good for that numerous and well abused class called Government clerks.

You do not need the information that the deduction from official salaries of one shilling and fourpence in the pound on account of income-tax, the war-prices of most articles of food, and the pressure of local taxation, have told severely on that class, and that the result is great pecuniary difficulty and distress. Mechanics, though they earn much more than many Government officers, can live in a much less expensive style, and have the advantage of weekly payments, by which they are enabled to avoid the system of quarterly bills. Under that system a man pays at least twenty per cent. more for his goods than the fair selling prices, and is kept under a degrading bondage to his tradesmen.

In the Custom-house, the Post-office, and some other Government departments, the clerks memorialised the Treasury, who, thereupon, directed the payment of their salaries, monthly. In the Inland Revenue Department the salaries are paid every six weeks, and the change has operated most beneficially. Now, my object is to get the system of monthly payments extended throughout the service. It may be asked, why does not each office memorialise the Treasury, and quote the precedents above named? The answer is simple. In some offices the clerks dare not so memorialise. In the department to which I belong such a memorial was prepared, and signed by a majority. We then, in the usual courtesy, asked one of our official chiefs simply to forward it to the Treasury. The only result of our labour was the return of the memorial with silent contempt, and a hint that monthly payments were not considered respectable!

I should mention that about two years ago the Paymaster-General's department was reorganised for the special purpose of paying all public salaries; therefore, the proposed extension of monthly payments would entail no inconvenience or cost on the several de-

Partments. The only obstacles seem to arise from the really shameful apathy and indifference shown by official heads to the welfare of their subordinates who do the work ; and, from the young-gentlemanly notion that none but quarterly payments are respectable.

TO MY ELDERLY FRIENDS.

Not long since, my staid and sedate readers, I confessed to being (as is the case with yourselves) in the ambiguous position of a person between two ages,—neither old nor young.* It is impossible to remain, like the bat in respect to the beasts and the birds, a continual outcast from both those two grand armies of the animal and the human kingdom ; and therefore I decide, perforce, to rank myself definitely with you. I enlist forthwith as one of the elderlies. When an inevitable act has to be performed, it is better to perform it cheerfully and gracefully. I take off my hat, respected friends, to salute you as fellow-travellers on the downhill of life ; and you see plainly, a certain proportion of grey in my short-cropped locks, and a broad pinkish spot on the coronal region of the cranium, entitle me to admission to your honourable society. Let us indulge in a little chat by the way, touching our common interests, and our future prospects.

At our time of life, my dear confrères, there is one thing at least we ought to do ; and that is, to take care of ourselves, and look forward to an evil and a rainy day. There are two ways of carrying out this desirable object. In the first place we must unite the wisdom of the serpent to the innocence of the dove. Much as we love our youngsters, we must manifest our affection for them moderately and discreetly. I do assure you we shall be greatly to blame, if we utterly yield to them the key, either of the castle or the strong-box. Let us hold our own, my worthy associates ; let us remain masters of what we have ; let us continue to be the heads of the family, and not its patronised dependants, till the very last moment. Abdication in any form, is a sorrowful and a disastrous step, as has been proved from poor King Lear's time, downwards. People who have given up all, or a great deal, to their children during their lifetime, have seldom found the measure turn out well. It is quite possible to allow the youngsters to come forward in life without letting them push us entirely off the stage, or sending us completely to Coventry. And they may be apt to do so, if we don't take care. It is not their special fault, poor things, but rather the general fault of human nature. Say what you will, gratitude is a keen sense of favours to come : and if we are so imprudent as to give up all, to place ourselves at the mercy of our juniors, to strip ourselves of the power

of conferring future benefits,—we shall be wrong in wondering if even dutiful, and obedient, nay grateful children (not to mention nephews and nieces), turn out a little less assiduous in their attentions than they were before. I am sorry that this is not the ideal of human virtue ; but it is the way of the world. Consequently, my respected co-mates, let us keep in our own hands the prerogative of slackening the purse-strings, or of tightening them, as our judgment shall direct. Because our refusal to yield old-established and substantial rights does not in the least prevent us from giving timely help, from supplying the means (with prudent security) for well-considered enterprise and promising exertions ; especially as there is another way in which we may try to provide for our future need.

Those who sow not, have no right to expect to reap ; if we do not do unto men as we would they should do unto us, we cannot complain at finding that they don't do to us as we would they should. Now, there are many little acts of kindness, of charity, and of friendliness, which we may perform to some person (call him A.), although we may know that A. is never likely to return the favour ; but we do so in the hope that some other person, B., will turn up by-and-by, who will be as benevolently disposed to us, as we have been to the aforesaid A. There would thus be a sort of running debtor-and-creditor account of friendly offices going on between successive generations of men, which account is never exactly closed or balanced, because each new generation keeps the books open by its continued unsettled claims and payments. For instance, I visit and console A., in his dying illness perhaps ; and, long after A. is dead and gone, and myself likewise, B. repays the debt by acceptable assistance to my daughter or my grandchild. B.'s good turn will be rewarded by another from some unknown, possibly some unborn benefactor, C. ; and thus, my elder brethren, we may lay up a little sunshine against cloudy weather, when we shall be glad to see a friendly face beaming in to disperse our darkness, during our fits of hypochondria, indigestion, or gout.

For, our comparatively solitary life is one of the points of which we most complain ; I think, a little unreasonably. Old men cannot throng in herds, like boys out of school-hours, or lads at a fair. A certain solitude is necessary for the exercise of sober judgment and serious thought, both on things past and things to come. It strikes me that, to be alone, is at times a necessary variation of our social existence. Study requires isolation for its successful pursuit ; and while we live, let us ever learn. Life is short ; nature and art are so long !

There is, however, an unkind measure by which a few persons strive to avoid living by themselves in their old age, which I will merely mention ; they selfishly prevent their

* To My Young Friends, No. 371, page 411.

children (principally their daughters) from marrying, in order to retain them around them at home. Certainly, matches are now and then projected which it is the duty of a parent to oppose ; but there is a conscientious and sorrowful opposition, and an egotistical and captious opposition ; and men and women, in their self-deception, may sometimes mistake the one for the other. "Marry your daughters, lest they marry themselves and run off with the ploughman or the groom," is an axiom of worldly wisdom. "Marry your daughters," I say, "if you can do so satisfactorily, that they may become happy wives and mothers, fulfilling the destiny allotted to them by their Great Creator. Marry them, if worthy suitors offer, lest they remain single and unprotected after your departure. Marry them, lest they say in their bitter disappointment and loneliness, 'Our parents thought only of their own comfort and convenience. We now find that our welfare and settlement in life was disregarded!'"—But, I am sure, my kindhearted comrade in years, you are more generous to your own dear girls than to dream of preventing the completion of their little romance, in order to keep them at home in domestic slavery, drudging and pining as your waiting-maids.

We are apt,—and by "we" I mean, of course, we people getting into years,—not to give our young friends half the credit they deserve for being able to manage for themselves. We like to continue to handle the reins and the whip ; which is quite right, while we are driving our own private carriage, but not right when we want to conduct the omnibus of our posterity. We must interfere, and put matters to rights continually ; we cannot let the young people alone ; they must ask our advice at every step ; we must exercise a veto on every movement ; nothing can go on properly if they do not consult us. Now, there, I opine, we are greatly mistaken.

When a youngster, I was staying in an hotel in Paris, for the first time, quite alone. There scraped acquaintance with me, a middle-aged compatriot (I suppose ; for he spoke English and not much else), who seemed to take a particular fancy to my society. One day, at the close of a conversation at which no other inmate of the hotel was present, he led the talk to the subject of cash and ready money, and the best way of keeping it safe while on a journey or in a foreign city.

"I always carry mine in the waistband of my trowsers," he said, with self-sufficient complacency. "No one would ever think of stealing it there."

"Really ! What, always ? By night and by day ? Wherever you go ? Do you take all your money with you on your person, in that way ?"

"Yes ; I always have it there, wherever I go ; at the play, or supping at a restaurant, it is all the same ; and I have never lost any money yet. Don't you think it a good place ?

Can you tell me of a better ? Where do you keep yours ?"

"Upon my word," I answered, with a smile, "you'll excuse my saying that you are very imprudent. You have not the slightest knowledge of me ; for anything you know, I may be a swindler and a thief. I must think you are exceedingly incautious to tell an utter stranger, like myself, where I can lay hands on all your bank notes and gold on all occasions, if I happened to catch you napping or off your guard."

My gentleman turned on his heel with a dry cough, and I never saw him afterwards. But I do not think that, ten years hence, I shall be able to reject a doubtful overture in better style.

The time will be coming,—is come, perhaps,—when your young people must decide on the course and main occupation of their future lives. You will expect to have a voice in the matter. Quite right, if a voice of counsel, of remonstrance, of suggestion, of pointing out unsuspected difficulties, of encouragement by developing the means of success. Such a voice as that from an elder will always be listened to. But perhaps you have already settled in your own mind the calling to be followed, and you mean simply to call on the youngster to accept and register your decree on the opening pages of his autobiography. A questionable proceeding, my dear sir, unless you are perfectly assured of what the young man's own unbiassed choice will be. True, there are professions and talents which descend in families from father to son, as naturally as the art of mouse-catching is hereditarily transmitted from cat to kitten. We can easily fancy a juvenile Herschell peeping through a telescope soon after he has learnt to run alone. A banker's son is mostly a banker born ; the same of the scions of large mercantile houses, or flourishing establishments in trade. But it is not that which I am thinking of, but of some new, untried line of life,—of some advancement, in fact, in the social and professional scale. Ambitious parents often urge their children to enter a career which the circumstances of their own youth had forbidden to themselves. They constantly hear, and they unceasingly repeat to themselves, the aphorism that, in England, the highest honours are open to the lowest ; that the sons of butchers, of bakers, and of still humbler tradesmen, have risen to be bishops and lord-chancellors. They will hardly de-lude themselves to a similar extent in respect to the army and the diplomatic service. But supposing the rule to be universally true, still let them beware,—these aspirants after reflected honours ! From eating terms in hall, to sitting on the woolstack, there is more than one step. Have you considered how your young adventurer is to live and keep up the habits of a gentleman, in the interval ? He

is clever, you say ; but is he robust and tough, and patient ? and have you a certain allowance to make him ? Are you quite sure you are consulting, not your own vanity, but his happiness ? Have you any suspicion of the misery that has resulted from parental determinations to have a parson in the family ? Pause before you imitate such courses, without strong vocation and favourable circumstances of every kind to guide your determination. It is a pleasant picture, certainly, to present to your mind's eye,—a young man bearing your name and features, as a high wrangler or a double first-class, as a fellow of Trinity, or a student of Christ Church, with the ladder of life before him to climb to the top. But, remember also the possibility of a distaste for the profession forced upon him ; or of a curacy, for life, of eighty or a hundred pounds a-year, at most ; of an ushership in school after school, with no mastership to follow ; of a rushing in despair to Australia or Western America, there to commence, better late than never, a hopeful though a handicraft life ;—and all because you had set your heart on having a clergyman in the family. You may found your hopes on university honours, in default of private patronage, because you don't quite know what the universities are, and have not the slightest idea of the knotty points of Aristophanes, or the difficulties of the differential calculus.

And the girls ? If you have not fortunes to give them, and do not want them to remain at home, you will make of them—what ? Will you sacrifice them to that insatiable Moloch of the middle classes, the demon of gentility ? Will you educate them to be governesses ? That is the life to which are driven innumerable girls of genteel connections, without considering whether they are suited for it,—or worse, without inquiring whether it is suited for them. No notice is taken of the astounding advertisements headed, “Wanted a Governess,” in the Times and elsewhere ; the fact is forgotten, that if ever a market were overstocked, the governess-market is that one ; and the poor child is made a governess ! I know a little of governess-life. We complain in England that so few employments are open to women ;—which is partly the fault of the women themselves, or rather of the friends who have influence over them. All female employment must be so excessively genteel ! There is no rule without exceptions ; but, this I say deliberately : if I had twenty daughters whom I could not maintain (as would be probable in such an hypothesis), but whom I must send forth to earn their living, I would rather see them ladies'-maids, cooks, waitresses at inns, milliners, assistants in shops, clerks and book-keepers where they would be accepted as such, confectioners, haberdashers,—I would rather marry them to some honest hard-working emigrant, kissing them, as they went on board ship, with

the prospect of never more beholding them in this world,—than sentence them to the ambiguous, the solitary, the pitied and pitiable, the precarious, the dependent position of a governess ! You, my esteemed good masters, will do what you like with your own girls ; that is what I would do with mine.

There are two extremes, my reverend seniors, into which we are tempted to fall when we find ourselves upon the wane. Declining ladies, especially married ladies, are more given, I think, than men, to neglect their personal appearance, when they are conscious that the bloom of their youth is gone. I do not speak of state occasions, of set dinner-parties and full-dress balls, but of the daily meetings of domestic life. Now, however, is the time, above all others, when the wife must determine to remain the pleasing wife, and retain her John Anderson's affections to the last, by neatness, taste, and appropriate variety of dress. That a lady has fast-growing daughters, strapping sons, and a husband hard at work at his office all day long, is no reason why she should ever enter the family circle with rumpled hair, soiled cap, or unfastened gown. The prettiest woman in the world would be spoiled by such sins in her toilette. The morning's duties, even in store-room and kitchen, may be performed in fitting, tidy costume, and then changed for parlour habiliments, equally tidy and fitting. The fashion of the day should always be reflected in a woman's dress, according to her position and age ; the eye craves for variety as keenly as the palate ; and then, I honestly protest, whatever her age, a naturally good-looking woman is always handsome. For, happily, there exists more than one kind of beauty. There is the beauty of infancy, the beauty of youth, the beauty of maturity, and, believe me, ladies and gentlemen, the beauty of age, if you do not spoil it by your own want of judgment. At any age, a woman may be becomingly and pleasingly dressed.

The other error—the more pardonable of the two, because it shows an amiable love of approbation and a desire to please, though it implies weakness—is a continuation of the costume and decorations of youth after they have ceased to be fitting ornaments for the wearer's age. I must say that ladies in general are less addicted to the mistake than men. The number of quinquagenarian females who display themselves in society in white muslin frocks, with their locks in ringlets, and a girl's pink sash tied behind, is considerably less than that of old bucks, with their padded substitute for muscular grace, their wigs, their jewellery, their perfumes, and even their rouge. Baldness, in men, is neither a disfigurement nor a disgrace. To soothe your personal vanity, you may call to mind that many young and handsome men are bald ; to console your

intellectual dignity, remember that "calvi, prompti," ready are the bald—an invaluable quality in the affairs of life. As a rule, the harder we fogies try to convert ourselves into boyish cupids, the less do we succeed. There is great truth in Alphonse Karr's remark, that modern men are ugly, because they don't wear their beards. Take a fine man of forty, with a handsome round Medicean beard (not a pointed Jew's beard); look at him well, so as to retain his portrait in your mind's eye; and then shave him close, leaving him, perhaps, out of charity, a couple of mutton-chop whiskers, one on each cheek, and you will see the humiliating difference. And if you select an old man of seventy for your experiment, and convert a snowy-bearded head that might sit for a portrait in a historical picture, into a close-scraped weazen-faced visage, like an avaricious French peasant on his way to haggle for swine at a monthly franc-marché, the descent from the sublime to the ridiculous is still more painfully apparent. Beard or no beard, must remain at present an open question in England; there are social difficulties of a practical nature in the way, however we may decide as to the theory. A servant would hardly be allowed to consider his beard as his own. A bearded tradesman might be thought by many customers to be giving himself airs and to be assuming undue consequence. Many find fault with beards, as too aristocratic, too vulgar, too foreign, too philosophic, too symptomatic of Socialism, in short, too they-don't-quite-know-what; forgetting all the while that the beard was planted on the chin of man by the same Power that adorned the lion with his mane, and the peacock with his plumes. But, certainly, it is the artistic interest of us elderlies, as far as our own personal appearance is concerned, that beards should at least be tolerated.

Perfumes are better altogether discarded by well-dressed gentlemen who are past the age of dandihood. Extreme personal cleanliness is the most judicious cosmetic we can use. Our money is more wisely laid out on Windsor soap and huckaback towels than on eau de Cologne and essence of millefleurs. False teeth are permissible, or not, according to their object and their animus. An accidental deserter from an otherwise even and goodly set may have a substitute bought for him without reasonable blame. Teeth that really and truly help either to eat or to articulate, are no more than the natural tools to carry on the business of life. But if you cause your two or three remaining stumps to be extracted, in order to make room for a complete set of pearly ivories, both top and bottom, with patent spring hinges, which you want to display as your own at the opera

while you smile at the girls in the boxes, or ogle the dancers on the stage through your binocular glass,—then, you are no better than a foolish old fellow; and do not forget the true proverb, "There is no fool like an old fool."

I take it for granted that you have made your will. Many elderlies (who grow older and older every day, whether they know it, and like it, or not) look upon will-making as an unpleasant or painful operation of the same class as bleeding or tooth-drawing. They will submit to it under the influence of chloroform; not otherwise. I assure you they are mistaken, having tried it myself and found it a very comfortable anodyne against several uneasy sensations. Of course, to have that healing virtue the last will and testament must be a fair and just one, with nothing set down in malice or caprice. People will sometimes avenge themselves in their wills of affronts, little or great, real or fancied, that have been put on them. People also often repent of the harsh resolutions they may have made; now, if personal reconciliation has taken place, or even if the offending party is only forgiven in the secret chamber of the complainant's heart, the record of estrangement in black and white ought not to remain uncanceled a single hour. Death may step in, without previously sending in his card, and may convert a free pardon into a vindictive sentence, thus baffling the dilatory testator, who thought and meant to have made his peace with all men before departing hence. A merciful change of mind may come too late to be carried into execution—a strong reason for not fixing on parchment any unmerciful resolution in black and white. At the last death-bed at which I was present, others had retired, and I was left alone with the sinking patient. Consciousness and intellect remained clear to the last; but, as strength ebbed away, the eyes alone remained eloquent, while the lips continued to move in the attempt to speak, without the faculty of uttering a sound. I guessed pretty nearly what the moribund person was wishing to say; at least I felt sure of the tenor of it, because the previous conversation, while speech was possible, had been an expression of thanks and blessings, with good advice and judicious observations. But, I thought, had those unutterable last words been, instead of what they were, an unavailing expression of forgiveness, a desire to restore some young offender to his suspended rights, now forfeited for ever—what an awful struggle must take place in the mind of him who feels himself quitting earthly things under such conditions, the result of his own hasty harshness or his tardy tenderness!

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WITCHCRAFT AND OLD BOGUEY.

THE public have recently learnt, from some communications which have been made to the *Times* newspaper, that a belief in witchcraft still prevails amongst the rural population of England. This intimation is not altogether a novelty, for the circumstances attendant upon the trial of the poisoner Dove, in the course of last year, must be fresh in everybody's recollection; and, indeed, very few assizes go by without affording some evidence of the fact. When, however, we find that such a belief is not confined to isolated cases, but is scattered broadcast over a whole district, it becomes the duty of all who have the education of the people at heart to lend their aid in endeavouring to extirpate a superstition as ridiculous as it is degrading. Amongst the means to be employed for this object, the least effective may not, perhaps, be those which demonstrate the absurd practices of witchcraft, and tend to show upon what slight and irrelevant grounds accusations of sorcery were preferred.

The ordinances against witchcraft were in full force all over Europe at the commencement of the seventeenth century. There flourished in France, at that date—that is to say, in the year sixteen hundred and one—a person who exercised high judicial authority in the province of Burgundy, whose especial vocation it was, like that of our own Matthew Hopkins, to find out and bring to trial all who were tainted with the crime of sorcery. This gentleman's name was Boguet, and—as he was such a terror to the common people—it is very probable we shall not wrong his fame in supposing that he was the original of the redoubtable Boguey who affrighted our own infancy. It would seem, not only from the revelations of the *Sieur Boguet* himself, but from the general statistics of witchcraft in France, that he had plenty of work on his hands; for while he was yet a young man, in the reign of Henry the Third, it was estimated that there were not fewer than a hundred thousand sorcerers in different parts of the country, as many as thirty thousand having been expelled from Paris alone during the life-time of Henry's brother, Charles the Ninth, of pious memory. Sorcerers swarmed, in short, in every town, in every village, in

every hamlet, until it became a very difficult thing to say who was a sorcerer and who was not. Every accident that happened, no matter how intelligible the cause, was ascribed to the malefic influence of sorcery. A hailstorm that beat down the corn, a river that overflowed its banks, a fire that burnt down a cottage, a murrain that raged a farmyard, a casual personal injury or sickness—anything and everything that appertains to the common lot of suffering, was at once ascribed to witchcraft. It was something, the ignorant multitude thought, to revenge the misfortune by which they were visited on others—a simple accusation sufficed, and the annals of the law show that it was not often withheld. Under these circumstances, the *Sieur Boguet*, as I have already intimated, found quite enough to do. That he did not eat the bread of idleness is abundantly manifest in the works he published. They are comprised in a thickish octavo volume of some four or five hundred pages, the one I have studied being the Lyons edition of the year sixteen hundred and eight: a rare book, as the family of the *Sieur Boguet* (on whom happily descended the enlightenment of which he was deprived) did their utmost to suppress every copy.

If an author's reputation could be established by a prefatory sonnet—that one-sided criticism which existed when reviews were not—then the *Sieur Boguet*'s fame must remain uncontested; for a notable witness to it, one Chassignet, declares (in verse of the most execrable description) that Boguet is at once “a learned Orpheus in the dance of the Muses,” “a Bellerophon who combats the Prince of Darkness with his pen,” and “a Hercules who by his writings at once cuts off the seven heads of the infernal Hydra of sorcery.” But the *Sieur Boguet*'s reward was not, as some of his admirers held, of this world only; another worshipper of his genius, *Monsieur Gaspar du Pin*, distinctly puts this question: “If ancient Greece seated Alcides amongst the gods for vanquishing the monsters of earth, what place art thou (O Boguet) to expect in having conquered Hell?” We shall presently see what are the claims of the erudite Boguet to rank with the demigods of antiquity, but first of all we must let him tell the story which furnishes

the principal, but not the only theme, of his discourse.

It appears, then, that in the year fifteen hundred and ninety-eight, there dwelt at Coyrières,—a village adjacent to Saint Oyan le Toux (now called Ouanne) and not far from the town of Saint Sauveur, in Burgundy,—a peasant couple, named Claude Maillet and Humberte du Perchy. They had three children, the eldest of whom, Louise, is the heroine of the *Sieur Boguet*. On Saturday, the fifteenth day of June in the aforesaid year, Louise Maillet, being then eight years of age, was suddenly deprived of the use of her limbs, so that she was obliged to go on all fours, her mouth at the same time being twisted in a very strange manner. This affliction lasted until the nineteenth of June following, when her parents, believing that the child was "possessed," took her to be exorcised in the church of Saint Sauveur. The ceremony was duly performed, holy water was sprinkled, anathemas were pronounced, and five demons were discovered to have possession of the child's interior, their respective names being Wolf, Cat, Dog, Pretty, and Griffin, a well-assorted family. This information obtained, Louise Maillet was asked—the next step in all these matters—who had be-devilled her? The innocent child looked round and replied, that it was an old woman, named Françoise Secretain, whom she pointed out amongst those who were standing by to witness the exorcism. The demons, however, though discovered, refused to turn out, and Louise was taken home again. She then begged her parents to pray for her, and while they were doing so, she cried out that two of the devils were dead, and if they would go on, the same thing would happen to the other three. Obedient to the gifted child, the parents prayed all night, but this time without avail, for in the morning, Louise was much worse and racked about incessantly. Having at last rolled on the ground, the demons came out of her mouth in the form of pellets, as large as the fist (which shows that Louise must have had a swallow nearly as large as that of the *Sieur Boguet*), and as red as fire, all except the one called Cat, which was black: the two which the child said were dead (I regret to say their names are not given) came up last, and with less violence than the three (on which account I should suppose that they were Dog and Pretty). All these demons (the dead ones included) having made three or four leaps (voltes) round the fire, disappeared, and from that time Louise began to get better.

The next process was that of connecting Françoise Secretain with the child's be-devilment. It was stated by the latter that on the fourteenth of June, the day before her possession, the old woman came to the cottage of Humberte Maillet late in the evening and asked for a night's lodging, but it was at first

refused, because Claude Maillet was from home; nevertheless, she yielded to the old woman's importunity. Shortly afterwards, while Humberte had gone out to stable up the cattle, Françoise Secretain drew near Louise and her two younger sisters, who were warming themselves by the fire (in June), and gave the first a crust of bread resembling cawdung, telling her to eat it and say nothing on the subject, or she, Françoise, would kill her and eat her. The child did as the old woman had commanded, and the next day she was possessed,—Wolf, Cat, Dog, Pretty, and Griffin being concealed in the cawdung. These facts were deposed to by the parents (who neither of them witnessed the transaction), and by Louise (aged eight), "who," says Boguet, "spoke as well, in giving evidence, as if she had been thirty or forty years of age."

We have now arrived at the third stage in this history,—the incarceration of the alleged witch. Françoise Secretain, as soon as the deposition had been recorded, was clapped into prison. She remained there three days, without being willing to make any confession, declaring that she was innocent of the crime they accused her of, and that they did her great wrong to keep her in confinement. "She affected to be very religious, and told her beads constantly, but," remarks Boguet, "it was observed that the cross of her chaplet was partly broken, and it was tolerably clear what that signified." However, she tried to cry, but no tears fell,—another bad sign,—and putting these things together, it was resolved to confine her more closely, making use of some threats, which is usual in cases of this nature. On the following day, she was pressed to tell the truth (inquisitors and witch-finders were always hunting for that, but never met with it), but it was of no use. Her judges then caused her dress to be changed and examined her person, to see if she were not marked (the marks by which a sorceress was recognised were always in the most concealed part of the body: those moles which resembled the print of a horse's foot were looked upon as the most significant). To the surprise of the examiners, no marks were found on the body of Françoise Secretain! But they had not yet done; her head remained for inspection. When she was told that her hair must be cut off, she loosened it of her own accord, but when the operation of shaving began, she showed great emotion and trembled violently. It is probable that she fancied her head might follow her hair; perhaps she was worn out with threats; but in either case that result followed, which, sooner or later in all witch-examinations, was sure to happen,—she confessed, "adding to her revelations," says Boguet, "other things, from day to day." Her confessions (excluding some which, in all probability, were more particularly suggested by the *Sieur Boguet* himself) went to this extent:

"That she had sent five devils into the body of Louise Maillet. That a long time before, she had given herself to the Devil, who appeared to her in the shape of a tall black man. That she had been an infinite number of times to the Sabbath of the Sorcerers in the village of Coryières, at a place called the Combes, near the water, and that she rode there upon a white stick, on which she sat astride. That she had danced at the Sabbath and beaten the water in order to make it hail. That she and big Jacques Boguet (an accomplice was never long wanting) had caused the death of Loys Monneret, by means of a piece of bread which they had given him to eat, having previously powdered it with something which the Devil had given them. And, finally, that she had caused the deaths of several cows by touching them with her hands or with a wand, and repeating certain words."

Here was enough, and more than enough, to convict a dozen witches; and, indeed, it unhappily befel that the poor old woman's fears were so wrought upon, that she was brought by degrees to extend her accusations of complicity in witchcraft to a great many others, in addition to her first-mentioned colleague. The whole of these unfortunate creatures suffered the extreme punishment of the law, with the exception of Françoise Secretain herself, who, however, only escaped by committing suicide.

The *Sieur Boguet* drew up a Sorcerer's Code, divided into ninety-one articles, of which the following is a summary:—The presumption of sorcery suffices for arresting the suspected person. The interrogation of the accused ought immediately to follow the arrest, because the devil assists sorcerers by his advice while they are in prison. The judge ought carefully to watch the countenance of the prisoner, to see if he fails to shed tears, if he looks on the ground, mutters aside or blasphemes, all of which are infallible signs of guilt. Shame often causes a sorcerer to deny his crime: therefore, it is good for the judge to examine the prisoner alone, the clerk who takes down the deposition being concealed. If the sorcerer has a companion present who also has gone to the Sabbath, he is always confused. He must be shaved to compel him to speak, and be examined by a surgeon to discover his marks. If the accused does not confess, he must be treated severely in prison and have people about him who know how to extract a confession. Torture ought to be avoided, because it is of no use with a sorcerer; however, if the judge thinks fit he may employ it. It is a fair presumption that the crime of sorcery is hereditary; and it is allowable for the child to accuse the parent. Conflicting evidence is not to tell in favour of the accused, if its general tenor be against him. The punishment of simple sorcery is strangling at the stake before burning: loup-garous (those who change themselves

into wolves) must be burnt alive. Those who are condemned on conjectural or presumptive evidence are not to be burnt, but hung.

It is difficult to determine whether cruelty or folly most prevail in this precious Code, which, when it was first published, was received with vast approbation by the bar of which the *Sieur Boguet* was a member: he dedicated it to *Daniel Romanez*, an advocate at *Salins*. And yet there were in France, at that day, wise and enlightened men both at the bar and on the judgment seat.

In the works of the principal demonologists mention is made of all the appliances in use amongst sorcerers to effect their malefic purposes, together with full accounts of all the ceremonies practised at the Sabbath. The principal personage at this nocturnal revel disliked as much to be mentioned by his real name as he did to appear in his proper person. Thus, instead of calling him *Satan* or *Beelzebub*, tout court, the French witches saluted him by the names of *Verd-Joli*, *Joli*, *Maitre Persil* (Master Parsley), *Joli-Bois*, *Verdelet*, *Saute Buisson* (Jump-bush), *Martinet*, *Abraham*, and an infinity of others, "all of which," says the *Sieur Boguet*, "are agreeable." Fancy *Milton's* ruined archangel being summoned into court as *Master Parsley*! The reason why this is so is, we learn from our friend *Boguet*, because the demons "prefer pleasant-sounding appellations, in order not to frighten the sorcerers by telling them what their real names are." Very considerate of the demons who, for the same reason, no doubt, preside at the Sabbath generally in the form of an old black goat, an animal sufficiently familiar to the agricultural sorcerer. Delicacy and refinement were not to be expected in this class of persons, and therefore we are not surprised to hear of the dirty tricks with which the Sabbath was inaugurated, nor to learn that the unguents with which the sorcerers anointed themselves were frequently the most villanous compounds. Sometimes they made use of the fat of new-born children, if birth-strangled so much the better; at others of the marrow of malefactors collected at the foot of the gibbet; of bat's blood, or of the "ruddy drops that visit the owl's sad heart," mixed up with the grease of sows, of wolves, or of weasels; and, occasionally, of ingredients more purely chemical—as preparations of belladonna, of aconite, of parsley (rather personal to *Master Parsley*, one would think), of poppy, and of hemlock. An especial diet was sometimes adopted, as in the case of *Leonora Galigai*, the wife of the Marshal d'Anere, who was accused—the better, they supposed, to qualify herself for her alleged profession—of eating nothing but cocks' combs and rams' kidneys, having previously charmed the animals that produced them.

Leonora Galigai, wife of the Marshal d'Anere, was one of those unfortunate per-

sons, only too numerous in the annals of witchcraft, who have acknowledged the crime imputed to them, solely from disgust, terror, and despair. It was declared that she had bewitched Marie de Medicis, and the public belief was confirmed when it was announced that she had in her possession three volumes inscribed with magical characters, five rouleaux of velvet, for the subjugation of the minds of the great people of the court (how the velvet was to act is not stated), a number of amulets to be worn round the neck, and a letter written by her to a well-known sorceress, named Isabella. At Leonora's trial it was proved that her husband and herself had constructed waxen figures to charm away life; had consulted divers magicians; and that she had caused herself to be exorcised by one Matthieu de Montancy, a noted sorcerer. These things Leonora Galigai confessed to, and she was beheaded in Paris, in sixteen hundred and seventeen, and her body was afterwards burnt; her husband, Concini, fell a victim to the fury of the populace. One admission, however, was made by Leonora during her trial, which did not quite agree with the farrago of lies which, in weariness of heart, she consented to utter. When asked by the president Constin, by what charm she had contrived to fascinate the queen, she proudly replied, "By that charm which strong minds exercise over weak ones." Like Othello, "that only was the witchcraft she did use." To return, however, to those who were not like Leonora Galigai, political victims, her case having been cited to show that, when all other accusations failed, the charge of sorcery was sure to hit the mark, here is a more special confession, purely on neoromantic grounds. It is that of one Abel de la Rue, a young man who, says Bodin, the narrator, was visited by the devil, who came down the chimney, making as much noise as if it had thundered (as if it had not!). Satan invited the neophyte to attend the party which he gave that evening. Abel consented, and "Master Parsley" rubbed him under the arm-pits, and on the palms of the hands with a very stinking ointment, and he was forthwith carried away as it were, by the wind, preceded by a flaming torch, to a place where about sixty persons were assembled, all dressed in black robes, who, on his arrival, immediately began to sweep the ground with besoms (their late nags), and suddenly a large black and most inodorous goat made his appearance, bleating loudly. A ring was then formed, each person facing outwards (a course always adopted that they might not see each other, and afterwards turn delators), and after half an hour's dancing, they all fell on their knees and adored the goat as he passed them in review. After this there fell a shower of grain, which smelt like a mixture of sulphur and very stinking carrion (*de la charogne fort puante*), which, being ground into powder, was distri-

buted for malefic purposes amongst the assembled warlocks.

These réunions, to give them a polite designation, were always held in some desolate place, where cross roads met upon a dreary moor or beside some lonely lake or stagnant pool, such localities being fittest for the manufacture of hailstorms and driving tempests. No grass grew upon the circle that was formed by the sorcerers' feet, and the soil, say the demonologists, was ever after accursed. The ordinary nights of convocation were Wednesday and Friday, and an inward monitor invariably indicated the hour of meeting. A broomstick, as we all know, was the ordinary mode of conveyance,—a narrow perch, it must be owned, for a flight, miles high, through the air; but sometimes imps, in the disguise of goats and other animals, offered their services. The last was the Italian fashion. In France the broomsticks had the preference, probably because they were more plentiful than goats. On anointing themselves, preparatory to mounting for their ride, the sorceresses repeated several times the word: "Emen-hétan, emen-hétan," which, on the authority of Delancre, signifies in diabolic language, "Here and there! here and there." After uttering this formula, the ladies flew up their chimneys.

Some of these details are universally known; but such as are of rarer practice may be described from the accounts furnished by Delancre, Leloyer, and others who had an inexhaustible source to draw from—to wit, imagination. These worthies tell us, then, that witches often took to the Sabbath, for various purposes, the children they were in the habit of carrying off. If a sorceress made a promise to present to the Devil at the next Sabbath the son or the daughter of some neighbour, and had not been able to fulfil it, she was obliged to offer a child of her own, if she had one. Such children as were agreeable to the Evil One, were admitted amongst his subjects after the following manner. Master Leonard, the great negro, the president of the Sabbath, and the smaller demon, Master Jean Mulin, his lieutenant, appointed sponsors in the first instance; then a vicarious renunciation of Christianity took place, and the novice was marked in the left eye by one of Leonard's horns. This mark was not effaced until the novice was thought worthy of higher distinction, such as the impression of a toad's foot, the claw of a cat, or the pad of a hare. During their noviciate the children were employed beside the lake, in watching over a flock of toads, with a white stick for a crook; and when they had passed a satisfactory examination they received the second mark, which conferred the brevet rank of sorcerer, and were admitted to the festivities of the Sabbath. It was their custom on their initiation to say, "I have drunk from the tabourin, have eaten of the cymbale, and I am now a pro-

fessor." Leloyer explains these terms as follows: "By the tabourin is meant the inflated goat skin which contains the devil's broth; by the cymbale, the cauldron in which the infernal ragouts are cooked." Those children who did not seem likely to turn out useful sorcerers were condemned to be fricasseed, and were served up in that guise at the Sabbath supper.

On arriving at the place of rendezvous the sorcerer's first act was to pay homage to Master Leonard. He was seated on a kind of throne in the form of a goat (as Burns says, "in shape o' beast"), having three horns, the middle one of which was tipped with a flame that threw a light over the whole assemblage; sometimes, however, he appeared in the form of a greyhound, of an ox, of the shapeless trunk of a tree with a lowering human head, of a black bird, or of a hideous black or red man,—but his favourite disguise was that of a goat, though he was not particular in adhering to strictly hircine attributes. For instance, he wore a black crown on his head of matted hair, his face was pale and angry, his eyes large, round, and inflamed, his beard goatish, his hands human, except that all the fingers were of the same length, and curved like the talons of a bird of prey; his feet were those of a goose, and his tail was as long as a donkey's; his voice was deep and fearful, without inflection, and he invariably preserved the utmost gravity of countenance. After the ceremony of adoration—which was of a kind that need not be mentioned—Master Leonard distributed among the assistants a few handfuls of money from the Satanic mint,—a species of coin which, after it had passed through the hands of the sorcerers, always turned into withered leaves. The feast then began. Some sorcerers declare that they were served with napkins of cloth of gold, in vessels of silver holding the most exquisite meats, and in crystal vases filled with the most delicious wines; others, on the contrary, affirm that the viands were toads, unbaptised children, and the flesh of malefactors cut down from the gibbet; and that the devil's bread was always made of black millet. The most abominable songs were sung at these repasts, and when the banquet was over they danced around with a dead cat swinging behind each person. The sorcerers glorified themselves also on account of the mischief they had done since their last meeting, and the toads, who always played a conspicuous part at the Sabbath, preferred accusations against such of their mistresses as had treated them ill or had not given them enough to eat. Those who were condemned to be punished were thrown into a blazing fire by a number of little devils without arms, and kept there till they were half roasted. The toads, who were the witches' familiars, wore dresses of red or black velvet, with a small bell round the neck, or attached to one of the feet. The

Sabbath lasted till cock-crow, and then, shrieking, they all disappeared.

Such were the low, despicable, rabid dreams of the miserable wretches who took upon themselves the reputation of witches, either for the purpose of indulging in some malevolent feeling or of holding sway over those who exceeded them in ignorance as they exceeded them in worldly goods. Steeped in the lowest depths of poverty they lived upon the fears of their fellow creatures, and accepted, with little hesitation, the fate which they knew was inevitable.

The crime of sorcery was not, however, attributed only to the poor. Cupidity, envy, and political motives were oftentimes at work to bring down the learned, the wealthy and the noble. Few men of science, during the middle ages, were free from the accusation of dealing with the powers of darkness. How well this has been illustrated, Mr. Morley's *Life of Cornelius Agrippa* has recently shown—and the list might be extended ad infinitum. Not to mention historical names, I shall confine myself to one or two examples given by Boden in his *Demonomanie*. He there describes how one of the Counts of Aspremont used to receive great numbers of guests whom he entertained in the most magnificent manner, and when they took their departure from his castle they invariably died of hunger and thirst before they reached their own homes. A sorcerer of this kind was a certain Count of Maçon who, being seated in the midst of his guests, was suddenly called away from the table by a stranger, and, going down into the court-yard, found there a black horse ready saddled, on which he mounted, and riding away was never more seen.

Another notable sorcerer of rank was the Abbot of Saint Jean d'Angely, a native of Dauphiné, Jourdain Faure by name, who was accused of having poisoned Charles of France, the brother of King Louis the Eleventh, and the beautiful Countess of Montsoreau, by giving to each the half of a peach, which he had prepared. He was imprisoned in the castle of Nantes, and to escape the torture, acknowledged himself guilty of the murder, and of sorcery into the bargain. During his imprisonment the gaoler intimated to the judges, before whom the Abbot was tried, that it was impossible for him to retain his office on account of the number of hideous demons who came to see his prisoner and made night terrible by their terrific cries and furious orgies. But these visitations ceased immediately after the abbot had been condemned: on that night a dreadful tempest affrighted the city of Nantes, and on the following morning the prisoner was found dead in his cell, his body swollen to twice its natural size, his tongue torn out of his mouth; and his face as black as a coal. Why the abbot was privately strangled does

not appear. The act was, of course, ascribed to the devil.

So it happened, during the reign of Henry the Fourth of France, to a quack in Paris, named Cæsar, who professed himself skilled in astrology, necromancy, chiromancy, physic, the art of divination, and many other occult acquirements. He also sold talismans, extracted teeth without pain, and, to those who were more than commonly curious exhibited the devil himself with horns, hoofs, and maleficent tail. He carried on his trade until the year sixteen hundred and eleven, when it was currently reported in Paris that he and another sorcerer had been strangled by the fiend. The details of how it came to pass were published in a small pamphlet, and great faith was attached to the narration: for, Dr. Cæsar and his friend were never seen again. But, the public forgot that there was a prison called the Bastille, out of which no necromancy could deliver those whom the State had once shut up.

Amongst the number of those who had no objection to the designation of sorcerer, Jacques Raollet, a native of Maumusson, near Nantes, deserves honourable mention. He was a lycanthrope, and if the account be true which Rickins gives, he must have looked something like one; he says that when Raollet was captured—very probably by the aid of dogs—his hair floated over his shoulders like a mane, his eyes were buried in his head, his brows knit, his nails excessively long, and he smelt so disagreeably that nobody liked to go near him. Raollet was condemned to death by the Parliament of Angers, and during his examination he asked a gentleman who was present if he did not remember once to have discharged his arquebuss at three wolves? The gentleman, who was a noted sportsman, readily admitted that he might have done so, upon which Raollet declared that he was one of those wolves, and if they had not been put to flight by the peppering they received on that occasion, they should have devoured a woman who was working in a field hard-by. While the mania for confession was on him Raollet added that it had been a frequent custom with him to devour lawyers, and bailiffs, and people of that sort, but their flesh was so tough he could never digest it. Surely some compensation ought to have been made to Raollet after this avowal, but the Angevine parliament only recompensed him with the stake and faggot.

Akin to the self-elected witches were the impostors who declared themselves to be possessed by devils: the race is not extinct at the present day, only their practice assumes a milder form. Amongst the most celebrated of these convulsionnaires was Martha Brosier, the daughter of a carpet-weaver of Romorantin who, in the year fifteen hundred and sixty-nine, being then twenty-two years of age, gave out that the Evil One had entered her body. She went from town to

town, speaking Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and English, before people who did not understand those languages, but—what was more intelligible to them—she also cut some very remarkable capers, suspending herself in the air four feet above the ground. The official of Orleans who entertained doubts of the young lady's honesty, informed her that he should exorcise the demon, and straightway began to conjugate some Latin verbs, on hearing which she threw herself on the ground, making the most violent contortions. She was then conducted before M. Miron, the bishop of Angers, who had her placed with some persons in whom he could confide. Unknown to her they put holy water into her drink, but it produced no effect; they then presented her with some plain water in a bénitier, and Martha, believing it to have been blessed, went through her customary grimaces. The bishop, then, with Virgil in his hand, pretended to exorcise her, and opening upon the demon with "*Arma virumque cano*," the convulsions were redoubled. Satisfied, in consequence, that Mademoiselle Brosier was an impostor, the bishop turned her out of the city, and she proceeded to Paris, where for a time she divided the opinions of the medical world as to her actual condition. Finally, however, they declared that Martha exhibited very few signs of disease, a great many of fraud, and that the devil had nothing to do with the matter (*Nihil a dæmone, multa ficta, a morbo pauca*). The parliament of Paris took up the affair, sent Martha back again to Romorantin, and prohibited her from leaving her father's house under pain of corporal punishment. She managed, notwithstanding, to get away again, and tried to take in the bishop of Vermont; but, being unsuccessful in the attempt she fled to Rome, where she was shut up in a convent, and there the history of the possession ended.

Let me add to this account of the self-deluded, the cruel, the ignorant, and the designing, the brief history of a man who, happening to be somewhat more ingenious than his neighbours, was involved in a charge of sorcery through which he lost his life. This person was named Allix, a native of Aix, in Provence, where he lived about the middle of the seventeenth century. He was a skilful musician, and having a great turn for mechanical contrivances, invented a skeleton figure which, by means of some concealed mechanism, played upon a guitar. This instrument was tuned in unison with one on which he played himself, and the figure was then set at an open window, and the skeleton and Monsieur Allix used to perform duets together, in the fine calm summer evenings. The people of Aix marvelled at first, and then trembled. Monsieur Allix was denounced for witchcraft. In spite of all his attempts at explanation, his judges refused to believe that the automaton performed by mechanism alone, and sentenced him to be

hanged and burnt, together with his skeleton accomplice, in the public market-place of Aix. This sentence was carried into effect in the year sixteen hundred and sixty-four—the year in which Newton projected the Binomial Theorem.

Jean Brioché, no less skilful in the manufacture of automata than Allix, was more fortunate than he, though he was within an ace of undergoing the same punishment. Brioché was a dentist who, about the year sixteen hundred and fifty, became famous for the ingenuity with which he constructed puppets. After amusing Paris and the provinces, which he traversed on his way into Switzerland, he stopped at the town of Soleure, where he gave a representation in the presence of a large number of persons, who had not the slightest idea of what they were going to see: the newly-invented Marionettes being at that time quite unknown on that side of the Jura. But the honest, stupid Swiss had scarcely set eyes on Pantaloon, Pierrot, the Devil, the Doctor, and the rest of their fantastic companions, than they began to feel afraid. Never in their lives had they heard tell of creatures so small, so active, or so talkative as these, and they came to the conclusion that they could be nothing but a family of Imps under the orders of Brioché. The report circulated through the room, and one or two of the most orthodox posted off to a magistrate and denounced the poor dentist as a magician. The judge affrighted, sent his archers to arrest the sorcerer. Brioché was pinioned and brought before a full conclave of magistrates, with his puppets and their theatre. The evidence was conclusive, and Brioché and his property were condemned to be burnt together. The sentence was on the point of being executed, when one Dumont, a captain of the Swiss guards in the service of Louis the Fourteenth, having heard of what was about to befall a French wizard, was curious to see him before his execution. He immediately recognised the man who had given him so much amusement in Paris, and hurrying to the magistrates caused them to suspend the sentence they had pronounced for four-and-twenty hours, during which he took the trouble to exhibit the Marionettes in open day, and fully explain the mystery of their construction.

To appreciate the extent to which absurdity has reached when sorcery has been in question, read the following extract from the Chronicle of Basle:

"In the month of August, in the year fourteen hundred and seventy-four, a cock of this city was accused and convicted of the crime of laying eggs, and was condemned to be burnt with one of his eggs in the Kublenberg, or public square, where the ceremony took place in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators."

That the owner of the unfortunate bird should not have shared his fate, is one of those marvels which sorcery alone can explain.

All these frightful absurdities occurred out of our own island. But, we have not the least ground for boasting. It is easily shown that we, in the same times, were as ignorant, gross, and cruel.

CRIME'S ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

HONOUR TO CRIME, was the announcement, in letters of some four inches long, which lately fascinated us at a stall at the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham. It was no more to be relied upon for startling novelty, alas! than the one shilling and elevenpenny articles in the cheap ticketed shops; but, like them, we have no doubt it does all that is required of it—it sells.

The announcement referred to a respectable guide-book-looking volume, with the palace portrayed upon the top of its outside leaf, and the commercial business of the country exemplified by seven steamers and a buoy, below: the colour yellow, and the back most favourably eruptive in advertisements—altogether like an illustrated Bradshaw. This volume was entitled, *Scenes from the Life of Messrs. Robson and Redpath, showing the steps by which the Tempter led them from Honour to Crime*. This was disappointing. We had thought it possible that the recent articles against dishonesty, in the Times newspaper, might have called forth a pamphlet on the other side of the question; but we were not quite unremunerated for our purchase either.

In the first place, the very profuse illustrations were almost all old friends; these self-same figures, unless our "backward gaze" (a quotation for which we have to thank Mr. Robson, upon the faith of his accomplished biographer) into earlier years, is not to be trusted, have been represented to our youthful eyes before in the pages of a popular serial. These faithful portraits of W. J. R. are familiar to us as the likenesses of a *roué* baronet; of a clergyman of unusually free behaviour; of other persons of good position not favourably treated in the above work, and, in particular, of his Royal Highness Prince Albert.

The clerks' office at the Crystal Palace, here depicted, bears a singular resemblance to a library of palatial splendour, where (we believe) an M.P. is entertaining the prince of an independent nation; at one particular page we think we can swear to Mr. R.'s presentment as being the double of a certain picture of a shooting jacket (with a man inside it), price eighteen shillings: and we cannot but associate a graceful sketch of a sheriff's officer in possession, with an old familiar image of a resurrection man. In the life of Mr. Redpath, too—of which, however, we do not further intend to treat; his biography after that of Mr. Robson's being a bathos, although he achieved a still higher success, in having had the honour

of taking wine with the Duke of Cambridge—we remember to have met the three gentlemen, who there form the committee of a charitable institution, under very different circumstances; through the present disguise of a detective officer, we recognise a very favourite highwayman of ours; and one of the first officials of the Great Northern Railway Company, in the act of leaving his family and elegant home, in order to restore public confidence in the management, he is surely our old friend the *roué* baronet again, having a stormy interview with Lady Cecilia. This is certainly as appropriate a way as any of getting up the lives of what may be called commercial plagiarists, and we admire the pictures very much, although not so much as the letter-press.

After lamenting that for two short years of pleasure, W. J. R. has forfeited family, society, and, dearer than all, honour and freedom, his biographer indulges in the melancholy question, "Where are now his fast-trotting mare, his broughams, his priories, his grooms, and his mistresses?" As far as the priories are concerned, we believe that there is still one of them in the neighbourhood of Kilburn; but how should the reader be expected to put himself to the expense and trouble of getting up the other information? The rest, perhaps, as the biographer observes, "remain only like demons upon the memory, to taunt him with the dreadful cost at which he purchased them."

To philosophise upon such extraordinary careers as these, says the author, would be alike vain and intrusive, but he, nevertheless, goes on to do so at some length; he divides the life of man into nine stages, at distances of ten years apart, and assigns its proper peculiarity to each. At ten, the ruling passion is play (?), not unfrequently mixed with a love of mischief; at twenty, love reigns paramount; this is the age at which he would risk death (query, life?) to obtain a smile from beauty, and at which he would give even our security without a moment's hesitation. . . . At seventy, the passions are merged into a love of building palatial dwellings; till at last the cycle is completed, like the symbol of the serpent, holding his tail in his mouth.

Messrs. Robson and Redpath, at their present epoch of thirty-five, appear for a moment to illustrate this theory, and then exeunt to make room for an acquaintance of the biographer (and not in the least connected with them), who has been stopped in a disgraceful course of life by reading awful annals, such as these, and converted to honourable courses. He, too, had been living in the priory style, and had even gone one night to his uncle's seat in Derbyshire—an accurate woodcut here occurs of the biographer's acquaintance's uncle's seat—with the intention of cutting that revered relative's throat; but the old gentleman being away,

he desisted from that purpose; read the awful annals, sold horses, hounds, and furniture; and reformed instead. The relative particulars of the sale of his personal effects are here subjoined to heighten the picture of his late extravagance, but as a proof that the young acquaintance of our author could practise economy to some extent, we may mention that he possessed but one night-shirt, and that of calico: his day-shirts also do not altogether exceed fourteen, although he seems to have somewhat exceeded in linen collars, having thirty-six. We have nothing to offer in extenuation of the *rich blue silk-velvet dress*, of the *handsome maroon-coloured silk-velvet dress*, and of the *handsome puce-coloured silk-velvet dress*, but leave them branded with the italics in which we found them. Our author attended this sale, we trust without any eye to the silk-velvets, and never will forget the want of sympathy and hollowness of friendship exhibited by the fast-men there present. He, himself, purchased a painting of a Boat putting off in a Storm—opportunity here occurring of a spirited wood-cut of ditto, it is taken the fullest advantage of—and various books; the latter furnish us with the long half of a story, composed by the biographer's young acquaintance, and breaking off somewhat abruptly with these words, written in red ink, "Now to my uncle, he must do something for me, or I will do something for him."

Not till the fifteenth page do we again meet with W. J. R., the subject of the biography; he is there represented in the pit of a theatre fixing a sensual yet poetic eye upon the boxes, and soliloquising. If he had but a thousand a year, he would snare beauty as easily as birds; which latter sport he must have, of course, become a great proficient in, as a law-clerk living in a street out of Chancery Lane.

About this time W. J. R. began to be much enamoured of authorship, and in his biographer's opinion would have got on exceedingly well in his profession; he lisped in numbers very young, and was but a youth before (after?) he became an occasional contributor to the periodicals. One of his lyrics, which has been set to some sweet music, and is called the *Dreams of Youth*, is here submitted to us:

We all have dreams in early youth

Ere life hath gathered elder dress,

And thought lies buried in its truth,

Like violet hidden in its moss;

Those times ere fancy leapt to speech

And teardrops then unclouded bows (sic),

When Hope and Love throbb'd each in each,

And every blossom bloom'd a Rose.

The fourth and eighth lines seem to be somewhat familiar to us, but the rest of the poem eludes both memory and understanding:

We backward gaze in after years
To view the scenes of early days,
While in the eyes the unbidden tear
The heart's emotion oft betrays.

Who that has written verses does not sympathise with the poet's sacrifice in giving up the plural of tear, so demanded by his rhyme, to the cruel law of agreement between noun and verb?

And thus old age with childhood meets
Until the soul can dream no more :
The past is then a grave of sweets,
And flowers blossom all before.

How could it be supposed, urges our author, that there was evil lurking in the heart of him who composed lines so tender, so reflective, and so sweet in sentiment? Not, however, that this would be any bar to W. J. R. as a popular writer, for it seems that if the private histories of half the men who are now earning livelihoods by their pens were known, he (biographer) has that faith in the public appreciation of morality that their works (sic) would be treated with scorn and contempt. After reading the above lyric, who but must exclaim, that "Life is a mingled yarn of good and ill." If his (W. J. R.'s) memory should now return to his boyhood's home, to the gate by the old trees which once he loved to muse upon,—woodcut of gate and trees most dexterously introduced,—how rudely would it be snapped and annihilated by the discord of the prison bell, by the brutal visages of his brothers in crime, who now surround him at his oakum toil; "a labour which, independent of the disgrace of it, is one of the most difficult and unpleasant tasks that can be conceived." The necessity for introducing the pictures leads our author again and again to wander from the subject of his work into pathos of this description: "a certain Mr. Glindon, too, alias Courteney, alias Romanoff, is made the instrument of introducing us into some charming pictorial scenes—the offer of his hand in marriage to the daughter of a duchess being one of them—in which Mr. Robson, perforce, does not appear, or becomes, at least, a very secondary personage. Enter, also, a dairyman and his daughter, who inhabit a dwelling in the neighbourhood of the Tower of London, more than usually attractive; the ivy being trained over its Gothic front, and the little enclosed garden studded with statues, while parrots of every hue and from every clime chattered on their perches: by some extraordinary error of the compositor, there is, however, no woodcut of this residence. From the fifty-fourth page we are favoured with the company of our hero for a considerable time, and really under very interesting circumstances. William James Robson is there a play-writer; and, what is very much more, he gets his plays acted. Whether he had to pay for that luxury or not, does not appear; but it is a suspicious coincidence

that his success with the managers did not take place before his successful frauds upon the Crystal Palace Company. The Tempter, we learn, assailed him like another Adam in that three hundred acres of well wooded undulating ground at Sydenham; and he fell. The reputation of a popular dramatic author, at all events, combined with his known connection with some antimony works at Lambeth, assisted in disarming suspicion by accounting for his excessive extravagance. The writer of *Walthoeff*, *The Selfish Man*, *Bianca*, and *Love and Loyalty*—which last seems to have had a run at the Marylebone theatre of from eighty to a hundred nights—might surely maintain two elegant establishments as well as his respectable home at Kilburn. With his domestic relations as bad as bad could be, and a commercial character growing more felonious daily, it is certainly surprising that Robson should have produced a drama like *Love and Loyalty*. It is of the period of the Restoration, and abounds with the most high-flown cavalier opinions. "*Bianca*," says the biographer, "the most ambitious of W. J. R.'s productions, was actually in rehearsal at Drury Lane at the time of its author's flight to Copenhagen."

From the time of his capture in that city until his sentence of twenty years transportation was pronounced, Robson's history has been made public enough to all students of criminal literature. One thing only has been confided to us by the faithful biographer, with which we were not before acquainted: "William James Robson had bought a finger-ring capable of secreting prussic acid absorbed in a bit of sponge, and wore this instrument of death ingeniously enclosed beneath a sparkling diamond." This, however, was consigned to the great deep upon his voyage home.

What a different sort of person is this from the vulgar ruffian who hangs himself to the prison bars by his belecher handkerchief! Honour to crime by all means, but let us discriminate, not cast away our admiration upon unworthy objects; not only are we uncompromising for the villain, the whole villain, and nothing but the villain, but he must be a delicate and accomplished villain too. I, the writer of this paper, in company with the Greek professor at a northern university went to pay my respects last March to one of the handsomest and most successful heroes of this kind at Hoxton. We were wandering about the pleasant fields of Pentonville, when these grim words, in an enormous type and yellow—crime-colour as it seems—attracted our attention,—THE YELL OF DOOM.

They stood out upon the prison walls, a frightful warning to its inmates; they strewed the new cattle market opposite like autumn leaves in Vallombrosa; in the windows of the public-houses (where I read them from the outside, upon my honour), around the lamp-posts, and in front and rear of human sandwiches, who carried it about

all unrepentant Hoxton, the Yell of Doom was ceaseless. What credulous Muggletonian, persuaded that the end of all things was arrived, had gone to this expense? What charitable prophet, regardless of the peculiar privileges of his private congregation, had thus, "given the office" to universal Islington? These were, of course, my first thoughts, and I was naturally disappointed to find the Yell of Doom, a play; no, not a play; "A Mystical and Traditional Drama, full of Startling Effects, Fierce Combats, Strange Omens, and Supernatural Visitations;" nay, more, "A New European Marvel, got up with most extravagant and reckless splendour, to herald and enlighten the New Year." I confess I envy no man the strength of character which could have resisted such an invitation as this; I cannot sympathise, I repeat it, with that capitalist, be he who he may, who could button up his pockets, and assert that, for the gallery, "Equal to the boxes at any other Theatre," a fourpenny was too extravagant; let such an one go to the "Back Pit" (admission threepence), is our stern anathema, nor will he be admitted there, resumes the playbill, "unless in suitable attire." What a revelation of the secret springs of action in the dramatis personæ did that playbill afford! How completely did the author of the Yell of Doom reject in it the claptrap conventionalities of contretemps and misunderstanding, and how scornfully did he waive all concealment from his audience, of the characters in the coming scenes. For instance, "Geoffrey de la Morne—a daring pirate, instigated by revenge to forego every feeling of humanity; one who owes a heavy debt of vengeance to Sir Lionel, and pays it fearfully." Observe what an insight we thus get into the villain of the piece from the very first; we are told what is his profession,—piracy; that he has foregone all human sympathy, and the reason of it,—Revenge; and again, that there may be no possibility of doubt, that Revenge is indeed the reason of it, and that the object of that Revenge is Sir Lionel. "Sir Lionel Lincoln,—a wealthy baronet; kind and benevolent." There is, therefore, no adequate cause for this terrible sentiment being entertained against him; nothing, at least (which, however, is subsequently stated), but his having "wooed and won (from Geoffrey) Evelyn de Montmorenci in her young life's halcyon spring;" so that we have the bad man and the good man of the drama, indicated already, by two of those touches—a mere word here or there, perhaps—but such as lay bare the human heart, and are the true tests of genius. "Edward Lincoln—his son, an officer full of honour and *honours*" (this word in italics, lest unobservant Islington should miss the jest), "mild as a lamb, brave as a lion." Is not this, without doubt, the self-sacrificing, but rather heavy filial party; has he not upon his hands, too, the guardianship of that orphan

daughter of his friend and companion in arms, "who fell, sir-r-r-r, by my side upon the battle plain;" (at which statement the comic party will remark, "And did he hurt himself much, poor fellow?"); and does he not answer in high life to "Barney, an undaunted, open-hearted lad," in low?

Again, "Archibald Haddock—a fisherman, one of the old school." His characteristics are surely developed at once to a nicety by that expressive form of words. Is he not a grey-headed seafaring person, who is old, 'tis true, but yet, thank Heaven, has strength left in that honest arm, to shield his Angela (who, however, is not his, but the daughter of somebody else by a secret marriage) from ruffian hands—consisting of some dozen pairs of them, besides their leader, the pirate chief, who is stuck over with pistols like the wall of an armoury, but all to be kept at bay by the fisherman of the old school with a boat-hook. Will not "François—a French sailor," speak broken (Hoxton) English as no Frenchman ever spoke, and insist upon drawing his knife upon "Ben Brace," instead of "having a round" with him? Will not "Wilhelm—the Dutchman," be always presenting, not his face in all its breadth to the delighted gallery? and will not "Doctor Forbes—an eminent and worthy physician," exhibit all that respectable idiocy which we fully expect of him? The very mysterious and dread secrets of the piece are awfully foreshadowed by the indiscretion of the playbill: "Shades in the phantom tableau; Leolyn —, De la Morne (first cousin to the above) —;" a namelessness that strikes terror to the soul.

The day upon which the Yell of Doom first attracted my attention, was upon a Monday; the next day I was unavoidably trammelled by a business engagement; but on the ensuing Wednesday, after a hasty dinner at the barbarian hour of three, I was careering in a Hansom cab towards Hoxton Theatre, which "opens for the convenience of early visitors at half-past five." My home being in Kensington, the way was long, and was, moreover, artificially protracted by the companionship of my friend, who was good enough to sketch for me the history of the Greek drama from Simonides to Menander between Kensington turnpike and King's Cross. From what he could gather from my play-bill, he said he was convinced that the Yell of Doom would bear a great similarity to the Eumenides of Æschylus: and confidently predicted pardon for Geoffrey de la Morne.

We had reached the doors of the theatre, and in another minute were engrossed in the breathless interest attaching to the Yell of Doom; early as we thought to have been, the second scene was already beginning, and the business of blessing being carried on apace; "my child, my child," and, "Heaven be with you," from Sir Lionel, were indeed

the first two sentences that met our ears. The course of this drama not only invited by its attractions, but demanded by the necessity of the case, our earnest and undivided attention. There was so much assassination, attempted, or actually carried into effect, that we had to tick the murdered, or supposed to be murdered characters off the playbill as soon as they became deceased, in order to avoid confusion! and if we missed a sentence, we missed perhaps the explanation of some appalling mystery, such as our unassisted minds could never have hoped to fathom; the terrific combats were admirable, nor did the hero ever demean himself by engaging with less than three adversaries at once; and this I will say for the comic scene, that it was more effective and better acted than anything which I have witnessed for some time at theatres of much greater pretension, and the Professor and I laughed at it, in our dark rabbit-hutch, dignified by the name of private box, until we broke a chair. Angela has escaped (through a very small window), out of the pirate's cabin, and Sambo, a black sailor, finding her berth (a camp bedstead) unoccupied, proceeds to ensconce himself therein from the love of mischief inherent in the stage black's character; to him—well covered up—enters the steward of the pirate vessel (entrusted with the task of provisioning Angela), drunk, and with brandy-bottle and glass. Perhaps, he suggests, the delicate and high-minded young woman may not refuse to take a sip of this sovereign liquid; energetic movement of the bed-clothes proclaims that she would be very far from refusing it indeed; a hand, carefully concealed, peeps forth and secures a glassful, and returning the vessel empty demands more by unmistakeable pantomime; three quarters having been thus disposed of to the intense wonder of the mate, "You would not take the bottle, would you, young woman?" observes he sarcastically; a paroxysm of dumb ecstasy asserts that she would, though, and with the greatest possible pleasure; and the scene ends, of course, by black man showing his visage above counterpane, and frightening mate of pirate vessel into fits.

The strange omens and supernatural visitations eluded, I am sorry to say, the observation of both myself and friend; with the exception of a very disagreeable noise, something like the cough of a horse, which came from L.C. at irregular intervals, and always provoked remorse in the bad characters, and religious thankfulness in the good ones; we never heard anything of the Yell of Doom at all. Instead of the Martinesque tableau, which we had looked for at the termination of the piece, there was nothing but the representation of an animal resembling a rocking-horse, flying at an unknown person's throat, and denominated in the playbill *The Howling Hound*. The whole of the fearful

interest centred in the principal murderer; the magnificence of his attire, the extraordinary length and curliness of his hair, and the diabolical malignity which he exhibited from first to last marked him out unmistakeably as the object for our sympathy and honour. He was shot (who was not?), it is true, but, we were glad to see, survived his death-wound a sufficient space to discover that he was the father of Angela, and to leave the few virtuous survivors plunged in the deepest misery. When the green curtain had fallen upon that lifeless but highly decorated body, I think the Greek professor was the sole person in the house who remained unmoved, and expressed himself as perfectly satisfied.

"You perceive," said he, "how powerful the old Greek element still is. How the consciousness of an inward, self-determining power elevates the human being above the unlimited dominion of impulse, of natural instinct; in a word, absolves him from nature's guardianship! and yet how the Necessity which he is to recognise beside her, can be no more Physical Necessity, but must be beyond the world of sense in the bottomless depths of the Infinite, consequently must exhibit itself, therefore, as the unfathomable might of Destiny."

"Jones," said I, "you clever fellow, now I've found you out. You wrote this pantomime, *Hush-a-by Baby* upon the Tree Top (in this very playbill), or the Comet of 1.8.5.6. without his Tail. Now don't deny it, for here are your very words, yours or Alexander Von Schlegel's. I'll take my oath of it—

A Grand, Spectacular, Oracular, and Perpendicular Christmas Pantomime, proving the Aesthetical Identity of the Unity of Everythingness with the Thousandfold Subjectivity of Myriadfaced Projectiveness."

The Professor and myself, however, without remaining for this performance—in what, I am bound to add, was a very well-conducted theatre—returned home in separate cabs.

WEARINESS.

To-day we are tired of pleasure;
We have sung and we have danced,
But have so mis-spent our leisure,
That joy again is disentranced.

That joy bird and though breeze be in tune,
And the leaves be most merry in June.

To-day we are tired of labour;
We have worked with sordid aim,
And be it with spade or sabre,
Alike we've lost the right to fame,
The bough and the brook both repine,
If the sun-should neglect but to shine.

To-day we are tired of loving;
Hearts have grown too old to feel,
All things sternly disapproving,
Changed by the world to stone or steel.

The May we have pass'd was not May;
Nature gad, may the soul yet be gay?

To-day we are tired of living;
Brain-worn and heart-worn am I;
If forgiven as I am forgiving,
Then peace were mine, and I would die.
Brook, bough, breeze and bird, now adieu!
Winter's snows weave a shroud, too, for you.

O, then, we shall tire no longer,
Where the soul shall truly be;
Then the weak shall be as the stronger,
All helping in one harmony.
Now bird and now breeze are in tune,
And the leaves are most merry in June.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH. THE STORY OF THE PAST.

THE afternoon wore away, and the evening came, and still there were no signs of Uncle Joseph's return. Towards seven o'clock, Rosamond was summoned by the nurse, who reported that the child was awake and fretful. After soothing and quieting him, she took him back with her to the sitting-room; having first, with her usual consideration for the comfort of any servant whom she employed, sent the nurse down-stairs, with a leisure hour at her own disposal, after the duties of the day. "I don't like to be away from you, Lenny, at this anxious time," she said, when she rejoined her husband; "so I have brought the child in here. He is not likely to be troublesome again; and the having him to take care of is really a relief to me in our present state of suspense."

The clock on the mantel-piece chimed the half-hour past seven. The carriages in the street were following one another more and more rapidly, filled with people in full dress, on their way to dinner, or on their way to the opera. The hawkers were shouting proclamations of news in the neighbouring square, with the second editions of the evening papers under their arms. People who had been serving behind the counter all day were standing at the shop doors to get a breath of fresh air. Working men were trooping homeward, now singly, now together in weary, shambling groups. Idlers, who had come out after dinner, were lighting cigars at corners of streets, and looking about them, uncertain which way they should turn their steps next. It was just that transitional period of the evening at which the street-life of the day is almost over, and the street-life of the night has not quite begun—just the time, also, at which Rosamond, after vainly trying to find relief from the weariness of waiting by looking out of window, was becoming more and more deeply absorbed in her own anxious thoughts, when her attention was abruptly recalled to events in the little world about her by the opening of the room door. She looked up immediately from the child lying asleep on her lap, and saw that Uncle Joseph had returned at last.

The old man came in silently, with the form of declaration which he had taken away

with him by Mr. Frankland's desire, open in his hand. As he approached nearer to the window, Rosamond noticed that his face looked as if it had grown strangely older during the few hours of his absence. He came close up to her, and still not saying a word, laid his trembling forefinger low down on the open paper, and held it before her so that she could look at the place thus indicated without rising from her chair.

His silence and the change in his face struck her with a sudden dread which made her hesitate before she spoke to him. "Have you told her all?" she asked, after a moment's delay, putting the question in low, whispering tones, and not heeding the paper.

"This answers that I have," he said, still pointing to the declaration. "See! here is the name, signed in the place that was left for it—signed by her own hand."

Rosamond glanced at the paper. There indeed was the signature, "S. Jazeph;" and underneath it were added, in faintly traced lines of parenthesis, these explanatory words: "Formerly, Sarah Leeson."

"Why don't you speak?" exclaimed Rosamond, looking at him in growing alarm. "Why don't you tell us how she bore it?"

"Ah! don't ask me, don't ask me!" he answered, shrinking back from her hand, as she tried in her eagerness to lay it on his arm. "I forgot nothing. I said the words as you taught me to say them. I went the roundabout way to the truth with my tongue; but my face took the short cut, and got to the end first. Pray, of your goodness to me, ask nothing about it! Be satisfied, if you please, with knowing that she is better, and quieter, and happier now. The bad is over and past, and the good is all to come. If I tell you how she looked, if I tell you what she said, if I tell you all that happened when first she knew the truth, the fright will catch me round the heart again, and all the sobbing and crying that I have swallowed down will rise once more and choke me. I must keep my head clear, and my eyes dry—or, how shall I say to you all the things that I have promised Sarah, as I love my own soul and hers, to tell, before I lay myself down to rest to-night?" He stopped, took out a coarse little cotton pocket handkerchief, with a flaring white pattern on a dull blue ground, and dried a few tears that had risen in his eyes while he was speaking. "My life has had so much happiness in it," he said, self-reproachfully, looking at Rosamond, "that my courage, when it is wanted for the time of trouble, is not easy to find. And yet, I am German! all my nation are philosophers—why is it that I alone am as soft in my brains, and as weak in my heart, as the pretty little baby, there, that is lying asleep in your lap?"

"Don't speak again; don't tell us anything till you feel more composed," said Rosamond. "We are relieved from our

worst suspense now that we know you have left her quieter and better. I will ask no more questions,—at least," she added, after a pause, "I will only ask one."—She stopped; and her eyes wandered inquiringly towards Leonard. He had hitherto been listening with silent interest to all that had passed; but he now interposed gently, and advised his wife to wait a little before she ventured on saying anything more.

"It is such an easy question to answer," pleaded Rosamond. "I only wanted to hear whether she has got my message—whether she knows that I am waiting and longing to see her, if she will but let me come?"

"Yes, yes," said the old man, nodding to Rosamond with an air of relief. "That question is easy; easier even than you think, for it brings me straight to the beginning of all that I have got to say." He had been hitherto walking restlessly about the room; sitting down one moment, and getting up the next. He now placed a chair for himself, midway between Rosamond—who was sitting, with the child, near the window—and her husband, who occupied the sofa at the lower end of the room. In this position, which enabled him to address himself alternately to Mr. and Mrs. Frankland without difficulty, he soon recovered composure enough to open his heart unreservedly to the interest of his subject.

"When the worst was over and past," he said, addressing Rosamond—"when she could listen and when I could speak, the first words of comfort that I said to her were the words of your message. Straight she looked at me, with doubting, fearing eyes. 'Was her husband there to hear her?' she says. 'Did he look angry? did he look sorry? did he change ever so little, when you got that message from her?' And I said, 'No; no change, no anger, no sorrow, nothing like it.' And she said again, 'Has it made between them no misery? has it nothing wrenched away of all the love and all the happiness that binds them the one to the other?' And once more I answer to that, 'No! no misery, no wrench. See now! I shall go my ways at once to the good wife, and fetch her here to answer for the good husband with her own tongue.' While I speak those words there flies out over all her face a look—no, not a look—a light, like a sunflash. While I can count one, it lasts; before I can count two, it is gone; the face is all dark again; it is turned away from me on the pillow, and I see the hand that is outside the bed begin to crumple up the sheet. 'I shall go my ways, then, and fetch the good wife,' I say again. And she says, 'No! not yet. I must not see her, I dare not see her till she knows—' and there she stops, and the hand crumples up the sheet again, and softly, softly, I say to her, 'Knows what?' and she answers me, 'What I, her mother, cannot tell her to her face, for shame.' And I say, 'So, so, my child! tell

it not, then—tell it not at all.' She shakes her head at me, and wrings her two hands together, like this, on the bed-cover. 'I *must* tell it,' she says. 'I must rid my heart of all that has been gnawing, gnawing, gnawing at it, or how shall I feel the blessing that the seeing her will bring to me, if my conscience is only clear?' Then she stops a little, and lifts up her two hands, so, and cries out loud, 'Oh, will God's mercy show me no way of telling it that will spare me before my child!' And I say, 'Hush, then! there is a way. Tell it to Uncle Joseph, who is the same as father to you! Tell it to Uncle Joseph, whose little son died in your arms, whose tears your hand wiped away, in the grief-time long ago! Tell it, my child, to me; and I shall take the risk, and the shame (if there is shame) of telling it again. I, with nothing to speak for me but my white hair; I, with nothing to help me but my heart that means no harm—I shall go to that good and true woman, with the burden of her mother's grief to lay before her; and, in my soul of souls I believe it, she will not turn away!'"

He paused, and looked at Rosamond. Her head was bent down over her child; her tears were dropping slowly, one by one, on the bosom of his little white dress. Waiting a moment to collect herself before she spoke, she held out her hand to the old man, and firmly and gratefully met the look he fixed on her. "O, go on, go on!" she said. "Let me prove to you that your generous confidence in me is not misplaced!"

"I knew it was not, from the first, as surely as I know it now!" said Uncle Joseph. "And Sarah, when I had spoken to her, she knew it too. She was silent for a little; she cried for a little; she leant over from the pillow and kissed me here, on my cheek, as I sat by the bedside; and then she looked back, back, back, in her mind, to the Long Ago, and very quietly, very slowly, with her eyes looking into my eyes, and her hand resting so in mine, she spoke the words to me that I must now speak again to you, who sit here to-day as her judge, before you go to her to-morrow, as her child."

"Not as her judge!" said Rosamond. "I cannot, I must not hear you say that."

"I speak her words; not mine," rejoined the old man gravely. "Wait, before you bid me change them for others—wait, till you know the end."

He drew his chair a little nearer to Rosamond, paused for a minute or two, to arrange his recollections, and to separate them one from the other; then resumed:

"As Sarah began with me," he said, "so I, for my part, must begin also,—which means to say, that I go down now through the years that are past, to the time when my niece went out to her first service. You know that the sea-captain, the brave and good man Treverton, took for his wife an artist on the stage—what they call, play-actress, here? A

grand big woman, and a handsome; with a life, and a spirit, and a will in her, that is not often seen: a woman of the sort who can say, We will do this thing, or that thing—and do it in the spite and face of all the scruples, all the obstacles, all the oppositions in the world. To this lady there comes for maid to wait upon her, Sarah, my niece, —a young girl, then, pretty, and kind, and gentle, and very, very shy. Out of many others who want the place, and who are bolder and bigger and quicker girls, Mistress Treverton, nevertheless, picks Sarah. This is strange, but it is stranger yet, that Sarah, on her part, when she comes out of her first fears, and doubts, and pains of shyness about herself, gets to be fond with all her heart of that grand and handsome mistress, who has a life, and a spirit, and a will of the sort that is not often seen. This is strange to say, but it is also, as I know from Sarah's own lips, every word of it true."

"True beyond a doubt," said Leonard. "Most of the strong attachments in the world are formed between people who are unlike each other."

"So the life they led in that ancient house of Porthgenna began happily for them all," continued the old man. "The love that the mistress had for her husband was so full in her heart, that it overflowed in kindness to everybody who was about her, and to Sarah, her maid, before all the rest. She would have nobody but Sarah to read to her, to work for her, to dress her in the morning and the evening, and to undress her at night. She was as familiar as a sister might have been with Sarah, when they two were alone, in the long days of rain. It was the game of her idle time—the laugh that she liked most—to astonish the poor country maid, who had never so much as seen what a theatre's inside was like, by dressing in fine clothes, and painting her face, and speaking and doing all that she had done on the theatre-scene, in the days that were before her marriage. The more she startled and puzzled Sarah with these jokes and pranks of masquerade, the better she was always pleased. For a year this easy, happy life went on in the ancient house,—happy for all the servants,—happier still for the master and mistress, but for the want of one thing to make the whole complete, one little blessing, that was always hoped for, and that never came—the same, if you please, as the blessing in the long white frock, with the plump delicate face and the tiny arms, that I see before me now."

He paused, to point the allusion by nodding and smiling at the child in Rosamond's lap; then resumed.

"As the new year gets on," he said, "Sarah sees in the mistress a change. The good sea-captain is a man who loves children, and is fond of getting to the house all the little boys and girls of his friends round about. He plays with them, he kisses them, he

makes them presents—he is the best friend the little boys and girls have ever had. The mistress, who should be their best friend too, looks on and says nothing; looks on, red sometimes, and sometimes pale; goes away into her room where Sarah is at work for her, and walks about, and finds fault; and one day lets the evil temper fly out of her at her tongue, and says "Why have I got no child for my husband to be fond of? Why must he kiss and play always with the children of other women? They take his love away for something that is not mine. I hate those children and their mothers too!" It is her passion that speaks then, but it speaks what is near the truth for all that. She will not make friends with any of those mothers; the ladies she is familiar-fond with, are the ladies who have no children, or the ladies whose families are all up-grown. You think that was wrong of the mistress?"

He put the question to Rosamond, who was toying thoughtfully with one of the baby's hands which was resting in her's. "I think Mrs. Treverton was very much to be pitied," she answered, gently lifting the child's hand to her lips.

"Then I, for my part, think so too," said Uncle Joseph. "To be pitied!—yes! To be more pitied some months after, when there is still no child and no hope of a child, and the good sea-captain says, one day, 'I rust here, I get old with much idleness, I want to be on the sea again. I shall ask for a ship.' And he asks for a ship, and they give it him, and he goes away on his cruises—with much kissing and fondness at parting from his wife—but still he goes away. And when he is gone, the mistress comes in again where Sarah is at work for her on a fine new gown, and snatches it away, and casts it down on the floor, and throws after it all the fine jewels she has got on her table, and stamps and cries with the misery and the passion that is in her. 'I would give all those fine things, and go in rags for the rest of my life to have a child!' she says. 'I am losing my husband's love; he would never have gone away from me if I had brought him a child!' Then she looks in the glass, and says between her teeth, 'yes! yes! I am a fine woman with a fine figure, and I would change places with the ugliest, crookedest wretch in all creation, if I could only have a child!' And then she tells Sarah that the captain's brother spoke the vilest of all vile words of her, when she was married, because she was an artist on the stage; and she says, 'If I have no child, who but he—the rascal-monster that I wish I could kill!—who but he will come to possess all that the captain has got?' And then she cries again, and says, 'I am losing his love—ah, I know it, I know it!—I am losing his love!' Nothing that Sarah can say will alter her thoughts about that. And the months go on, and the sea-captain comes back, and still there is always the same secret grief growing

and growing in the mistress's heart—growing and growing till it is now the third year since the marriage, and there is no hope yet of a child; and, once more the sea-captain gets tired on the land, and goes off again for his cruises—long cruises, this time; away, away, away, at the other end of the world.”

Here Uncle Joseph paused once more, apparently hesitating a little about how he should go on with the narrative. His mind seemed to be soon relieved of its doubts, but his face saddened, and his tones sank lower, when he addressed Rosamond again.

“I must, if you please, go away from the mistress now,” he said, “and get back to Sarah, my niece, and say one word also of a mining man, with the Cornish name of Polwheal. This was a young man that worked well and got good wage, and kept a good character. He lived with his mother in the little village that is near the ancient house; and, seeing Sarah from time to time, took much fancy to her, and she to him. So the end came that the marriage-promise was between them given and taken; as it happened, about the time when the sea-captain was back after his first cruises, and just when he was thinking of going away in a ship again. Against the marriage-promise nor he nor the lady his wife had a word to object, for the miner, Polwheal, had good wage and kept a good character. Only the mistress said that the loss of Sarah would be sad to her—very sad; and Sarah answered that there was yet no hurry to part. So the weeks go on, and the sea-captain sails away again for his long cruises; and about the same time also the mistress finds out that Sarah frets and looks not like herself, and that the miner, Polwheal, he lurks here and lurks there, round about the house; and she says to herself, ‘So! so! Am I standing too much in the way of this marriage? For Sarah’s sake, that shall not be!’ And she calls for them both one evening, and talks to them kindly, and sends away to put up the banns next morning the young man Polwheal. That night, it is his turn to go down into the Porthgenna mine, and work after the hours of the day. With his heart all light, down into that dark he goes. When he rises to the world again, it is the dead body of him that is drawn up—the dead body, with all the young life, by the fall of a rock, crushed out in a moment. The news flies here; the news flies there. With no break, with no warning, with no comfort near, it comes on a sudden to Sarah, my niece. When, to her sweetheart that evening she had said good-bye, she was a young, pretty girl; when six little weeks after, she, from the sick-bed where the shock threw her, got up,—all her youth was gone, all her hair was grey, and in her eyes the fright-look was fixed that has never left them since.”

The simple words drew the picture of the miner’s death, and of all that followed it, with a startling distinctness—with a fearful

reality. Rosamond shuddered and looked at her husband. “Oh, Lenny!” she murmured, “the first news of your blindness was a sore trial to me—but what was it to *this*!”

“Pity her!” said the old man. “Pity her for what she suffered then! Pity her for what came after, that was worse! Yet five, six, seven weeks pass, after the death of the mining-man, and Sarah, in the body suffers less, but in the mind suffers more. The mistress, who is kind and good to her as any sister could be, finds out, little by little, something in her face which is not the pain-look; not the fright-look, not the grief-look; something which the eyes can see but which the tongue cannot put into words. She looks and thinks, looks and thinks, till there steals into her mind a doubt which makes her tremble at herself, which drives her straight forward into Sarah’s room, which sets her eyes searching through and through Sarah to her inmost heart. ‘There is something on your mind besides your grief for the dead and gone,’ she says, and catches Sarah by both the arms before she can turn away, and looks her in the face, front to front, with curious eyes that search and suspect steadily. ‘The miner-man, Polwheal,’ she says; ‘my mind misgives me about the miner-man, Polwheal. Sarah! I have been more friend to you than mistress. As your friend I ask you, now—tell me all the truth?’ The question waits; but no word of answer! only Sarah struggles to get away, and the mistress holds her tighter yet, and goes on and says, ‘I know that the marriage-promise passed between you and miner Polwheal; I know that if ever there was truth in man, there was truth in him; I know that he went out from this place to put the banns up, for you and for him, in the church. Have secrets from all the world besides, Sarah, but have none from *me*. Tell me, this minute, tell me the truth! Of all the lost creatures in this big, wide world, are you——?’ Before she can say the words that are next to come, Sarah falls on her knees, and cries out suddenly to be let go away to hide and die, and be heard of no more. That was all the answer she gave. It was enough for the truth, then; it is enough for the truth now.”

He sighed bitterly, and ceased speaking for a little while. No voice broke the reverent silence that followed his last words. The one living sound that stirred in the stillness of the room, was the light breathing of the child as he lay asleep in his mother’s arms.

“That was all the answer,” repeated the old man, “and the mistress who heard it, says nothing for some time after, but still looks straight forward into Sarah’s face, and grows paler and paler the longer she looks—paler and paler, till on a sudden she starts, and at one flash the red flies back into her face. ‘No,’ she says, whispering and looking at the door, ‘once your friend, Sarah, always your friend. Stay in this house, keep your own

counsel, do as I bid you, and leave the rest to me.' And with that, she turns round quick on her heel, and falls to walking up and down the room,—faster, faster, faster, till she is out of breath. Then she pulls the bell with an angry jerk, and calls out loud at the door, 'The horses! I want to ride;' then turns upon Sarah, 'My gown for riding in! Pluck up your heart, poor creature! On my life and honour I will save you. My gown, my gown, then; I am mad, for a gallop in the open air!' And she goes out, in a fever of the blood, and gallops, gallops, till the horse reeks again, and the groom-man who rides after her wonders if she is mad. When she comes back, for all that ride in the air, she is not tired. The whole evening after, she is now walking about the room, and now striking loud tunes all mixed up together on the piano. At the bed-time, she cannot rest. Twice, three times in the night she frightens Sarah by coming in to see how she does, and by saying always those same words over again, 'Keep your own counsel, do as I bid you, and leave the rest to me.' In the morning, she lies late, sleeps, gets up very pale and quiet, and says to Sarah, 'No word more between us two of what happened yesterday—no word till the time comes when you fear the eyes of every stranger who looks at you. Then I shall speak again. Till that time let us be as we were before I put the question yesterday, and before you told the truth.'

At this point he broke the thread of the narrative again, explaining, as he did so, that his memory was growing confused about a question of time, which he wished to state correctly in introducing the series of events that were next to be described.

"Ah, well! well!" he said, shaking his head, after vainly endeavouring to pursue the lost recollection. "For once, I must acknowledge that I forget. Whether it was two months, or whether it was three, after the mistress said those last words to Sarah, I know not—but at the end of the one time, or of the other, she, one morning, orders her carriage and goes away alone to Truro. In the evening she comes back with two large, flat baskets. On the cover of the one there is a card, and written on it are the letters, 'S. L.' On the cover of the other there is a card, and written on it are the letters, 'R. T.' The baskets are taken into the mistress's room, and Sarah is called, and the mistress says to her, 'Open the basket with S. L. on it; for those are the letters of your name, and the things in it are yours.' Inside, there is first a box, which holds a grand bonnet of black lace; then a fine, dark shawl; then black silk of the best kind, enough to make a gown; then linen and stuff for the under garments, all of the finest sort. 'Make up those things to fit yourself,' says the mistress. 'You are so much littler than I, that to make the things

up, new, is less trouble, than from my fit to yours, to alter old gowns.' Sarah, to all this, says in astonishment, 'Why?' And the mistress answers, 'I will have no questions. Remember what I said; keep your own counsel, and leave the rest to me!' So she goes out, and leaves Sarah to work; and the next thing she does is to send for the doctor to see her. He asks what is the matter; gets for answer that she feels strangely, and not like herself; also that she thinks the soft air of Cornwall makes her weak. The days pass, and the doctor comes and goes, and, say what he may, those two answers are always the only two that he can get. All this time, Sarah is at work; and when she has done, the mistress says, 'Now for the other basket, with R. T. on it; for those are the letters of my name, and the things in it are mine.' Inside this, there is first a box which holds a common bonnet of black straw; then a coarse dark shawl; then a gown of good common black stuff; then linen, and other things for the under garments, that are only of the sort called second best. 'Make up all that rubbish,' says the mistress, 'to fit me. No questions! You have always done as I told you; do as I tell you now, or you are a lost woman.' When the rubbish is made up, she tries it on, and looks in the glass, and laughs in a way that is wild and desperate to hear. 'Do I make a fine, buxom, comely servant-woman?' she says. 'Ha! but I have acted that part times enough in my past days on the theatre-scene.' And then she takes off the clothes again, and bids Sarah pack them up at once in one trunk, and pack the things she has made for herself in another. 'The doctor orders me to go away out of this damp-soft Cornwall climate, to where the air is fresh, and dry, and cheerful-keen!' she says, and laughs again, till the room rings with it. At the same time, Sarah begins to pack, and takes some knick-knack things off the table, and among them a brooch which has on it the likeness of the sea-captain's face. The mistress sees her, turns white in the cheeks, trembles all over, snatches the brooch away, and locks it up in the cabinet in a great hurry, as if the look of it frightened her. 'I shall leave that behind me,' she says, and turns round on her heel, and goes quickly out of the room. You guess, now, what the thing was that Mistress Treverton had in her mind to do?"

He addressed the question to Rosamond first, and then repeated it to Leonard. They both answered in the affirmative, and entertained him to go on.

"You guess?" he said. "It is more than Sarah, at that time, could do. What with the misery in her own mind, and the strange ways and strange words of her mistress, the wits that were in her were all confused. Nevertheless, what her mistress has said to her that she has always done; and together

alone those two from the house of Porthgenna drive away. Not a word says the mistress till they have got to the journey's end for the first day, and are stopping at their inn among strangers for the night. Then at last she speaks out, 'Put you on, Sarah, the good linen and the good gown to-morrow,' she says, 'but keep the common bonnet and the common shawl, till we get into the carriage again. I shall put on the coarse linen and the coarse gown, and keep the good bonnet and shawl. We shall pass so the people at the inn, on our way to the carriage, without very much risk of surprising them by our change of gowns. When we are out on the road again, we can change bonnets and shawls in the carriage—and then, it is all done. You are the married lady, Mrs. Treverton, and I am your maid who waits on you, Sarah Leeson.' At that, the glimmering on Sarah's mind breaks in at last: she shakes with the fright it gives her, and all she can say is, 'Oh, mistress! for the love of Heaven, what is it you mean to do?' 'I mean,' the mistress answers, 'to save you, my faithful servant, from disgrace and ruin; to prevent every penny that the captain has got from going to that rascal-monster, his brother, who slandered me; and, last and most, I mean to keep my husband from going away to sea again, by making him love me as he has never loved me yet. Must I say more, you poor, afflicted, frightened creature—or is it enough so?' And all that Sarah can answer, is to cry bitter tears, and to say faintly, 'No.' 'Do you doubt,' says the mistress, and grips her by the arm, and looks her close in the face with fierce eyes, 'Do you doubt which is best, to cast yourself into the world forsaken, and disgraced, and ruined, or to save yourself from shame, and make a friend of me for the rest of your life? You weak, wavering, baby-woman, if you cannot decide for yourself, I shall for you. As I will, so it shall be! To-morrow, and the day after, and the day after that, we go on and on, up to the north, where my good fool of a doctor says the air is cheerful-keen—up to the north, where nobody knows me or has heard my name. I, the maid, shall spread the report that you, the lady, are weak in your health. No strangers shall you see, but the doctor and the nurse, when the time to call them comes. Who they may be, I know not; but this I do know, that the one and the other will serve our purpose without the least suspicion of what it is; and that when we get back to Cornwall again, the secret between us two will to no third person have been trusted, and will remain a Dead Secret to the end of the world!' With all the strength of the strong will that is in her, at the hush of night and in a house of strangers, she speaks those words to the woman of all women the most frightened, the most afflicted, the most helpless, the most ashamed. What need to say the end? On that night Sarah first

stooped her shoulders to the burden that has weighed heavier and heavier on them with every year, for all her after-life."

"How many days did they travel towards the north?" asked Rosamond, eagerly. "Where did the journey end? In England or in Scotland?"

"In England," answered Uncle Joseph. "But the name of the place escapes my foreign tongue. It was a little town by the side of the sea—the great sea that washes between my country and yours. There they stopped, and there they waited till the time came to send for the doctor and the nurse. And as Mistress Treverton had said it should be, so, from the first to the last, it was. The doctor and the nurse, and the people of the house were all strangers; and to this day, if they still live, they believe that Sarah was the sea-captain's wife, and that Mistress Treverton was the maid who waited on her. Not till they were far back on their way home with the child, did the two change gowns again, and return each to her proper place. The first friend at Porthgenna that the mistress sends for to show the child to, when she gets back, is the other doctor who lives there. 'Did you think what was the matter with me, when you sent me away to change the air?' she says, and laughs. And the doctor, he laughs too, and says, 'Yes, surely! but I was too cunning to say what I thought in those early days, because, at such times, there is always fear of a mistake. And you found the fine dry air so good for you that you stopped?' he says. 'Well, that was right! right for yourself and right also for the child.' And the doctor laughs again and the mistress with him, and Sarah who stands by and hears them, feels as if her heart would burst within her, with the horror, and the misery, and the shame of that deceit. When the doctor's back is turned, she goes down on her knees, and begs and prays with all her soul that the mistress will repent, and send her away with her child, to be heard of at Porthgenna no more. The mistress, with that tyrant-will of hers, has but four words of answer to give:—'It is too late!' Five weeks after, the sea-captain comes back, and the 'Too late' is a truth that no repentance can ever alter more. The mistress's cunning hand that has guided the deceit from the first, guides it always to the last—guides it so that the captain, for the love of her and of the child, goes back to the sea no more—guides it till the time when she lays her down on the bed to die, and leaves all the burden of the secret, and all the guilt of the confession, to Sarah—to Sarah who, under the tyranny of that tyrant-will, has lived in the house, for five long years, a stranger to her own child!"

"Five years!" murmured Rosamond, raising the baby gently in her arms, till his face touched hers. "Oh me! five long years a

stranger to the blood of her blood, to the heart of her heart!"

"And all the years after!" said the old man. "The lonesome years and years among strangers, with no sight of the child that was growing up, with no heart to pour the story of her sorrow into the ear of any living creature—not even into mine! 'Better,' I said to her, when she could speak to me no more, and when her face was turned away again on the pillow; 'a thousand times better, my child, if you had told the Secret!' 'Could I tell it,' she said, 'to the master who trusted me? Could I tell it afterwards to the child, whose very birth was a reproach to me? Could she listen to the story of her mother's shame, told by her mother's lips? How will she listen to it now, Uncle Joseph, when she hears it from *you*? Remember the life she has led, and the high place she has held in the world. How can she forgive me? How can she ever look at me in kindness again!'"

"You never left her," cried Rosamond, interposing before he could say more; "surely, surely, you never left her with that thought in her heart!"

Uncle Joseph's head drooped on his breast. "What words of mine could change it?" he asked, sadly.

"Oh, Lenny, do you hear that! I must leave you, and leave the baby. I must go to her, or those last words about me will break my heart." The passionate tears burst from her eyes as she spoke; and she rose hastily from her seat, with the child in her arms.

"Not to-night," said Uncle Joseph. "She said to me at parting, 'I can bear no more to-night; give me till the morning to get as strong as I can.'"

"Oh, go back then yourself!" cried Rosamond. "Go, for God's sake, without wasting another moment, and make her think of me as she ought! Tell her how I listened to you, with my own child sleeping on my bosom all the time—tell her—oh, no, no! words are too cold for it!—Come here, come close, Uncle Joseph (I shall always call you so now); come close to me and kiss my child—her grandchild!—Kiss him on this cheek because it has lain nearest to my heart. And now, go back, kind and dear old man—go back to her bedside, and say nothing but that I sent that kiss to *her*!"

THE NERVES.

FEW expressions are used more vaguely in general conversation than the term Nervous. By a nervous person we understand, not a person in whom the nervous system is strong and healthy, but the reverse;—that his nerves are subject to excitement or irritability. When this condition renders the patient timid—as when it will induce a lady to sit near the door of a church, and endure the discomforts of an uncushioned seat and a cold draft at the back of her neck for fear

a gallery should tumble down or an alarm of fire be given—it arises from a weakness of the whole bodily frame; although that weakness may not perhaps develop itself in any other way. Another form of nervousness is produced by any one particular nerve becoming acutely sensitive, as the nerve of the eye or the ear. This increase of sensibility may vary in degree from the instructed power of a seaman's eye, or a musician's ear, to an intolerance of light or of sound which amounts to disease.

The first thing to observe in the nervous system of man, is the absolute identity of its arrangements in every individual. Utterly unlike the blood-vessels—of which we may sometimes find an artery wanting, and the blood conveyed to the part by neighbouring branches without any impairment of function—we never find a nerve in one person which is wanting in another. If even the most minute branch be deficient, owing to injury or disease, the loss is irreparable. No other nerve or nerves can supply its place. For, though in outward seeming they are all alike, each delicate fibril has its own appointed task to perform, which no other can perform for it. The source of the various powers which the nerves possess, resides in the different parts of the brain and in that prolongation of it down the back called the spinal cord. By tracing up the fibre of a nerve to its origin, we can discover what office it has to perform.

Let us take the nerves of the hand and arm. All the little tendrils which are distributed to the skin and muscles of the limb, gradually meet together, forming larger and larger trunks, until they enter the canal in the centre of the spine. Then we find that each bundle of nerves is divided into two, to join two distinct parts of the spinal cord. In other words, by tracing them up to their origin, we find that the spinal nerves arise out of two roots called, from their position, the anterior and posterior roots, and experiment teaches us that these two roots and the nerves continued from them, have quite distinct properties. The anterior roots have no feeling: they may be pricked, cut, or torn without giving pain; but they excite movement in the muscles to which they are distributed. The posterior roots, on the contrary, are sensitive; but have no power of exciting movement. All the nerves which come from the spine—thirty-one on each side—are formed in this manner. So that those movements of the body which are involuntary are produced in the following manner—the extremities of the sensitive nerves, being irritated by some external stimulus, convey the sensation to the spinal cord and motor nerves to the brain, producing corresponding movements in the muscles,—this is called reflex action.

The roots of the nerves are protected from injury by their situation in the canal formed

by the bones of the spine, through distinct holes in which the nerves severally emerge between thick layers of muscle. Yet they are frequently injured by accident and disease. A broken back causes complete paralysis of all the parts whose nerves arise below the seat of injury. But it is not unusual for disease of the spine to paralyse one set of roots, while the other retains its power. The consequences are sometimes amusing. A French soldier one day took the lid from a frying-pan when it was nearly red hot, and never felt that it was burning him. In this case the posterior roots were paralysed. When a man's legs are affected in this way, he will be able to walk only while he sees his legs, and direct their movements by his will. Let his attention be diverted for a moment and he falls down.

These spinal nerves have, on their sensitive roots, a small swelling called a ganglion; and the fifth nerve which arises from the brain has also two roots, on one of which is a ganglion, being in every respect similar to the spinal nerves. These together form a nervous system, which is essential to all animals who have to seek their food. It supplies the arms and legs for moving, in search of, and grasping the food, and the mouth, and tongue, and other organs which are exercised in swallowing. So complete is this system in itself that the nerve of taste, instead of being a special nerve like the nerve of the eye or ear, is a branch of the fifth nerve; taste being absolutely essential to the selection of food. Sight, smelling, and hearing are additions to this system in the higher animals, and have their special nerves.

The sympathetic system consists of a number of ganglions placed among the abdominal organs, and on either side of the back bone, with tendrils connecting them to each other, and to the spinal nerves; giving branches to all neighbouring parts, especially to the internal organs. The arrangement of these ganglions may be compared to a row of strawberry roots on each side of the spine, with their connecting tendrils; only the ganglions are not roots. The system has no origin; it is spread over all the body; but its centre is in the pit of the stomach, where a blow is more immediately fatal than on the head itself. Boxers know well enough the blow which most effectually doubles up their opponent.

Wonderful are the offices which the sympathetic system fulfils in the animal economy. By the vitality which it supplies, processes are carried on by the various organs which no chemist in his laboratory can rival. The stomach selects the nutritive parts of the food, and rejects the unprofitable. The food is converted into blood; the liver and kidneys eliminate noxious particles, and that wonder of wonders, nutrition of the whole body, takes place; the same material

being formed at one spot into bone, at another into muscle and nail—into all the various parts of the body, each in its place.

The connections of the sympathetic with the spinal nerves and the fifth account for the pain felt in remote parts when the cause is in the internal organs. Tic, which is an affection of the fifth nerve, is almost always so caused, and is never relieved by cutting the nerve, because the pain of an injured nerve, wherever the seat of injury may be, is always referred to its extremities. A man after his leg has been cut off will feel perfectly his knee, ankle, and toes; and he will sometimes use his hands to lift his lost knee over the one he has left.

The nerves of the special senses come from the brain. There is a distinct nerve on each side for the senses of smelling, seeing, and hearing. The nerve of taste, as I have mentioned, is a branch of the fifth, as it would seem to render that system quite complete. Their peculiarities are indicated by their names. They are quite insensible to pain. Irritate the optic nerve, and the consequence is a flash of light. The sensitiveness of the eye is given by branches of the fifth, and its movements are regulated by three nerves from the brain which are exclusively distributed to the muscles of the eye. Altogether no less than six nerves are supplied to this important organ. The optic nerve, being the only nerve of sight, makes us uncommonly sceptical when the mesmerists talk about reading with the pit of the stomach. Sympathy will do a great deal and convey pain to any part, but there are no connections between the sympathetic and optic nerves. Here again we may remark the peculiar sensibility of each part. You may pass your finger over the eye-ball with little or no inconvenience; but a grain of dust will excite a copious flow of tears to wash it away. There is no such thing as common sensibility. The sensibility of the skin is one thing, that of the eye another, that of the stomach another. The cause of this difference we know not: the reason of it is obvious, and its perfection is a beautiful proof of that wisdom which has fitted man so well for his situation in the world. By it we are defended, as by impregnable armour, from the thousand external objects which would otherwise assail us. Let the fifth nerve be paralysed—the eye will see well enough by means of the optic nerve, but it will no longer feel the particles of dust upon its surface. They will collect, will inflame, and will ultimately destroy the eye. But supposing our knee or ankle joints were sensitive to the same degree, we should be unable to bear the mere weight of the body, far less to walk. Yet were they not sensible at all, we should want a guide to the amount of pressure and of exertion they can bear with impunity. If the skin of the hand were not sensitive, we should take hold of red hot irons like the poor soldier, and burn our-

selves. But, were the membranes which cover the internal organs as sensitive as the skin, every vital function would be attended with pain. Existence would be agony.

I have now briefly described three sorts of nerves: first, the spinal nerves and the fifth from the brain, which form a system sufficient to supply all the voluntary movements of an animal that has to seek and grasp its food; the system being rendered complete by the singular fact of the fifth nerve giving off one branch endowed with a special sense—taste. Second, when the food is caught and swallowed, another system, the sympathetic, presides over the offices of digestion and nutrition. Third, superadded to these are the nerves of the special senses—sight, hearing, and smelling; a distinct nerve or rather pair of nerves for each.

There is yet another class, perhaps the most interesting of all, called respiratory nerves, four in number, which arise from a very circumscribed part of the brain where it is prolonged into the spinal cord; have very extensive ramifications; and whose office it is to regulate and combine all the parts which are concerned in the act of breathing. Breathing is not merely the expansion and contraction of the chest. In simple drawing in of the breath, the nostril must be distended, the tubes leading to the lung must be kept firmly open by muscular power; the heart must at the right moment contract, and send the blood into the lung to be purified. Numerous muscles are employed in this process. When breathing is difficult, additional muscles are put in exercise. The patient takes hold of something that, by fixing the arms, the muscles which go from the arm to the chest may raise the ribs, and all the muscles of the body give their aid. The harmonious action of all these parts is secured by their nervous energy being derived from the same source. One of these nerves emerges from the skull just in front of the ear, and regulates the movements of all the muscles of the face and eyelids (these parts derive sensibility from the fifth). Another goes to the muscle of the eye. The other two supply the heart and lungs, and all the parts connected with their functions.

The first action of a new-born child and the last of the dying man is to breathe; and, during the passage from the cradle to the grave, every movement of the body affects the respiratory organs, and every emotion of the mind is outwardly expressed by their agency. It is no poetic fiction which describes the bounding heart of woe, or the sinking heart of sorrow. All passions of the mind exert an influence more or less powerful on the heart and on the breathing, and the muscles of the face, being supplied by a respiratory nerve, sympathise with their condition; and the quivering lip and the spasmodic twitch of the throat reveal the agony which pride strives in vain to conceal. No

anatomy could depict all the changes of an animated countenance. But we may, I think, draw one broad distinction between those mental emotions which have an exciting, and those which have a depressing influence on the heart's action. Laughter is, perhaps, the best instance of pure healthy excitement. The muscles round the mouth relax, and the involuntary muscles expand it into a smile; the man draws a full breath, and sends it out with jerks, and so agitated are the muscles of his sides and throat, that he is incapable of voluntary action, and holds his sides to steady them.

In weeping the mouth is drawn aside, not from the relaxation of the circular muscle as in laughter, but by the strong action of the antagonistic muscles, particularly one which draws down the angle of the mouth; inspiration is quick and jerky, expiration slow, because the flow of blood to the lung is languid. All the other muscles are affected spasmodically by mental emotions, as pain, rage, fear, &c., but our knowledge will not enable us to explain why one muscle more than another should be the exponent of a certain passion. Yet, so sure is the sympathy between the heart and the mind, that long-continued grief has been known by its depressing influence to weaken the heart so much that its walls have yielded to the pressure of the blood, and the sufferer has died not only figuratively but literally of a broken heart.

I will here quote a few lines from Sir Charles Bell:—

Let us contemplate the appearance of terror. We can readily conceive why a man stands with eyes intently fixed on the object of his fears, the eyebrows elevated to the utmost, and the eye largely uncovered; or why, with hesitating and bewildered steps, his eyes are rapidly and wildly in search of something. But, observe him further: there is a spasm on his breast, he cannot breathe freely, the chest is elevated, the muscles of his neck and shoulders are in action, his breathing is short and rapid, there is a gasping and convulsive motion of his lips, a tremor on his hollow cheek, a gulping and catching of his throat; and why does his heart knock at his ribs, while yet there is no force of circulation? for his lips and cheeks are ashy pale.

So in grief, if we attend to the same class of phenomena, we shall be able to draw an exact picture. Let us imagine to ourselves the overwhelming influence of grief on woman. The object in her mind has absorbed all the powers of her frame, the body is no more regarded, the spirits have left it, it reclines, and the limbs gravitate; they are nerveless and relaxed, and she scarcely breathes; but why comes at intervals the long-drawn sigh? why are the neck and throat convulsed? what causes the swelling and quivering of the lips, and the deadly paleness of the face? Or, why is the hand so pale and earthly cold? and why, at intervals, as the agony returns, does the convulsion spread over the frame like a paroxysm of suffocation?

The answer to the questions in the above quotation is, that the heart and lungs suffer

with the mind. These bodily expressions are, to the feelings and passions, what language is to thought, and their utterance is universally understood. The actor and the painter must be correct in the anatomy and physiology of the passions they would delineate, or they will fail in enlisting the sympathy of the spectator. I have read that Mrs. Siddons was perfect when she played Queen Katherine, in the scene where the solemn music is played, which she terms her knell. The mixed crowd in the theatre did not know why they were hushed to sympathetic silence. It was the truth of her voiceless language that awakened the same feeling in their hearts. I consider that in these cases we are the subjects of an involuntary imitation, in the same way as one man yawning will set a room full of people yawning too; and that, as the passion gives rise to the outward sign, so the sign or expression will awaken, to a certain degree, the feeling in the mind. Burke says, "I have often observed that, on mimicking the looks and gestures of angry, or placid, or frightened, or daring men, I have involuntarily found my mind turned to the passion whose appearance I endeavoured to imitate." If this theory be correct, it will readily explain why an error in the painting, or a wrong gesture in the actor, mars his work. Sympathy must be perfect. A more important question suggested by it is, can we not—by controlling the outward sign of passion—to a great degree master the passion itself?

For, over these actions of the body the mind has a control, though unequal and imperfect. A suffering man may restrain the movement of the body, but he cannot preserve the colour in his cheek, or the natural tone of his voice. A villain may habitually sneer at all softer passions, but his pallid features will betray him.

There yet remains one nerve of the respiratory group to describe. It is given, exclusively, to one muscle of the eye, whose office is to turn the eye upwards. This is its only use, and to it, perhaps, we must attribute the definite direction which has been given to all religious aspirations. The negro savage and the enlightened Christian both look upward when they address the Deity; whose abode in the highest heaven they would thus seem to seek. The action is involuntary, the muscle being perfectly independent of the will; so that, when the mind is absorbed in meditation, and the opposing voluntary muscles are passive, the eye is turned up by its agency. It is the expression of devotion in its highest form, and of rapture; the eye always assuming this expression when the voluntary powers fail. It is an old idea, originated, I believe, by a Latin author, that the dying infant is looking homewards, when the eye is thus directed. It sometimes gives an expression of suffering; but it only indicates the

loss of consciousness to external impressions.

On the integrity of the nervous system, in connection with the brain, depends essentially our life. Nervous energy and life are identical. The brain is composed of many parts, exquisitely delicate in structure, the minutest part of which is essential. From it all the nerves—except the sympathetic nerves—derive their various endowments, and therefore we must ascribe to the different parts of the brain, different powers. But to those divisions, according to which phrenologists map out the skull into minute functions, anatomy gives no countenance; more especially as the projections on the skull do not always correspond with the form of the brain itself.

FAMILY NAMES.

WHEN Walter Scott was looking for an estate, he was somewhat staggered with the unsavoury appellation of the little domain upon the Tweed which he afterwards immortalised by his residence and death. Its previous designation was Clarty Hole. Yet who knows, if he had boldly faced the whips and scorns which fools and fine folk would have applied to that descriptive epithet, that reverence and regard might not in time have made Clarty Hole weigh as well, and fill the mouth as well, and raise a spirit as well, as the more euphonious Abbotsford? For it is association which gives all their music, and all their poetry, and all their proud significance to territorial and family names as to other things. Coward and Howard are nearly identical in sound. If Howard had been the expression for a craven, and Coward had been the surname of the Norfolk dukedom, Pope's lines might have remained, with a very slight alteration:—

What can enoble fools, or sots, or Howards?
Not all the noble blood of all the Cowards!

Make Hamilton, Bamilton; make Douglas, Puglas; make Percy, Bercy; and Stanley, Tanley, and where would be the long-resounding march and energy divine of the roll-call of the peerage? Why, exactly where they are now; the dark Puglas and the Hotspur Bercy would be the heroes of Chevy Chase; the princely Bamilton would head the nobility of Scotland, and the noble Tanley would be the fierce Rupert of debate. Since this is the case, why should one of the quiet patronymics—the Snookses, Timses, Tubbses—re-pine? The time may come when a conqueror of India, of our race and family, will make the title of Tubbs as grand in men's ears as Wellington. People may say, when they talk, three hundred years hence, of the degenerate descendant of the valiant marshal who reduced the rebellious province of France, and took the Emperor of Russia prisoner,—“We expected better things from the house

of Tims."—Therefore we beseech all persons to use their diligence to make the names they actually hold respectable, and not to descend to the meaner American system commemorated in a previous number of this work (Number three hundred and forty-eight), and exchange their honest but undignified patronymics for others of a more imposing sound; this is one way of filching a good name not a bit more honourable than the method reprobated by Iago. Let Smiths be Smiths, and Whites be Whites, and Browns be Browns, and neither Smythes, nor Whyttes, nor Brownes. We see symptoms of a snobbish desertion of their past identities by many of the aspiring Benedicts of the present day in the assumption, utterly uncalled for by any accession of fortune or estate, of the wife's name in addition to, if not in place of his own. A month or two after Wilkins's marriage to Miss Haddowfield, we receive a note from our old friend signed Wilkins Haddowfield,—or Haddowfield Wilkins. This is paltry. Better go the whole American at once, and change Wilkins into Plantagenet. It might be worth the while for such an improvement as that, to forego all your previous existence,—your youthful Wilkinship, your Wilkins manhood; but for Haddowfield!—where is the gain? That rose smelt as sweetly before the change as after it.

If an office for the legal acquisition of new designation existed in this country, as it does across the Atlantic, we ought to improve upon our model by regulating the price of the commodity by its worth and quality. Are we to pay the same for permission to dub ourselves Smithson as De Mowbray? It should be a question in the Rule of Three:—if Buttons is worth two shillings, what will be the value of De Vere? It would then be some index to a man's pecuniary circumstances as well as to his taste in nomenclature. And that would be some advantage, especially if the name were found on the back of a bill. There is another paltry and contemptible way of shaking off our baptismal and family obligations. A man vainly flatters himself that he increases his personal respectability by merely changing a letter. It does not seem much, but the animus is the same. The man who transforms Binks into Banks would be wiser, but not a whit more respectable, if he changed it into Montgomery. We might be inclined to pardon a William Pott for altering the o so as to be William Pitt; but the want of self-respect is as much shown in this as in greater alterations. Let those people rather go to some region where their names are established as first-rate commodities already; for there are districts in England, if we only found them out, where appellations apparently ludicrous and suggestive of low ideas to the uninitiated are redolent of dignity and wealth to the old accustomed neighbours. There may be Potts

in Staffordshire more honoured than all the Chathams, and even Banks more trustworthy than all the British Banks. We ourselves have heard a squire of high degree summon his butler by the chivalric name of Somerset, and the squire's own name was Griggs! In that neighbourhood all the Beauforts had no chance against the monosyllable. A list of the sheriffs of any year, a catalogue of a grand jury, a glance into any local history will show the strangest names combined in their own district with rank and influence. A late author makes one of the characters in a drama, of which the great republican orator was one of the heroes, say:—"There is a sound of thunder in the name of Pym." And so there is, where the Pym's hold vast estates and have inherited halls and manors for two or three hundred years. Therefore let us do justice to the persistent dignity of the bearers of all curious or cacophonous or even laughable appellations, who have had the manliness to retain them in spite of the jeers and insults of an unthinking world. And the number of those nominal martyrs—more real than half the sufferers on the hagiology—is still immensely large. Even in America, where the change of name is recognised by law, and not much objected to by public opinion, there are many thousands who have stood fast to their original colours,—and fortunately an American enquirer, curious in this matter, comes to the rescue of his countrymen, and proves from the enormous number of instances he gives, of proper names, falsely so called, which are suggestions of ridicule or amazement, that the great body of the people is still uncontaminated by this first infirmity of feeble minds; but with the peerage of all nations before them they adhere to their natal appellations, unmindful of Courtrays, and Montmorencies, and Esterhazies, and Medina Celis. Mr. N. I. Bowditch (query why doesn't he give his names in full instead of initials?) has compiled a small volume of what may be called the curiosities of nomenclature, and has rendered it as interesting to the Britisher as to the Yankee, by extending his research into the name-registers of the Anglo-Saxons. His chief sources indeed for the English and Scotch portions are the long lists of the original subscribers to Pope's Iliad and Odyssey, to Thomson's Seasons and the Macklin Bible; but the principal value of his excellent and quaintly humorous little book is the examples he gives us from his own fellow citizens in Boston, and other portions of his state. The first indication we come to of the standing of the author shows that his professional opportunities must have greatly facilitated his work. He seems a lawyer in some official situation, for in a paragraph about the astounding length of some of his countrymen's names, we come to the following anecdote:—A married lady of this city (Mrs. J.) was in eighteen hundred

and thirty-eight about to sign a deed, releasing her dower. I asked her name. Her husband said that she used the initial A, but that her name was Aldebarontiphoscofornia; probably the longest that a parent ever inflicted on a child.—We trust it was not a hoax inflicted on a too believing registrar.

But, on a little farther acquaintance with his book, we find nothing too improbable to be implicitly swallowed when people are once bent on calling names. They seem to have no mercy on their helpless offspring in the prodigious unfitness of the prefix they give to the family designation. What right has a father—only they have all such flinty hearts!—of the name of Bee to christen his innocent daughter Busy? Or if a man rejoices in the lately ennobled name of Strutt, is there any excuse for bespattering his son at the font with the prenomens Valliant? Miss Busy Bee may be not much better, to be sure, than if she had been Miss Idle Hussey (another unpardonable collocation of Christian and surname); nor may Mr. Valliant Strutt be more imposing in his walk and conversation than Mr. Humble Pace, but it gives rise to unpleasant remarks. What if some demon in paternal form, of the honoured name of Baring, had insisted on his son and heir being named Over; or some savage Mr. Dun had christened his child Under? It would not have been more unfeeling, and scarcely less absurd, than some we found in Mr. Bowditch's collection; but he is philosophic and forbearing, and will not found accusations or insinuations on the sound or sense of any man's appellation.

I have no reason to doubt that Messrs. Mellow, Slowman, Drinker, Bibber, Brimmer, Spiller, Mead, Beers, Bere, Goodale, Alesworth, Wines, Hockey, Negus, Ginn, Porter, Punch, Siders, Phillipot, Fillmore, Treat, Revill, Revell, and Rumrill are as strictly temperate as Mr. Drinkwater, and as regular in their habits as Mr. Clock; or that Messrs. Chew, Cram, Fullam, Mess, Goble, and Gobble are moderate eaters. Mr. Feaster was wounded in a late riot at Baltimore. Mr. Dainty lives at Pittsfield. Mr. Gobels lives at Bridgeport, Conn. The families of Dining and Eatwell did not emigrate to this country. Mr. Spooner seems to stand by himself between the eaters and drinkers. Mr. Rap is not a medium, nor is Mr. Tippin. Thomas Tipping lived in England in eighteen hundred. Mr. Augur has a case now pending, which his opponent doubtless feels to be a bore. Even Mr. Soldem has brought a suit. Our Messrs. Parson, Priest, Divine, Deacon, Creed, Church, Pray, and Revere are probably not more pious than our Mr. Pagan or Mr. Turk. An English clergyman, Rev. Arandel Verity, falsely and fraudulently converted to his own use funds designed for conversion of the heathen. We have both the Bible and the Coran in our Directory. Mr. Pastor makes casks instead of converts, and can operate better upon hoops than upon heathens. I find a Mr. Tenant; and we have Wirth, the German for landlord. Mr. Charter and Mr. Cade, I hope, alike voted for Fremont. Mr. Derick and Mr. Carty are labourers. Our Lind is not musical.

Mr. Fluent is probably an orator only in name. I formerly knew a Mr. Dam. Mr. Bench, Mr. Mode, and Mr. Bodkin, are tailors. Mr. B. Coates was a tailor in Prince Street. Mr. Boss is a master-workman. Our Mr. Covert puts covers on books. We have Mr. Penn, Mr. Inker, and Mr. Standish; but our Blott has been obliterated. Mr. Inkpen, Mr. Quill, and Mr. Smouch, remained in England.

Mr. Solace, of Bridport, Vt., is a lawyer. Mr. Grindall lives at Newburyport. Mr. Work, and Messrs. Sweat, Swett, and Swetting, represent cause and effect. Mr. Sweating (correctly spelt) lives at Providence. Mrs. Quick and Mr. Delay offset each other, as do Mr. Long and Mr. Short, Mr. Tank and Messrs. Vent and Fawcett, Mrs. Standin and Mr. Faller, Mr. Rich and Mr. Poor, Messrs. Cumming, Came, Goeth, and Going, and Messrs. Byers and Sellers. Messrs. Waker, Wakeum, Rouse, Rising, and Riser have their opposites in Mr. Sleeper and Mr. Nappen. Among English writers, there are more than one named Wake. Mr. Bigg and Mr. Large, in name at least, outweigh Mr. Small and Mr. Little. England has its Wragg and Ragg. We have Raggens, Ragon, and Patch. A Mr. Wragg was a graduate of Harvard; and a Miss Wragg, of South Carolina, lately married Dr. Toomer. England has Bag, and we have Bagg and Satchwell. One Mr. Bagg lives at Pittsfield, and another is president of a paper company. Messrs. Wood and Rafter are partners in business, as are also Messrs. Millet and Bean. Messrs. Knott, Twist, and Tighe, Messrs. Lemon and Peele, Messrs. Hammer and Tong, Messrs. Sower and Tillet, Messrs. Bell and Ring, and Messrs. Beetle and Wedge ought to be so. The firm of Shaves and Chisels are tool manufacturers in Warren, Worcester County. In 1828, there was a Sir Charles Lemon in Dublin; and there were English authors named Ringer and Knell. Mr. Bender is a porter. Mr. Arnold and his victim, Mr. Andre, are still in close proximity among us. Mr. Ferrill has a good name for a schoolmaster. The admirable Chrichton is a living example to our community. Our Porteous has never been mobbed. Our Defoe will never write a new Robinson Crusoe. Mr. Gulliver has ceased from his travels, and is at home with us. Mrs. Grundy is a housekeeper in Boston. We had, in old times, a Mr. Biss: we have now Mr. Hiss.

Mr. Bowditch gives an amusing list of articles which may be purchased at the shops of their namesakes:—Vial, Ewer, Pitcher, Grater, Cann, Bason, Brush, Broom, Box, Bowles, Biggin, Butt, Tubbs, Tank, Binns, Hodde, Kettle, Hammer, Mallet, Lash, Twine, Bell, Standish, Pottle, Spade, Barrows, Sickie, and Chirne. To this he might have added, from London experience, Lock and Ward, Last, Cleaver, and Biskit. From the parts of a house he furnishes us with the families of—

Hall, Kitchen, Laundry, Chamber, Chambers, Garrits, Garrett, Garratt, Woodroffe, Room, Roome, Story, Frame, Glass, Whall, Wall, Seling, Rafter, Lathe, Dore, Dohr, Porch, Banister, Stayers, Friese, Brackett, Gates, Post, Pickett, Fence, Stiles, Latchet, and Barr. There is a deed of Mr. Sellars. Mr. Plank lives at Cumberland, R.I. Mr. Vanear lives in Monkton, Vt. A Mrs. Shingle was recently murdered at the South. We have, however, Mrs. Slates living among us; also the adjective Garretty. Mr. Bolt lives in Kent, Conn.; Mr. Pegg, at New Haven.

Mr. Post is a Harvard graduate. Mr. William Stairs has a suit in our Circuit Court. Families of Portico, Parlour, Casement, Window, Lath, Latch, and Sellar, are found in England. Mr. Lathe lives at Claremont, N.H. Mr. Parleir lives at Charleston, Vt. Mr. Cellar lives at Windsor, Conn.; Mr. Door, at Jericho, Vt. Perhaps our Sellers, like our Sellars, may have had an architectural origin. Among the subscribers to the Macklin Bible, I find the names of Garrett, Glasse, Wall, &c. The Messrs. Arch flourished in 1828. Mr. Creaks was an author in 1754; and Mr. Dore, in 1786. Mr. Overlocke lives at Thomaston, Me. Mr. Arch appears in our Directory of 1856. Caroline Post is postmistress at Gilead, Conn.; and Charles Post is postmaster at Hebron, Conn. Mr. Stairbird, of Carrol, Me., has rather a nautical than an architectural sound. Dane's "Abridgment" cites the cases of Eaves, Frame, and Postern.

Inside of our houses may be found many a living Hamock, Couch, Cushing, Mattress, Cribbs, Rugg, Curtain, Curtin, Bolster, Bureau, Stove, Spitz, Lampe, Matt, Tray, &c. Mr. Clock made a deed. Besom exists as a name, though obsolete as a word. One Beasom has charge of the High-School at Nashua. Among the public men of Indiana, and also among the graduates of Harvard, is a Mr. Sheets; and we have Mr. Tuck. Mr. Sopher lives at Bristol, Vt. Mr. Caddy lives at Plainfield, Vt. Mr. Lamp lives at Norwich, Conn.; and Mr. Wick, at Guildford, Conn.; Dane cites the suit of Mr. Candell.

All Nature and Art, Theology and Demonology, Grammar and Logic, seem to have been ransacked to furnish names for the Anglo-Saxons. Mr. Bowditch, indeed, says that as man originally gave names to the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, the debt has certainly been repaid in later times, for they have given to men all the names back again. Even portions of the lower animals cannot escape the absorbing powers of the human race. Of these, the most remarkable is the name of a defendant in a suit now pending. He is called Mr. Forepaugh. Of the Beeks and Talons he disdains to write. Oaths, Exclamations, and Interjections furnish metal more attractive; Adverbs and Prepositions are not neglected. He continues—

We have families of Butt, Orr, From, Thus, How, Ware, Watt, and Wye. Dane cites the case of Mr. Yea; and in England there exist families of And, By, Truly, Ho, Hum, Lo, Yett, Try, Helpusgod, Bytheway, and Hangitt. Orr's Sermons were published in 1739; and Over's Architecture, in 1758. An ancient English navigator was named With. Mr. About has written about Greece. Dane cites a case of Mr. Always. Within the present year, there has been recorded a deed to Mr. Only. Among the graduates of Harvard College, I find the names of See and Pugh. Mr. Malison was a United States bankrupt. Miss Fudge changed her name by matrimony, doubtless for the better, in 1856. I do not know whether she was connected with the family whose travels in Paris form one of the most amusing works of fiction in the language. Mr. Mygatt ("my God!") lives at New Milford, Conn.; Pudor ("oh, shame!"),

at Portland. Mr. Hugh Pugh is found in Guildford, Vt.; and Mr. Pishon lives at Vassalborough, Me.

One numerous family of names have become remarkable by transplantation and mispronunciation. If Leighton Beaudesart has anglicised itself into the vulgar Leighton Buzzard; if Fitz-Hugh is degraded into Fitchew, we may expect more curious transformations in America, where so many nationalities carry their appellations, and where foreign pronunciation is not yet studied as one of the parts of a polite education. We are acquainted with one instance in which a very orthodox Grecian name has proceeded, in the very first generation from Johannes Philotheos the father, a servant whom a traveller brought with him from Corinth as footman, first in the person of his eldest son, to Joe Hannay, as if he had been christened Joseph; and secondly, to all the other children as Bob, Jack, Sally, or Mary Hannay. When legal signatures are required we believe the original Philotheos reappears, but in its translated form, so that Hannay is dropped altogether, and the signature becomes Robert or Sarah Lovegod. The grandfather of these English peasants may be at this moment alive, glowing with as national a pride in the victory of Salamis as his descendants in that of Trafalgar. Our pleasant nomenclator mentions the instance of a Spanish boy having the Christian name Benito, pronounced Benceto, who shipped with Dr. Bowditch in one of his voyages, and became Ben Eaton. So also a foundling named Personne (that is, nobody), became Mr. Pearson. This must be a relation of the Nemos or Nimmos of Scotland, for the nobodies are a powerful generation in all lands. But, take comfort, Snobbery! for, as foreign patronymics have become degraded by the homely garment they are reduced to here, it is the easiest thing in the world to soar into the genteel by given an outlandish air to your English name. Let the Preedies be Predieus, let the Darks be D'arcs, and take a personal interest in the prosperity of Orleans—let the Stammers be St. Amours, for nothing is so convenient as names beginning with D. or St. So that Dancks becomes D'Onques, and Stiggings himself Saint Higgins. By this reversal of the usual process, the acute genealogist may raise many a mortal to the skies from which vulgar custom has brought angels down, and it will therefore be only necessary, with this entertaining and excellently written miscellany of Dr. Bowditch before us, to recommend all whom it may concern, to imitate the writers in this periodical, to and with regard to Christian and surnames to say at the end of their signatures, "The right of translation is reserved."

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FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

AN oath, a red wig, red whiskers, a white great-coat with a cape, a thick stick, and a bull-dog in a string, were characteristic externals of an English Milor on the French stage, during the time when Englishmen were anything but honoured guests in France. A few years ago, a favourite comic song, sung on the Boulevards, was an Englishman's dream; in which, in a series of stanzas, the dreamer imagines he is on the point of death by pistol, by poison, by drowning, and by the hangman; but, starting up at the critical moment, he wakes and exclaims, at the end of each stanza:—

Ah, what happiness, if we could go on dreaming for ever!

Even now, the popular notion of English melancholy and affection for suicide still dwells among the French in spite of railroads with their hundred thousand travellers per season, and we know not how many ten-thousand British permanent residents in France and French residents in England; yet the bull-dog has been exchanged for most marvellous ideas of our devotion to steeple-chase, cricket, and courses of yachts and "gigs."

In a recent collection of stories, purporting to illustrate the eccentricities of several nations, written by Monsieur Charles Newil, we have stories of Englishmen which could certainly have only been written by a Frenchman, after a week in London, lodging in Leicester Square, and studying English character nowhere beyond the purlieus of Soho and the confines of Regent Street. All the Englishmen so drawn have the same peculiarities—a disgust for life, a passion for sport, a habit of drinking port and grogs, and of smoking of cigars at all times of the day.

Thus the story of Ephraim Wheat, Esq., opens with Ephraim examining the decorations of a long file of carriages, drawn up before the Club of Coventry, in Piccadilly; then, entering the porte cochère, and ascending the staircase leading to the club, he asks a powdered, and liveried footman if Monsieur Tom Wild is in the drawing-room? to which the lackey replies, bowing respectfully, "Yes, your honour." Wheat proceeds to the drawing-room, and finds Wild leaning with his back

against the chimney-piece, chatting to a circle of friends. He calls him on one side, into a little private room, saying to a waiter, who was engaged in arranging chessmen, "Davis, a bottle of port, and cigars:" port and cigars being, it seems, the inevitable accompaniment of every English interview. These having been brought on a silver salver, the door shut, and orders given that no one should be admitted, Ephraim Wheat proceeds to confide to his brother-in-law, Tom Wild—in a melancholy dialogue too long for us to quote—that his passage is taken in the Emerald for Baltimore; that it is not for business, or for pleasure that he is undertaking this voyage; but that he, the unhappy Wheat, having the reputation of being the first pistol-shot in England, has heard of an American, one Joe Erickson, who has eclipsed him; being able to split six bullets on a knife, in six shots, at fifty paces. Accordingly, he has sent to Paris (of all places in the world!) for a pair of pistols—and intends starting instantly for the United States; where, at Baltimore—near the prairies, and the Huron Indians—he intends to challenge the American to a match of two thousand five hundred shots. If victor, he will return by the first vessel sailing for England; if vanquished, he will hang himself!

"My poor sister, my poor niece!" exclaims Tom Wild, "have you the courage to make the one a widow, the other an orphan?"

"Oh!" replies Ephraim, calmly, taking an envelope sealed with black out of his pocket, "I have prepared for that, and you will be my executor. Mistress Wheat will have the finest diamonds, the best horses, and the most comfortable château in the county of Durham; and, as for little Mary, I have left her—"

At this stage Tom Wild sees that argument is perfectly lost on his brother-in-law, and changes the subject to horses, hounds, parties de crickets, and yachts; telling Ephraim that he expects to win enormous sums of money in bets by new arrangements he has recently made.

"How, pray?" cries Ephraim, evidently piqued.

"Why," replies Tom, "as you are leaving England, I don't mind telling you that, as you have for two years always beaten me on

the turf at Epsom, and in regattas at the Isle of Wight, beside steeple-chases and skiff matches, I have determined to regain my lost honours and money."

He proceeds to explain that he had bought the best horse of Lord Yarmouth, as well as an extraordinary little mare, and had ordered a clipper, to be built in Newport, on the model of the *America*, and a gig from Searle, on a plan of his own invention. With the help of these, in the absence of his brother-in-law, he hoped within fifteen days to have in his drawing-room the gold cup of the Derby and the silver oar of the Lambeth regattas.

Ephraim Wheat, Esquire, fired by the challenge, swallows the bait, and exclaims:

"Are you in condition?"

"Feel my arm," replies Tom Wild.

And Ephraim, "feeling with all the care of a surgeon seeking for a fracture, finds the biceps of his brother-in-law as hard as iron." He takes leave, declaring that he shall delay his departure to be present at the race.

A month after this conversation, Ephraim Wheat, Esquire, in a cherry-coloured jacket, leather breeches, and top-boots, galloped past the Stand, beating his only adversary, Tom Wild, by five lengths. Tom Wild had lost four or five hundred guineas, and was disgraced, as a jockey; among his friends, the members of the Coventry; but—noble self-sacrifice!—he had saved his brother-in-law from Baltimore and Joe Erickson.

But even on the night after this victory, amid the "howrahs" which accompanied each libation of port and champagne from the cup of the Derby, the vision of Joe Erickson, the Backwoodsman of Baltimore, tormented the peace of Ephraim Wheat. Soon he again proposed to set out for America; but, the night before his departure, he is informed by his valet that Tom Wild had just launched a gig fifty feet long, in order to challenge the rowers of the College of Oxford—a college we never heard of before. Forthwith Ephraim Wheat orders his trunks to be unpacked, and sends for Mr. Noulton the boat-builder.

The day of the Greenwich regatta arrives. Tom Wild makes his light skiff fly over the muddy waters of the Thames. No Ephraim Wheat appears. The president begins to call over the names of the entries. Suddenly a murmur arises in the crowd on the banks of the stream. Four stout watermen appear bearing on their shoulders "a long pirogue made of a single plank of mahogany bent by steam." Two of the watermen walk into the water, waist-deep, to float the wonderful canoe. The other two lift into it a stout fellow dressed in red flannel. "Hurrah! for Ephraim Wheat!" cry the crowd. Tom Wild first shouts with joy; then thinks himself a fool to sacrifice his reputation to his brother-in-law. The race begins. Tom Wild rows his best, but Ephraim wins with

the impossible canoe by a quarter of a length; and, for a month, forgets Joe Erickson.

At the end of that time he rushes in to Tom Wild, haggard and wretched-looking, to inform him that Joe Erickson has succeeded in splitting nine bullets on a knife, and that he is determined to set out, fired by the challenge, for America that night. Tom Wild, ashamed of his double defeat at Epsom and Greenwich, declares that he will go too. They reach Liverpool by the express train; and, finding that the packet does not sail for six hours, enter a tavern on the quay, of course order "des grogs" and pile the grate with coal. They are disturbed by the snoring of a man in a bearskin jacket. They wake him up. The conversation turns on pistol-shooting, and Bearskin challenges Ephraim to hit the head of a nail at fifteen paces. Ephraim fires first; and the ball, just glancing off the nail, is buried in the plaster of the wall. "Not bad," cries the stranger. "Joe Erickson will not have quite robbed you of your money." "Joe Erickson?" exclaims Ephraim and Tom; but, at that moment, as the American is driving down a ball with a mallet, the pistol explodes, and kills the identical Joe dead as Julius Caesar. "Devil!" exclaims Ephraim Wheat, Esquire, "the charge was rammed too hard. He would have missed the nail after all. You see, my dear Tom, I have no luck."

But the story of Prince Trennenhir is still more astounding than even that of Ephraim Wheat, Esquire. The scene opens in the Isle of Wight. It seems that the watermen hold their meetings in the summer at Cowes and Ryde, and that the club of Cowes takes the name of the "Royal Yacht Squadron House!" The salons of the Royal Squadron are furnished with great elegance and remarkable comfort. The servants wear a black livery with the initials R. Y. S. H. engraved on their buttons. The rooms are adorned with portraits of celebrated champions, such as Newel, Clasper, Combes; which we are much astonished to hear, for we have always thought that a yacht club is for sailing, not for rowing matches. On the day when the story opens, the Royal Yacht Squadron is in a state of fearful agitation; and no wonder. The Indian Prince Trennenhir, with a wherry fifteen feet long, had beaten Captain Gideon Headrig in an outrigger thirty-two feet long, and had won fifteen hundred pounds. After the race the cornac, or attendant of the Prince, Monsieur Barlett, collects the money, and master and man retire to their hotel. The Prince was about thirty-two years of age, of a copper colour, with black eyes, and dressed in a white turban, a robe of muslin, full trousers, and morocco-slippers. As soon as they are alone, Trennenhir, smiling affectionately, points to the door and the windows. Master Barlett bows respectfully, pulls down the blinds,

peeps through the keyhole, and says in good English, "The Earl de Winkles may safely speak out."

Then follows a dialogue, from which it appears that the Earl or Comte de Winkles had, eighteen months previously, lived in a castle in the Orkneys, with nothing to do but to amuse himself with the chase, his horses and his farmers; but, ruined by the loss of two merchant-ships which appear not to have been insured at Lloyd's, and by the roguery of the agent of his counting-house in the Indies, he is now dependent for a living on wagers and prizes gained by his prodigious skill and strength. As a disguise he had assumed the costume of his old friend the Indian Prince; and, with the help of a little burnt sienna, had been able to win in one year three times as much money as he required.

After this explanation, the Earl de Winkles asked for his plaid inexpressible, and his blue pilot coat; but declined to wash off the sienna, lest he should be assassinated by the members of the R. Y. S., whom he had humbugged.

He looked over his agenda, rubbed out the regatta of the Isle of Wight, and put down fifteen hundred pounds profit; regretted that he could not accept a challenge from Schriften de Orientalis, to swim six times across the Thames at Hungerford Bridge, because his brown dye would infallibly be washed off. He turned to "Match de cricket, between the champions of Durham and Stockton," and swore that he will forfeit his earldom if his bat did not knock down all the "crickets" of the clan Stockton, and so end the campaign by winning two or three thousand guineas. Eight days afterwards, the Yellow Prince was proclaimed champion of the clan Durham; and the old Barlett, on making up his accounts, found a balance of eight thousand pounds, the result of the transaction. The next day, the Prince, washed white, resumed his title, and sailed in the packet which plies between the Newcastle and the Orkneys, for the Kirkwall. On arriving at the Kirkwall, the Earl sent Barlett to the post-office; and, mounting a hired pony, galloped off to one of his farmers who bears the peculiar name of Nichol Dick.

"Mamma Edith," scream two marmots (Anglicè kids), on seeing the ex-prince over the hedge of the cottage, cantering up, "here is Lord Winkles!"

Mistress Nichol, letting a pudding-pie, which she holds in a cloth, fall into an earthen pot, gives a cry of joy. Lord Winkles enters, and shakes both the white blue-veined hands of the pretty wife three times. Mistress Nichol's hair, we are told in an aside, was as red as a squirrel's, which accounted for her hands being so white. Her two interesting children bearing the truly Scotch names of Mock and Gibby, hang on the skirts of Lord Winkles' jacket, and take

possession of his whip. A dialogue follows between the lord and Mistress Nichol Dick; from which we learn that the farmer is seeking gulls' eggs on the cliffs, that the lord wishes him to discontinue so hazardous a pursuit, and further, that the farmer's family were, through the generosity of the lord, the richest in the Orkades, and that the farm itself was a model of cultivation.

The farmer returns, and he and the Earl go out to look at the farm; but Lord Winkles first presents the wife with a couple of rouleaus of guineas for distribution among the children.

Soon after old Barlett arrives, all dusty and unhappy-looking. He comes to say that a forgotten creditor has turned up, and that the next day Lord Winkles, who appears not to have enjoyed the privilege of his order of immunity from arrest would be lodged in prison. Mistress Nichol Dick is quite astonished; although she does not understand law, she thought Lord Winkles—who had given her husband the farm, as well as very large sums of money—had been very rich. However, she is only too happy to meet this French edition of Caleb Balderston half-way. She opens a drawer full of guineas, and offers to sell fields and forests which must be valuable, as they are more rare in the Orkneys than hailstones are in Bengal.

Presently Lord Winkles returns in high spirits; and, sitting down to table between Mock and Gibby, amuses them while eating heartily by conjuring-tricks and imitations of the cries of animals; all the rest of the company are sad and silent.

"Come," cries the lord, holding out his glass to Nichol, "another glass of Porto. Here's good luck to the farmers of Oxstall!"

After the inevitable Porto, he embraced the children, and galloped away with Barlett until they came to a burial-ground, where they dismounted, "fasten their horses to a clump of pines, whose tops were silvered by the rays of the moon," and proceed to a granite tomb. There the Lord Winkles explains that in his youth he had accidentally shot John, the father of the red-haired Mistress Nichol, and that he felt bound to ruin himself, in order to compensate the daughter, who believes that the father had shot himself.

The next day Mr. Nichol Dick—who seems wonderfully well supplied with ready money—appears with six hundred pounds to pay off the inexorable creditor; but, at the same moment, the eccentric peer rushes into the room in a high state of excitement, crying, "Barlett, I am a millionaire: a letter just received tells me that the real Prince Trennenhir is dead, and has left me all his fortune. Nichol, I shall give twenty-five thousand pounds to Mock and Gibby. Ah, what a famous thing it is to be rich!" So saying, he faints away; while Barlett murmurs, very sensibly, "If John had died

of a surfeit from pudding, Mock and Gibby might have been now hunting sea-birds' eggs for their dinners."

In the next story—*The Adventures of l'Honorable M. Belfast*—the scene is dated, Gravesend, second of June, eighteen hundred and fifty-two. The Honorable Belfast is giving orders to his valet-de-chambre, Jim. Jim is to admit no one but Sir Richard Linn, the Baronet Nithsdale, and M. Clifton, and to bring down stairs his best dressing-case, his fowling-piece number three, and a certain choice picture. Jim bows to the earth before the honorable member of the Chamber of Commons, and exits.

Monsieur Belfast looks mournfully at the pendule, and then, with a slow, sad step enters his bedroom. After having shut and double-locked the door, he opens the window, and gazes on the Thames, which flows beneath. It is low water, and a bank of yellow mud lies below the window. "No, no," he murmurs to himself, "it would be a dirty death,—unworthy of a gentleman." Turning from the window, he sits down at a rosewood table, and gently raises the cloth, which covers half-a-dozen little bottles. "Let us put these in order," he mutters, taking up phials marked *Digitaline*, *Laudanum de Sydenham*, *Chlorhydrate de Morphine*, *Curare de Java*, *Acide Hydri-cyanique*. "Devil, I have only six drops. It must have evaporated," he mutters; and, replacing the phial, he takes up a pistol, snaps it several times, then loads and caps it carefully, and places it like a sentinel before the collector of poisons. Next he draws out a pair of razors, strops them, tries them on the palm of his hand, and places them crosswise beside the pistol. Three knocks at his chamber-door interrupt his pleasing reflections. "They are punctual," he exclaims. "It seems I am never to know disappointment."

The raps announce the three expected guests. They enter; they compliment the Honorable Belfast on his personal appearance. The baronet, Nithsdale, declares that he looks younger, handsomer, and jollier than ever. The rest echo the opinion, praise his house, where he can see the regattas from the windows; every polite speech seems to make Mr. Belfast more angry; but he restrains himself, and asks them to accompany him to the drawing-room, where "port and cigars will amuse them while he talks of serious matters." Jim, in answer to the bell, brings in an immense silver salver covered with bottles and glasses. Monsieur Belfast presents him with a purse, saying,—“Jim, in eight days you will enter the service of my relation M. Weems as first valet-de-chambre. Go, and admit no one!”

The stage being clear, and the actors all present, the Honorable Belfast proceeds to question his friends as to their courage. He

ascertains that the baronet Nithsdale, in hunting the crocodile between Syout and Kench, had nearly been devoured four or five times; that Sir Richard Linn had been pierced by a poisoned arrow near Chadnegre; that he first became indigo blue, while his head swelled like a balloon; afterwards yellow as saffron, and wasted until he was nothing but skin and bone; but that the poison being of second quality, he had finally recovered. As to Mr. Clifton, he had been hardened to death in all its forms, on the hulks of Plymouth. With these antecedents Mr. Belfast feels satisfied that his three friends have a full stock of calmness and moral courage, and would approve of his decision, after they had answered his question.

This question was, Do you consider me really happy?

"We do," they replied in chorus.

Further cross-examination, which we need not repeat, brought out the opinion of the three drinkers of grog; that Lady Belfast was very fond of her husband, and that the Honorable Belfast was sound in wind and limb, very handsome, and enormously rich. But, when they were asked whether they would undertake to say that these causes of happiness would endure for ever? like sensible men they hesitated.

"You are right," observed Belfast; "Lady Belfast owned to me one day, that she first admired me for my raven hair. Should I become bald like you, Clifton; should I lose my fortune, or have to wear a wig, I should no longer be perfectly happy, therefore I am determined to depart before trouble comes."

After announcing this determination the three friends, on being asked their opinion seriatim, approve the suicidal resolution with a unanimity which strikes the M.P. with astonishment mingled with admiration. Belfast next proceeds to present the gun number three to the baronet crocodile-killer, the enamelled dressing-case to Sir Richard, and a painting by Ostade to the Doctor.

"Adieu, my friend," murmurs Nithsdale, wiping away a tear.

"Think of us sometimes, my good Belfast," sighs Richard Linn.

"If you choose fire-arms," said Dr. Clifton, "put the barrel to the left temple, but not too near. That is the best plan; no fear of wounding without killing outright." With this bit of advice Belfast retires behind the scenes into the darkness of his chamber; there he hears the noise of a file, and finds a robber breaking open his cash-box; he points a pistol at him.

"Fire," says the robber; "if you miss, Lowel Lowel won't miss you."

Mr. Belfast is terrified at the name of the greatest bandit in England. A conversation ensues, in which the M.P. consents to the

robber taking all the cash he can find. In return Lowel recommends him to listen at the keyhole while he fires a pistol out of the window. The three guests, hearing the report, believe all is over, and begin to talk. One observes that Lady Belfast can now marry her cousin Henry; the other, that Belfast will not hear of the bankruptcy of his banker, Simon Maidel; and the third, the Doctor, that Belfast was getting fat, and would probably have died of apoplexy.

On hearing these unpleasant truths, the M.P. in a rage vows vengeance against the cousin Henri, the banker, and the doctor, and is determined "to incrust himself in life." He gives Lowel two thousand pounds to receive him into his band, and sets out at once. Descending by a rope to the robbers' boat, he proceeds to the burglars' house of call, "Hotel Albany, Regent Street." Arrived there, after shaving off his whiskers by way of disguise, the Honorable Belfast signs a greasy parchment of partnership, presented by Lowel to the gentleman.

The Honorable Mr. Belfast passes the following eight nights in ditches, or in rushing across fields, guided by the signals of robber spies. At the end of that time Lowel presents him with his share of the spoil, nothing less than seventy-five thousand pounds in bank-notes; and insists, in spite of the M.P.'s excuses, that he shall accompany him to the Queen's theatre. There he makes him pick the pocket of Lord Kendal, one of his parliamentary colleagues. Lowel seizes on the stolen handkerchief, spreads it out like the mizen sail of a frigate, and blows his nose until every one stares. The Honorable B. rushes out of the theatre, leaving his hat and cloak behind, and flies to the robbers' den in Regent Street. As soon as the bandit returns, the M.P. exclaims:

"Lowel, you are a monster, and I am the most unhappy man in the world."

"Say you so?" cries the robber chief. "Do you mean it?"

Then follows an explanation, from which it turns out that Lowel is no other than his cousin Henry, captain of a merchant ship, and no robber; that the whole affair has been a farce performed by the three friends and the captain in order to cure the Honorable Belfast of his suicidal tastes.

The last specimen of an eccentric Englishman is the baronet James Turner, who on the fifteenth of June, eighteen hundred and fifty-one, at a quarter-past one o'clock A.M., was pacing the deck of the floating lighthouse off Holyhead, dressed in a mackintosh jacket with a *sorway*, whatever that may be, on his head, followed by four deerhounds, Yeoman, Snowball, and Selkirk. The baronet had been a month keeper of the floating lights at a salary of thirty pounds a year. Dis-

appointed affection had driven him into this artificial solitude. He had fallen in love with Miss Mary, a beauty such as Lawrence loved to draw, the sister of Sir George Peebles, who lived near him in the island of Anglesey.

Sir James was young, handsome, and rich, but always too late. After thinking of making his offer for two years, he made up his mind at midnight; but, considering that hour unreasonable for popping the question, he adjourned it until the next day. The next day, as he was dressing for the purpose, the pilot of his yacht came to tell him of a wonderful shoal of sardines. We certainly were not aware that sardines travelled so far north. Taking it for granted that Sir George, who had also been summoned, would meet him at sea where the offer could be made more pleasantly, James Turner went on board his sloop. Unfortunately, the shoal of sardines made away for the Frith of Solway, the lover following, and was rolled about three times twenty-four hours before he cast anchor in his own port. The first person he met on the jetty was the valet of Sir George Peebles, who told him that his master had left for Cumberland, where his sister was about to marry Sir Edward, son of the celebrated Major Hogsden.

Of course, James Turner's first idea was a strong dose of chlorhydrate of morphine; but his honor's family apothecary refused to supply the article. After a course of metaphysical reasoning, Sir James applied for and obtained the post of light-keeper, where, solitary as Robinson Crusoe, he fished or shot gulls in the day, lighted the lamps at night, read, smoked, and drank flowing bowls of gin punch.

On the fifteenth of June, the baronet was as drunk as Falstaff; and, walking on deck to sober himself, he was disturbed from his misanthropical meditations by his dogs chasing and slaying an unfortunate rat in the hold. James took a pair of tongs; and, laying hold of the dead rat, climbed to the deck to throw it overboard, when he started back on seeing Sir George Peebles, Miss Mary, and an unknown gentleman, leaning against the starboard bulwarks.

"My friend," cried Georges, not recognising Sir James, "help us to put our provisions on board—our boat is alongside."

The young lord (it will be observed that Sir James is turned into a lord) blushed red as a cabbage at being caught rat in hand, and first threw it, pincers and all, overboard; then, pulling the mysterious *sorway* over his eyes, he cried, in a disguised voice, "You must return to your boat; the regulations of the Admiralty forbid me to receive strangers."

But the strangers decline to cross the stormy waters; and, while they are talking, their boat is carried away. Mutual recog-

nition follows; and, on being questioned, the young lord, Sir James, stammers that he is there to fish; that he "adores line-fishing." The third person is, of course, Sir Edouard Hogsden, at whom Turner looks daggers and icicles. He then inquires if Georges has a good appetite; and, on learning that he has, and that Sir Edouard has a still better one, informs them that, in three days, all the gentlemen will be in a state of starvation; for that a boat from Holyhead only brings provisions every eight days,—that, to impress the Admiralty with his economy, he has the previous day taken only half the usual allowance; but that, by excessive frugality, they may manage to survive until the twenty-first: that he did not intend that Miss should suffer in the approaching famine; but that he would take care she survived to relate how three gentlemen died of starvation on the Holyhead light-ship. So saying, Sir James showed his guests to their cabins, and then spread breakfast, which seems not to have consisted of the cocoa, salt pork, and biscuit, or the cabbages and fresh beef, usually supplied by Admiralty contracts, but to have been rather in the style of the comestibles of Fortnum and Mason, or a Parisian restaurant. Sir Georges and Edouard counted each mouthful; but Sir James eat half a pie and a whole fowl, and drank three bottles of Bourdeaux Lafitte! After breakfast, the party ascended the deck, there his honour, Hogsden, became sea-sick; Georges went to put his friend to bed, leaving James and Mary to come to an explanation and confession of mutual affection. On the same evening, Sir James put the fatal question to Sir Georges—Sir Georges declined to accept the Light-house-keeper Baronet, because Sir Edouard "had superb chases in Cumberland." No more was said in the following two days. Sir James devours everything; on the fifth day the provisions are exhausted. Then follows a dialogue, which ought to be transferred to the stage. We should like to see Robson, as Sir James, inform Sir Georges that the rats had eaten the last crust. Sir Georges and Sir James are equally obstinate; Sir Edouard remains sea-sick below; Miss Mary, at the proper moment, rushes forward, and throws herself at the feet of her brother, crying:

"I, too, am hungry! let me marry James!"

"What! this tiger?" cries Sir Georges.

But, of course, he consents, on one condition—that they shall all have breakfast immediately! Sir James skips to the bows, pulls the trigger of a small carronade—a roar follows the explosion.

"What's that?" cries Sir Edouard Hogsden, protruding a cotton night-cap up the gangway.

"It is the salute for my wedding-breakfast," replies Sir James Turner.

And so end the French tales of the

English; in a manner that remind one of Hogarth's caricature of the lean Frenchman roasting frogs on his dress sword.

TREMENDOUS BORES.

WHEN the Russian commander of Sebastopol found that he would not be able to screen his ships from the fire of the enemy and that the fleets of England and France would come into the harbour, he sunk the great fleet of sixty-six ships! The British sailor sighed as he viewed the tops of the masts, peeping out of the water; and counted the loss this act was to himself. What a rich prize did the harbour of Sebastopol contain!

After the city had fallen, a company of divers, under Mr. Deane, was sent out from Kent. The director of the party was prepared to send down his men, and furnish a report of the condition and situation of the ships; but the guns from the North side prevented the vessel, which bore the diving apparatus; and then peace came, and the sunken ships, that cost millions in their construction, were left to the Russians. They have not been raised; though a contract has been entered into with an American, who is reported to have shown great skill in recovering from a depth large sunken ships in other parts of the world. His vast hydraulic apparatus and suitable appliances are to be put in operation very shortly, upon the arrival of these from the United States. A newspaper account has conveyed to the public many particulars of the intended plans, and of the descent of a diver to view many of the costly ships. This explorer found the American raisers had been anticipated by a more numerous, indeed innumerable party of joint carpenters and masons, destroyers. Let us confine our attention for a while to these operatives; whether working for themselves alone, or revenging the Turks for the affair of Sinope.

The boring worms are most destructive creatures. Like other pests, as man calls such things, when he suffers individually by them, they are of great use in the world. Their mission is well defined. They are of several sizes, and are generally spoken of as the Teredo, or boring worm. There is a smaller kind, which is very destructive, the Limnoria terebrans. In many climes the rainy season causes floods, which bring down and lodge at the mouths of the rivers thousands of trees, which threaten to close their mouths. This would be the inevitable result if the tree were left to undergo slow decay. The Teredo, however, comes to the aid of man, and renders incalculable services in boring every tree till it is internally like a honeycomb, and breaks up and floats away piecemeal. Thus an entrance is preserved and an outlet maintained for a country extending perhaps for hundreds of miles,

In civilised countries the services of this great family are not required. The inconveniences and the costly damages they effect are the occasion of loss, and of a serious expenditure to prevent their ravages. It has been estimated, that at Plymouth and Devonport alone the boring worms have in one year damaged Government works to the amount of eight thousand pounds. In seventeen hundred and thirty-one and thirty-two they committed such ravages in the piles forming the sea-defences of Holland, that the Dutch were seriously alarmed. In England, when oak timber was a drug, this wood was much used for marine constructions, such as harbours, groynes, &c. In Queen Elizabeth's reign the name applied to them in petitions, setting forth the losses sustained, was expressive. This was *Artes*.

The animal of the *Teredo* is like a long white worm, varying from a foot to two feet and a half in length, and about the size of a person's finger. Mr. Brunel perceiving how this soft creature bored on, and encased itself in a calcareous piece of masonry or tube as it progresses, perceived how he might bore the great Tunnel under the Thames. Men drove rods into the mud from a shield, which was moved forward as they bored their way, and a brick arch was constructed behind, in imitation of the calcareous tube of the worm. Thus does observant man treasure up and apply what even the animals in the lower scale of creation can teach.

The destructive *Teredo*, like the lion, has his jackal—the *Limnoria terebrans*, or gribble worm. Wood-work in most situations, as posts in harbours, and piles of wooden bridges, must be protected by copper sheathing or square-headed nails made for the purpose. The gribble finds some little space, bores in and destroys the wood around. The *Teredo* then finds an entry and destruction follows. The wooden bridge over the estuary of the Teign was destroyed some years ago. Other similar works, and particularly projecting landing piers, have been either eaten away, or jeopardised.

In the account that has been circulated through the medium of the press of the sunken fleet, its condition, and the ravages of the worm, there is matter that is not intelligible to one who studies the habits of the lower animals of creation.

We are told that a diver has gone down to visit the great fleet, which he finds in the middle of the harbour, and upon the north side, lying there on the sand; on the south side, on mud.

It is further stated that the depth of water is sixty feet. Now this is a very convenient depth, for Man and the *Teredo* are limited in their operations to the same depth from the surface. A ship sunk in water twenty fathoms or one hundred and twenty feet deep is safe from the family of carpenter-mason worms, of whatever species (and for

which consult that admirable treatise, the *Manual of the Mollusca*, by S. P. Woodward, Esq., F.G.S., of the British Museum). Man has gone down so deep, but he can do but little under such a pressure; and that is his limit. Perhaps few men could descend so far. At half that depth each of Mr. Deane's party with his crow-bar is in power as a giant, and in the four hours during all which time each remained below, working at a wreck, performed prodigies!

The Russian ships that lie upon the sand are reported to be untouched by the worm; while those ships upon the mud are in this short time so much affected that they will be worthless.

Reading this statement, many understand that the *Teredines* do not exist where the bottom is sand; and where the mud is, they are ready to transfer themselves, like rats in a deck, at once to do execution upon sunken timber fully-grown and with fully developed powers.

From my experience I can readily believe there are seasons when the ravages of these animals are more felt than at others. As a member of a south-western town-council, I learnt that elm sheathing to masonry or oak-posts were, at times, though upon the sand, eaten up presently.

As to the mud of Sebastopol harbour being the habitat of the fully grown worm, this must be quite a mistake.

The balk, floating planks, and beams of different woods, occupied and quite honey-combed by the *Teredo*, show no outward signs of being tenanted by the carpenter-mason. The worm entered when very minute, when an emigrant upon the look-out for a domicile, and fully endued with the powers of locomotion. Some bored for three feet and encased themselves with masonry as they proceeded. No one interferes with another, in which admirable social excellence they are probably guided by sound. They work with the grain and are not afterwards migratory. Like Charles the Second, they have no disposition to go again upon their travels.

A mere view would not have allowed the diver to judge of the ravages already effected. It may be that he cut off pieces of the ships, and so ascertained with some precision.

The venerable line-of-battle ship sunk in Torbay, when getting under weigh, some seventy years ago, was eaten to pieces. When there was motion, then pieces would break off and float up, and fish by shoals remain around expectant of their meal. There is no hooking ground for fishermen so good as that round a sunken ship.

The American contractor will go to Sebastopol and commence operations this spring. There is no time to be lost. As the sailor in a late Arctic expedition pulled at a dead deer against a wolf who laboured to carry off the carcase, so the American will contest with the *Teredo*. It may take some time

for the thickest of the beams to be honey-combed; but that result will be arrived at in the end; much of every ship will be destroyed, unless speedily raised and dried. The worm works only under water. The estimate of the precise amount in money value of the damage effected by the carpenter-masons upon the ships, the property of the Czar, will be an interesting subject of inquiry.

THE HOSPITAL STUDENT.

As the population of the whole earth has been guessed for some thousands of years never to have varied very much from the gross aggregate of eight hundred millions; and as all the countless generations have had the same feelings, and hopes, and fears, with an amazingly contracted circle within which those emotions must range, I am petrified with astonishment, not at the number of plagiarisms, coincidences, resemblances, or whatever you may call them, which occur in conversation and literature, but at the possibility of any human being ever managing to say, think, invent, combine, or illustrate anything which a billion or two of other human beings have not said, thought, invented, combined, and illustrated before. As to me, whenever anything strikes me as a complete novelty, whether in my own observations or not, I always add to the enunciation thereof, the saving clause, "as two hundred and fifty thousand people must have said, though I don't remember their names." I call up grave Egyptians and long-headed Babylonians; all the sages of Greece and philosophers without number or denomination among unknown kindreds and tongues, who have passed away and left no mark, all at intervals of a few centuries who have made the exact remark I have had the pleasure of making to my attentive family while discussing my matutinal toast. It is, therefore, with no absurd idea of having hit upon a truth undiscovered by Calmucks, Hindoos, Tartars, and Carthaginians, when I call the reader's attention to the fact, that many of the most prosaic men have at one time or other of their lives been placed in the most agitating circumstances. It doesn't need to be called Fitz Ormondale, and shine through three volumes of a novel, to have seen the most extraordinary sights.

John Smith has seen them—though John now wears spectacles and a flaxen wig, and dispenses groceries in a country town. At one of the Duke's great battles a message required to be sent to the second in command. All the aides-de-camp were killed or wounded, or away on separate missions. The interval between the divisions was swept with shot and shell, and yet the order must be conveyed, or the fate of the combat might change. There was a man dressed in the garb of a commercial traveller, mounted on a good, stout roadster, who had come out to collect certain monies due to his employers from the officers

in the Peninsular army, and had apparently thought the sight of a bloody battle would be an agreeable diversion in the midst of his labours. The Duke rode up to him and asked him to go with the message. The man agreed; but, being devoted to business habits, he said, "You must give me an authority in writing or the general won't believe what I say." Wellington wrote the order; and—at a good, steady trot, as if he had been anxious to get into the city before the clock struck ten—the extempore aide-de-camp, rising in his stirrups and holding out both his elbows in the manner of Fulham and Muswell Hill, looking neither to the left nor right, crossed the fatal space, over which flew an iron shower which sent the mud flying in all directions; arrived at his destination; and, in a minute or two, saw the result of his communication in a sudden rush forward of the whole line, dreadful shouts, and waving of fiery swords. Presently he heard, by the shouts and hurrahs, that a great victory had been achieved by the British arms! This prosaic, steady fourteen stone man, who took everything as a matter of course, was witness to the meeting of two hostile armies, and greatly contributed to the glorious consummation.

Now, this, which must have occurred to millions of our predecessors in the art of war, at Arbela, and Zama, and Cannæ, and all over India and China, is no unapt illustration of the juxta-position which occurred in my individual instance of a very common-place gentleman, as I humbly confess I am, and a very uncommon event. Startling, or even incredible would, perhaps, have been a better word. I am not anxious about correctness of expression. I am not a literary man, and all I desire is to give a clear statement of an incident of which I was an eye-witness, and which, however scepticism may swear, I give you my word is literally and exactly true.

Thirty years ago, I was sent to finish my education by a year or two's residence in Germany. My father being in the Baltic trade, consigned me to the care of one of his correspondents at Memel; and by him (who was the kindest friend I ever had in the world) I was soon introduced to all the society of that active and intelligent little town. My ultimate destination in life was still undetermined. My father wished me to succeed him in his business; and, for that reason, had resolved that I should be able to carry on the house's correspondence in the German language. My uncle, who was a flourishing surgeon in Lancashire, was earnest for my adopting his profession, and offered many inducements for my exchanging the three-legged stool for the natty gig and sharp lancet. My mother and sisters favoured the medical scheme. It was so much more genteel than wood-yards and saw-pits; and they had visions of M. D. after my name, and, sometimes, even of three small letters before it, as if I were already physician to

the Court. So, by a sort of compromise, it was arranged that, when I went to Memel, I was to study the language, spend an hour or two a-day in Herr Ziegler's office, and attend certain lectures given by a celebrated professor in the hospital, which was also the medical school of all that part of the country. After my first year, I was definitively to choose; and, during that probationary period, was left to follow my own bent. At eighteen, learning, like reading and writing, comes by nature. I used to think that the atmosphere of a place became saturated with its language, so that you inhaled grammar and pronunciation with your breath. Attitudes of body, expressions of countenance also, are great helps in the acquisition of a foreign tongue; which, indeed, ceases to be foreign by the mere fact of its being in the land of its birth; and, in about six months, by means of looking at people's faces, and hearing the Baltic Sea, eating German dishes, and having all my thoughts cast into a German mould, I gurgled and spluttered Dutch, and quoted Göthe, and smoked meerschaums, as if I had never been a denizen of any other land.

I have not much to say of the society of the town; for I was too young to judge of it at the time, and nothing is so deceptive as attempts at reminiscences of an earlier period; for you inevitably look at all the past through the spectacles of the present. I will, therefore, say nothing of the amiable young ladies, whom I thought younger sisters of Venus and the Graces; nor of the gentlemen—now, most of them, in all human probability, passed away—from whom I received so much attention. I will go at once to the incidents I alluded to at the beginning of this little history; again assuring the reader, that, though so many years have intervened, its circumstances are as fresh in my recollection as in the moment when they occurred.

In fulfilment of my father's intention, I spent a portion of every day in the counting-house of Mr. Ziegler. To please my uncle, I had also entered my name as a student at the College Hospital; and, by a great effort over my natural repugnance, persuaded myself once or twice a week to walk the wards. Familiarity had its usual effect, and as if the effort to attain self-command had driven me into recklessness and inhumanity, I gloried in inspecting cases of suffering and pain, and was to all appearance utterly hardened against the sanctities and majesty of death. I say, to all appearance, for the whole of these excesses was the result of an inward fear and horror, which I could never shake off, and which was merely hid behind the mask of cruelty and disregard. In this outward behaviour I was not alone. I will not judge the hearts of my companions. May they all have had higher views as I have, and have re-acquired a holy reverence, even for the empty casket which has held such a jewel as a human soul!

There must have been from twenty-five to thirty of these young *Æsculapiuses* who attended the lectures of Dr. Wolfgang, and followed him in his walks through the hospital. On the days when a difficult operation was to be performed, our number was increased by the attendance of two or three of the surgeons of the town; and the discussions which arose round the patients' beds were frequently prolonged over beer and, perhaps, cold ham and bread, till far into the night. The curator of the hospital was a young fellow who had distinguished himself by amazing skill, not only in the learned or scientific parts of the profession, but as a most expert operator. His name was Rupert Braunfeldt; and, as if to show that talent and energy in a profession are qualities quite apart from a man's ordinary character and habits, I must say that Rupert's manners were the most dissolute, and his language the most heartless of all the clique I belonged to. Yet, see him while he performed his duty; see with what gentleness he handled the wound, how softly he bandaged the most painful hurts, you would have thought he had the tenderness of the heart of a woman, as he had certainly the lightness of a woman's hand!

It became the fashion for some half-dozen of us to adjourn to Rupert's room. This was at the end of a long gallery in the hospital, that led to the patients' beds; the intermediate space being occupied by the lecture-hall, and a room or two (entering on another landing), inhabited by the servants of the establishment. Often, in the smoke of our pipes, and strong tumblers of spirits and water, we have set off to settle some disputed point of a sufferer's illness by inspecting him in the couch; then, without a feeling of compunction, we have staggered back through the long passage, and resumed our pipes and potations, when the question was set at rest. I look back on these things with shame; but I was the youngest of the party. A different behaviour would have been thought either cowardice or affectation. So I bellowed forth my truculent and unfeeling remarks in the same bravado tone as the others did, and thought I was in a fair way to supplant Cooper and Abernethy, when I had outraged every sentiment of respect for the living or the dead.

The oldest of the party was a man, who, according to a fantastic custom allowed in Germany, was generally called Camillus, without any surname, which indeed (however, it might be known by the police) was never suspected or enquired after by any of his friends. Camillus looked about thirty-four years of age, with the most sad and doubtful expression I ever saw; and the mystery would have been increased by the impossibility of deciding what countryman he was. He spoke German with what appeared a foreign pronunciation to the natives of Memel; but, as the finest eloquence of

Berlin and Munich would have appeared the same, no argument could be founded upon his language. He never entered into the subject himself, but spoke with equal indifference of all the nations he had seen. He had travelled to the farthest east and farthest west. He had lived in the desert, and in Delhi, and why in the world did he now live at Memel? He didn't know. Nobody knew. But here, in a quiet hotel, in Quay Street, he had resided for some months; and having a passion, as he told us, for the study of medicine and anatomy, had joined the students at the hospital, and was the most attentive and laborious of us all. He was also the most assiduous in his devotions to Dutch, Holland, and Prussian Kershwasser; not that he seemed to like the liquors themselves, but that they furnished him with an escape from the pains of reflection. He rushed into the excesses of hilarity without for a moment being raised in spirits, and continued to be a death's-head, in the midst of the gayest company—sad, silent, and at times really appalling from the apparent intensity of his grief. We were all, of course, busy with conjecture as to the causes of this perpetual gloom. Love, war, misfortune, crime were each in their turn considered the sources of his regret; but he was so distant in manner, and perhaps so superior to us in age, that we had never put a question, point blank, to him upon the subject.

I don't know whether Camillus might justly have been called good-looking. I should say not, judging from my own impression; for, in spite of correctness of feature, and elegance of shape and movement, the effect, upon the whole, was repulsive and painful. I always felt that there was something wrong—something inexpressibly unfitting in the fineness and manliness of the outward form; and in the uneasy, scared, almost savage look about the eyes, and strange contracted action in the muscles of the lips. It appeared as if the spirit within him rebelled against its confinement, and beat itself like a tiger against the bars of its cage.

One dreadful cold and dark day in February, near the end of my year of residence, the good-natured Rupert Braunfeldt announced to us, with many chucklings and congratulations, that a dreadful accident had happened on board of a Danish ship in the harbour, by the bursting of a gun, and that one of the worst wounded of the survivors had been brought to the hospital-ward.

"An excellent case," he said. "The splinters have torn his muscles without much injury to any of the great vessels, so that, if he die, he will actually die of pain."

"Who is he?" said some one of our set.

"A passenger on board the packet," replied Rupert; "that's all I know,—a rich fellow, too, for his pockets were well filled with notes and thalers. A strong-minded

hero as ever died at the stake; for he dares to groan, though his agony must be excruciating."

At seven o'clock we were all assembled in Rupert's room; a vast kettle was piping on the stove; bottles and tobacco-pouches were ranged upon the table, and anxious enquiries made as to the condition of our interesting patient.

"He was left, entirely to the good pleasure of Dame Nature," said our host. "Doctor Wolfgang had merely looked at him and pronounced his case hopeless. A few anodynes were to be administered; but even that was left to the discretion of the resident-curator. The pain was increasing every minute; and, by twelve at latest, the great struggle would come on, and we should be spectators of a good stand-up battle between the powers of Life and Death."

Before mixing our first tumblers and lighting our first pipes we resolved to visit the subject of all this talk. We passed along the long, narrow gallery I mentioned before; and, opening the door at the end, found ourselves in the first or private ward, in which there was only one bed, and that occupied by the object of our search. Rupert held the candle—the only light in the miserable apartment except the faint beams of a dingy lamp at the end of the second chamber beyond—which shone in at the half-opened door. We heard nothing except quick and convulsive breathing; but, when the light was thrown upon the couch, we saw a face so pale, so ghastly, that, for a moment, human feeling took possession of our hearts, and we were respectfully silent. There was a startled wildness in the eye when he became aware of our presence, and instantly, by a great effort, he quelled the agonising sounds we had heard, and, half raising himself, cried out, "Not yet, not yet!—I am not ready yet!" and then, recognising Rupert, he changed his tone.

"Doctor!" he said, "I have been wandering in my mind. Is there no hope in science? Must I die in all this agony?—tell me, tell me!" Rupert, gently, compassionately, quite different from his ordinary style, answered him that there was reason to fear the worst; but that some of the pain might be alleviated, and that he was to continue as quiet as possible.

"That cannot be," said the poor fellow. "There can be no quiet for me—no, not when the dread hour is past. I wish it were come, for, if I survive to-night, worse, far worse than death will come upon me to-morrow. Oh, let me die at once!" I turned away my eyes, but not without being noticed by some of my companions. One pulled out his snuff-box, and pretended to hold it to my nose as if I were fainting. Another took me under the arm as we left the room; and, with mock attentiveness, led me down the passage. They called me Miss or the Fräulein, all the night, and I began to

think that a succession to my uncle's practice, in Lancashire, was not worth the pains of a professional education. I determined to devote myself to good Herr Zugler and his counting-house, and leave Sir Astley Cooper to the undisturbed enjoyment of his wealth and fame. At intervals of half an hour or so, my companions adjourned along the sounding passage, and renewed their inspection of the sufferer. I sometimes stayed behind. I felt that, having given up the medical profession, I had no right to intrude upon the sacredness of a death-bed,—and the reports they brought back were continually worse and worse. Lots of tumblers and tobacco were interchanged as to the exact period when the patient would die; and it also appeared that attempts were made to ascertain the meaning of the words he had uttered with reference to the fate which awaited him if he survived till the following day.

No success attended these endeavours. He kept his own counsel, and only, in more urgent terms than ever, besought them to give him something to alleviate his pain. By the time the tower-clock at the wing of the hospital sounded eleven, the sufferings of the wounded man became more intense. Whether it had been to steel themselves against the terror of the spectacle or not, I do not know; but most of the students had drunk, as I have already told you, more than usual before their repeated visits to the ward. Among the rest, Camillus had distinguished himself by the potency of his brews, and was less on his guard than we had ever seen him. The dying man seemed to have a fascination for him. He never missed any of the pilgrimages to his bed-side, and always returned more and more interested in the progress of his decease.

"He will die before twelve," hiccupped one.

"How so?" enquired Rupert. "Have you had as much experience as I have? I have seen twenty in one year in this holy establishment, and can tell by the light in a man's eye how long he has to live, as easily as what o'clock it is by looking at his watch. This man will die in fifty-seven minutes from this time."

"And it is now ten minutes past eleven!" cried the young student, triumphant.

"Your watch is ten minutes fast," replied Camillus, "and Herr Rupert is not always exact to a second. I have had deeper experience," he added, with a weak laugh, which revealed for the first time the extent of his unsobriety—"deeper experience, I tell you, a hundred-fold, than any man in Europe, for I have gone through the process myself."

A general laugh followed this boast, but Camillus was displeased. He looked sternly round. "You are pleased, gentlemen, to consider this as rhodomontade. I am not in the habit of stating what is not the fact. I tell you I have died"—and raising his voice

as he saw the incredulity of his audience—"I will say more, I am dead now."

"Nay; but, Herr Camillus," replied Rupert, assuming a more serious tone than before, "you forget that we know nothing of your name or history. We have been delighted with your friendship and society; but, before we can attach weight to an unsupported assertion such as you have now made, your own excellent judgment will show you that we require some other guarantee than the word and honour of a gentleman whose antecedents we are all profoundly ignorant of."

"You are right," said Camillus—being in that state in which an appeal to one's sense is the highest compliment that can be paid—"and I will tell you my story, and then you will perhaps change your opinion of my veracity."

"Agreed! hear him! fill up once more! give me a fresh light!" cried the different members of the meeting. "Now then, fire away!"

"I know not how to begin," said Camillus, regaining command over his faculties by an effort of his will, and looking almost as if he were speaking out his own reflections without reference to his audience. "I am not even myself. I scarcely know who I am. This body I occupy is as unknown to me, as regards its previous history, as a hotel you may put up in for a single night in a journey through a foreign country; but that other life—that life which grew round me for thirty years, bringing me experiences from my infant days, leading me through boyhood, filling my memory with the happy faces of friends, and the old familiar sounds of home—that life is now taken away; I have no past. I can't even tell you my name. I am the Count Camillus; that is all. My country I do not know. I am shipwrecked on a desert island more solitary than the English voyager, who had his goats and birds, and at last his faithful Friday. But enough. You shall hear."

"I lived in the city of Prague, a person of noble birth and good possessions, and six years ago was united to the most beautiful and most affectionate of wives. For two years nothing disturbed the perfect felicity of our union; but, at that time, there came a man to the town who soon attracted universal attention by the display of his wealth, and also, I may say, by the elegance of his manners and handsomeness of his person. I became intimate with him, and introduced him to my home. Don't smile and wink as if you perceived the common ending of such unwise introductions. It had a very different termination from what you expect. The stranger was delightful in conversation from the varied stores of his information; there was no subject of which he was not apparently master; science, such as is known in Europe, had no secrets reserved from him; and, unfortunately, his studies had taken him farther,

He had lived among the Brahmins of India and the Buddhists of Thibet, and from them had learned mysteries which have been laughed at in its shallow scepticism by the best, but which gave him influence and authority over the occult faculties of things, and put him, in short, in possession of what it is no irreverence to call superhuman powers. When our friendship had reached a certain point, he offered to communicate some of those mysterious gifts to me, and, with the folly of inexperience, I accepted the frightful responsibility. I, however, felt no drawback from the pride of knowledge at first, but walked about with my heart puffed up with the secret consciousness of power. Meantime, his intimacy in my house increased; and at last I perceived that his eyes were fixed on the beautiful face and form of my wife, with looks of unmistakable admiration. I became jealous, but without the slightest reason from anything in the conduct of my wife. This, however, seemed only to embitter my feelings towards the rival who tried to supplant me without a look or sign of encouragement. All this time I concealed the alteration of my feelings from my friend: we went on with our experiments as before. He taught me the most hidden and most awful of his powers. He showed me how to animate the dead—yes, how to implant my own life in another man's body, if I had access to it before the blood had grown cold, and how to leave it again and restore my original form. I have done this often; and once—but I think I have said enough. You now know what I mean by having gone through the process of dying."

"No, no!" we all cried, some laughing, some jeering, and all incredulous. "Go on! You have not told us how your jealousy was cured."

"In this way," said Camillus. "My friend, encouraged by the influence he exercised over me by his super-earthly knowledge, presumed once to watch for my wife in a deep recess by a wood, to which she was in the habit of driving in the summer weather for the purpose of taking our daughter to walk among the alleys and by the side of a large lake which formed the ornament of the place. It chanced my wife did not go on that occasion; and when I rode out to join her, as usual, I was surprised to find the nurse in tears, and greatly agitated. She told me in a few words that my friend had attempted to corrupt her fidelity to her mistress, and deliver her into the tempter's hands. She pointed as she spoke to the hollow where he had disappeared; and, without another word, I dismounted from my horse, walked hurriedly along the wood, dived into the dell, and saw my friend leaning against a tree.

"I know all!" I said, and struck him with the flat of my sword. 'Draw, or I shall kill you like a dog!'

"His eyes flashed fire. 'Fool!' he said, 'you are throwing away your life.'

"And happy," I cried, 'if by so doing I can rid the world of a villain.'

"We fought with desperation, and in a minute or two I was gazing on the body of my rival, from which a pool of blood was welling forth at a wound in the breast. He looked beautiful as he lay so calm there, and so sacred—who so short a time before was filled with wicked hate. 'Ha!' I said to myself, 'did he ever receive any encouragement—a smile, a gift, a look?' I resolved to satisfy myself by personal inquiry. I drew the body into a deeper part of the recess, and going through the necessary form, I animated it once more. My own I left covered with leaves, and, leaping on my horse, galloped into the city, and rode straight to my own house. I went up stairs, and found my wife in the boudoir. 'Count Camillus!' she cried, with indignant surprise, 'what entitles you to enter here?'

"Love, madam," I said, and was horrified to find I was speaking with the voice of my friend. 'You surely do not repent of the hopes you have given me?'

"I, sir? I gave you no hopes. Leave me, sir! but stay—what blood-marks are those upon your bosom? Where is my husband? Ah! I know it all. You have killed him. Help! help!" and ringing the bell which lay upon the table, she never ceased to call for assistance till half a dozen of the domestics had come armed into the room. The full horror of my position burst upon me.

"Maria!" I said, 'for Heaven's sake hear me for an instant! I am your husband, in spite of present appearances. Let me go for but an hour, and I will come to you in my true form.'

"I was hurried off, in spite of all I could say. I was laughed at as a madman when I asserted my true identity. I was lodged in prison. I felt every hour a torture too exquisite to be borne; for I knew if decay once began there was no possibility of reanimating the corpse, and law was so slow. A week at length passed, an examination was undergone, and I was committed to prison. Despair now took possession of me. I felt I was doomed to be Camillus for ever; and when the next interrogatory was made, and my body had been recognised in the hollow of the wood, unwounded, and no proof could be brought forward of the manner in which I had died, I was dismissed. In distraction, I rushed to my house. I was driven with horror from the gate. I watched for my wife at the window. I saw her in deepest mourning; and, on beholding me, she screamed and fled into the interior of the house. I saw my little girl, and would have given my life for one little kiss of her rosy mouth, but she was hurried away from me as if I had carried the plague in every breath. Tired.

at last, of fruitless efforts, I took all the money which Camillus had in his lodging; I sold his goods: I left Prague for ever."

Some of the party, in the course of this narrative, had fallen asleep, some had filled fresh pipes; and Rupert took the narrator by the wrist, and felt his pulse.

"Herr Camillus," he said, "you sleep too little; you are feverish. I advise you to leave the poor sufferer in the next room to his pains, and betake yourself to bed." But, hark! a scream; the patient is near his end.

They all hurried along the passage. I accompanied them, but had not courage to enter the room. I heard enough: groans, shrieks, broken exclamations, in which the consciousness of some dreadful crime pierced through the bodily sufferings—and, at last, and all of a sudden, there was deep silence. It felt like a blow upon my ear after it was so thrilled with the hideous sound. In a minute or two the party came into the gallery, and Rupert carefully closed the door.

"Another tumbler," he said, "will enable us to talk over the scene, and the night is dreadful."

Snow and sleet dashed against the windows as we came along the passage, and the wind howled loudly outside. Nobody could resist the invitation, and we resumed our seats round the stove; and, by the light of the now expiring candle, made ourselves a fresh mixture and lighted our pipes. The scene had been so appalling that for a while it silenced even those practised despisers of death and pain.

Camillus spoke first. He was excited, and still bore malice at the incredulity or apathy with which his story had been received.

"The man in the next room must have been guilty of some great offence," he said.

"Perhaps he murdered some friend who had paid attention to his wife," replied a youth, who had not joined in the conversation before, and who took this opportunity of showing what he thought of the narrative.

"You, too!" exclaimed Camillus; "but you are all beneath my notice—yet, for my own satisfaction, I will give you proof. I will fill the limbs of that wretched being with new blood and his heart with life. Wrap me in a cloak, cover up my head, keep silence for ten minutes, and call me impostor if you see not what I have promised."

He lay down upon Rupert's bed at the end of the room. We laid a pilot's heavy cloak over his body, and concealed his head and face beneath a fur jacket. Rupert touched his forehead when these preparations were completed, implying he was either mad or drunk, and we resumed our places. There was dead silence among us all. The simmering of the kettle was the only sound within the room, and we listened, in the growing darkness, to the gusts of snowy wind outside with the unpleasant knowledge that

we had to encounter the horrors of cold and storm on our way through the empty streets. When a few minutes had passed we found our constrained taciturnity very irksome; and, once or twice, some of us went towards the bed on tiptoe to see whether Camillus had not fallen asleep. There was no means of finding this out, and at last our impatience was growing irrepressible, when suddenly we were startled by hearing a loud knocking at the door at the farther end of the passage. Violent attempts were made to turn the handle; and, finally, a dash against the woodwork sent it flying from its hinges. There was nobody in that end of the building, for Rupert had shut and locked the door of communication with the rest of the hospital before he left the chamber where the man had died. Now we heard the rapid pit-pat of naked feet on the wooden floor of the gallery; compressed shrieks accompanied the approaching visitor; and, at last, gazing into the room with wild and horror-struck eyes, we saw the face of the wounded man—of the man who had so recently expired! He had nothing on but a shirt; and, through the open frill, we saw the dreadful wounds.

"Save me! save me!" he said, "the pain is intolerable. I knew not what I was doing when I vivified this place of torture."

He rushed wildly to the bed where Camillus had lain down, tossed away the jacket and cloak with frantic gesture, and laid his hand upon the shoulder of the recumbent figure. It sank beneath his touch—the coat contracted as if the sleeves were empty—the whole body became depressed—and the wretched man turned upon us a countenance so writhing with despair that it never will depart from my recollection.

"I should have thought of this," he said; "the true Camillus has been dead for years, and these are but the remains of his skeleton. And this is my perpetual prison-house!" he cried; "this agony of pain!"

He fell upon the floor, and for a while the nerves of Rupert and the others were completely shattered. As for me, I sat and looked on the dreadful scene like a person in a dream. I was too horrified even to tremble; but the students soon recovered their force. They raised the sufferer and bore him between their arms through the long gallery once more. The groans gradually subsided as the distance increased, and at last ceased entirely. For a quarter of an hour I waited impatiently for the return of my friends. At last Rupert came in, subdued and sobered.

"The others have gone," he said, "by the main staircase. It is an awkward business, and I caution you not to mention what you have seen. The man is dead at last, and the authorities will suppose that Camillus has left the town."

I have very little to add, as I left Germany in a few weeks. I will only say that officers

of justice came from Denmark, and brought intelligence of a dreadful murder perpetrated in Copenhagen. In the person of the wounded passenger they recognised the assassin. No enquiries were made after Camillus. It was believed he had been suddenly summoned home.

This is the tale I promised as an instance of what strange things may come within the experience of very unlikely men; and if there are any of my companions and fellow students of the year eighteen hundred and twenty-six still alive, I doubt not they will corroborate every word I have said.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.—THE CLOSE OF DAY.

THE night, with its wakeful anxieties, wore away at last; and the morning light dawned hopefully, for it brought with it the promise of an end to Rosamond's suspense.

The first event of the day was the arrival of Mr. Nixon, who had received a note on the previous evening, written by Leonard's desire, to invite him to breakfast. Before the lawyer withdrew, he had settled with Mr. and Mrs. Frankland all the preliminary arrangements that were necessary to effect the restoration of the purchase-money of Porthgenna Tower, and had despatched a messenger with a letter to Bayswater, announcing his intention of calling upon Andrew Treverton that afternoon, on private business of importance relating to the personal estate of his late brother.

Towards noon, Uncle Joseph arrived at the hotel to take Rosamond with him to the house where her mother lay ill.

He came in, talking, in the highest spirits, of the wonderful change for the better that had been wrought in his niece by the affectionate message which he had taken to her on the previous evening. He declared that it had made her look happier, stronger, younger, all in a moment; that it had given her the longest, quietest, sweetest night's sleep she had enjoyed for years and years past; and, last, best triumph of all, that its good influence had been acknowledged, not an hour since, by the doctor himself. Rosamond listened thankfully, but it was with a wandering attention, with a mind ill at ease. When she had taken leave of her husband, and when she and Uncle Joseph were out in the street together, there was something in the prospect of the approaching interview between her mother and herself, which, in spite of her efforts to resist the sensation, almost daunted her. If they could have come together, and have recognised each other without time to think what should be first said or done on either side, the meeting would have been nothing more than the natural result of the discovery of the Secret. But, as it was, the waiting, the doubting, the mournful

story of the past, which had filled up the emptiness of the last day of suspense, all had their depressing effect on Rosamond's impulsive disposition. Without a thought in her heart which was not tender, compassionate, and true towards her mother, she now felt, nevertheless, a vague sense of embarrassment, which increased to positive uneasiness the nearer she and the old man drew to their short journey's end. As they stopped at last at the house-door, she was shocked to find herself thinking beforehand, of what first words it would be best to say, of what first things it would be best to do, as if she had been about to visit a total stranger, whose favourable opinion she wished to secure, and whose readiness to receive her cordially was a matter of doubt.

The first person whom they saw after the door was opened, was the doctor. He advanced towards them from a little empty room at the end of the hall, and asked permission to speak with Mrs. Frankland for a few minutes. Leaving Rosamond to her interview with the doctor, Uncle Joseph gaily ascended the stairs to tell his niece of her arrival, with an activity which might well have been envied by many a man of half his years.

"Is she worse? Is there any danger in my seeing her?" asked Rosamond, as the doctor led her into the empty room.

"Quite the contrary," he replied. "She is much better this morning; and the improvement, I find, is mainly due to the composing and cheering influence on her mind of a message which she received from you last night. It is the discovery of this which makes me anxious to speak to you now on the subject of one particular symptom of her mental condition, which surprised and alarmed me when I first discovered it, and which has perplexed me very much ever since. She is suffering—not to detain you, and to put the matter at once in the plainest terms—under a mental hallucination of a very extraordinary kind, which, so far as I have observed it, affects her, generally, towards the close of day, when the light gets obscure. At such times, there is an expression in her eyes, as if she fancied some person had walked suddenly into the room. She looks and talks at perfect vacancy, as you or I might look or talk at some one who was really standing and listening to us. The old man, her uncle, tells me that he first observed this when she came to see him (in Cornwall, I think he said) a short time since. She was speaking to him then on private affairs of her own, when she suddenly stopped, just as the evening was closing in, startled him by a question on the old superstitious subject of the reappearance of the dead, and then, looking away at a shadowed corner of the room, began to talk at it—exactly as I have seen her look and heard her talk up-stairs. Whether she fancies that she is pursued by

an apparition, or whether she imagines that some living person enters her room at certain times, is more than I can say; and the old man gives me no help in guessing at the truth. Can you throw any light on the matter?"

"I hear of it now for the first time," answered Rosamond, looking at the doctor in amazement and alarm.

"Perhaps," he rejoined, "she may be more communicative with you than she is with me. If you could manage to be by her bedside at dusk to-day or to-morrow, and, if you think you are not likely to be frightened by it, I should very much wish you to see and hear her, when she is under the influence of her delusion. I have tried in vain to draw her attention away from it, at the time, or to get her to speak of it afterwards. You have evidently considerable influence over her, and you might therefore succeed where I have failed. In her state of health, I attach great importance to clearing her mind of everything that clouds and oppresses it, and especially of such a serious hallucination as that which I have been describing. If you could succeed in combating it, you would be doing her the greatest service, and would be materially helping my efforts to improve her health. Do you mind trying the experiment?"

Rosamond promised to devote herself unreservedly to this service or to any other which was for the patient's good. The doctor thanked her, and led the way back into the hall again. Uncle Joseph was descending the stairs as they came out of the room. "She is ready and longing to see you," he whispered in Rosamond's ear.

"I am sure I need not impress on you again the very serious necessity of keeping her composed," said the doctor, taking his leave. "It is, I assure you, no exaggeration to say that her life depends on it."

Rosamond bowed to him in silence, and in silence followed the old man up the stairs.

At the door of a back room on the second floor, Uncle Joseph stopped.

"She is there," he whispered eagerly. "I leave you to go in by yourself, for it is best that you should be alone with her at first. I shall walk about the streets in the fine warm sunshine, and think of you both, and come back after a little. Go in; and the blessing and the mercy of God go with you!" He lifted her hand to his lips, and softly and quickly descended the stairs again.

Rosamond stood alone before the door. A momentary tremor shook her from head to foot as she stretched out her hand to knock at it. The same sweet voice that she had last heard in her bedroom at West Winston, answered her now. As its tones fell on her ear, a thought of her child stole quietly into her heart, and stilled its quick throbbing. She opened the door at once, and went in.

Neither the look of the room inside, nor the view from the window; neither its characteristic ornaments, nor its prominent pieces of furniture—none of the objects in it or about it, which would have caught her quick observation at other times, struck it now. From the moment when she opened the door, she saw nothing but the pillows of the bed, the head resting on them, and the face turned towards hers. As she stepped across the threshold, that face changed; the eyelids drooped a little, and the pale cheeks were tinged suddenly with burning red.

Was her mother ashamed to look at her?

The bare doubt freed Rosamond in an instant from all the self-distrust, all the embarrassment, all the hesitation about choosing her words and directing her actions which had fettered her generous impulses up to this time. She ran to the bed, raised the worn shrinking figure in her arms, and laid the poor weary head gently on her warm, young bosom. "I have come at last, mother, to take my turn at nursing you," she said. Her heart swelled as those simple words came from it—her full eyes overflowed—she could say no more.

"Don't cry!" murmured the faint, sweet voice timidly. "I have no right to bring you here, and make you sorry. Don't, don't cry!"

"Oh, hush! hush! I shall do nothing but cry if you talk to me like that!" said Rosamond. "Let us forget that we have ever been parted—call me by my name—speak to me as I shall speak to my own child, if God spares me to see him grow up. Say 'Rosamond,' and—oh, pray, pray—tell me to do something for you!" She tore asunder, passionately, the strings of her bonnet, and threw it from her on the nearest chair. "Look! here is your glass of lemonade on the table. Say, 'Rosamond, bring me my lemonade!' say it familiarly, mother! say it as if you knew that I was bound to obey you!"

She repeated the words after her daughter, but still not in steady tones—repeated them with a sad, wondering smile, and with a lingering of the voice on the name of Rosamond, as if it was a luxury to her to utter it.

"You made me so happy with that message, and with the kiss you sent me from your child," she said, when Rosamond had given her the lemonade, and was seated quietly by the bedside again. "It was such a kind way of saying that you pardoned me! It gave me all the courage I wanted to speak to you as I am speaking now. Perhaps my illness has changed me—but I don't feel frightened and strange with you; as I thought I should, at our first meeting after you knew the Secret. I think I shall soon get well enough to see your child. Is he like what you were at his age? If he is, he must be very, very —" She stopped. "I may think of that," she added, after waiting a little, "but

I had better not talk of it, or I shall cry too ; and I want to have done with sorrow now."

While she spoke those words, while her eyes were fixed with wistful eagerness on her daughter's face, the old instinct of neatness was still mechanically at work in her weak, wasted fingers. Rosamond had tossed her gloves from her on the bed but the minute before ; and already her mother had taken them up, and was smoothing them out carefully and folding them neatly together, all the while she spoke.

"Call me 'mother' again," she said, as Rosamond took the gloves from her and thanked her with a kiss for folding them up. "I have never heard you call me 'mother' till now—never, never till now, from the day when you were born !"

Rosamond checked the tears that were rising in her eyes again, and repeated the word.

"It is all the happiness I want, to lie here, and look at you, and hear you say that ! Is there any other woman in the world, my love, who has a face so beautiful and so kind as yours ?" She paused, and smiled faintly.

"I can't look at those sweet rosy lips now," she said, "without thinking how many kisses they owe me !"

"If you had only let me pay the debt before !" said Rosamond, taking her mother's hand, as she was accustomed to take her child's, and placing it on her neck. "If you had only spoken the first time we met, when you came to nurse me ! How sorrowfully I have thought of that since ! Oh, mother, did I distress you much, in my ignorance ? Did it make you cry when you thought of me after that ?"

"Distress me ! All my distress, Rosamond, has been of my own making, not of yours. My kind, thoughtful love ! you said, 'Don't be hard on her'—do you remember ? When I was being sent away, deservedly sent away, dear, for frightening you, you said to your husband, 'Don't be hard on her !' Only five words—but, oh, what a comfort it was to me, afterwards, to think that you had said them ! I did want to kiss you so, Rosamond, when I was brushing your hair : I had such a hard fight of it to keep from crying out loud when I heard you, behind the bed-curtains, wishing your little child good-night. My heart was in my mouth, choking me all that time. I took your part afterwards, when I went back to my mistress—I wouldn't hear her say a harsh word of you. I could have looked a hundred mistresses in the face then, and contradicted them all. Oh no, no, no ! you never distressed me. My worst grief at going away was years and years before I came to nurse you at West Winston. It was when I left my place at Porthgenna ; when I stole into your nursery, on that dreadful morning, and when I saw you with both your little arms round my master's neck. The doll you had taken to bed with you was in one of

your hands ; and your head was resting on the captain's bosom—just as mine rests now—oh, so happily, Rosamond !—on yours. I heard the last words he was speaking to you ! words you were too young to remember. 'Hush ! Rosie, dear,' he said, 'Don't cry any more for poor mamma. Think of poor papa, and try to comfort him !' There, my love—there was the bitterest distress, and the hardest to bear ! I, your own mother, standing like a spy, and hearing him say that to the child I dared not own ! 'Think of poor papa !' My own Rosamond ! you know, now, what father I thought of when he said those words ! How could I tell him the Secret ? how could I give him the letter, with his wife dead that morning—with nobody but you to comfort him—with the awful truth crushing down upon my heart, at every word he spoke, as heavily as ever the rock crushed down upon the father you never saw !"

"Don't speak of it now !" said Rosamond. "Don't let us refer again to the past : I know all I ought to know, all I wish to know of it. We will talk of the future, mother, and of happier times to come. Let me tell you about my husband. If any words can praise him as he ought to be praised, and thank him as he ought to be thanked, I am sure mine ought—I am sure yours will ! Let me tell you what he said and what he did when I read him the letter that I found in the Myrtle Room. Yes, yes, do let me !"

Warned by a remembrance of the doctor's last injunctions ; trembling in secret, as she felt under her hand the heavy, toilsome, irregular heaving of her mother's heart, as she saw the rapid changes of colour from pale to red, and from red to pale again that fluttered across her mother's face, she resolved to let no more words pass between them which were of a nature to recal painfully the sorrow and the suffering of the years that were gone. After describing the interview between her husband and herself which had ended in the disclosure of the Secret, she led her mother, with compassionate abruptness, to speak of the future, of the time when she would be able to travel again, of the happiness of returning together to Cornwall, of the little festival they might hold on arriving at Uncle Joseph's house in Truro, and of the time after that when they might go on still further to Porthgenna, or perhaps to some other place where new scenes and new faces might help them to forget all sad associations which it was best to think of no more.

Rosamond was still speaking on these topics ; her mother was still listening to her with growing interest in every word that she said, when Uncle Joseph returned. He brought in with him a basket of flowers and a basket of fruit, which he held up in triumph at the foot of his niece's bed.

"I have been walking about, my child, in the fine bright sunshine," he said, "and waiting to give your face plenty of time to look happy, so that I might see it again as I want to see it always, for the rest of my life. Aha, Sarah! it is I who have brought the right doctor to cure you!" he added gaily, looking at Rosamond. "She has made you better already: wait but a little while longer, and she shall get you up from your bed again, with your two cheeks as red, and your heart as light, and your tongue as fast to chatter as mine. See! the fine flowers, and the fruit I have bought that is nice to your eyes, and nice to your nose, and nicest of all to put into your mouth. It is festival-time with us to-day, and we must make the room bright, bright, bright, all over. And then, there is your dinner to come soon; I have seen it on the dish—a cherub among chicken-fowls! And, after that, there is your fine sound sleep, with Mozart to sing the cradle-song, and with me to sit for watch, and to go down stairs when you wake up again, and fetch you your cup of tea. Ah, my child, my child, what a fine thing it is to have come at last to this festival-day!"

With a bright look at Rosamond, and with both his hands full of flowers, he turned away from his niece to begin decorating the room. Except when she thanked the old man for the presents he had brought, her attention had never wandered, all the while he had been speaking, from her daughter's face; and her first words, when he was silent again, were addressed to Rosamond alone.

"While I am happy with *my child*," she said, "I am keeping you from *yours*. I, of all persons, ought to be the last to part you from each other too long. Go back now, my love, to your husband and your child; and leave me to my grateful thoughts and my dreams of better times."

"If you please, answer Yes to that, for your mother's sake," said Uncle Joseph, before Rosamond could reply. "The doctor says, she must take her repose in the day as well as her repose in the night. And how shall I get her to close her eyes, so long as she has the temptation to keep them open upon *you*?"

Rosamond felt the truth of those last words, and consented to go back for a few hours to the hotel, on the understanding that she was to resume her place at the bedside in the evening. After making this arrangement, she waited long enough in the room to see the meal brought up which Uncle Joseph had announced, and to aid the old man in encouraging her mother to partake of it. When the tray had been removed, and when the pillows of the bed had been comfortably arranged by her own hands, she at last prevailed on herself to take leave.

Her mother's arms lingered round her neck; her mother's cheek nestled fondly

against hers. "Go, my dear, go now, or I shall get too selfish to part with you even for a few hours," murmured the sweet voice in its lowest, softest tones. "My own Rosamond! I have no words to bless you that are good enough; no words to thank you that will speak as gratefully for me as they ought! Happiness has been long in reaching me,—but, oh how mercifully it has come at last!"

Before she passed the door, Rosamond stopped and looked back into the room. The table, the mantel-piece, the little framed prints on the wall were bright with flowers; the musical-box was just playing the first sweet notes of the air from Mozart; Uncle Joseph was seated already in his accustomed place by the bed, with the basket of fruit on his knees; the pale, worn face on the pillow was tenderly lighted up by a smile: peace and comfort, and repose, all mingled together happily in the picture of the sick room, all joined in leading Rosamond's thoughts to dwell quietly on the hope of a happier time.

Three hours passed. The last glory of the sun was lighting the long summer day to its rest in the western heaven, when Rosamond returned to her mother's bedside.

She entered the room softly. The one window in it looked towards the west, and on that side of the bed the chair was placed which Uncle Joseph had occupied when she left him, and in which she now found him still seated on her return. He raised his finger to his lips, and looked towards the bed, as she opened the door. Her mother was asleep, with her hand resting in the hand of the old man.

As Rosamond noiselessly advanced, she saw that Uncle Joseph's eyes looked dim and weary. The constraint of the position that he occupied, which made it impossible for him to move without the risk of awakening his niece, seemed to be beginning to fatigue him. Rosamond removed her bonnet and shawl, and made a sign to him to rise and let her take his place.

"Yes, yes!" she whispered, seeing him reply by a shake of the head. "Let me take my turn, while you go out a little and enjoy the cool evening air. There is no fear of waking her: her hand is not clasping yours, but only resting in it—let me steal mine into its place gently, and we shall not disturb her."

She slipped her hand under her mother's while she spoke. Uncle Joseph smiled as he rose from his chair, and resigned his place to her. "You will have your way," he said; "you are too quick and sharp for an old man like me."

"Has she been long asleep?" asked Rosamond.

"Nearly two hours," answered Uncle Joseph. "But it has not been the good sleep I wanted for her;—a dreaming, talking, restless sleep. It is only ten little minutes,

since she has been so quiet as you see her now."

"Surely you let in too much light?" whispered Rosamond, looking round at the window, through which the glow of the evening sky poured warmly into the room.

"No, no!" he hastily rejoined. "Asleep or awake, she always wants the light. If I go away for a little while, as you tell me, and if it gets on to be dusk before I come back, light both those candles on the chimney-piece. I shall try to be here again before that; but if the time slips by too fast for me, and if it so happens that she wakes and talks strangely, and looks much away from you into that far corner of the room there, remember that the matches and the candles are together on the chimney-piece, and that the sooner you light them after the dim twilight-time, the better it will be." With those words he stole on tiptoe to the door and went out.

His parting directions recalled Rosamond to a remembrance of what had passed between the doctor and herself that morning. She looked round again anxiously to the window. The sun was just sinking beyond the distant house-tops: the close of day was not far off. As she turned her head once more towards the bed, a momentary chill crept over her. She trembled a little, partly at the sensation itself, partly at the recollection it aroused of that other chill which had struck her in the solitude of the Myrtle Room.

Stirred by the mysterious sympathies of touch, her mother's hand at the same instant moved in hers, and over the sad peacefulness of the weary face there fluttered a momentary trouble—the flying shadow of a dream. The pale, parted lips opened, closed, quivered, opened again; the faint breaths came and went quickly and more quickly; the head moved uneasily on the pillow; the eyelids half unclosed themselves; low, faint, moaning sounds poured rapidly from the lips—changed ere long to half-articulated sentences—then merged softly into intelligible speech, and uttered these words:—

"Swear that you will not destroy this paper! Swear that you will not take this paper away with you if you leave the house!"

The words that followed these were whispered so rapidly and so low that Rosamond's ear failed to catch them. They were followed by a short silence. Then the dreaming voice spoke again suddenly, and spoke louder.

"Where? where? where?" it said. "In the bookcase? In the table-drawer?—Stop! stop! In the picture of the ghost——"

The last words struck cold on Rosamond's heart. She drew back suddenly with a movement of alarm,—checked herself the instant after, and bent down over the pillow again. But it was too late. Her hand had moved abruptly when she drew back, and her mother woke with a start and a faint cry,—with

vacant, terror-stricken eyes, and with the perspiration standing thick on her forehead.

"Mother!" cried Rosamond, raising her on the pillow. "I have come back. Don't you know me?"

"Mother?" she repeated, in mournful, questioning tones. "Mother?" At the second repetition of the word a bright flush of delight and surprise broke out on her face, and she clasped both arms suddenly round her daughter's neck. "Oh, my own Rosamond!" she said. "If I had ever been used to waking up and seeing your dear face look at me, I should have known you sooner, in spite of my dream! Did you wake me, my love? or did I wake myself?"

"I am afraid I woke you, mother."

"Don't say 'afraid.' I would wake from the sweetest sleep that ever woman had, to see your face and to hear you say 'Mother' to me. You have delivered me, my love, from the terror of one of my dreadful dreams. Oh, Rosamond, I think I should live to be happy in your love, if I could only get Porthgenna Tower out of my mind—if I could only never remember again the bedchamber where my mistress died, and the room where I hid the letter——"

"We will try and forget Porthgenna Tower now," said Rosamond. "Shall we talk about other places where I have lived, which you have never seen? Or shall I read to you, mother? Have you got any book here that you are fond of?"

She looked, across the bed, at the table on the other side. There was nothing on it but some bottles of medicine, a few of Uncle Joseph's flowers in a glass of water, and a little oblong work-box. She looked round at the chest of drawers behind her—there were no books placed on the top of it. Before she turned towards the bed again, her eyes wandered aside to the window. The sun was lost beyond the distant house-tops: the close of day was nearer at hand.

"If I could forget! O, me, if I could only forget!" said her mother, sighing wearily and beating her hand on the coverlid of the bed.

"Are you well enough, dear, to amuse yourself with work?" asked Rosamond, pointing to the little oblong box on the table, and trying to lead the conversation to a harmless, every-day topic, by asking questions about it. "What work do you do? May I look at it?"

Her face lost its weary, suffering look, and brightened once more into a smile. "There is no work there," she said. "All the treasures I had in the world, till you came to see me, are shut up in that one little box. Open it, my love, and look inside."

Rosamond obeyed, placing the box on the bed where her mother could see it easily. The first object that she discovered inside, was a little book, in dark, worn binding. It was an old copy of Wesley's Hymns. Some

withered blades of grass lay between its pages; and on one of its blank leaves was this inscription:—"Sarah Leeson, her book. The gift of Hugh Polwheal."

"Look at it, my dear," said her mother. "I want you to know it again. When my time comes to leave you, Rosamond, lay it on my bosom with your own dear hands, and put a little morsel of your hair with it, and bury me, in the grave in Porthgenna churchyard, where he has been waiting for me to come to him so many weary years. The other things in the box, Rosamond, belong to you; they are little stolen keepsakes that used to remind me of my child, when I was alone in the world. Perhaps, years and years hence, when your brown hair begins to grow grey like mine, you may like to show these poor trifles to your children when you talk about me. Don't mind telling them, Rosamond, how your mother sinned and how she suffered—you can always let these little trifles speak for her at the end. The least of them will show that she always loved you."

She took out of the box a morsel of neatly-folded white paper, which had been placed under the book of Wesley's Hymns; opened it, and showed her daughter a few faded laburnum leaves that lay inside. "I took these from your bed, Rosamond, when I came as a stranger, to nurse you at West Winston. When I heard who the lady was who was staying at the inn, the temptation to risk anything for the sake of seeing you and seeing my grandchild was too much for me. I tried to take a ribbon out of your trunk, love, after I had taken the flowers—a ribbon that I knew had been round your neck. But the doctor came near at the time, and frightened me."

She folded the paper up again, laid it aside on the table, and drew from the box next a small print which had been taken from the illustrations to a pocket-book. It represented a little girl, in a gipsy-hat sitting by the water-side, and weaving a daisy chain. As a design, it was worthless; as a print, it had not even the mechanical merit of being a good impression. Underneath it a line was written in faintly-pencilled letters:—"Rosamond when I last saw her."

"It was never pretty enough for you," she said. "But still there was something in it that helped me to remember what my own love was like, when she was a little girl."

She put the engraving aside with the laburnum leaves, and took from the box a leaf of a copy-book, folded in two, out of which there dropped a tiny strip of paper, covered with small printed letters. She looked at the strip of paper first. "The advertisement of your marriage, Rosamond," she said. "I used to be fond of reading it over and over again to myself when I was alone, and trying to fancy how you looked

and what dress you wore. If I had only known: when you were going to be married, I would have ventured into the church, my love, to look at you and at your husband! But that was not to be,—and perhaps it was best so, for the seeing you in that stolen way might only have made my trials harder to bear afterwards. I have had no other keepsake to remind me of you, Rosamond, except this leaf out of your first copy-book. The nurse-maid at Porthgenna tore up the rest one day to light the fire, and I took this leaf when she was not looking. See! you had not got as far as words then,—you could only do up-strokes and down-strokes. O me! how many times I have sat looking at this one leaf of paper, and trying to fancy that I saw your small child's hand travelling over it, with the pen held tight in the rosy little fingers. I think I have cried oftener, my darling, over that first copy of yours than over all my other keepsakes put together."

Rosamond turned aside her face towards the window to hide the tears which she could restrain no longer. As she wiped them away, the first sight of the darkening sky warned her that the twilight dimness was coming soon. How dull and faint the glow in the west looked now! how near it was to the close of day!

When she turned towards the bed again, her mother was still looking at the leaf of the copy-book.

"That nurse-maid who tore up all the rest of it to light the fire," she said, "was a kind friend to me, in those early days at Porthgenna. She used sometimes to let me put you to bed, Rosamond; and never asked questions, or teased me, as the rest of them did. She risked the loss of her place by being so good to me. My mistress was afraid of my betraying myself and betraying her if I was much in the nursery, and she gave orders that I was not to go there, because it was not my place. None of the other women-servants were so often stopped from playing with you and kissing you, Rosamond, as I was. But the nursemaid—God bless and prosper her for it!—stood my friend! I often lifted you into your little cot, my love, and wished you good-night, when my mistress thought I was at work in her room. You used to say you liked your nurse better than you liked me, but you never told me so fretfully; and you always put your laughing lips up to mine whenever I asked you for a kiss!"

Rosamond laid her head gently on the pillow by the side of her mother's. "Try to think less of the past, dear, and more of the future," she whispered pleadingly; "try to think of the time when my child will help you to recall those old days without their sorrow,—the time when you will teach him to put his lips up to yours, as I used to put mine."

"I will try, Rosamond,—but my only thoughts of the future, for years and years past, have been thoughts of meeting you in heaven. If my sins are forgiven, how shall we meet there? Shall you be like my little child to me,—the child I never saw again after she was five years old? I wonder if the mercy of God will recompense me for our long separation on earth? I wonder if you will first appear to me in the happy world, with your child's face, and be what you should have been to me on earth, my little angel that I can carry in my arms? If we pray in heaven, shall I teach you your prayers there, as some comfort to me for never having taught them to you here?"

She paused, smiled sadly, and, closing her eyes, gave herself in silence to the dream-thoughts that were still floating in her mind. Thinking that she might sink to rest again if she was left undisturbed, Rosamond neither moved nor spoke. After watching the peaceful face for some time, she became conscious that the light was fading on it slowly. As that conviction impressed itself on her, she looked round at the window once more. The western clouds wore their quiet twilight-colours already: the close of day had come.

The moment she moved in the chair, she felt her mother's hand on her shoulder. When she turned again toward the bed, she saw her mother's eyes open and looking at her—looking at her, as she thought, with a change in their expression, a change to vacancy.

"Why do I talk of heaven?" she said, turning her face suddenly towards the darkening sky, and speaking in low, muttering tones. "How do I know I am fit to go there? And yet, Rosamond, I am not guilty of breaking my oath to my mistress. You can say for me that I never destroyed the letter, and that I never took it away with me when I left the house."

"It will be dark soon, mother. Let me get up for one moment to light the candles."

Her hand crept softly upward, and clung fast round Rosamond's neck.

"I never swore to give him the letter," she said. "There was no crime in the hiding of it. You found it in a picture, Rosamond? They used to call it a picture of the Porthgenna ghost. Nobody knew how old it was or when it came into the house. My mistress hated it, because the painted face had a strange likeness to hers. She told me when first I lived at Porthgenna, to take it down from the wall and destroy it. I was afraid to do that; so I hid it away, before ever you were born, in the Myrtle Room. You found the letter at the back of the picture, Rosamond? And yet that was a likely place to hide it in. Nobody had ever found the picture. Why should anybody find the letter that was hid in it?"

"Let me get a light, mother! I am sure you would like to have a light!"

"No! no light now. Give the darkness time to gather down there in the corner of the room. Lift me up close to you, and let me whisper."

The clinging arm tightened its grasp as Rosamond raised her in the bed. The fading light from the window fell full on her face, and was reflected dimly in her vacant eyes. "I am waiting for something, that comes at dusk, before the candles are lit," she whispered in low breathless tones. "Down there!" And she pointed away to the farthest corner of the room near the door.

"Mother! for God's sake, what is it! what has changed you so?"

"That's right! say, 'Mother.' If she does come, she can't stop when she hears you call me 'Mother,' when she sees us together at last, loving and knowing each other in spite of her. Oh, my kind, tender, pitying child! if you can only deliver me from her, how long I may live yet!—how happy we may both be!"

"Don't talk so! don't look so! Tell me quietly—dear, dear mother,—tell me quietly——"

"Hush! hush! I am going to tell you. She threatened me on her death-bed, if I thwarted her: she said she would come to me from the other world. Rosamond! I have thwarted her, and she has kept her promise—all my life since, she has kept her promise! Look! Down there!"

Her left arm was still clasped round Rosamond's neck. She stretched her right arm out towards the far corner of the room, and shook her hand slowly at the empty air.

"Look!" she said. "There she is as she always comes to me, at the close of day,—with the coarse, black dress on, that my guilty hands made for her,—with the smile that there was on her face when she asked me if she looked like a servant. Mistress! mistress! Oh, rest at last! the Secret is ours no longer! Rest at last! my child is my own again! Rest at last; and come between us no more!"

She ceased, panting for breath; and laid her hot, throbbing cheek against the cheek of her daughter. "Call me 'Mother' again!" she whispered. "Say it loud; and send her away from me for ever!"

Rosamond mastered the terror that shook in every limb, and pronounced the word.

Her mother leaned forward a little, still gasping heavily for breath, and looked with straining eyes into the quiet twilight dimness at the lower end of the room.

"Gone!!!" she cried suddenly, with a scream of exultation. "Oh, merciful, merciful God! gone at last!"

The next instant she sprang up on her knees in the bed. For one awful moment

her eyes shone in the gray twilight with a radiant unearthly beauty, as they fastened their last look of fondness on her daughter's face. "Oh, my love! my angel!" she murmured, "how happy we shall be together now!" As she said the words, she twined her arms round Rosamond's neck, and pressed her lips rapturously on the lips of her child.

The kiss lingered till her head sank forward gently on Rosamond's bosom—lingered, till the time of God's mercy came, and the weary heart rested at last.

CHIP.

THE ROLL OF COOKERY.

A RIGHT ancient document has come down to us, which was compiled by the Maistre Cookes of Richard the Second, about the year thirteen hundred and ninety, and is entitled *The Roll of Cury*, the old name for *Cookery*. It lets a curious light into the gastronomic luxuries most in vogue amongst our ancestors. We look in vain in this manuscript for any mention of our great national dish. There is no trace of the Roast Beef of Old England. Old England had to grow older before it knew how to breed, and feed, and learnt to appreciate the mighty baron of beef. Old England was still in her youth, and cared only for spoon-meat. All the one hundred and ninety-six dishes set forth in the *Roll* were probably eaten with the aid of spoons or fingers; and joints were never served whole. We conceited moderns might take a profitable lesson from them.

Our ancestors in those days appeared to have lived much after the French fashion, and fed upon soups, stews, and hashes. Butter seems to have been seldom used; it is only mentioned twice, but olive oil and lard were employed instead. Saffron was an article of large consumption for colouring and garnishing purposes. Rice also was much used. Sugar is seldom mentioned—in fact it must have been somewhat of a rarity in those days; it was probably obtained from the East Indies by way of Damascus and Aleppo to Venice, Genoa, or Pisa. Honey was used as a sweetener instead. It had been so employed from the earliest times; particularly in England, where it was the chief constituent of mead and metheglin. Ancient cooks had a method of clarifying it, by putting it in a pot with whites of eggs and water, and beating the whole well together; they then set it on the fire; and, when just boiling over, they took it off and let it cool. For seasoning and flavour they used two powders—powder fort and powder douce. The former was prepared from the warmer spices, pepper, ginger, &c.; the latter being a mixture of the milder aromatic spices. Both these powders were probably to be purchased at the mediæval grocers' shops, ready made up.

Let the master cooks speak for themselves, and tell us the object of their manuscript in their own quaint language. They shall spell, too, as they choose:—

"This form of Cury was compiled of the chef maister Coks of Kyng Richard the Secunde, Kyng of Englonde, after the Conquest, the which was acouted the best and ryallest oyand" (meant, probably, for *oyander* or *epicure*) "of alle Christian Kyngs, and it was compiled by assent and avysement of maisters of phisik and of philosophie that dwelled in hys court. First it techith a man for to make commune potages and commune meetis for howshold as they shall be made craftly and holsoonly. Afterward it techith for to make curious potages of meete bothe of flessch and of ffish, both ysette here by noubre and by ordre. Sso this little table here sewyng" (ensuing or following) "wole teche a man with oute tarryyng to fynde what meete that hym lust for to have." Here follows a table of contents abounding in obsolete and unintelligible names, of which let these serve as examples: *Tredure, monchelet, bukenade, connat, drepe, makke, mawmence, clat, appulmoy, and gyndawdry*. There are also receipts for making *pochee, tostee, tartee*, and blank desire.

One of the first things that the reader will notice in perusing this goodly rule is the enormous scale on which the dishes are devised. But this is not so surprising when we consider that they were intended for the large households of the king or the nobles, and that individuals or small parties had their quantum, or ordinary, served out. The following directions for making *Pyggs in sawse sawge*, or *Pigs with sawge sauce*, is on a very extensive scale: "Take *pyggs yskaldid* (to remove the bristles, we presume), and quarter them and seeth them in water and salt, take them and lat them *kele* (cool); take *parsel* (probably *parsley*) sawge, and grynde it with brede and yolkes of *ayren* (yolks of eggs), *harde ysode* (boiled), temper it up with *vyneger sunnwhat thyk*, and lay the *pyggs* in a vessel, and the *sewe onoward* (the sauce over them), and serve it forth." What a sublime disregard of the demon of indigestion lies in the words, "Take *pigs*!" Size or number seem of no moment. We presume the smallest of porklings are intended. O, excellent Charles Lamb! Immortal eulogiser of crackling, how thou wouldst have groaned in spirit at the mere thought of such a sacrilege! Boiled sucking-pig!

They had, too, a vigorous and athletic way of treating their viands in Richard the Second's time, which has quite departed from us. In a receipt for making geese in *hoggepot*, we are told to, Take gees and smite them in *peecs*. The white of hard-boiled eggs also is to be hewed. Again, Take hares and hewe them to *gobetts*. And, Take chykens and boil them in *gode brothe*

and ramme them up, which latter process was to press them closely together after the manner of brawn.

There is a comprehensive receipt for a salad, which certainly would not be deficient in flavour, especially of onions:—"Take parsley, sage, garlic, chibolls (chives), onions, leek, borage, mints, porrettes (a sort of leek), fennel, cresses, rue, rosemary, and purslain, lave and wash them cleane, pike them, pluk them smal with thine hond, and myngle them wel with rawe oil, lay on vyneger and salt and serve it forth." Few dishes seem to have so little varied as fritters, or, as it was spelt, fruturs. "Take flowre and ayren (eggs), and grynd peper and safron, and mak thereof a batour (batter), and pare applis and kyt (cut) them to brode peecs and kest them theryn, and fry them in the batour with fresch grees and serve it forth." Several of the herbs above mentioned are seldom used, or indeed grown now, and in this respect we moderns have fallen behind, for by their aid our ancestors made the most delicious cold and hot drinks.

The word "make" in the following receipt evidently has the sense of cook. "For to make a lopister (lobster). He shall be roastyd in his scalyes in an ovyn or by the feer (fire) under a panne and etyn (eaten) wyth vyneger." It is difficult to make selections from so much that is curious, and enough has probably been said on this subject; we will therefore only give one more example which is somewhat startling. It contains instructions for making tartys in applis, not apple-tart, as will immediately be seen. "Take gode applis, and gode speys and figys, and reysons and perys (pears), and whan they are wel ybrayed (in a mortar), coloured with safron wel, put yl in a coffyn, do yt forth to bake wel." In order to calm the apprehensions of the timid, it may be stated, that a coffyn in this instance is not what it is popularly supposed to be, but a raised pie without any top.

The old English cooks are surpassed by a dish once presented to an English Ambassador at the Court of the Emperor of Morocco. It was brought by two men perspiring under the load of a handbarrow, the contents of which were an enormous china bowl filled with the national dish called Cooscosoo. This being deposited, was followed by an entire sheep, skinned, but presenting the same rotund appearance as it had done when bleating in its native pastures. Incision being made, however, a bounteous discharge extruded of puddings, forced meats, mince-meats, and indescribable eteteras in all sorts of fantastic forms, ready dressed.

However much we may have been amused by the catalogue of viands constructed to please the palate of the royal epicure by the Roll of Cooks, we cannot lay it aside without congratulating ourselves that, upon the whole, culinary taste and skill have im-

proved; although there are many little matters both of principle and detail in which we might take very advantageous hints from the ancients. "In the article of Eating (that noble pleasure!)" quoth the Adventurer, going even further back into antiquity, "who is there so proper to advise with as one who is acquainted with the kitchens of an Apicius or an Heliogabalus! For though I have a very high opinion of our careful taste, I cannot help thinking that the ancients were our masters in expensive dinners. Their cooks had an art amongst them which I do not find that any of ours are arrived at. Trimalchus's cook could make a turbot or an ortolan out of hog's flesh. Nicomedes, king of Bithynia, when he was three hundred miles from the sea, longed for a John Dory, and was supplied with a fresh one by his cook the same hour." This sublime art of the transmutation of flesh into fish has, indeed, been lost to a degenerate race of cooks; but the Adventurer continues naively, "I dare say there are men learned enough in this kingdom, under proper encouragement, to restore to us this invaluable secret."

TALKING SHIPS.

THERE are a few lines of small print in the daily newspaper, a list of Vessels Spoken With, read day after day by many careful eyes among us islanders. We do much business on great waters, and the merchant who thinks of his cargo, the mother who thinks of her son, the wife who thinks of the husband earning bread for her and for her little ones by ploughing the waters, derive more pleasure from three or four words in that paragraph, whenever they can find them, than from everything else contained in the journal to which they may happen to refer. "The Mary of Liverpool standing to the westward, April the twenty-second, in latitude forty-four N., longitude forty-one W.—The Princess Royal for the south-west, April the twenty-ninth, in latitude forty-two N., longitude forty-one W." are sentences full of comfort to some who know that that Mary is indeed their Mary, or the Princess Royal, the veritable ship which holds what they most prize upon earth.

But, is it really the Mary, is it really our Princess, that was spoken with? Many ships chartered may leave the port of Liverpool, and there are many Royal Princesses committed to the deep. At present, fully to identify a seafaring Princess, one must know her port of registry, the number and the year of registry in that port, all which matters have not to be told by writing or by word of mouth, but by a significant display of ribbons from the mast-head. When two vessels out on the broad seas pass within sight of each other, they talk together, having flags for tongues, a code of signals for

a language. One may have many things to tell the other, but at least the two should, as it were, exchange cards, and each should carry into port a memorandum of the names of all the vessels spoken with; stating whereabouts and in what state each had been seen. When ships' names are to be made out only by a complex and tedious process, misapprehension will be frequent, or the signalling will often be neglected altogether; very imperfect then will be the record—and it is now an imperfect record—which ought to bring nearly the whole broad ocean within range of sight.

Two years ago the Registrar General of Seamen made a representation to the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council for Trade, founded upon the fact that from the date at which he wrote, there was to be an official number set upon every registered ship, to be entered upon her certificate of registry, and permanently marked upon her mainbeam. Vessels at sea were thus to be identified by their numbers as clearly as cabs in the Strand. If, instead of simply saying number ninety, we had to specify a cab as Hanson cab the Swift (there being two hundred Swifts), and add, to complete the specification, built at Bermondsey in eighteen hundred and fifty, first of the stand near Hackney church, then plying from the Southwestern Railway Station, now of the Strand, near Saint Clement's church; we should, as to the identity of cabs, be as confused as we were concerning the identity of ships, till the official number was invented.

To turn the official number to the best account, and to make use of its establishment as an opportunity for reconsidering the language of ships, when they talk to each other far at sea, was the object of the letter written, two years ago, to the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council for Trade by the Registrar General for Seamen. New means would be required to enable ships to signal readily their numbers to each other: the opportunity therefore for a revision of the whole system of signals at sea was too good to be lost. The thing to be sought for was an universal code, and means of making the ships' tongues speak at the mast-head an universal language, the same signs representing always the same ideas to Englishmen or Frenchmen, to the Spanish and the Dutch.

The proposal of the Registrar General of Seamen, Mr. J. H. Brown, having been approved of by their lordships, the opinion of the chief mercantile bodies was asked, and was of course in favour of some further action in the matter, whereupon there was appointed a committee to inquire into a report upon the subject of a code of signals to be used at sea. Of this committee three members, Admiral Beechey, Captain Robert Fitzroy, and Mr. J. H. Brown, were named by the Board of Trade; one member, Admiral Bethune, was named by the Admi-

ralty; an Elder Brother, Captain Bax, was appointed as a member by the Trinity House; Mr. W. C. Hamett and Captain Halsted, secretary of Lloyd's, were the members named by Lloyd's committee, while the Liverpool Shipowners' Association and the General Shipowners' Society, each by the nomination of a member, had a voice in the discussion.

After deliberating for more than a year, this committee sent in a report last Michaelmas, together with the matured scheme of an amended code of signals. The report, and the signal-book by which it was accompanied, proved that the committee-men had not been wanting either in wit or in the will to work. They began by examining the thirteen codes already published for the use of the Navy and of the British or Foreign Merchant Service, also by examining some local codes and reading all suggestions sent to them. It appeared to them that some use could be made of the old codes in inventing a new system.

Then they proceeded to lay down for themselves the conditions which they held it to be important that a new method of talk for ships ought to fulfil. It should admit of a great many things being said by signs; should be cheap, simple, and little capable of being half-perceived or misinterpreted. Thus it was decided that four flags ought to be the greatest number used for making any signal, and that these flags never should be hoisted some on one mast, some on another. Former systems had generally attempted to multiply the power of speech by the use of this kind of cloven tongue. Let us have, said the committee, every signal made complete in one hoist in one place, and let there never be, under any circumstances whatever, a second meaning to one form of signal. Let us have the most important signals made in the most unmistakable way with the fewest flags. Let the fact of there being two flags in a hoist always give warning that the signal is one of danger or urgency. Four-flag signals might almost be dispensed with, if there were not a large range needed to express the great number of geographical names, and a necessity, owing to the extent of our marine, for giving means to designate not less than fifty thousand ships.

Finally, it was decided that the code ought to be one that could be used by men of every language, and that the signal-book should be arranged as a dictionary in which the meaning proper to a signal, or the signal proper to a meaning, could be looked out as easily as one looks out for the Latin to English, or the English to Latin in a common dictionary.

The plan of signalling devised by the committee appears really to satisfy all these requirements. The planners of it had not been satisfied by former systems, among which that known as Captain Marryat's is the one most used. There is also a French code by Captain

Reynold, of the French navy, recognised by the French government; and there is an American code by Mr. Rogers of Baltimore, recognised by the United States. These codes all talk by numbers, they speak with flags numbered from one to nine, with a cypher (0) added. Merely to give by this system the official numbers of fifty thousand ships would prove a serious difficulty in connection with any of these numeral systems. Some of them, including Marryat's, have hitherto avoided wholly the confusion incident to Repeating Flags. In all these codes five flags in a hoist are used to make high numbers, and in the latest edition of Marryat's code, four Repeating Flags are used for making consecutive numbers as high as 99,999. Means have been used also for the enlargement of a code of signals by the use of distinguishing pendants shown from another masthead.

The only plan that could be substituted for the old system (which, with four of its flags, could never express more than seventy thousand distinct signals) was to take as many flags as would yield in combinations of two, three, and four, not less than seventy thousand permutations, each capable of being used as a distinct signal. The sum in arithmetic was duly worked, and it appeared that a ship carrying eighteen signal flags could make, with them, seventy-eight thousand six hundred and forty-two signals, each signal consisting of a hoist of not more than four flags. A system of eighteen flags was, therefore, the one adopted, and there appeared to be no simpler way of naming the flags than to call them by the letters of the alphabet, omitting vowels. As the flags are not intended to spell words, the use of vowels is unnecessary; the letters are used simply for familiar and handy names, by which to distinguish each flag in the set of eighteen from the others. Besides, were vowels used, all manner of chance words which have nothing to do with the signals would arise in making them. With the most friendly intent on both sides, we might signal pig to a Mahometan, and get dog for an answer. Because there have been sixteen flags used heretofore in working Marryat's code, and those flags are possessed by most merchant vessels, it is not proposed to put owners to the heavy cost of a new outfit of signal flags; therefore, although improvements were conceivable, Marryat's Flags, with slight variations, have been applied to the new method as far as they would go.

With the flags thus adopted, upon the plan thus devised, the seventy thousand permutations have been fitted with their meaning, and two dictionaries are now issued to be used by ships in talking to each other. One is a list of ships—the Mercantile Navy List—with the symbols corresponding to the official

number of each vessel, arranged alphabetically. The list is so bulky that it was not advisable to add it to the other dictionary. It describes, at present, thirty thousand vessels, and will be revised by frequent supplements and yearly issues. The other dictionary contains a signal for each word or sentence that ships might require to utter to each other, and it is, as usual, a dictionary in two parts—Latin-English and English-Latin: Signal-English and English-Signal. And just as a Latin dictionary might be translated into German by merely putting German instead of English words to the fixed meanings of the Latin, so may the new signal dictionary be translated into every European language, and the speech of ships peculiar to themselves, and in itself not English, French, Spanish, or Dutch be used in common intercourse on the high seas by ships of England, France, Holland, or Spain.

The new manner of speech is now being taught to English vessels; and, if the seamen of other nations will adopt it, a new help will thus be afforded to the forward march of true civilisation. On the sea, free to all nations, there will be spoken a free language peculiar to none and understood by all; while, by its help, the shipping news, which gives security to commerce and spins many webs of friendship between land and land, will run in the brief phrases of its universal language rapidly and distinctly, each fact contained in a few letters, liable to no confusion and delay. This system of a universal signal-language need not be confined to the world's navy. A day is not distant when so many widely separated peoples will require to speak through the connecting wires running from town to town, from land to land, from shore to shore, that condensation of the messages sent by electric telegraph will become itself an object of some moment to society.

In the new code, signals with two flags are more urgent than signals with three; signals with three flags import more than signals of four. According to the number of flags used, then, the signals fall into three natural divisions. These are again subdivided; in signals made with two signs, for example, the burgee uppermost represents some attention signal; a pendant uppermost defines a compass signal; and a square flag uppermost a danger signal.

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TILLING THE DEVIL'S ACRE.

THERE is a little road with a blind ending in the neighbourhood of Clapham Rise, which set out with the design of travelling to Brixton, but stopped suddenly after it had crossed and cut in half a certain nursery garden. The road is called Wellington Road, and it lies close by the Bedford Road, within a stone's throw of The Bedford Arms. The garden—in which, when we visited it on one warm evening in May, we saw many a young plant drooping under the day's heat watered by young thieves, who were themselves only beginning to revive under the influence of careful gardening—the garden is described thus on a board displayed in the adjoining thoroughfare. The description is headed with a Latin motto, which means what the garden means—Work the Restorer of Virtue.

LABOR VIRTUTIS RESTITUTOR.
WELLINGTON AND BEDFORD NURSERIES.

NURSERYMAN A. WALKER AND FLORIST.

Flower Stands Furnished. Bouquets may be had at all Seasons. Gardens Laid Out and attended to.

Carriage Entrance, Wellington Road.

In this nursery garden the rose opens noiselessly under the hand of the cracksman; the coarse fingers of the garotter clasp the neck of the hyacinth to its stick, and the light touches of the pickpocket delicately tend the lilies of the valley. Andrew Walker, who for sixteen years worked as a city missionary in a foul corner of London, known in his time as the Devil's Acre,* has for the last two or three years been tilling in this garden the devil's acre; and, by giving work, wages, and human care and trust, to youths willing to drag themselves up into light out of the gloomy depths of crime, he has produced more blossom and fruit than is usually to be had from hothouses and garden borders. As the youths were watering the masses of young plants that drooped their leaves under the heat of a spring sun, they were but doing as they were done by. Even to the eye of the flesh, there is a peculiar droop of a young thief's head, that may be taken as an emblem of the moral drought by which, if not a

man will help him, he must die. It was still to be seen in some of these young gardeners; but there was evident in all the sense of a reviving influence. Labour in open air had taken haggardness out of their cheeks, and honest living had put healthy looks into their eyes.

But who is Mr. Andrew Walker? Let us see the gardener before we pass into the garden. Mr. Walker is a Scotchman, who was born in the village of Earlstown, on Leaderwater, and was brought up to the trade of gardening. He first came to London about twenty years ago as gardener to some gentleman or lady; and, before he had been long in town, happened to lose his way one day in a labyrinth of filthy lanes and alleys west of Westminster Abbey. They were then worse than they now are, lying, as they did, beside the Abbey walls, and forming one of the worst nests of filth and crime in the metropolis. They covered a patch of ground commonly known as the Devil's Acre, for the wickedness it bore. They were owned by the Dean and Chapter as a church estate. Shocked deeply by what he saw when lost for an hour among these lanes—in which so many are lost from the hour of their birth to the hour of their burial—Mr. Walker dwelt for days upon the new thoughts forced into his mind. What were the most glorious flowers in the universe to the divine blossom destroyed when children become, soul and body, loathsome, and when sins and sorrows settle like a cloud of locusts on a thicket of doomed women and men? By Heaven's help, he said, I will give my life up to the hope that I may prosper in a better gardening than this with tulips and with mignonnette. He had heard of London city missionaries, and applied to be enrolled among their number. He was so enrolled, and for sixteen years worked as a city missionary, having that dread acre at Westminster assigned to him as his ground. During the sixteen years, he witnessed gradual improvement, and was, of course, active in laying the foundations of local ragged schools and reformatories. What kind of material he had to work upon it will be well briefly to show, rather by facts than comments.

Among eight hundred social pariahs with whom he came into contact, there were some

* See Household Words, Volume the First, page 297.

who had been in prison thirty or forty times; and he has known men return to their favourite haunts after being twice and even thrice transported. In the seven hundred densely peopled rooms that formed the district, there were five hundred without a page of Bible in them; nor were there, when he first visited the place, any schools or means of any kind employed to mend the manners of the people. A clause in the leases of houses held under the Dean and Chapter expressly stipulated that they should not be used as places of worship, unless in connection with the Church of England: whole streets of them, however, and the houses in one entire square, were used as stew's of vice. One, also, was a cock-pit, in which a brown bear was kept for worrying on Sundays, and where the dog Billy killed his tale of rats to delight an attentive congregation. There was a penny theatre, and there were public-houses, in which people of both sexes danced together with their rags off. There, upon Sunday evenings, was a Dean and Chapter's house found, that would serve as the training establishment for pickpockets, and give room for the notorious Doll, with a sort of judge and jury club to follow, by which young thieves were taught the best means of behaving and defending themselves in courts of justice. There, were to be found whole houses full of various attires: one room containing decent widows'-weeds; one, uniforms of our military and naval heroes; one, wooden legs and arms and bandages, by help of which, for the trifling sum of two shillings a day, thieves could procure means of attracting public sympathy. Children in any quantity were to be had from the same traders at ninepence a day per head, to represent a starving family. If these were hired of their own parents instead of at the agency, the commission for their use was sixpence a-head only. In the Devil's Acre, also, men maintained schools of boys, for the purpose of sending them out pickpocketing for their master's benefit, or to assist housebreakers in getting into dwellings.

In the third year of Mr. Walker's ministry, the captain of the thieves, who had been looked up to for counsel and advice in all cases of emergency, and who had many a time raised among his friends subscriptions for a criminal's defence, fell sick and died. Two mourning-coaches and twelve cabs full of bereaved vagabonds followed the hearse to this man's grave in a popular cemetery.

The shifts and contrivances by which Mr. Walker's parishioners managed to elude justice were worthy of a Russian diplomatist, and their domestic arrangements in trap-doors and shifting panels rivalled in mystery even Udalpho. One gentleman, who had made counterfeit coin for years, had his door filled from top to bottom with sharp-pointed nails, to prevent any pushing against it from the outside. Another had two steps of his

stairs hung upon hinges, and used those stairs as the door into his bedroom.

Improved as much of this has been, by law, by ragged unions, and by missionary enterprise, since Mr. Walker first began his up-hill work in Westminster, enough remains, as we need hardly say, to make the reformation of a discharged prisoner, driven back among old companions and pursuits, as hopeless as can be. Even natural affection grows up stunted in such stony soil. A widow (whose husband—a burglar—had been hung in the natural course of events), a widow with four children, kept a lodging-house for young men, who trained her little ones for their profession, thieving, with the mother's fullest approbation. She lived to see one son after the other taken from her and transported as a felon, without any sign of sorrow. Only when her last boy was drowned in his passage out by the sinking of the convict-ship, she cursed the nation and the government which hurried fine young men into eternity by sending them abroad in rotten vessels.

Even in Westminster, however, and in the Devil's Acre, Mr. Walker had the reward of a fair success. Preaching in places where the lips grow black and the stomach sickens from the intense foulness of the atmosphere is no holiday work.

The son of a poor widow with a small family, who used all her energies to provide means for their support, sometimes by begging, but by washing whenever she could find employment, went astray. The children being necessarily left often to their own devices, soon found companions, who led them, from upsetting a fruit-stall in the street and stealing its contents, to picking pockets and to burglary. The widow's son became a thorough cracksmen. After many interviews and conversations, this man was persuaded to receive instruction, and to undertake industrial employment. After a few months, he went out as emigrant to one of the colonies, from which he sends from time to time remittances of money earned by honest industry to aid his mother and family.

A young man of twenty years of age, had lost his parents early, and was obliged to shift for himself. Begging, he said, was not the profession he liked, but his haggard appearance was such that nobody would ever give him work; he had had no education, and was led astray. "I have," he said, "been ten times in prison. I have often tried to get an honest living, and never could succeed. I went at first without food three days at a time, rather than steal." This youth was found at a low lodging-house in a most miserable condition, was taught, and employed. After giving evidence enough of moral change he was helped to America, whence he writes good accounts of his well-being.

A youth of seventeen presented himself to

Mr. Walker in a state of utter ignorance. He had been born in a lodging-house, and never had known even his parents. Ever since he could remember he had been accustomed to beg in the streets. He had never been at church or at school, except when in prison, and even then had never learnt to read. He had heard of Christ, but never understood what sort of a man he was. He had never been a pickpocket, but what he stole was all from shops and markets: he was very clever at that business. He stole, on one occasion, a set of drawing-instruments, which he sold to a lodging-house keeper for two-and-sixpence. The same night he stole them again and sold them to another; and this trick he repeated three times over. On another occasion, his trousers being very ragged, he stole from his bed-fellow at a lodging-house a better pair, and ran away in the morning, leaving in exchange his own rags that would scarcely hold together. In a few days, at another of these infamous places, he found to his dismay that he had again to sleep with the friend on whom he had forced an unwelcome exchange. That gentleman resumed his trousers and secured them to himself by quietly putting them on before he went to bed, and our poor youth had to take to his own again, though during his short absence from them they had lost a leg. He had not for three years owned a shirt! Of this young man there are now very favourable accounts from his master, a farmer in America.

Another boy, at nine years old, stole his first purse from a lady, with five pounds in it. His second was one with a hundred and fifty pounds in it, in bank notes; these he exchanged to a receiver of stolen goods for twenty sovereigns; ten pounds of this money he invested in false coin, and then he went through the provinces to pass it off—a business known amongst the craft as stuffle-pitching. His plan was to hide his stock of bad coin, with the exception of one sovereign, so that, if detected, he would have no more in his possession. He would enter a retail shop, say a draper's, at a late hour in the evening, and say that his master had sent him for a cheap handkerchief; upon being shown one he would demand the price of it, and, apparently determining to take it, lay down a good sovereign, which the shopman would take up and try; but before change was given, a doubt would seem to arise whether the buyer's master would give the required price; the youth would ask to have the sovereign back, while he went to consult him, promising, at the same time, to return in a few minutes. He would, of course, do so, and, laying a bad sovereign down this time instead of the good one, obtain from the unsuspecting shopman both his silver and his goods. The boy in question went the circuit of England and Ireland in this manner, and passed bad money for nine years. His progress was

frequently arrested by the officers of justice, but, he was never long enough in prison to learn to read and write. After seven months of the usual protection under Mr. Walker's hands, he emigrated; he has now lived six years in one place in the New World, and has enough of good money wherewith to keep himself and a good wife in comfort.

Mr. Walker always has paid his attention more especially to the helpless, and—if left unhelped—the hopeless condition of the discharged prisoner. He became known while at Westminster to Mr. Davis, the ordinary of Newgate, who sent many youths to him to be sheltered at the Pye Street asylum, and thence sent abroad into situations which they might hold, and did hold, as useful members of society. "My own convictions"—Old Bailey convictions—Mr. Davis says, "have long been that criminals when discharged are far more likely to do well in small numbers than when gathered together in large associations; and the great secret of dealing with this class of men is to set them to work, and try to reform them by labour."

So we come back to the Industrial Nursery, in which ten or a dozen, at most twenty, discharged prisoners, discharging themselves of the burden of their past lives, cheerfully work together, and turn honest, as blanched leaves turn green when growing plants are taken from dark pits and dens to be set in the light of the clear work-a-day sun.

It is good, too, to employ young men of this kind in garden labour. The physical gain from the change out of close courts and filthy hovels into a place where there is eight or nine hours' daily labour to be done in fresh and wholesome air, is no slight moral gain as well. It is much easier to be honest when one's health is good than when a sick body makes, as it always does, a sick brain, and a sick brain more or less perverts all mental impression and all processes of thought. If the fiddle be not screwed to a right pitch we get bad music, and a man is able to yield music that may be little but discord when his body has got out of tune. When the pallor comes out of the cheek, there comes out of the mind, also, much that is ghastly; and the light that gets into the eye, as bodily health improves, comes partly from improvement of the soul speaking through it. As gardeners, these youths improve rapidly in health and body; after they have been with him a month, says Mr. Walker, they are so changed by the free draughts of fresh air, the wholesome food and labour without care, that their old faces seem to have dropped off, like disguises.

Then, again, not only does employment in the garden give the body health, and so open a direct and safe road to the mind, but there is special reason why these youths should fasten pleasantly on garden labour. They have led busy and restless lives, always a-foot and about the streets,—set them to

tailoring or shoemaking, and the necessity of sitting still, the close monotony of labour, irks them sorely. In the garden, always a-foot and about the walks—changing their occupation frequently—hoeing or digging, potting, tying, fetching and carrying, watering, cart-driving, trotting betimes in the morning to Covent Garden with the plants ready for sale; they are still busy and restless,—innocently busy—restless in their well-directed toil.

Moreover, it is no light thing to take from the midst of filth and darkness, wretched youths, and set them where they may earn honest bread in constant labour under the broad heavens, among pleasant odours and forms made by the All-wise Artificer to charm the eye. One may drink in through two faculties the lesson of the rose, without having that third faculty which would enable us to shape its substance as an argument within our brains, or that fourth faculty which might enable us to coin our perception into words upon the tongue. To watch the growth of plants from day to day—to see how quietly the flower-bud spreads into blossom and the blossom yielding its heart as a fruit-bud ripens into fruit and seed, is happy occupation, full of change—full of intense relief to the poor felon who is groping his way into light.

Mr. Walker, of course, connected his idea of labour with a nursery garden, because it happened that he was a gardener by early training. Had he been bred a tailor he would doubtless have invited boys to sit upon the board with him, would have cut with his great shears the thread of crime, and would have smoothed their cares down with the goose. It was by accident that Mr. Walker was taught to apply the healing influence of labour in that way which we believe to be of all the most efficient.

Chiefly domestic trouble led him to resign two or three years ago, his office in Westminster, as City Missionary, and then, after a short time spent in connection with a reformatory, of which he learnt to disapprove the plan, he took the garden of which we are speaking. He took it at a cheap rent, on a repairing lease. There are sixteen or seventeen greenhouses or hothouses upon the ground, which he is bound to paint within a given time—just now expiring—and we found him, when we called, up to his eyes in paint; he and his young men being the painters. They are the carpenters, too; they have made a great number of new garden frames, painted and glazed them. It is one of the good points in their kind of work, that they must all learn to be handy in a score of ways. The cottage now upon the grounds yields scanty accommodation, and accordingly the young gardeners have partitioned off part of a garden building that abuts upon the house to make a dormitory, upon the walls of which there are

suggestive scripture texts placarded. The lease requires that a second cottage shall be built, and the little community will therefore soon give its attention to the art of bricklaying. A master bricklayer will be engaged to give instruction and direct the works; but, the young gardeners themselves will turn their hands to the work of the carpenter and mason. Life of this sort should yield good colonists, good servants also in the garden or the farm at home.

In setting up his establishment at Clapham Mr. Walker had the aid of six hundred pounds lent by a person friendly to his enterprise. The repayment of this loan has pressed upon him; but the garden is in good order, and in good odour, too, as we shall see, the rent is low, and there is nothing to despair about. Nevertheless, it would be well if he were the manager and not proprietor. A few persons might put to good use ampler means than a poor missionary can command in extending and confirming the usefulness of a reformatory of this sort. We believe, indeed, that some change of the kind is talked about by those who are best acquainted with and most sincerely interested in the story of the garden.

The youths employed in the Wellington Industrial Nursery are discharged prisoners and thieves, not too young to be able workers, who, being desirous to escape into an honest way of life, begin by offering themselves as labourers to Mr. Walker. They do his work and receive in return food, lodging, and proper wages. The usual course of a day at the Nursery is—work from six to eight, then prayers, then breakfast. Work from nine to twelve or one, and then an hour for dinner. Work from one or two till six, when all come into the house, wash, sup; after supper, read and receive instruction until nine o'clock, when again there are prayers and all go to bed. When extra work is done—at the time of our visit they were working fourteen hours a day—they receive two pence an hour as extra wages. Mr. Walker has a younger brother who assists in the superintendence of the Nursery. They maintain strict discipline in the midst of perfect sympathy and kindness. The penalty for disobedience or neglect of duty is the loss of a meal or half a meal; but a boy, after the first days of struggle into the new state of life, seldom gives trouble.

The life in the garden is to many of them a change so complete as to be very startling. "I know," said Mr. Walker to one new-comer, "all your past life. I can tell you every prison you have been in. Don't think I am mistaken as to what you have been. But I tell you what you are. You are an honest man. There's no such thing as a thief upon these premises. If I thought that any person in my employment was a thief, I would discharge him instantly." The youth was kept awake for many nights by the

excitement he felt in his new position. When, sometimes, the young men gather in a knot and talk about their old practices or comrades, Mr. Walker, if he chance to be at hand, may say, "Don't let us bring Horsemonger Lane out here. Let us dig a grave to bury the past in, and begin a new life."

To lead them to forget their past as much as possible, to feel that when entering his garden gate they come to make a perfectly new start in life, is the shrewd nursery-man's first endeavour with his labourers. He aids and encourages them quietly, by talk over their work, as each in turn happens to be busy and alone with him in a hot-house or beside a flower-bed. Out of the garden, in the London haunts of the depraved, he is known of many and respected for his toil on their behalf. Sometimes, a hapless fellow, sick of wickedness and anxious to make that new start for which opportunity is offered, walks out towards Clapham and appears at the gate of Wellington Industrial Nursery, to ask for work and hope. It is a pity that there should not be room for all such applicants. Once Mr. Walker went into Field Lane, a wretched thieves' quarter near Saffron Hill. He was well known, and in a short time had a crowd of fifty wretched youths about him, praying to be taken on among his gardeners. He selected three; there was not room for more. The forty, whose good impulses were felt in vain, thrown back perforce upon their cunning, continued to find population for the gaols. Three went to Clapham and began new lives. Two of these have obtained situations in a farm, where they are reckoned among his best and safest hands by their employer, and the third is in the garden still. We saw him there, the only one upon the sick-list, suffering from the effect of his zeal in painting on, because the painting had to be completed in a given time, although he had begun to feel ill consequences from the lead, and had been warned and exhorted to stop work. His disobedience, at any rate, was dictated by gratitude and by some energy of kindness. Let us, however, duly give to this youth the discredit of his unsentimental side. He had been roasting blackbirds. He had taken a nest with two blackbirds, which he had found himself unable to keep alive; then, as he could not cherish them, he ate them, and we were not sorry to learn that they sat uneasily upon his stomach. Upon this hint we may remark, that the reform of these poor fellows does not mean the imparting to them of any special refinement, any great delicacy of sentiment. It means also, only now and then, the working of a deep and manifest religious change. They cease to be thieves, as they acquire strength and means to lead an honest life; they unlearn desultory habits and get into ways of active, steady work. A certain refinement of character naturally follows upon such a change, but it need not be much.

A certain sense of God, the acquirement of at any rate some sort of religious tone, belongs, of course, to the acceptance for the first time of a code of morals; but, there is not necessarily, although there is sometimes, what is called inward repentance or awakening. Mr. Walker tries for that, but without strain; he is well satisfied if the reformed thieves become only as good as three-fourths in the number of the honest men, to whose ranks they pass over.

We will show by an illustration in what spirit the young men at the Industrial nursery are managed. Each has for dinner half a pound of meat, and goes for his own half pound to the butcher's. A new-comer—call him Gilks—had been sent with a hopeless character from a situation in which he had robbed his master. Another committal to gaol would surely ruin him; his master urged that he should try for the new start in life at Clapham, and he was received accordingly at the Nursery as a youth who could be trusted with nothing.

"We must try Gilks," said Mr. Walker to his housekeeper.

"Don't try him with money," said the housekeeper, "let us notice how he behaves with his meat."

Gilks in a few days came home from the butcher's with a quarter of a pound of meat, which he delivered at the kitchen as all that had been given for his money. Mr. Walker was informed of this. Inquiry was at once made of the butcher, and it was found that only a quarter of a pound had been bought.

"Very well," Mr. Walker said to the housekeeper, "cook his morsel of meat separately, give it him for his dinner, and let me know if he complains."

Of course, he came in loud with the declaration that he "hadn't his allowance."

"Certainly you have not," said Mr. Walker; "you pleased yourself in buying a light dinner, and you have got it. You chose to have your dinner partly in your plate and partly in your pocket, and you have got what you chose."

The thief blushed and stammered. Mr. Walker then went into the room where the other youths were dining, and said:

"Gentlemen, do you know what Mr. Gilks has been doing? He has bought himself only four ounces of meat, and asks me to make up to him half a pound off his companions' plates. Have I your leave to do so?"

Certainly he hadn't, and Gilks heard afterwards so much from his comrades about "that pound of rumpsteak that he wanted to divide among us," as to be fairly worried into honesty. He never tried another theft. Had he been thrashed for his delinquency, condemned to a black hole, or so punished as to waken up all the more thoroughly the demon in his nature, he would probably have

taken the first opportunity to rob upon a larger scale.

So far, then, we have shown how in the Clapham nursery-grounds, Mr. Andrew Walker still labours to get wholesome produce from the devil's acre. We have only to add—and it is the best possible evidence of his success—that his few boys are considered quite the reverse of a nuisance in the neighbourhood. The position of the ground is, indeed, somewhat secluded; but, the boys are well known, and the people round about feel, as is but human, a strong interest and sympathy on their behalf. They are often asked for to trim gardens of an evening, after the work of the nursery-ground is done. It is a common thing also for persons living near to obtain leave to send them on errands, and then trust them fearlessly to carry parcels, and to bring back money. They never break any such trust. A desperate young rascal who was trying for the new start in life, had been only six weeks in the garden, when he was sent, by Mr. Walker, to get change for a bank-note. The trial was extreme. The person who had given the change came in alarm to the garden, to inquire whether all was right, but all was perfectly right. The boy had come back promptly with the gold and silver.

THE PATRON SAINT OF PARIS.

THERE is an aspect of Paris and the Parisians which is little thought of by students of France and the French, and is almost unseen by casual visitors of the Gallican metropolis. We can only see what we are prepared to look at; and this aspect of the Gallic race has been kept out of sight. Yet in truth, Sainte G  n  vi  ve is the chief religious fact of Paris. When Jean Louis Verger, the assassin-priest, was brandishing his Catalonian knife near the fallen Archbishop of Paris, in the church of St. Etienne du Mont, he raised, amidst the confusion, an extremely characteristic Parisian cry, which few foreigners could understand, "Down with the G  n  vi  vians!" "Down with the goddesses!" Sainte G  n  vi  ve is the goddess of Paris, and the numerous persons devoted to her worship are called the G  n  vi  vians; a class of persons characteristic of Lutetia, the city of the Seine, for a period embracing little short of a millennium and a half. The legend of St. G  n  vi  ve, although not the most interesting to be found in ecclesiastical romance, partly explains the sway she has wielded, and the worship she has received in Paris for fourteen centuries.

G  n  vi  ve was born at Nanterre, a village two leagues from Paris, somewhere about the year four hundred and twenty-two. Her earliest years were spent in herding the flocks of Serveire, her father, and in aiding her mother Gerence in the occupations of her household. Saint Germain d'Auxerre, and

Saint Loup de Troyes, stopped at Nanterre when on their way to Great Britain, where they were going to combat the Pelagian heresy, which denied the necessity of grace. The people crowded around them upon their arrival, and begged their blessing. Saint Germain, observing G  n  vi  ve in the crowd, called the pious and gentle-looking child towards him. The Spirit of God revealed suddenly to the bishop the mission of the child, and he called her to him and kissed her forehead.

"My daughter," said the Bishop.

"My father," answered the little girl.

"Tell me, will you consecrate yourself to the Lord, to serve him for ever?"

"I will! Pray God to give me courage to keep my promise."

"Have no fear," replied the Bishop. "Act like a strong man, and God will give you the necessary virtue."

Saint Germain conducted the infant to the church, followed by the crowd and her relatives, where he laid his hands upon her head, and sang a hymn. At the request of Saint Germain, her father promised to take his daughter G  n  vi  ve to him on the following day. When Serveire, Gerence, and G  n  vi  ve arrived at the appointed hour, the saint asked her if she remembered her promise.

"Yes," she replied, "I remember it, and I hope to keep it with the help of grace."

Prior to going away, Saint Germain gave her a copper medal with a cross marked upon it, and begged her to wear it always, to remind her of the consecration of her person to God.

G  n  vi  ve regarded herself henceforth as a person set apart to God. She was never happier than when in church. When she saw her mother ready to go to church one day without her, she entreated with tears to be taken, and her mother in a moment of impatience gave her a slap. The mother was punished by being deprived of sight; and her daughter cured her by bathing her eyes two or three times in water which she had taken from a spring, and over which she had made the sign of the cross. This story is the origin of the popular devotion to the wells of Nanterre; whose waters have ever since cured diseases of all sorts by the blessing of Sainte G  n  vi  ve.

When she became an orphan G  n  vi  ve went to Paris, where she resided with her godmother. Mortifications, humility, chastity, faith and charity, occupied her whole life in that city. She prayed with extraordinary unction; and in her earnestness, shed an abundance of tears. Her holiness raised up enemies who tried to persuade the people she was a visionary, but she speedily proved her innocence. Whenever calamities afflicted Paris, the people flew to her for assistance and consolation, and she advised them well and successfully in time of war,

famine, and pestilence. Her power became a counterpoise to the despotism of the king himself, and he was obliged to pardon the prisoners for whom she interceded. When her power excited jealousy and she was accused of witchcraft, Saint-Germain defended her by his testimony to her virtues, and she continued to serve the church, and the people.

When Attila, king of the Huns, ravaged France, and the Parisians in their terror thought of abandoning their city, G  n  vi  ve reassured them by prophesying the retreat of the invaders, if the people propitiated God by fasting, watching, and praying. Paris escaped.

Afterwards, when Childeric besieged Paris, the besieged were in danger of famine. G  n  vi  ve sallied out of the besieged city at the head of a courageous band, and went in search of provisions as far as Arcis sur Aube or Troyes. She returned successfully with a supply of food in spite of all the dangers which surrounded her at every step she took. The pagan Childeric, on entering the city, rendered homage to her virtues; and Childeric and his son Clovis liberated the prisoners for whom she interceded. She lived to see a Christian king upon the throne. The first sanctuary which was dedicated to Saint Denis was built by her care. She founded a monastery near the church of Saint Jean en Gr  ve, which became the Convent des Hendriettes. When eighty-nine years of age, Sainte G  n  vi  ve died on the third of January, five hundred and twelve, five weeks after Clovis, the first of the Christian kings of France.

Ever since her death, the name of G  n  vi  ve has been worshipped by the devout Parisians. When king Clovis made a profession of Christianity, he dedicated the temple of Isis to Peter and Paul, and he was himself buried under their altar. After the death of G  n  vi  ve the ancient temple of Isis became the church of Sainte-G  n  vi  ve. She was buried in it, and a little wooden oratory was erected over her tomb. The mountain upon which the temple of Isis stood has ever since borne the name of G  n  vi  ve, and has during successive centuries been covered with edifices erected in her honour, edifices continually increasing in number and constantly growing in magnificence. The hour of the greatest splendour and solemnity of the worship of Sainte G  n  vi  ve was the hour in the last half of the nineteenth century in which Jean Verger cried amidst the worshippers at her shrine:—"Down with the G  n  vi  vians,—down with the goddesses!"

During the seventh century, the wooden shrine was enriched with golden ornaments by Saint Eloi. Prior to the invasions of the Normans in the ninth century, gold, silver, and precious stones having made the shrine a tempting booty, it was carefully hidden in distant fortified places during the different

sieges of Paris by the Normans. A shrine was constructed, in the thirteenth century, which enjoyed great celebrity until the revolution in the end of the eighteenth. Twelve years were occupied in collecting the necessary minerals and metals. This far renowned shrine was in the form of a little rectangular monument, with a lid like the roof of a church without a steeple and without a belfry. There was, at one end of the shrine, an image of the Virgin, and at the other end, an image of the Patroness. The twelve apostles were placed in six niches on each side. All the statuettes were about a foot high; the apostles being in solid silver, and the Virgin and the Sainte in gold. Kings, queens, and prelates vieing with each other, covered the whole reliquary with jewels in course of time, and Catherine de Medici finally surmounted the shrine with a crown of diamonds. It rested on columns of marble and jasper, and without a solemn order of the court and parliament, no one dared to take it down from its place. When an order was given to take down the shrine, it was conveyed to the canons by a procession of public dignitaries. On their arrival in the church, they found the canons prostrate upon the ground in the chapel, with their feet bare and reciting penitential psalms and litanies. Prior to obtaining possession of the shrine, all the high officials swore a solemn oath never to quit it until they had brought it back again; and, when the shrine appeared in the solemn processions, the abbot of Sainte G  n  vi  ve took precedence of the bishop of Paris.

The faithful Parisians believe the shrine is the safeguard of Paris and of France. They fly to it as to a refuge in time of trouble. When death knocked at the door of the palace, when pestilence walked in darkness among the populace, when invaders were encamped upon the heights, when droughts parched the rivers, when floods overwhelmed villages, when fears of famine filled humble households with delirium and broken hearts; the parliament and people, the priests and kings, invoked the protection of the Sainte and paraded the shrine through the streets of Paris. In the nineteenth century, when the allies approached the gates—just as in the ninth century when the Normans threw panic before them—the Sainte was invoked and the shrine was paraded. And just as in the time of Louis le Gros the shrine had been used as a talisman against the *maladie des ardents*, the shrine was used in the days of the Republic to combat the devastations of the cholera. The Normans burned the church of Sainte G  n  vi  ve to the ground, and the Jacobins melted the shrine at La Monnaie, and made a bonfire of the relics upon the Place de Gr  ve. G  n  vi  ve as the goddess of the vanquished was outraged by the worshippers of Odin and the fanatics of Bab  uf. Living men have seen the Sainte

who succeeded to the worship of Isis, replaced by the Goddess of Reason. All these things are old; the adoration and the indignation, the superstition and the scepticism. During the lifetime of *Généviève*, there were folks who wished to swim the witch or burn the visionary, and ever since her death they have had successors who have occasionally destroyed her churches, scattered her relics, slain her votaries, and cried, "Down with the goddess!" When *Généviève* was alive, there were crowds who deemed her a sainte, and ever since her death they have had successors who have adored her image, invoked her prayers, besought her miracles, rebuilt her churches, redecked her shrines, regathered her relics, and increased the number, wealth, and magnificence of the institutions raised in honour of her name.

Volumes might be filled with the histories and descriptions of the abbey and library, of the churches and colleges, which attest the power of the spell of enchantment she has thrown over the Parisians. During the twelfth century, the abbot of *Sainte Généviève* wore the mitre, crozier and pastoral ring; and the abbey, depending directly on the pope, was independent of the bishop of the diocese. The abbey possessed the privileges of an asylum, and the criminal, who managed to catch hold of a large iron ring in the principal door of it, enjoyed thenceforth security from the pursuits and chastisements of the law.

The *Généviévians* obtained some renown for theological learning during the middle ages. The library of the abbey, which is now public property, was the nucleus of one of the finest and largest libraries in Paris, which is said to contain two hundred and fifty thousand volumes. Towards the end of the fifteenth century, the celebrated Erasmus was a student in one of the *Généviévian* colleges, the college Montaigne, which is now called the Lycée Napoléon. This vast old odd and gloomy building stands to the left of the church of Saint-Etienne du Mont, and behind the church of *Sainte Généviève*. "The very walls," said Erasmus, "were theological," and if they were, they certainly held by an old dark and dismal theology. He told the world subsequently, right wittily, what he thought of the theology; and he says, he found the diet deadly. The governor was as hard as the rocks of the desert, and starved his pupils upon dried fish and tainted eggs. They were forced to sleep by night in damp chambers, and they were forced during the day to wear the monk's gown and cowl. Some of the youths died, and many became blind, leprous and mad. Having become dangerously ill, Erasmus says, he would have lost his life but for the protection of *Sainte Généviève*! Literature is certainly much indebted to the sainte, whatever the Latin church may happen to be, for graciously preserving the life of the learned and sarcastic

author of the Colloquies and the Praise of Folly.

The history of the mountain of *Sainte Généviève* is, indeed, the history of the French mind. From Julian the apostate to Jean-Louis Verger—from *Généviève* to Babœuf—the representatives of every opinion have associated their names with this classic locality. Pascal and Bernardin de Saint Pierre lived in the Rue *Sainte Etienne du Mont*, and Boileau and Pascal are buried in the church of this saint. The ecclesiastics having been dispersed, and the abbey abolished in seventeen hundred and ninety, Gracchus Babœuf, the tribune of the people, formed in it the club of the Pantheon in seventeen hundred and ninety-six, the object of which was to sally forth in arms from the temple of reason, and, seizing the government from the directory by a nocturnal surprise, establish the reign of general happiness. Solemn services in honour of *Généviève* are performed four times a year. Her shrine is taken from her chapel to her church, every January. Every time her shrine is taken from her chapel to her church it is set upon a floor, which covers vaults containing a tomb in honour of Voltaire, who smiles from his pedestal, and a tomb in honour of Rousseau, from which his hand is represented as issuing while holding the torch of science. For nine days every year, and from morning to evening each day, the votaries flock to present different articles—sheets, handkerchiefs, rings, anything, everything, to receive virtue from the shrine by touching it. Children are held up to kiss the shrine in great numbers. The young priests who have to hold up the children and approach the objects are required to be exceedingly active, and every votary pays for the virtue received by giving a piece of solid silver to the priest who keeps the money-box.

The whole locality of the Holy Mountain is, indeed, a Pantheon, a spot dedicated to all the gods, but *Généviève* is there the presiding goddess. The spot is, indeed, consecrated to the illustrious dead, the manes, the phantoms, the disembodied spirits. There is an admirable frontispiece by David over the porch of the church representing hero worship, and displaying altars, upon which incense is burning to military and civil heroes, such as Bonaparte, Cuvier, and La Place. The outside walls of the library are covered with inscriptions of the names of men of genius of all nations and all ages. Names of sages, bards, artists, heroes will certainly be found in the *Généviévian* Pantheon of the most varied descriptions, and suitable to the tastes of all sorts of ghost worshippers. There are names and images to be seen as high up as you can look, or as deep down as you can descend, belonging to men who shone in arts, arms, letters, and sciences; but, it is always before the statue of *Sainte Généviève* that the

faithful kneel, the tapers burn, and the miraculous cures are sought. Normans and Jacobins, philosophers and wits, have no doubt had their moments of sway; but, for every month of their rule G  n  vi   has reigned a century. The massacres of September may have retaliated the massacres of Saint Bartholomew's Day; but, always and still the Parisians are G  n  vi  ns, and Lutetia is G  n  v  . Books, statues, and pictures, may embody other names, but she is in the hearts of the crowds. The spell which is stronger than all other spells in the nineteenth century, as in long bygone centuries, is the incantation of the Saintly Isis of the Holy Mountain. The blue and white banner spangled with stars, of the sainte, still makes thousands of eyes sparkle in the city of the Seine, and the invocation still thrills many souls whenever it is heard:

Sancta Genovefa Urbis et Galliarum Patrona, ora pro nobis.

Holy G  n  vi  , patroness of the city and country of Gaul, pray for us!

THE CIRCULATION.

To arrive at a truth, it is often necessary to hew the way through a thicket of error; and one man's labour does not always suffice to do the work. Sometimes, when the screen is nearly removed by the efforts of several successive pioneers, a few remaining tangled branches will still serve to intercept a clear view of the important fact about to be revealed. So it was with the discovery of the circulation of the blood, which Harvey had the honour of finally inaugurating, though numerous predecessors had put their hand to the achievement. The task was spread over more than a single epoch. Among the ancients, Galen began by refuting Erasistratus; whilst in modern times, the student Fagon risked an audacious act which, at that date, could only be undertaken by a young man, and only justified by great success. He maintained in a thesis the circulation of the blood; and the old doctors allowed that he defended this strange paradox with a talent worthy of a better cause!

Three important errors had to be swept away, before Harvey could arrive at his grand conclusion. Erasistratus, the author of the first, believed that the arteries contained not blood, but air only. According to his ideas, we breathe for no other purpose than to fill the arteries with air. The arteries were air-channels, whence their name, derived from two Greek words, signifying to draw air. The air, drawn in by the lungs, reached them by the trachea-artery, properly so called; from the trachea, it passed into the venous artery (now called the pulmonary vein); from the venous artery, it passed into the left ventricle, and from the left ventricle, it (always the air) passed into the arteries, which carried it to the members. What we now call the

sanguineous system, or the circulating system, was then divided into two systems—the arterial or aerial system, and the venous or sanguinary system.

But, said Galen, when you open an artery, blood flows from it. Either, therefore, blood was contained in it, or has come into it from some other source. But if it comes from elsewhere, if the artery contains air alone, the contained air ought to issue from it before the blood; which is not the case. There issues blood, and not a particle of air. Therefore, the arteries contain blood only. Galen made another experiment. He intercepted a portion of an artery between two ligatures; he then opened the portion between them, and found nothing but blood. Again, therefore, the arteries contain blood, and nothing else.

"But," argued the partisans of Erasistratus, "if the arteries contain blood, how can the air which is inspired by the lungs, pass throughout the whole body?"

"It does not pass throughout it," answered Galen. "The air drawn in, is sent out again. It serves the purposes of respiration, by its temperature, and not by its substance. It cools the blood, and that is the only use of respiration."

It is true that this is far from what we know about respiration at the present day; it is even contrary to the fact. Instead of cooling the blood, respiration warms it, being the only source of animal heat. Nevertheless, relatively to Erasistratus, who asserted that the air traversed the arteries in totality, in mass, in substance, exactly as it passes down the windpipe; that it was air which distended the arteries, which made them beat, which was the cause of the pulse: Galen's idea was an advance in science, and such an advance that the whole force of physiology could not set a step further without the aid of modern chemistry. Haller still believed that respiration cooled the blood. Galen, therefore, demolished error the first; he was less fortunate with the remaining two. Still he proved that the arteries contain no air, but blood only, like the veins. An entire half of the sanguineous system, detached from that system by a mere hypothesis, was restored to it; and as the circulation is no other than the movement which incessantly carries the blood from the heart to the arteries, from the arteries to the veins, and by means of the veins brings it back to the heart—the discovery of the circulation of the blood was impossible, so long as the arteries were supposed to be filled with air alone. Until the step which Galen made, any other progress was impracticable.

Error the second. The partition, or diaphragm, which separates the two ventricles of the heart, is not pierced with holes, minute or large; there is no passage through it. How, then, did it happen that Galen believed, nay, even saw that there was a passage?

Simply because he imagined there must be one. A lesson, this, for observers in the physical sciences. Galen's theory was, that the veins, like the arteries, carried the blood to the members; but there were two bloods—namely, the spirituous blood, the blood of the arteries and of the left ventricle; and the venous blood, the blood properly so called, the blood of the veins and of the right heart. And this, again, was an advance. It was the first indication of two kinds of blood, now so clearly distinguished, the arterial and the venous blood, the red blood and the black blood, the blood which has breathed, and that which has not breathed. According to Galen, each of his two bloods had a special destination; the spirituous blood nourished the light and delicate organs, such as the lungs; the venous blood fed the coarse and heavy organs, such as the liver. The spirit, the purest portion of the blood, was only formed in the left ventricle; and, as the venous blood, to be serviceable for nutrition, required a certain portion of spirit, therefore the two ventricles must have a communication, which took place by means of the pretended holes in the partition which separates them. For Galen, then, this partition was traversable by the blood, because he had adopted a theory which required it to be so. For the early modern anatomists, this partition was pierced, because Galen had said so. Berenger de Carpi was the first to confess that the holes were not very visible; and Vésale, the father of modern anatomy, alone dared to assert that they do not exist. But he does not go so far as that all at once. He begins by repeating, with all the others, that the blood passed from one ventricle to the other by the holes in the partition; but soon, carried away by the force of the fact which he beholds, and which he has within his grasp, he declares that he only spoke in that way to fall in with Galen's dogmas; for, in reality, the tissue of which the partition is composed is just as thick and compact as the rest of the heart; and through this thick tissue not a single drop of blood could pass. Vésale had made a grand stride in advance.

The next step, the discovery of the pulmonary circulation, was due to Servetus, as a single admirable passage from his works demonstrates. "The communication," he says (that is, the passage of the blood from the right ventricle into the left), "is not made through the partition between them, as is commonly imagined; but, by a long and wonderful détour, the blood is conducted through the lungs, where it is agitated and prepared, where it becomes yellow, and passes from the arterial vein into the venous artery." The new idea is comprised in these words; the completed idea, which gave us the pulmonary circulation, consisted in comprehending that the blood passes from the pulmonary artery into the pulmonary vein; that the blood, starting from the right heart by the

pulmonary artery, returns to the left heart by the pulmonary vein; that the blood, proceeding from the heart, goes back to the heart; that there is, consequently, a circulation, a circuit. This idea, so grand, so novel, of a circulation, a circuit, was first entertained by Servetus. He was a man of considerable genius: of his theological works this is not the place to speak. But, whether his doctrines were right or wrong, at least he did not burn Calvin at the stake, but was burnt by him. Singularly enough, the book which brought him to a heretic's death, and which contains his purely and profoundly physiological discovery, is entitled, "*Christianismi Restitutio*," the Restitution of Christianity. In theology, he persisted in maintaining the literal sense of texts, and so accepted the passage, "the blood is the life,"—"anima est in sanguine; anima ipsa est sanguis." Hence his researches into the formation of the blood, and the inferences which led him to the pulmonary circulation. He called attention to the mingling of air with the blood in the lungs, remarking that its bright colour is given to the blood by the lungs, and not by the heart. We now know that it is not the whole of the air, but only the oxygen contained in it, which produces the change of colour. But with that exception, with the exception of the analysis of the air, which Servetus was unable to forestall, and which is the marvel of modern chemistry, how correct the idea is! Servetus not only discovered the true course of the blood from one side of the heart to the other, through the lungs; but he discovered the true seat of sanguification, of the transformation of the blood, of the change of black blood into red. Galen fixed the place of sanguification in the liver; Servetus was the first who referred it to the lungs. The truth was not remarked at the time, and its scope was not understood till much later; and, in fact, only received its full development from the experiments of more recent physiologists, as Goodwin and Bichat.

Six years after Servetus, Realdo Colombo, one of the best anatomists ever possessed by Padua (where there have been many), discovered independently the pulmonary circulation. Finally, Césalpin, without quoting Colombo (which he certainly would have done had he known his publication), discovered, in his turn, the pulmonary circulation; and this time it is not merely the fact which appears, but the word. Césalpin formally styles the passage of the blood from one half of the heart to the other, by the lungs, "circulation." The pulmonary circulation was, therefore, revealed; but, up to this point, up to Césalpin—of the general circulation, of the circulation of the whole body, of the circulation which is called the grand, in distinction to the pulmonary, which is called the little—of the general circulation, not a single word.

Galen had contrived a very symmetrical

physiology; he had four temperaments, and four humours. He had three spirits, and three sources of those spirits. Moreover, the brain was the origin of all the nerves; the heart the origin of all the arteries; the liver the origin of all the veins. The veins proceeding from the liver carried the blood to the members; a strange mistake, which the most simple experiment, or even the most simple attention to an every-day experiment, would have sufficed to rectify. For, in fact, bleeding was practised daily, and every-day people could see the vein swell below and not above the ligature. Consequently, in the veins, the blood flowed from the members towards the heart, and not from the heart to the members. Césalpin is the first—the only one before Harvey—who called attention to this swelling of the veins which, as just observed, always takes place below and never above the ligature. But Césalpin had a mind of a superior order; he was the first among the moderns to avail himself of method in natural science—that is, of classification founded on organisation. He has the double glory of giving us a method, and of communicating the idea of the two circulations.

Fabricius, of Acquapendente, also enjoys a double glory. He was Harvey's master, and in fifteen hundred and seventy-four he discovered the valvules of the veins. He saw clearly that they are directed towards the heart. They prevent, therefore, the passage of the blood in the veins in the direction from the heart to the members; it flows, therefore, from the members to the heart, the reverse of what takes place in the arteries, which have no valvules. The valvules of the veins are the anatomical proof of the circulation of the blood; the proof that it makes a circuit, that it returns to the point whence it started; but Fabricius did not perceive that proof. He observed the fact, but failed to draw from it the important inference which Harvey alone was able to deduce.

When Harvey appeared, every point relative to the circulation had been already indicated or suspected—nothing was established. And so true is that assertion, that Fabricius, who came after Césalpin, and who discovered the valvules of the veins, was ignorant of the circulation. Césalpin himself, who observed so well the two circulations, mingled the error of the passage through the partition of the ventricles with the idea of the pulmonary circulation. Colombo repeats, with Galen, that the veins spring from the liver, and carry the blood to the members.

Sprenkel is right in saying that Harvey is best explained by his education at Padua. Doubtless, it was fortunate for Harvey to be educated at Padua; but also it was fortunate for the circulation to fall into the hands of Harvey, the man most competent to study it, to investigate its phenomena thoroughly, and

to explain their full import. Harvey's work is a masterpiece. This little book of a hundred pages is the finest literary effort physiology has produced. Harvey begins by the movements of the heart; and first he remarks that the auricle and the ventricle of each heart contract successively. After the heart, come the arteries. Galen had said that the arteries beat in consequence of a pulsative virtue, which they derive from the heart through their coats. Harvey, by opening an artery, and watching the unequal jets in which the blood issued from it, concluded that an artery beats by impulsion,—by the blow of the blood with which it is distended. If the artery dilated of itself, it would not be at the moment when it swells that it would drive the blood with the greatest force. Harvey took advantage of a case of ossification of the crural artery which he had occasion to observe. The artery beat below the ossification, which, therefore, did not intercept the effect of the pretended pulsative virtue; or, rather, that virtue has no existence. The pulsation of the arteries is due solely to the movement of the blood, to the impulse of the blood on the coats of the arteries.

From the arteries, Harvey proceeds to the veins; and there he draws from the valvules their full import—namely, that they allow the blood to move only in one direction. Lastly, Harvey comes to his experiments. They are few, but decisive, indicative of his genius. When a limb is slightly bound, the blood is checked in the veins only, because the veins alone are superficial. If the limb be bound more tightly, the blood is stopped in the arteries also, which are deep-seated. When a vein is compressed, the swelling takes place below the ligature; when an artery is compressed, it swells above the ligature. The blood, therefore, flows in contrary directions in the veins and in the arteries; in the veins, it goes from the members to the heart; in the arteries, from the heart to the members.

When any artery is opened and the blood allowed to flow without check, the whole of the blood contained in an animal's body will issue by this orifice. Therefore, all the parts of the circulating apparatus must communicate with each other—the heart, the arteries, and the veins. And if, in fact, you think of the prodigious rapidity of the current of the blood, you will see that it cannot be otherwise; for as soon as the blood has entered the heart, it leaves it to pass to the arteries; as soon as it has entered the arteries, it is driven forward to pass over to the veins; as soon as it is in the veins, it is sent on to the heart again. It flows, therefore, continually from the heart to the arteries, from the arteries to the veins, and from the veins to the heart. This movement, this continual return, is the circulation.

Modern physiology takes its date from the discovery of the circulation of the blood,

which marks the advent and accession of the moderns to scientific power and independence. Hitherto they had followed the ancients; now, they dared to walk alone. Three years afterwards, Aselli discovered the chyloferous vessels; subsequently, Pecquet pointed out the reservoir of the chyle, and Rudbeck and Thomas Bartholin the lymphatic vessels—all unknown, or very obscurely known, to the ancients. Harvey had discovered the most beautiful phenomenon in the animal economy, which was beyond the reach of antiquity. The mantle of authority fell from classic shoulders to adorn those of the English physician. Doctors, instead of swearing by Galen and Aristotle, were now compelled to swear by Harvey.

Not that the novel conquest was effected without violent rebellions and attempts at counter-revolution. It was regarded as a dangerous heresy; when ridicule failed to crush it, there was little scruple in employing something like persecution. Still it was the faculty alone, and not the nation, who showed this repugnance to a novel truth. Molière laughed at Gui-Patin, while Boileau satirised the faculty in general. Harvey had no sooner published his book on the circulation of the blood, than twenty anatomists took up their pens to assail it. Harvey did not answer them. Riolan, the most learned anatomist of his time, was the only man whom Harvey honoured with a reply. When his enemies found they were unable to provoke him into saying a word in self-defence, they got tired of waging an aggressive criticism, and allowed the novel doctrine to spread and make its way.

Molière's famous Chorus of Doctors, and his other bitter jibes, were hardly a joke or a caricature of Gui-Patin's practice; for, starting with the laudable idea of simplifying medical treatment, he reduced it to the sole remedies of bleeding and purging. A statement of what he did in that line would be believed an exaggerated stretch of the long-bow, if it were not extracted from his own letters. He bled patients at every age, infants as well as old people; he bled a patient thirty-two times for one and the same illness; he had himself bled seven times for a cold; he bled his mother-in-law, who was eighty years of age, four times; he bled a child three days old; he bled his own wife eight times from the veins of her arm, and then he bled her from the veins of her foot. She recovered, and he exclaimed, "Bleeding for ever!" He purged a patient, every other day, thirty-two times; then he talks of another patient who was bled, in all, twenty-two times and purged forty times, "We cure many more sick persons," says Gui-Patin, "with a good lancet and a pound of senna, than the Arabs could cure with their whole pharmacopœia of syrups and opiates." Such

a man was Harvey's most formidable adversary.

At the present day we have the means of actually witnessing with our own eyes, the phenomenon so furiously denied by a crowd of learned physicians. M. Flourens, Professor in the College of France—to whose learned history of the discovery I am indebted for the materials of the preceding narrative—demonstrates the fact by a striking experiment. In his lessons at the Jardin des Plantes, in order to imitate, before the eyes of his pupils, the passage of the blood from the arteries to the veins, he opens the crural artery and vein in the leg of a dead dog. He inserts a pipe into the open end of the artery, and injects water by means of a syringe. In a very few instants, the water, injected into the artery, returns by the vein. It is the complete representation of the circulation of the blood. But, by means of the microscope, the circulation in the living animal may be distinctly beheld. All that is required is to select some part sufficiently thin to allow the transmission of light through its substance. The ear of a mouse will do, but is inconvenient; the wing of a bat might answer better. Or, the tail of a small fish (such as an eel, a minnow, or a stickleback), confined in a glass tube—or the gills of a young newt—will serve the purpose. The web of a frog's foot is commonly used; the tongue of that victim reptile is vaunted as displaying the spectacle marvellously; but, as I pleaded in a late article, is too cruel a mode to be adopted for the gratification of everyday curiosity. "This method," as Dr. Carpenter humanely observes, "is so much more distressing to the animal, that its employment seems scarcely justifiable for the mere purpose of display; and nothing but some anticipated benefit to science can justify the laying open the body of the living animal, for the purpose of examining the circulation of its lungs or mesentery." The tail of a tadpole offers a very ready means, and shows you the pigment-cells into the bargain. An advantage is, that the blood-corpuscles in the tadpole are larger than in the human subject. They are also oval instead of being circular. You may trace the red corpuscles running along the arteries, then entering the capillaries or hair-like vessels, which are so small and narrow that the corpuscles can only pass one at a time—and that, end foremost. These capillaries are the communicating tubes, the connecting transit from the arteries to the veins; and you may watch the blood-discs, which have traversed the border-land in Indian file, returning in congregated troops to the heart, thence to repeat their round as long as life shall last. The camel tribe, exceptional animals in other respects, are the only mammal quadrupeds which have the blood-discs oval. Of common animals, the goat has very small corpuscles, but they are twice as large

as those of the musk-deer. The large size of the blood-discs in the frog family has been of great convenience to students of physiology, allowing their movements to be watched under what microscopists would call a low power, or one that magnifies a hundred diameters, or thereabouts, more or less.

STORY OF A GRAVE.

HERE, while yon sunset's golden overflow
Touches the churchyard with its dream of Heaven,
Rest on this grave beneath the solemn glow,
The grave, the garden where my heart hath striven
To plant its hopes, that hence their trailing flowers
Might climb to colour in celestial bowers.

Here sleeps my only son : this grave's sad length
Tells thee that death no dreaming babe beguiled,—
A stately man in stature and in strength,
Only in tenderness to me a child.
How well that tenderness my heart supplied
I knew but by its craving when he died.

But still it feels the thrill of its old joy
When friends rare genius in the babe foretold,
Or said the strange, sweet fancies of the boy,
Rich as red rose-leaves, hid a heart of gold ;
And when his life fulfill'd the prophecy,
My dear, dear child, he gave the praise to me.

Ah, Hope's bright name to me seem'd written o'er
Each grave book gather'd from his father's toil,
While greedily I learn'd their ancient lore
To drop it softly on my precious soil.
Hope lighted up the glorious path he tried,
And wise men mark'd his steps, and then he died.

Had I no triumph when great spirits caught
Fire from the kindling of his soul-lit eye ?
I, who had seen its first soft glimmering thought
Like a star trembling in a dewy sky,
Watch'd the first rapture of its childish glance
At fairy-tale, and poem, and romance.

Eyes true and clear, as when at morn and even
They fill'd with baby-worship at my knee,—
O, 'twas the earnest of an early heaven.
The Eden-dew of pure simplicity
Upon my pleasant plant was never dried,
God gather'd it, and mortals said he died.

I taught him first the beautiful to see,
Folded in flowers, glowing in green leaves ;
Touch'd him with moonlight and cloud scenery,
Pour'd the soft purple of still summer eves
Over his fancy in its young fresh glow ;
But, O ! the beauty mirror'd in it now !

He was a poet born, and his last dream
Now sweeps its noble music through the land ;
And yet how dear the charmed verses seem,
Penn'd to his mother by his boyish hand.
Love sings his life-song with unbroken pride ;
Alas ! with this refrain, he died, he died !

And still to me his room is holy ground,
There hang his paintings as in days gone past,
There all his instruments of lovely sound,
His books,—one open where he read it last !
And in the window stand his desk and chair :
I sometimes fancy that he too is there.

But I should tell thee, in his spirit's shrine,
Was one to whom his inmost self had grown,
Through whose poor mind he pour'd his thoughts like
wine,
And deem'd their colour'd beauty all her own.
I almost grudged him to that fond young bride,—
O ! I repented sorely when he died !

Fondness—it perish'd in the grave's chill air,
Frail as the feathers of a butterfly ;
She was so young, so exquisitely fair,
Perhaps 'twas natural her love should die,
She wedded soon, that gave him back to me,
Yet I was jealous for his memory.

And thus his young heroic life was shed,—
His only foe was drowning in his sight,
He saved him, then went weary to his bed,
Nor rose from that triumphant woeful night.
My gallant boy ! his virtues high were tried,
Thank God, he flinch'd not, though he therefore died.

His father, 'neath that grief hath fail'd so fast,
Since then, his hair, but not with age, is white ;
Mine, at the moment when the spirit pass'd,
Turn'd iron-grey, as with some sudden blight,
When to the silent lips my own I press'd,
And hunger'd for one breath, and felt his rest.

My coming loss God show'd me tenderly.
A little daughter in my heart he set,
Few years before it wept its broken tree.
I saw not in my half-shut violet
How large the mercy its fresh leaves could hide,
Nor felt the gentle warning till he died.

But well I know he died to realise
The holy beauty of his high-wrought dream ;
Yea, in my soul, I see his star-like eyes
Burn with some glorious spiritual theme ;
Nor think his aspirations high were given
To flutter here and fold their wings in heaven.

To him that marble did his townsmen rear :
And showing whence he caught poetic fire,
See how the grand, serene Archangel there
Casts down the wreath but carries up the lyre ;
And I, I planted on the sacred spot
The weeping willow and forget-me-not.

The blessings of the poor fall over it,
And fresh wild flowers from childish fingers rain ;
Here oft his father and his sister sit
With me, and talk him back to us again,
Knowing there is a rest that doth abide,
Where we shall soon forget that he hath died.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH. FORTY THOUSAND POUNDS.

No popular saying is more commonly accepted than the maxim which asserts, that Time is the great consolator ; and, probably, no popular saying more imperfectly expresses the truth. The work that we must do, the responsibilities that we must undertake, the example that we must set to others,—these are the great consolers, for these apply the first remedies to the malady of grief. Time possesses nothing but the negative virtue of helping it to wear itself out. Who that has observed at all, has not perceived that those

among us who soonest recover from the shock of a great grief for the dead, are those who have most duties to perform towards the living? When the shadow of calamity rests on our houses, the question with us is, not how much time will suffice to bring back the sunshine to us again, but how much occupation have we got to force us forward into the place where the sunshine is waiting for us to come? Time may claim many victories, but not the victory over grief. The great consolation for the loss of the dead who are gone is to be found in the great necessity of thinking of the living who remain.

The history of Rosamond's daily life, now that the darkness of a heavy affliction had fallen on it, was in itself the sufficient illustration of this truth. When all the strength even of her strong character had been prostrated by the unspeakably awful shock of her mother's sudden death, it was not the slow lapse of time that helped to raise her up again, but the necessity which would not wait for time—the necessity which made her remember what was due to the husband who sorrowed with her, to the child whose young life was linked to hers, and to the old man whose helpless grief found no support but in the comfort she could give, learnt no lesson of resignation but from the example she could set.

From the first, the responsibility of sustaining him had rested on her shoulders alone. Before the close of day had been counted out by the first hour of the night, she had been torn from the bedside by the necessity of meeting him at the door, and preparing him to know that he was entering the chamber of death. To guide the dreadful truth gradually and gently, till it stood face to face with him, to support him under the shock of recognising it, to help his mind to recover after the inevitable blow had struck it at last, these were the sacred duties which claimed all the devotion that Rosamond had to give, and which forbade her heart to dwell selfishly on its own grief. It was not the least of the trials she had now to face, to see the condition of vacant helplessness to which he was reduced under the weight of an affliction which he had no strength to bear.

He looked like a man whose faculties had been stunned past recovery. He would sit for hours with the musical-box by his side, patting it absently from time to time, and whispering to himself as he looked at it, but never attempting to set it playing. It was the one memorial left that reminded him of all the joys and sorrows, the simple family interests and affections of his past life. When Rosamond first sat by his side and took his hand to comfort him, he looked backwards and forwards with forlorn eyes from her compassionate face to the musical-box, and vacantly repeated to himself the same words

over and over again: "They are all gone—my brother Max, my wife, my little Joseph, my sister Agatha, and Sarah my niece! I and my little bit of box are left alone together in the world. Mozart can't sing no more. He has sung to the last of them now!"

The second day there was no change in him. On the third, Rosamond placed the book of Hymns reverently on her mother's bosom, laid a lock of her own hair round it, and kissed the sad, peaceful face for the last time. The old man was with her at that silent leave-taking, and followed her away, when it was over. By the side of the coffin, and, afterwards, when she took him back with her to her husband, he was still sunk in the same apathy of grief which had overwhelmed him from the first. But when they began to speak of the removal of the remains the next day to Porthgenna churchyard, they noticed that his dim eyes brightened suddenly, and that his wandering attention followed every word they said. After a while, he rose from his chair, approached Rosamond, and looked anxiously in her face. "I think I could bear it better if you would let me go with her?" he said. "We two should have gone back to Cornwall together, if she had lived. Will you let us still go back together now that she has died?"

Rosamond gently remonstrated, and tried to make him see that it was best to leave the remains to be removed under the charge of her husband's servant, whose fidelity could be depended on, and whose position made him the fittest person to be charged with cares and responsibilities which near relations were not capable of undertaking with sufficient composure. She told him that her husband intended to stop in London, to give her one day of rest and quiet which she absolutely needed, and that they then proposed to return to Cornwall in time to be at Porthgenna before the funeral took place; and she begged earnestly that he would not think of separating his lot from theirs at a time of trouble and trial, when they ought to be all three most closely united by the ties of mutual sympathy and mutual sorrow.

He listened silently and submissively while Rosamond was speaking, but he only repeated his simple petition when she had done. The one idea in his mind, now, was the idea of going back to Cornwall with all that was left on earth of his sister's child. Leonard and Rosamond both saw that it would be useless to oppose it, both felt that it would be cruelty to keep him with them, and kindness to let him go away. After privately charging the servant to spare him all trouble and difficulty, to humour him by acceding to any wishes that he might express, and to give him all possible protection and help without obtruding either officiously on his attention, they left him free to follow the one purpose of his heart which still con-

nected him with the interests and events of the passing day. "I shall thank you better soon," he said at leave-taking, "for letting me go away out of this din of London with all that is left to me of Sarah, my niece. I will dry up my tears as well as I can, and try to have more courage when we meet again."

On the next day, when they were alone, Rosamond and her husband sought refuge from the oppression of the present, in speaking together of the future, and of the influence which the change in their fortunes ought to be allowed to exercise on their plans and projects for the time to come. After exhausting this topic, the conversation turned next on the subject of their friends, and on the necessity of communicating to some of the oldest of their associates the events which had followed the discovery in the Myrtle Room. The first name on their lips while they were considering this question, was the name of Dr. Chenery; and Rosamond, dreading the effect on her spirits of allowing her mind to remain unoccupied, volunteered to write to the vicar at once, referring briefly to what had happened since they had last communicated with him, and asking him to fulfil, that year, an engagement of long standing, which he had made with her husband and herself, to spend his autumn holiday with them at Porthgenna Tower. Rosamond's heart yearned for a sight of her old friend; and she knew him well enough to be assured that a hint at the affliction which had befallen her, and at the hard trial which she had undergone, would be more than enough to bring them together the moment Doctor Chenery could make his arrangements for leaving home.

The writing of this letter suggested recollections which called to mind another friend, whose intimacy with Leonard and Rosamond was of recent date, but whose connection with the earlier among the train of circumstances which had led to the discovery of the Secret, entitled him to a certain share in their confidence. This friend was Mr. Orridge, the doctor at West Winston, who had accidentally been the means of bringing Rosamond's mother to her bedside. To him she now wrote acknowledging the promise which she had made, on leaving West Winston, to communicate the result of their search for the Myrtle Room; and informing him that it had terminated in the discovery of some very sad events, of a family nature, which were now numbered with the events of the past. More than this, it was not necessary to say to a friend who occupied such a position towards them as that held by Mr. Orridge.

Rosamond had written the address of this second letter, and was absently drawing lines on the blotting-paper with her pen, when she

was startled by hearing a contention of angry voices in the passage outside. Almost before she had time to wonder what the noise meant, the door was violently pushed open, and a tall, shabbily dressed, elderly man, with a peevish, haggard face, and a ragged grey beard, stalked in, followed indignantly by the head waiter of the hotel.

"I have three times told this person," began the waiter, with a strong emphasis on the word "person," "that Mr. and Mrs. Frankland——"

"Were not at home," broke in the shabbily dressed man, finishing the sentence for the waiter. "Yes, you told me that; and I told you that the gift of speech was only used by mankind for the purpose of telling lies, and that consequently I didn't believe you. You have told a lie. Here are Mr. and Mrs. Frankland both at home. I come on business, and I mean to have five minutes' talk with them. I sit down unasked, and I announce my own name, Andrew Treverton."

With those words he sat down coolly in the nearest chair. Leonard's cheeks reddened with anger while he was speaking, but Rosamond interposed before her husband could say a word.

"It is useless, love, to be angry with him," she whispered. "The quiet way is the best way with a man like that." She made a sign to the waiter which gave him permission to leave the room—then turned to Mr. Treverton. "You have forced your presence on us, sir," she said quietly, "at a time when a very sad affliction makes us quite unfit for contentions of any kind. We are willing to show more consideration for your age than you have shown for our grief. If you have anything to say to my husband, he is ready to control himself and to hear you quietly, for my sake."

"And I shall be short with him and with you, for my own sake," rejoined Mr. Treverton. "No woman has ever had the chance yet of sharpening her tongue long on me, or ever shall. I have come here to tell you three things. First, your lawyer has told me all about the discovery in the Myrtle Room, and how you made it. Secondly, I have got your money. Thirdly, I mean to keep it. What do you think of that?"

"I think you need not give yourself the trouble of remaining in the room any longer, if your only object in coming here is to tell us what we know already," said Leonard. "We know you have got the money; and we never doubted that you meant to keep it."

"You are quite sure of that, I suppose?" said Mr. Treverton. "Quite sure you have no lingering hope that any future twists and turns of the law will take the money out of my pocket again and put it back into yours? It is only fair to tell you that there is not the shadow of a chance of any such thing ever

happening, or of my ever turning generous and rewarding you of my own accord for the sacrifice you have made. I have been to Doctors' Commons, I have taken out a grant of administration, I have got the money legally, I have lodged it safe at my banker's, and I have never had one kind feeling in my heart since I was born. That was my brother's character of me, and he knew more of my disposition, of course, than anyone else. Once again, I tell you both, not a farthing of all that large fortune will ever return to either of you."

"And once again I tell you," said Leonard, "that we have no desire to hear what we know already. It is a relief to my conscience and to my wife's to have resigned a fortune which we had no right to possess; and I speak for her as well as for myself when I tell you that your attempt to attach an interested motive to our renunciation of that money, is an insult to us both which you ought to have been ashamed to offer."

"That is your opinion, is it?" said Mr. Treverton. "You, who have lost the money, speak to me, who have got it, in that manner, do you? Pray, do you approve of your husband's treating a rich man who might make both your fortunes, in that way?" he inquired, addressing himself sharply to Rosamond.

"Most assuredly I approve of it," she answered. "I never agreed with him more heartily in my life than I agree with him now."

"O!" said Mr. Treverton. "Then it seems you care no more for the loss of the money than he does?"

"He has told you already," said Rosamond, "that it is as great a relief to my conscience as to his, to have given it up."

Mr. Treverton carefully placed a thick stick which he carried with him, upright between his knees, crossed his hands on the top of it, rested his chin on them, and, in that investigating position, stared steadily in Rosamond's face.

"I rather wish I had brought Shrowl here with me," he said to himself. "I should like him to have seen this. It staggers me, and I rather think it would have staggered him. Both these people," continued Mr. Treverton, looking perplexedly from Rosamond to Leonard, and from Leonard back again to Rosamond, "are, to all outward appearance, human beings. They walk on their hind legs, they express ideas readily by uttering articulate sounds, they have the usual allowance of features, and in respect of weight, height, and size generally, they appear to me to be mere average human creatures of the common civilised sort. And yet, there they sit, taking the loss of a fortune of forty thousand pounds as easily as Cæsar, King of Lydia, might have taken the loss of a halfpenny!"

He rose, put on his hat, tucked the thick

stick under his arm, and advanced a few steps towards Rosamond.

"I am going now," he said. "Would you like to shake hands?"

Rosamond turned her back on him contemptuously.

Mr. Treverton chuckled with an air of supreme satisfaction.

Meanwhile, Leonard, who sat near the fireplace, and whose colour was rising angrily once more, had been feeling for the bell-rope, and had just succeeded in getting it into his hand, as Mr. Treverton approached the door.

"Don't ring, Lenny," said Rosamond. "He is going of his own accord."

Mr. Treverton stepped out into the passage, then glanced back into the room with an expression of puzzled curiosity on his face, as if he was looking into a cage which contained two animals of a species that he had never heard of before. "I have seen some strange sights in my time," he said to himself. "I have had some queer experience of this trumpery little planet and of the creatures who inhabit it—but I never was staggered yet by any human phenomena, as I am staggered now by those two." He shut the door without saying another word, and Rosamond heard him chuckle to himself again as he walked away along the passage.

Ten minutes afterwards, the waiter brought up a sealed letter addressed to Mrs. Frankland. It had been written, he said, in the coffee-room of the hotel, by the "person" who had intruded himself into Mr. and Mrs. Frankland's presence. After giving it to the waiter to deliver, he had gone away in a hurry, swinging his thick stick complacently, and laughing to himself.

Rosamond opened the letter.

On one side of it was a crossed cheque, drawn in her name, for Forty Thousand pounds.

On the other side, were these lines of explanation:—

Take this. First, because you and your husband are the only two people I have ever met with who are not likely to be made rascals by being made rich. Secondly, because you have told the truth, when letting it out meant losing money, and keeping it in, saving a fortune. Thirdly, because you are not the child of the player-woman. Fourthly, because you can't help yourself—for I shall leave it to you at my death, if you won't have it now. Good-bye. Don't come and see me, don't write grateful letters to me, don't invite me into the country, don't praise my generosity, and, above all things, don't have anything more to do with Shrowl!

ANDREW TREVERTON.

The first thing Rosamond did, when she and her husband had a little recovered from their astonishment, was to disobey the injunction which forbade her to address any grateful letters to Mr. Treverton. The messenger who was sent with her note to Bayswater, returned without an answer, and reported that he had received directions

from an invisible man, with a gruff voice, to throw it over the garden-wall and to go away immediately after, unless he wanted to have his head broken.

Mr. Nixon, to whom Leonard immediately sent word of what had happened, volunteered to go to Bayswater the same evening, and make an attempt to see Mr. Treverton on Mr. and Mrs. Frankland's behalf. He found Timon of London more approachable than he had anticipated. The misanthrope was, for once in his life, in a good humour. This extraordinary change in him had been produced by the sense of satisfaction which he experienced in having just turned Shrowl out of his situation, on the ground that his master was not fit company for him after having committed such an act of folly as giving Mrs. Frankland back her forty thousand pounds. "I told him," said Mr. Treverton, chuckling over his recollection of the parting-scene between his servant and himself. "I told him that I could not possibly expect to merit his continued approval after what I had done, and that I could not think of detaining him in his place, under the circumstances. I begged him to view my conduct as leniently as he could, because the first cause that led to it was, after all, his copying the plan of Porthgenna, which guided Mrs. Frankland to the discovery in the Myrtle Room. I congratulated him on having got a reward of five pounds for being the means of restoring a fortune of forty thousand; and I bowed him out with a polite humility that half drove him mad. Shrowl and I have had a good many tussles on our time: he was always even with me till to-day, and now I've thrown him on his back at last!"

Although Mr. Treverton was willing to talk of the defeat and dismissal of Shrowl as long as the lawyer would listen to him, he was perfectly unmanageable on the subject of Mrs. Frankland, when Mr. Nixon tried to turn the conversation to that topic. He would hear no messages—he would give no promise of any sort for the future. All that he could be prevailed on to say about himself and his own projects, was, that he intended to give up the house at Bayswater and to travel again for the purpose of studying human nature, in different countries, on a plan that he had not tried yet—the plan of endeavouring to find out the good that there might be in people as well as the bad. He said the idea had been suggested to his mind by his anxiety to ascertain whether Mr. and Mrs. Frankland were perfectly exceptional human beings or not. At present, he was disposed to think that they were, and that his travels were not likely to lead to anything at all remarkable in the shape of a satisfactory result. Mr. Nixon pleaded hard for something in the shape of a friendly message to take back, along with the news of his intended departure. The request produced

nothing but a sardonic chuckle, followed by this parting speech, delivered to the lawyer at the garden-gate.

"Tell those two amazing people," said Timon of London, "that I may give up my travels in disgust when they least expect it; and that I may possibly come and look at them again, for the sake of getting one satisfactory sensation more out of the lamentable spectacle of humanity before I die."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.—THE DAWN OF A NEW LIFE.

FOUR days afterwards, Rosamond and Leonard and Uncle Joseph met together in the cemetery of the church at Porthgenna.

The earth to which we all return, had closed over Her: the weary pilgrimage of Sarah Leeson had come to its quiet end at last. The miner's grave from which she had twice plucked in secret her few memorial fragments of grass, had given her the home, in death, which, in life, she had never known. The roar of the surf was stilled to a low murmur before it reached the place of her rest; and the wind that swept joyously over the open moor, paused a little when it met the old trees that watched over the graves, and wound onward softly through the myrtle hedge that held them all embraced alike in its circle of lustrous green.

Some hours had passed since the last words of the burial service had been read. The fresh turf was heaped already over the mound, and the old headstone with the miner's epitaph on it had been raised once more in its former place at the head of the grave. Rosamond was reading the inscription softly to her husband. Uncle Joseph had walked a little apart from them while she was thus engaged, and had knelt down by himself at the foot of the mound. He was fondly smoothing and patting the newly-laid turf,—as he had often smoothed Sarah's hair in the long past days of her youth,—as he had often patted her hand in the after-time, when her heart was weary and her hair was grey.

"Shall we add any new words to the old worn letters as they stand now?" said Rosamond, when she had read the inscription to the end. "There is a blank space left on the stone. Shall we fill it, love, with the initials of my mother's name, and the date of her death? I feel something in my heart which seems to tell me to do that, and to do no more."

"So let it be, Rosamond," said her husband. "That short and simple inscription is the fittest and the best."

She looked away, as he gave that answer, to the foot of the grave, and left him for a moment to approach the old man. "Take my hand, Uncle Joseph," she said, and touched him gently on the shoulder. "Take my hand, and let us go back together to the house."

He rose as she spoke, and looked at her doubtfully. The musical-box, enclosed in its well-worn leather case, lay on the grave near the place where he had been kneeling. Rosamond took it up from the grass, and slung it in the old place at his side, which it always occupied when he was away from home. He sighed a little as he thanked her. "Mozart can sing no more," he said. "He has sung to the last of them now!"

"Don't say to the last, yet," said Rosamond, "don't say to the last, Uncle Joseph, while I am alive. Surely Mozart will sing to me, for my mother's sake?"

A smile—the first she had seen since the time of their grief—trembled faintly round his lips. "There is comfort in that," he said; "there is comfort for Uncle Joseph still, in hearing that."

"Take my hand," she repeated softly. "Come home with us now."

He looked down wistfully at the grave. "I will follow you," he said, "if you will go on before me to the gate?"

Rosamond took her husband's arm, and guided him to the path that led out of the churchyard. As they passed from sight, Uncle Joseph knelt down once more at the foot of the grave, and pressed his lips on the fresh turf.

"Good-bye, my child," he whispered, and laid his cheek for a moment against the grass, before he rose again.

At the gate Rosamond was waiting for him. Her right hand was resting on her husband's arm; her left hand was held out for Uncle Joseph to take.

"How cool the breeze is!" said Leonard. "How pleasantly the sea sounds! Surely this is a fine summer day?"

"The brightest and loveliest of the year," said Rosamond. "The only clouds on the sky are clouds of shining white; the only shadows over the moor lie light as down on the heather. The sun glows clear in its glory of gold, and the sea beams back on it in its glory of blue. O, Lenny, it is such a different day from that day of dull oppression and misty heat when we found the letter in the Myrtle Room! Even the dark tower of our old house, yonder, gains a new beauty in the clear air, and seems to be arrayed in its brightest aspect to welcome us to the beginning of a new life. I will make it a happy life to you, and to Uncle Joseph, if I can—happy as the sunshine that we are all three walking in now. You shall never repent, love, if I can help it, that you have married a wife who has no claim of her own to the honours of a family name."

"I can never repent my marriage, love," said Leonard, "because I can never forget the lesson that my wife has taught me."

"What lesson, Lenny?"

"An old one, my dear, which some of us can never learn too often. The highest

honours, Rosamond, are those which no accident can take away—the honours that are conferred by LOVE and TRUTH."

THE END.

MAKE YOUR GAME, GENTLEMEN!

THIS famous music begins already to grow faint. It is hushed in many halls over Europe. The Great Dagon worship has plainly fallen into disfavour with its votaries. Cold police functionaries have intruded into those glittering salons, and roughly extinguished the shaded lamps that played so genially on the soft green of the tables. In the long white chambers of Aachen Kurhaus—over whose oaken floor used to wander the restless flood of many nations—there is desolation now, and a dismal solitude. The ukase has gone forth. The voice of the king has spoken it: there shall be no more play in Aachen. Le jeu shall be defunct; and so the bright little town, deprived of its unholy aliment, is settling to decay, and wears in approaching dissolution a kind of shabby gentility. The chief-priest, or croupier—with his weary chaunting that the couleur is at that present moment passing, or winning, or losing, or paying—is now utterly swept away; he and his instruments of office, his rakes, and his new clean cards, and ivory balls. Perhaps he has since taken service with some other great society, and may be sitting at this moment behind his files of napoleons, and thalers, and fluttering notes. There is little doubt but that the doom of the surviving temples of play is already written in the future. The handwriting may be seen upon the wall, and it becomes now only a question of time.

Any one who has gone the beaten round of such popular places, and has tasted of the springs of Baden and Wiesbaden, and Homburg, and Spa, must have noted some curious shapes of tradition common alike to them all, that is to say, certain melo-dramatic histories pursuing him close from one to the other. At one time there travels to him from Ems or other remote places of waters, the annual legend respecting the young Russian nobleman. Who is not familiar with the tale! The young Russian nobleman has been sitting for twenty-four hours at a stretch, and during that time has staked, and lost—first, all his money, in the shape of untold roubles—then his jewels and plate—his vast estates at home, his trees, malachite mines, serfs and all; and, finally, with the sangfroid of his nation, has withdrawn into a quiet corner, and there pistolled himself. Or, it may be, that the stranger has hearkened to a dim tradition of the wealthy financier, who had lost his five hundred thousand francs in a night, and whom the bank considerably presented with sufficient to defray his expenses home. Perhaps, too, there has been pointed out to him the gentleman, who had

sacrificed his all upon the société's altar; and who now lives at free charges, upon the terms of his showing himself about the grounds, and rehearsing his little history to strangers. What pointing of a moral the company may have in view in such policy it would not be easy to say. It would seem natural that the gentleman ought to serve as warning, or wholesome moral scarecrow for the unthinking—bidding them take heed lest they also come to this grief. But the Bank is wise in its generation, and has abundant opportunity of studying human character. There may be a sort of sweet encouragement behind this show figure—this walking affiche—as if the société were calling softly to all comers, Cast down abundantly into our bosoms your gold and your silver, your Friedrichs d'or, your soiled thaler notes, your Naps, and your English guineas. And when lightened of all, who knows but we may take such gentle care of you, as we have done of him? Perhaps some luckless player—now unpaperying his last rouleau—may have such Will o' the Wisp floating before him—thinking that if all comes to the worst, he, too, may be wandering about the grounds, and telling strangers what the noble société have done for him.

It is certainly hard to associate the bright country aspect of such places, lying—like Spa, for instance—in the midst of green hunting-grounds and hills thickly wooded—or, like Homburg, at the foot of a great mountain—with the heat and glare of the rooms of play, and the worn, sallow countenances of players, sick at heart, and wandering chevaliers d'industrie. Such Babylonian accompaniment is not in keeping with the fresh, open country air, and the honest exercise of *Le Sport* as provided at Spa. They are more in harmony with the crush and awful mysteries of great cities.

Those must have been famous days in the gay city of Paris, when play was authorised publicly under the *laissez faire* Bourbon rule. Such tolerations, of course, bore fruit in duels, murders, and crowded morgue—only to be stayed by the stoical ordinance of the Republic, which went forth on the twenty-first Messidor An. Sept.—utterly extinguishing all such houses of entertainment. But crafty Fouché, when casting about for means of perfecting his new police system, revived them once more. Sagaciously enjoining the formation of a stranger's club, or circle. The patent was farmed to one Perrin, who paid no regular sum; but it was whispered among exempts and mouchards that fifty Louis d'or found their way every morning to the Minister's table. This Stranger's Club, or Cercle des Etrangers was in the Rue Grand Batelière, and was the most fashionable resort of all. Three noble presidents—all marquises—watched over its welfare, each drawing for his services a small pot de vin of two thousand pounds per annum. Exquisite suppers

were set forth there every night of the week—and their bal masqués were the choicest entertainment of the Paris season. Madame Tallien and other exalted dames were to be often seen there; and it was even whispered that the great Napoleon, shrouded closely in his mask and domino, and leaning on Duroc's arm, had more than once wandered through the rooms.

There were six of these licensed tables, including the celebrated Maison de Livry, better known as Frascati's, which the stranger might find at number one hundred and eighty Rue Richelieu. There was besides a swarm of such institutions under the arcades of the Palais Royal—nicely graduated according to the purses of all comers. These were found convenient; passing bourgeoisie and gaping provincials, fresh from the country, during the last days of Play Régime rushed to the tables and were ruined together in happy equality.

Even these licensed houses were scarcely found sufficient for the wants of the Parisian world. Certain ambassadors, availing themselves of their high privileges, threw open their rooms for the mysteries of Pharaoh—which game was likewise rumoured to be in high favour at the *Ceil de Bœuf*—being infinitely relished by Queen Antoinette and her court. Ladies of quality too, whose means were a little straitened, were gratified with powers to open a sort of tripot in their salons; and, after paying the night's expenses, and suitable bonus to the unseen protector, a very handsome sum was sure to remain for madame's profit. The internal economy of all maisons de jeu was pretty much the same. In number one hundred and thirteen, under the Palais-Royal Arcade, a stake so low as ten sous was permitted. The lowest gamin therefore, or begrimed charbonnier, was sorely tempted to try what fortune had in store for him. But, a few doors further on, at number one hundred and fifty-four, only gold might be laid down. At the door all visitors had to give up their hats, which curious rule was rigidly enforced in every house, only a few distinguished strangers being privileged to take theirs in. Such slender refreshment as beer and eau sucrée, were served round gratuitously. But, at Frascati's, wines and costly refection were to be had for the asking. The servants, who were spoken of respectfully as Messieurs de La Chambre, were important personages in their own way. They usually lent small sums on personal property—such as watches, jewellery, and even wearing apparel; in first-class houses they accommodated distressed players with handsome loans, taking no receipt, and being content with only a small bonus. It has always been the policy of such institutions to dazzle with grand and liberal treatment; after whom walk closely West End clothiers, so heedless on the score of small figures, time, and credit.

Some curious additions to the *Chronique Scandaleuse* might be furnished from the *maisons de jeu*. As it was, each house had its share of histories and miraculous turns of fortune, all unfolded in due course to the admiring stranger. How there was to be seen a player, who played every day unvaryingly for a single quarter of an hour and not an instant longer, and who during that span lost three or four thousand francs, or else won twelve or fifteen thousand; and who had thus earned the *soubriquet* or pet *prenom* of *Massena*. How again another, a young provincial, had come up on the eve of his marriage, to purchase nuptial presents for his bride with only fifteen francs in his pocket; how he had strayed into one of these houses, and gone his way home rejoicing, bearing with him many costly offerings for his fiancée, and ninety thousand francs in clean notes besides! How again a *Strasbourg* café-keeper came up to town to see the sights, wandered in for a few moments, and issued forth with a rich booty of over two hundred thousand francs. Such gorgeous legends have a savour as of *Arabian Nights*, filling the neophyte's heart with strange enthusiasm, and send him to the tables filled with longing hope and desire. But, there is another history of a more mysterious character, inspiring awe and a certain freezing of the nerves. The scene is at *Frascati*'s, at about two hours past midnight; a grey and grizzled general, with long-pointed moustaches, whose breast is garnished with the *St. Esprit*, *St. Louis*, and *Legion of Honour*, has been playing desperately since ten o'clock; playing until all his broad lands in Normandy have utterly melted away. For, there has been standing behind him all the night an accommodating Hebrew, to whom the poor general's acres are well known, and who has been liberal in his advances on the security of the general's little note. But, now, the Hebrew, knowing that the land has on it as much as it will bear, declines further accommodation; and the old officer sits in a corner with his face covered up in his hands. He is utterly *écrasé*, *abattu*, say winners and losers as they pass by, looking curiously at the broken warrior. But the worst is, that he has wildly staked his little daughter's portion—now sleeping unconsciously far away in her Normandy convent—and that too has gone the way of the rest. And this is what has so completely bowed him down to the earth. Meantime, amid the hum of excited tongues, and the chinking of gold and silver monies, a tall stranger, wrapped in a long cloak, has entered very quietly. It was noted by a few lookers-on that he is pale, and that his eyes are strangely brilliant, and that he has coal black hair pushed back from his forehead. He drew near to the grey general, and after a time sat down carelessly just behind him. Then he touched

him lightly on the shoulder, and began whispering earnestly; the grey general not heeding him very much at first. Gradually he grew more attentive, and at last suffered himself to be drawn into the window, where he had a long conversation with the dark stranger. Whence he was soon after seen to come forth, very pale, and with compressed lips, but with something like a heavy purse in his hand. What could it mean? Was this another obliging Hebrew? However, place was made for the grey general at the table, who, with trembling fingers, heaped up a glittering pile before him, and began to play. First he had strange luck, and his golden heap began to rise high; when, suddenly, his fortune turned. Gradually the pile began to dwindle, falling away by degrees, until there were left but two or three bright pieces, which at the next cast were gone also. All this while the tall stranger might have been seen standing afar off in the doorway, with his cloak folded about him, and smiling coldly as the grey general's heap melted away. When all was over and the last piece gone, he beckoned over to the grey general with an ivory-like forefinger, who thereupon rose up without a word and walked towards the door, and in another instant he and the tall stranger had departed together. For a few moments players looked uneasily at each other and whispered mysteriously, and then the game went on as before through the whole of that night. But, early next morning, certain wood-cutters going to their work hard by the *Bois de Boulogne*, came upon the body of a grey-haired officer, with grey-twisted moustaches, lying upon his back, with discoloured marks about his throat. The significance of the dark stranger became then known: and was talked of for many nights in *salons de jeu*. The legend became a player's legend, and was thenceforth known as the *History of Le Général Gris*. He is but a type after all; for there were to be seen many, many such ancient warriors, casting away their hard won substance, and driven to their trusty swords as a last refuge from disgrace and ruin.

Other chronicles are there, no less curious, especially those concerning certain *tracasseries* played off on the bank. The bank is only fair game for such craft, being held to be a ravening monster preying upon all unhappy players; therefore are all such narratives of *chicane* welcomed with a certain gusto and enjoyment. Once upon a time (so runs the tradition) two young men strolled into *Frascati*'s, each laying down his fifty double louis upon different colours. The cards were dealt in due course, and the red came up as winning colour. *Monsieur A* gently gathered up his fifty louis, and passed away silently from the room. *Monsieur B*, whose fifty had been swept in by the *croupier's rake*, was following when he was stopped by *Messieurs de la Chambre*. *Monsieur le Croupier*,

in gathering up his spoil, had discovered that Monsieur B's louis were only so many forty-sous pieces ingeniously gilt over, and there was besides an awkward *arrière-pensée* that the stake laid down by Monsieur A might have been of the same quality. However, Monsieur B put a bold face on the matter, and protested against being held to be confrère of Monsieur A. It has always been the policy of the bank to avoid unpleasant fuss or éclat, and so the grasp of the sergent-de-ville was relaxed and the offender suffered to go free.

Again. A well-known general of the empire was so successful with an ingenious coup of this sort, that it has come down to us bearing his name. The social code must have been a little relaxed when such exalted personages were esteemed for such questionable accomplishment. It was the general's habit to lay down a single rouleau, covered up in paper, and bearing the usual outward aspect of a rouleau containing one thousand francs. If it was his fate to lose, the general invariably withdrew his rouleau and handed the croupier instead a note for one thousand francs. But, when his turn came to win, and he was presented with a thousand francs, "Pardon me," said he, putting it back gently, "my stake was considerably more." The rouleau was then opened, and there were found some fifteen or twenty thousand franc notes ingeniously folded between the pieces of gold. The bank made a wry face, but the money was paid, and the general comes down to posterity as an exceedingly "smart man."

A favourite coup d'enlèvement was the dropping of some combustible upon the table, and in the confusion men carried off the open box of gold to the cry of "*Sauvons la caisse!*" (Take care of the strong-box!) The strong-box, it is scarcely necessary to add, being never heard of after.

In the days of the Restoration, a peculiar class of houses sprang up, known by the Argot title of *Maisons de Bouillote*. These *maisons de bouillote* were no other than second-class cafés and eating-houses, where table d'hôte was set out every day at five o'clock, and after table d'hôte the light dessert of *le jeu*. A peculiar feature about such establishments was the presence of le commandant or old officer who served in the wars of the great Napoleon. He had usually the père-noble aspect, with a little morsel of ribbon at his button-hole, showing beyond dispute that he belonged to the Legion. His age inspired respect. He had words of warning for the young, made up quarrels, and was special councillor in *affaires du cœur*. In his company was sometimes found a commandant of another school, whose bearing was in happy contrast to that of his brother in arms. He was familiarly known as the commandant à moustaches en croc, having very fierce twisted moustaches. He had been in at the burning of Moscow and the

awful passage of the Beresina, and had many graphic particulars concerning the horrors of that fatal retreat. He had an affection for a rusty blue frock—he had borne it, yes, messieurs, that very frock, at the bloody fight of Friedland—which he always kept buttoned tight to his chin. In English, perhaps more forcible than elegant, he might be styled the paid bully of the establishment, and his rude Alsatian manners were found useful in over-awing refractory visitors. It was terrible to hear him recounting his duels à l'outrance—whereof he had fought numbers untold. As a general rule, he was observed never to fold his napkin or to pay his score, having special exemption from all such ceremonial.

These two personages, or types rather, for they were to be found in all *maisons de bouillote* were admirably seconded by certain ladies figuring dramatically as widows of colonels who fell gloriously at Waterloo. Very interesting were their little narratives, told with a gentle sorrow and resignation that touched every heart. Some would bear affectionate *soubriquets* drawn from their misfortune—such as *Widow of the Grand Army*, *Daughter of Wagram*, and the like. Especially solicitous were they for young men's temporal interests, conjuring them with tears to stop short in their wild ways, while it was yet time—above all, to beware of ce monsieur là, that gentleman; he was dangerous! O! he was so dangerous! and had lured so many many handsome youths to destruction.

In this fashion the pantomime of the maison went forward, bringing in its share of grist to the great mill. But, the end was at hand. It had grown to be a crying evil. At last the Chambers found it necessary to interfere; a project was presented by the ministers for the time being; and on the last day of December, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-seven, the temples of play were closed for ever, and le jeu received its coup de grâce in France. Not before it was full time; for, it is set forth that in the last eighteen years of its toleration a sum of nearly six millions sterling had been engulphed in this fatal Maelström.

These are a few plain facts concerning the gambling-houses of Paris as they existed in the fine old times. Those who desire to learn more, may look, not unprofitably, through the pages of the ingenious *Bourgeois de Paris*.

CHIP.

DOGS BEFORE MEN.

At the old feasts of Isis, when men walked in grand procession dogs walked first, and it was not unnatural that they should be received as household deities, who were set up by the priests as symbols of the supreme power, watching over people in their homes and driving evil from their thresholds. For a like reason the ancient Romans dressed the

images of their Lares, or household gods, in dog-skin. In the present day, even the very smallest dogs are to be found cherished as household deities.

Gunar, a Swedish tyrant, once upon a time, to inflict shame on his subjects, set a dog over them to be their king, and gave the dog bad ministers, in order that the public might be well plagued in his name. It also happened that when the people of Drontheim had slain the son of Oisten, Prince of Upland, Oisten bade them choose whether they would have for their king his slave Taxe, or his dog Saer. The Drontheimers chose to be ruled by Saer the First, because they hoped to make a good dog of him, and to enjoy much liberty under his chain. Saer had not long been seated on the throne before he was enchanted by his subjects, and became the wisest monarch of his time, having, it is recorded, as much wisdom as three sages. He also became able to talk, in every three words of a sentence—barking two and speaking one—very distinctly.

This story ought not to be doubted. For was not the famous shepherd's dog, of Weissenfels, taught by a boy who pinched his throat and put fingers into his mouth until he had learnt to speak words like a man,—and did not an Austrian travel through Holland in the year seventeen hundred and eighteen, who could say his—or rather our—alphabet, except only the letters, L, M, N? Read Drechsler, on the Speech of Brutes.

Among the old Franks, Suabians and Saxons, a dog was held in small esteem, nevertheless, and indeed, for that cause, he was not seldom set over the highest nobles of the land. If a great dignitary had, by broken faith disturbed peace in the realm, a dog was put upon his shoulders by the emperor. To carry a dog for a certain distance was, in the time of Otto the First, and after it, one of the severest punishments inflicted on unruly princes. Nobles of lower rank carried, instead of the dog, a chair—peasants, a plough-wheel.

Emperor Frederick Barbarossa went to be crowned by the Pope in Italy; and, when upon his way, found that there was murderous strife between Hermann, Count Palatine of the Rhine, and the Archbishop Arnold of Mayence. By this quarrel the banks of the Rhine were stained with much blood. After his return, therefore, Barbarossa called a Diet at Worms, before which he cited both the disputants. They appeared, each expecting that his adversary was to be discomfited. The emperor, having heard the case, ordered the Count Palatine and ten counts, his allies, to march over the border, each with a dog upon his back; the other nobles concerned in the quarrel were to take the same march of a German mile, carrying stools, and the peasantry to go after with ploughwheels. The clergy were condemned to suffer a like punishment; but, saving their

reverence, it was allowed to be performed for them by proxy. Soon after the year twelve hundred, Gerhard, a lord in Querfurt, had with other nobles fallen upon a pious man, Deacon of Magdeburg cathedral, as he journeyed on the highway, and deprived him of his eyes. Emperor Philip fined this Gerhard very heavily, and made him walk at the head of five hundred of his knights from the spot on which the outrage was committed to the gate of Magdeburg cathedral, each man with a dog upon his shoulders.

The ancient Persians symbolised Ormazd, their god, in the form of a dog; for, to a nomade race, there is no animal so dear, no type of a Divine watchfulness so true, as the protector of the herd. A thousand lashes was the punishment for maiming any able dog, and it was capital offence to kill one. The sight of a dog by dying men was said to comfort them with bodings of the conquest of all evil and of their immortal peace. In later times the Persians held it to be a good token for the dead if a dog approached the corpse and ate from between the lips a bit of bread that had been placed there; but, if no dog would approach the body, that was held to be a sign of evil for the soul.

PARISH DOCTORS.

I HAVE been always in love with my profession, although she has not used me well in return, and my father before me was enamoured of the same lady, who jilted him also; yet both of us were ever content with wearing her initials F. R. C. S., and of cutting and slashing in her name, nor have we ever taken up with hydropathy, homœopathy, or any other fair enslaver of the faculty for a single hour. My father had a small country practice among people of the better sort, and, as soon as I was old enough, I used to accompany him upon his rounds, waiting patiently in his gig sometimes for hours, at this or that rich man's door, for which he would reward me—when he took the reins again—by detailing the particular case.

I protest I knew more about surgery at ten years' old than some of my future hospital companions were possessed of at twenty. I was not quite twelve when I performed an exceedingly difficult operation for compound comminuted fracture of the left leg of our parrot, the result of a cataleptic seizure. I amputated the cat's tail, which the bird had bitten through, with the like success; the little quadruped's feet were simply but originally placed in a walnut-shell for my greater security, the operating-table was our kitchen-dresser, and our bread-knife the humble instrument of relief. My favourite toys were anatomical specimens, and I remember being earnestly desirous of putting my young brother, of three days' old, into a large bottle, which was my especial treasure, and of then

pouring spirits of wine over him, for his better preservation.

I was sent up to London in due course to walk the hospitals, with a purse very ill-provided for that somewhat expensive exercise. There was little fear of my operating hand getting shaky, as I have known many young hands to become, through wine parties and supper parties and coming home from the casinos at three. My poverty, if not my will, consented to lead a quiet life, and I became medical student in something more than name. I liked the work immensely. I felt none of those qualms which some of my companions—not more kind-hearted than myself, I think—experienced when for the first time we saw the poor frightened patients carried into the operative theatre. There were then, too, groans and cries, and agonies to be listened to and beheld, such as a generation blessed with chloroform has no conception of. No, an occurrence to which I was a witness at St. Winifred Hospital, in those early days, gave me a sadder notion of my profession than any of those necessary tortures; for, as I have said, I was indeed attached to her, and felt any slight put on her as an insult to myself.

We had had great trouble and expense with a certain patient who had died upon our hands. He had been thrown from his horse, grievously injured, and was brought in, placed in a private ward, and diligently tended for five months—in vain. He was a rich man without nearer relatives than a distant cousin, to whom all his property, some three thousand a-year, descended—and he constantly expressed his desire (and in the presence of his cousin, more than once) to show his sense of the solicitude which dear St. Winifred had shown for him, although she could not save him.

Three months after this man's decease the heir appeared in our entrance hall, and having asked to see an authority, was ushered into a room where I happened to be also.

"I have come," he said, "to express my gratitude for the care and kindness exhibited in this place towards my late lamented relative, and if you will put me into the way of showing it more solidly, I shall feel obliged."

The authority bowed; explained that St. Winifred was open to all—gratis—to rich and poor alike. It was true that it was supported by voluntary contributions, but that he (the authority) could by no means dictate or even suggest what amount would be, in any particular case, suitable; some people became life-governors by the payment of one hundred pounds, that was the best.

"I should be sorry," resumed the cousin—who looked a vast deal more prosperous than when he was wont to frequent ward number one, with "and how is my dearest relative this morning?"—"to suffer my sense of the benefits of professional skill, and—and—Christian tenderness to remain unmarked. Have you four sovereigns about you? Thank you. Here is

a five pound note. You need not mention my name, sir, except as a friend to science—yes, a friend to science,—twenty shillings. I wish you good day."

"Well," said the authority, coolly, "that is not a grateful person, certainly. One really would have conjectured that we had saved his rich cousin's life."

But this old gentleman was not indignant, as I was, for he had been far too long in the profession, not to know the value which even friends to science are accustomed to put upon medical skill.

I speak, perhaps, bitterly, but I speak as I have found. I am told that a man who does his duty in the hospitals, steadily and earnestly, who is not afraid of a little drudgery, not too proud to accept small sums for working for his medical seniors in a hundred ways, or even to receive praise and recommendation, instead of money for his toil, is pretty certain, if there be really anything in him to succeed for himself, at last; that, having thus won the regard of his own profession, he must needs win the public, too;—fortune as well as fame. This is the case among the London faculty, I do not doubt, since I hear it so continually; but how is it with the parish doctor in the country?

The clergy, I understand, are by no means without their grievances in this respect; but think of a young divine, without private fortune, undertaking the cure of three thousand people for forty pounds per annum—or threepence per head—and finding his own physic, into the bargain. Such was my first appointment at Milston in Berkshire, and I am now not at all certain that it was not my best one. I bought the dispensary of the out-going doctor, at a very reasonable figure, a handsome case of instruments was presented to me by my uncle—a humble apothecary to whom I have been indebted for help through life far more than to any parochial relief—and I confess I took down with me, besides, as furniture, some pounds of excellent Cavendish tobacco. By the time I was housed in pretty comfortable lodgings, the rent of which exactly coincided with my annual income, I found myself with twenty-six shillings and sixpence only, in hand. This appointment had been got for me through favour by private means, and, being better than any advertised by board of guardians, I had jumped at it greedily, without any sort of inquiry; but, when I came to look at my gift-horse more carefully, I found him to be more than twelve miles from end to end, and about four miles across, with much undulating down-land, and very indifferent roads. Besides this, he straggled immensely; the second night of my sojourn here, I was called up in the night by a little boy to see his mother, who lived on the other side of Chilling Bottom. The messenger was running off again, but I bade him remain and show me the way.

"I can't get along so fast as you, doctor," he pleaded.

"Can't you," said I, "but why not;—are you lame?"

"Can't go so fast as your nag, sir, I means," said he.

"My good boy," replied I, quickly, "I have not got a nag, so we will keep company."

Gracious goodness! how that boy did stare. No nag; why Doctor Smith had had two horses, and even Doctor Jones (my predecessor, who was not considered very highly of) one very good pony, until he killed it with over work. However, if I had had a whole stud I should not have found my way to Chilling Bottom that night without a guide; what slender wheel-marks were upon the turf being inches deep under the snow, and no land marks for the whole five miles' distance, save a patch of furze, one tree, and one ruined shepherd's hurdle. After having accomplished my errand, I had to wait for daylight to get home again, only there to find a second messenger arrived in hot haste, hours ago, to request my attendance in another extremity of Milston. It was a healthy parish enough, and neither of these were cases of disease; but among so very straggling a population I wore three pairs of boots out in a fortnight. My constitution, too, naturally strong enough, I found to be by no means equal to three and twenty miles a-day, beside nightwork; my uncle, therefore, let me have thirty-five pounds to buy a horse with—a cheaper animal would have been at the knacker's in no time, with such work as it had to do for me; and I had then that animal and myself to maintain upon eight pounds per annum, the average extra allowance for midwifery and vaccination cases. The few rich people in Milston parish preferred, when indisposed, sending for their own medical man from the county town, or even telegraphing to London, to giving a young fellow like me a chance of making my bread; and, when they sent for me to their domestics, my charges were sometimes criticised in the drawing-room even less generously than in the servants' hall. My only chance, indeed, not of getting my living, but of lessening my necessary debts, lay among the families of the yeomen; and it is well known how that class of patient is accustomed both to estimate and to remunerate their unfortunate parochial advisers. If, indeed, it be possible in the present state of the medical labour market to get skill good enough for paupers at such a price as is now given by parish unions, their medicines (as my uncle the apothecary knows) must needs at least be far from genuine: most of the drugs marked Poison with such superfluous caution, in my bargain of a dispensary, I could have

swallowed with the most perfect safety; and out of thirteen leeches I only found one which was a nipper, and that only under the greatest provocation, when his tail was pinched.

Time for the theoretical study of my profession, or for mental improvement of any kind, I had of course little enough; whilst society, after having asked me to dine once with the squire, and twice with the vicar, left me with quiet dignity to gin and water and the farmers for ever afterwards. Nor was Milston hard upon me, unjust, or unremunerative, in comparison with other parishes to which I have been in bondage since that time. Grindwell, Hants (population two thousand), where I had the workhouse, for instance, and where in board of guardians assembled, my allowance of thirty-five pounds per annum was reduced to thirty pounds, on account of the improvement in the parochial health during the first year of my services; where every quarter I was severely admonished for ordering meat to weakly patients, and port wine after confinements to pauper females, which the board decided to be "a precious fine game indeed," and one to be stopped forthwith. Once, in the far north, my salary was but eighteen pounds a-year, with a scanty population indeed, but lying at distances of many miles apart—in nooks of mountains, at the ends of roadless valleys, and upon the banks of craggy streams, in winter time overflowed and dangerous. There was here, however, a good medical club of about one hundred paying members; and although they sent for me mostly (as such members will do) whenever they had taken cold or too much whiskey, yet I managed to make both ends meet at the year's end—within six and twenty pounds. This deficit even then still always returning, I was at last fain to give up practising on my own account at all, and am now assistant surgeon to a gentleman with a large southern connection. He pays me a certain sum, considerably larger than his own stipend (which is a little over a penny a head), to take all the paupers off his hands, it being understood that I never enter a paying patient's house without his leave; nor do I think that it is he that should be blamed when I find, as I did a week ago, a woman with dropsy partaking of the same medicine which was left in the bottle by her husband, who died of consumption more than a year ago!

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THE BEST AUTHORITY.

I WISH he was not so ubiquitous.

I wish he was not always having people to dine with him, into whom he crams all manner of confidences, and who come from his too hospitable board to harass my soul with special intelligence (which is never true), upon all the subjects that arise in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. I wish to Heaven he would dine out!

Yet, that is a weak wish, because he does dine out. He makes a habit of dining out. He is always dining out. How could I be the confused, perplexed, benighted wretch I am, but for everybody I know, meeting him at dinner everywhere, and receiving information from him which they impart to me? I wish he would hold his tongue!

Yet, that is another weak wish, because when he does hold his tongue, I am none the better for it. His silence is used against me. If I mention to my friend, Pottington, any little scrap of fact of which in my very humble way I may have become possessed, Pottington says, that's very odd, he hardly thinks it can be, he will tell me why; dining yesterday at Croxford's he happened to sit next to the Best Authority, and had a good deal of talk with him, and yet he never said a word to lead him to suppose—

This brings me to inquire how does it happen that everybody always sits next him? At a dinner of eighteen persons, I have known seventeen sit next him. Nay, at a public dinner of one hundred and thirty, I have known one hundred and twenty-nine sit next him. How is it done? In his ardent desire to impart special intelligence to his fellow-men, does he shift his position constantly, and sit upon all the chairs in the social circle successively? If he does so, it is obvious that he has no moral right to represent to each individual member of the company that his communication is of an exclusive character, and that he is impelled to it by strong personal consideration and respect. Yet I find that he invariably makes some such representation. I augur from this, that he is a deceiver.

What is his calling in life, that it leaves him so much time upon his hands? He is always at all the clubs—must spend a respect-

able income in annual club subscriptions alone. He is always in all the streets, and is met in the market-places by all sorts and conditions of men. Who is his bootmaker? Who cuts his corns? He is always going up and down the pavements, and must have corns of a prodigious size.

I object to his being addicted to compliments and flattery. I boldly publish this accusation against him, because I have several respected friends who would scorn to compliment themselves, whom he is always complimenting. For example. He meets my dear Flounceby (whom I regard as a brother), at a mutual friend's—there again! He is mutual friends with everybody!—and I find that he prefaces his communications to Flounceby, with such expressions as these:

"Mr. Flounceby, I do not wish what I am about to mention, to go any further; it is a matter of some little delicacy which I should not consider myself justified in speaking of to general society; but, knowing your remarkable powers, your delicate discrimination, and great discretion," &c. All of which, my dear Flounceby, in the modest truthfulness of his nature, feels constrained to repeat to me! This is the Best Authority's didactic style; but, I observe him also, by incidental strokes, artfully to convey complimentary touches of character into casual dialogue. As when he remarks, in reference to some handsome reticence on my friend's part, "Ah Flounceby! Your usual reserve in committing others!" Or, "Your expressive eye, my dear Mr. Flounceby, discloses what your honourable tongue would desire to conceal!" And the like. All of which, Flounceby, in his severe determination to convey to me the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, repeats, with evident pain to his modesty.

Is he a burglar, or of the swell mob? I do not accuse him of occupying either position (which would be libellous), but I ask for information. Because my mind is tormented by his perpetually getting into houses into which he would seem to have no lawful open way, and by his continually diving into people's pocket-books in an otherwise inexplicable manner. In respect of getting into the Queen's Palace, the Boy Jones was a fool to him. He knows everything that

takes place there. On a late auspicious occasion when the nation was hourly expecting to be transported with joy for the ninth time, it is surprising what he knew on the question of Chloroform. Now, Doctor Locock is known to be the most trustworthy even of doctors; and Her Majesty's self-reliance and quiet force of character have passed into an axiom. I want to know, therefore, How, When, Where, and From Whom, did the Best Authority acquire all that chloroform information which he was, for months, prowling about all the clubs, going up and down all the streets, having all London to dine with him, and going out to dine with all London, for the express purpose of diffusing? I hope society does not demand that I should be slowly bothered to death by any man, without demanding this much satisfaction. How did he come by his intelligence, I ask? The Best Authority must have had an authority. Let it be produced.

I have mentioned the pocket-books in which he deciphers secret entries; many of them written, probably, in invisible ink, for they are non-existent even to the owner's eyes. How does he come by all the ambassadors' letter-bags, and by all the note-books of all the judges? Who gave him all the little scraps of paper that the late Mr. Palmer wrote and handed about in the course of his protracted trial? He tells all sorts of people what was in them all; he must have seen them, surely. Who made out for him the accounts of this journal? Who calculated for him the sum total of profit? And when will it be quite convenient to him to name an early day for handing over to the Conductor the very large balance, with several ciphers at the end of it, which clearly must be owing the said Conductor, as he has never laid hands on it yet?

How did he get into the Russian lines? He was always there; just as he was always in the English camp, and always coming home to put Mr. RUSSELL right, and going back again. It was he who found out that the Commissariat wouldn't give THE TIMES rations of pork, and that the porkless TIMES would never afterwards leave the Commissariat alone. Had he known much of the Russian leaders before the war, that he began to talk of them so familiarly by their surnames as soon as the first gun was fired? Will any of us ever forget while memory holds her seat in these distracted globes, our aching heads, what we suffered from this man in connection with the Redan? Can the most Christian of us ever forgive the lies he told us about the Malakhoff? I might myself overlook, even those injuries, but for his having put so many people up to making plans of that detested fortress, on tablecloths, with salt-spoons, forks, dessert-dishes, nut-crackers, and wine-glasses. Which frightful persecution, a thousand times inflicted on me, upon his authority—the best—I hereby swear

never to condone! Never shall the Sapping and Mining knowledge, stamped in characters of lead upon this burning brow, remain with me but as a dreadful injury stimulating me to devote the residue of my life to vengeance on the Best Authority. If I could have his blood, I would! I avow it, in fell remembrance of the baying hounds of Boredom with which he hunted me in the days of the Russian war.

Will he, on this public challenge, stand forward foot to foot against me, his mortal enemy, and declare how he can justify his behaviour? Why am I, a free-born Briton, who never, never will—or rather who never, never would, if I could help it—why am I to truckle to this tyrant all the days of my life? Why is the Best Authority, Gesler-like, to set his hat upon a pole in the épergne of every dinner table, in the hall of every clubhouse, in the stones of every street, and, violating the Charter proclaimed by the Guardian Angels who sang that strain, to demand me for his slave? What does he mean by his unreasonable requirement that I shall make over my five senses to him? Who is he that he is to absorb my entity into his non-entity? And are not these his appetites? I put it to Flounceby.

Flounceby is rather an obstinate character (Mrs. Flounceby says the most obstinate of men; but, that may be her impulsive way of expressing herself), and will argue with you on any point, for any length of time you like—or don't like. He is certain to beat you, too, by a neat method he has of representing you to have said something which you never did say, or so much as think of, and then indignantly contradicting it. No further back than within this month, Flounceby was holding forth at a great rate on the most argumentative question of all questions—which every question is with him, and therefore I simply mean any question—and had made out his case entirely to his own satisfaction, and was pounding his dinner-company of six with it, as if they were plastic metal, and he and the question were the steam-hammer; when an unknown man of faint and fashionable aspect (one of the six) slid out from under the hammer without any apparent effort, and flatly denied Flounceby's positions, one and all, "on the best authority." If he had contested them on any ground of faith, reason, probability, or analogy, Flounceby would have pinned him like a bull-dog; but, the mere mention of the Best Authority (it was a genteel question in its bearings) instantly laid Flounceby on his back. He turned pale, trembled, and gave in. It happened, however, as it always does at Flounceby's, that the next most argumentative question of questions came on immediately afterwards. Upon that point I, deriving courage from the faint and fashionable man, who by the way from the moment of his victory, retired, like Iago, and word spake never more—

opposed myself to Flounceby. I had not been rolled and flattened under the steam-hammer two minutes, when Flounceby, throwing the machinery out of gear, gave me one final crush from the Best Authority, and left me for dead. Goaded to distraction by the anonymous oppressor, I wildly cried that I cared nothing for the Best Authority. A shudder went round the table, and all present shrank from me, as if I had distinctly made the one greatest and most audacious denial of which humanity is capable.

Still goaded by this oppressor—always goaded by this oppressor—I ask, Who is he? Whence does he come when he goes out to dinner; where does he give those dinners at which so many people dine? Was he enrolled in the last census? Does he bear his part in the light burdens of the country? Is he assessed to the equitable income-tax? I call upon the Best Authority to stand forth.

On more than one occasion I have thought I had him. In that portion of Pall Mall, London, which is bounded on the east by the Senior United Service Club House, and on the west by the Carlton Club House—a miasmatic spot, in which I suppose more boredom to be babbled daily, than in any two thousand square miles on the surface of the earth—into that dismal region I had sometimes tracked the despot, and there lost him. One day, upon the steps of the Athenæum, of which eminent institution I have the honour to be a member, I found a fellow-member, Mr. Prowler, of the Royal Society of Arts, lying in wait, under the portico, to pour a drop of special information into the ear of every man and brother who approached the temple. Mr. Prowler is a grave and secret personage, always specially informed, who whispers his way through life; incessantly acting Midas to everybody else's Reed. He goes about, like a lukewarm draught of air, breathing intelligence into the ears of his fellow-men, and passing on. He had often previously brought me into trouble, and caused me to be covered with confusion and shame. On this occasion the subject-matter of his confidence was—if I may be allowed the expression—so much more than usually impossible that I took the liberty to intimate my sense of its irreconcilability with all laws human and divine, and to ask him from whom he had his information? He replied, from the Best Authority; at the same time implying, with a profound and portentous movement of his head, that that mysterious Being had just gone in. I thought the hour was come—rushed into the hall—and found nobody there, but a weak old gentleman, to all appearance harmlessly idiotic, who was drying his pocket-handkerchief before the fire, and gazing over his shoulder at two graceful leathern institutions, in the form of broken French bedsteads without the pole,

which embellish that chaste spot and invite to voluptuous repose.

On another occasion, I was so near having my hand at my enemy's throat and he so unaccountably eluded me, that a brief recital of the circumstances may aptly close this paper: The pursuit and escape occurred at the Reform Club, of which eminent Institution likewise, I have the honour to be a member. As I know the Best Authority to pervade that building constantly, my eye had frequently sought him, with a vague sense of the supernatural and an irresistible feeling of dread, in the galleries overhanging the hall where I had but too often heard him quoted. No trace of his form, however, had revealed itself to me. I had frequently been close upon him; I had heard of him as having "just gone down to the House," or "just come up;" but, between us there had been a void. I should explain that in the palatial establishment of which I write, there is a dreadful little vault on the left of the Hall, where we hang up our hats and coats; the gloom and closeness of which vault, shade the imagination. I was crossing the Hall to dinner, in the height of the then Session of Parliament, when my distinguished friend, O'Boodleom (Irish Member), being disappointed of a man of title, whom he was waiting to stun with a piece of information which he had just telegraphed to Erin, did me the honour to discharge that weapon upon me. As I had every conceivable reason to know that it could not possibly be correct, I differentially asked O'Boodleom from whom he had received it? "Bedad, sir," says he—and, knowing his sensitive bravery, I really felt grateful to him, for not saying, "Blood, sir!"—"Bedad, sir," says he, "I had it, a while ago, from the Best Authority, and he's at this moment hanging up the entire of his coat and umberreller in the vault." I dashed into the vault, and seized (as I fondly thought) the Best Authority, to cope with him at last in the death-struggle. It was only my cousin Cackles, admitted on all hands to be the most amiable ass alive, who inoffensively asked me if I had heard the news?

The Best Authority was gone! How gone, whither gone, I am in no condition to say. I again, therefore, raise my voice, and call upon him to stand forward and declare himself.

GRAYRIGG GRANGE.

HIGH up among the Westmoreland hills there is a farm-house that goes by the name of Grayrigg Grange.

Grayrigg Grange was the seat of the Copplehursts, a great county family, in the olden time; but it has now been in ruins for more than a hundred years: and in one corner of what was formerly the court-yard, the present house has been erected, chiefly out of the materials of the ancient building.

It is rudely built, but roomy and comfortable. Behind it, on the summit of the hill the ruins spread out to a considerable extent grass-grown, and moss-covered.

In front of the house stand enormous horse-chestnuts; beyond which is a low stone-wall: then the fields sweep gently down for a mile and a half, till you come to the high-road; beyond which flows the little river Skarf, celebrated for its trout; and half a mile past that, lies Heatherslack, a considerable village for those parts. The view is bounded by a wide stretch of barren moors, and the clouded summits of some distant hills.

The snow lies long among the nooks and corners of the ruins, after it has disappeared from the whole countryside; and the winds run riot on the summit of Grayrigg Stoup, when all is warm and tranquil in the valley below.

Mark Hurlstone held the farm, on a lease from the Copplehursts, when I went to him, a lad of sixteen. His father and grandfather before him had held it on the same terms; and it was said that, in the old times, the Hurlstones had been henchmen, or retainers, to the great family at the Grange. Mark was a widower; and his two daughters, Grace and Letty, managed his household. He was getting into years when I first knew him: a tall, big-boned man, somewhat bowed at the shoulders; with iron-grey hair and iron-grey eyebrows, thick and beetling; beneath which flashed forth two dark restless eyes, whose fire neither time nor age could subdue. He was well known for miles round Heatherslack as a local preacher, in behalf of one of the numerous religious sects, which, even then, had penetrated into the most primitive parts of the north country. He generally preached in the open air; but, on wet days, the loan of some friend's barn was usually obtained. Whether the day were wet or fine, his congregation was sure to be a numerous one; and his rude eloquence, and undoubted earnestness, seldom failed in having their wished-for effect, in inducing one or more of his auditors to become converts to his peculiar creed.

His fanaticism in religious matters coloured the whole of his daily life. He governed his little household with a rod of iron, and judged everything by the texts of a creed that knew neither toleration nor mercy beyond the narrow circle of its own elect. His imperious will, his irritability at trifles, his unsociable disposition, his entire disbelief in the harmony and beauty of the outer world, his daily readings from the Bible to his family—principally chapters from the Prophets, breathing denunciation and woe to a lost Israel,—the long prayer with which he concluded, full of groans and strange cries, to which the night-wind outside moaned a dreary chorus: all these will be as apparent to you as if he were personally before you. Yet he was not without a certain largeness of disposition, and once forgave a great injury on receiving a

solemn promise from the man who had wronged him that he would read two chapters of the Bible daily, for twelve months to come.

Grace, his eldest daughter, was about sixteen years old at the time of which I write; and Letty, two years younger. On Grace had devolved from quite a child the entire care and management of the household; and such a wise, thrifty little housekeeper did she make, that even her father deferred to her in all domestic matters, while to Letty she was both mother and sister in one. A tall graceful girl, with a pale olive complexion, which not all the sun and wind that visited Grayrigg could embrown; grave dark eyes; a low voice; and a quiet thoughtful way of going about things, befitting one on whom so many cares devolved.

But Letty, how shall I describe her? A bird of the summer woods, ever singing, ever gay. She had caught a sunbeam, and held it prisoner in her heart; but it laughed through her large blue eyes, and quivered in her voice, and nourished the delicate roses in her cheeks, and shone up through the sheaf of her golden hair, and declared its presence by a thousand tokens.

I was sent to Grayrigg as soon as I had finished my schooling, to learn to become a farmer under old Mark Hurlstone; hoping to possess in time a farm of my own. Mark and my father had been close friends for many years; so, for the sake of that friendship, the old farmer received me as an inmate under his roof; and welcomed me, with grim kindness, to my future home.

Friendships soon ripen between young people in country places; in a week after my arrival, I felt quite at home at the Grange, and perfectly contented. Letty and I got on famously together. She called me her slave, and ordered me about in her sweet imperious way, and had a thousand tasks for me to perform. If I did not obey her orders promptly, or if I displeased her in any way, I was punished by having my hair pulled, or by being pinched sharply in the arm; or was, perhaps, forbidden to speak to her again that day; my sentence, in the latter case, being generally commuted in the course of an hour or two, it being impossible for her to exist without having some one to chatter to; "and Grace, you know, is such a quiet girl, and has so little to say for herself." And then, in frosty weather, I must teach my lady to slide on the ponds; and keep fast hold of her hand to prevent her from falling; or we must snow-ball each other till we were tired. And then, in spring, I must find out the birds' nests for her; and take her to look at the little speckled eggs—merely to look, and not to carry them away; "for you know, Thurston, that would be cruel; and father would be ever so angry with me, if he thought I had so much as touched them."

Each season brought its own peculiar delights. What could be pleasanter in summer

than a romp in the hay-fields; and we never had more fun than in autumn, when I had to climb the large trees in the orchard, and shake down the ripe fruit into the quilt held below to catch it as it fell. Then, as her slave, I had of course her garden to keep in order, and her chickens to look after; with numberless errands into Heatherslack for cotton, or worsted, or what not. It was my dearest delight to obey her every whim; and when she tapped me on the head with her thimble, and said "Good slave!" my happiness was complete.

With Grace it was impossible ever to become so familiar. She was so occupied with her domestic duties, and her thought for others, that she seemed to have no time left to think of pleasure for herself. Her real influence was never perceived till her sister was beset by some little trouble, or her father knew not how to decide in some difficult matter. At such times they always resorted to her; and her sympathy and council were never offered in vain.

I grew fonder of Letty day by day. I never asked myself what was the feeling with which I regarded her. It was sufficient for me that I lived beneath the same roof with her, that I saw her daily, that I was of service to her in many ways, and that she was ever frank and affectionate toward me. I asked no more than this: I was content. I did not know, circumstances had never brought the knowledge before me, the depth of affection that existed for her in my heart; nor what a great passion I should have to do battle with, should the bond between us ever be broken. The knowledge came upon me one day, unawares.

I had been two years at the Grange, and was eighteen years old. Letty and I were invited out one day to a wedding in Heatherslack, a wedding-party in the old-fashioned style, to which all the relations and intimate friends of the newly-married couple were invited; and at which all sorts of old country games were enacted; the bride and bridegroom taking part therein. It was midnight before we thought of departing. The bride lighted us to the door, and after bidding us good night, added playfully to Letty: "I hope when your turn comes—and I suppose it won't be long before you change your name—you'll not forget to invite us to your wedding."

"I don't know what you mean," said Letty, coldly.

"O, no offence," replied the bride. "Though, if all be true that's reported in Heatherslack, it won't be long before you and Thurston there, are married."

"It's a pity that the people in Heatherslack have nothing better to do than set about reports that will never come true—no, never!"

My lady was all a-fire now, and moved off homeward like an offended queen. This dialogue, brief as it was, awakened in my heart

new hopes and aspirations unknown before. Why should not report speak truly for once? Such a consummation, while seeming but the natural result of our long intimacy, would add the crowning happiness to my life. Nothing venture, nothing have. I would put the question to the proof that very night—then. She was walking on, a few paces from me, somewhat softened now, as it appeared to me; gazing dreamily at the moon as she walked.

"And what if report speaks truly in this case, Letty," said I; "would there be anything so terrible in such a fate?"

"Such a thing can never be, Thurston," she said. "Let me tell you so, once for all. See, here is Grace come to meet us."

From that time our intercourse was marked by a feeling of restraint; springing, in the first instance, from Letty alone, but soon influencing me also; although I strove hard at first to win her back to the gay, frank life of yore. From the day she read in my eyes that I loved her, she grew shy and reserved toward me; no longer taking lone rambles with me into the woods, or appearing to care for me; but rather avoiding me, or so it seemed. I was no longer her slave; and when she wished me to do anything for her, instead of a command, a timid "If you please, Thurston," prefaced the expression of her desires.

Autumn and winter passed away, and spring was come once more, when, about the middle of May, Mark sent me to attend a fair in a distant town, in charge of a number of sheep for sale. I was away four days. It was evening when I approached the Grange on my return. Leaving the highroad, I struck into a footpath across the fields, so as to save about half a mile in the distance, and reach home sooner. The path wound along by the side of the river, before turning off at a right angle for the farm. Passing through a gap in a high hedge that was just bursting into bloom, I came suddenly upon two individuals, one at least, of whom seemed as surprised as myself at the unexpected meeting. I have the picture before me now, as distinctly as I saw it at that moment, so strongly did it impress itself on my memory in the instant that I stood, silent and surprised, to note it. On the top of a grassy bank that sloped gently down for a few feet till it met the river, stood Letty, holding in one hand her bonnet by its strings of blue ribbon, and in the other, a small gilt-edged book, shut up, her forefinger between the leaves. She stood in the light of sunset, basked in its glory; her unbound curls gleaming rich and lustrous, as though her hair were powdered with gold dust. A startled look, half surprise, half shame, flushed up from her bosom to her forehead as she glanced round and saw me. This was the only sign of recognition she gave me. She turned at once, so that I could not see her face; and opening her book, began to read.

Half-way down the bank, but untouched by the light of sunset, lay a young man, indolently reclining on one elbow, and smoking a cigar; the leaves of his sketch-book being turned over by the gentle wind. He was negligently dressed, in a fashionable and luxurious style. A small brown moustache shaded his mouth; and I could not help noticing that he was handsome. He looked up vacantly, as I pushed the branches on one side; and met my gaze, as I walked past, with a cold, steady, insolent stare.

Surely the weather must have suddenly changed; else what was it that heated me in a moment; that parched my lips, and made my skin so dry and feverish; that blurred the sunset, and caused strange lights to dance and flicker redly before my eyes?

I would not turn to look at them? Why should I? What did it matter to me if two young people chose to meet each other, on a spring evening, by the side of a river? Nothing—less than nothing. Letty had never cared for me; why then allow myself to be disturbed by such a trifle? Nevertheless, I would not go into the house just yet. I would wait for my lady by the thorn-tree in the hollow, and she should see how lightly I took it. I knew that she must be at home by half-past nine, to be in time for prayers.

She came, as I expected, I could see her, as she turned the corner, coming slowly along the path, in a musing mood; her eyes bent on the ground. She stood still for a moment when she perceived me, undecided which way to turn; but there was no other path, without going a long way round, so she came on steadily, as though she had not seen me.

"Good evening, Miss Letty; I hope you have enjoyed your ramble."

"Very much," she quietly replied.

"Do you always choose such handsome young gentlemen for your companions, when you take a walk—gentlemen with moustaches, too, that cannot find a civil word for poor country folk?"

She was silent for a moment or two; then turning toward me with eyes brimful of tears, "O Thurston," she said, "this is not like you! You are unkind. I am in your power, and you take advantage of it."

I could not bear to think that I had caused her a moment's pain. Anything rather than that. The sight of her tears brought back my better self at once.

"Dearest," I replied,—"let me call you so once, if never again—I have loved you tenderly and well for three happy years. I have long seen that you did not love me in return; but, till this evening, I never knew that your affections belonged to another. Can you wonder that the cup was bitter to my lips? I was rude to you a moment ago; pray forgive me; and do not fear that I shall offend you on that score again. I trust that you will be happy; but, before I leave you, let me ask you one question: Does your

father know, does Grace know, that your walks are no longer solitary?"

"Neither of them knows yet," she replied with some hesitation.

"Tell them at once, then," I said. "Do not slight their love so far as to keep them in ignorance of what they should be the first to learn."

"Not yet—not yet!" she hurriedly replied. "They will both know all in good time, and you also. It is a secret at present, but everything will soon be cleared up and explained; and Thurston, dear Thurston! if you do really love me, you must promise me, solemnly promise me, that you will not reveal what you have seen, or what I have told you this evening—not to any one without my permission."

"I promise you," I replied sadly. "But O Letty! let me entreat you, once more, to keep it a secret from your father no longer."

"I cannot tell him," she said. "You do not know all, or you would not press me. Remember what you have promised; and Thurston, believe me, you will find your consolation where you least expect it."

I kept my promise and told no one. Every evening she went out for an hour or more, taking care to return in time for prayers; and, as this was a habit which she had generally practised in fine weather, no suspicions were excited at home. From inquiries made by me in Heatherslack, I learnt that the stranger's name was Reginald Cave, Esquire; that he came from London; that he was apparently a young man of fortune; that he was staying at the best inn in the village; and that he spent the greater part of his time in sketching the picturesque features of the neighbourhood. I never saw Letty and him together after that first meeting. I avoided them, and took care that my walks were in a direction quite opposite to theirs. For all I had seemed to yield up Letty so easily in our conversation beneath the thorn-tree, it was not till after many a stern encounter, all alone on the dark moorlands, with the raging passion at my heart, that I finally conquered, and could truly say I was free. It seemed so hard at that time, while the struggle was going on, to have to yield up to another, all that I cherished most on earth; and to see all my brightest hopes vanish like the rosy mists of morn, leaving the dark crags of life bare and stern before me! It is sufficient to say that I conquered; and that from that hour my life took quite a different colour, and its purposes shaped themselves to quite different ends. Sitting here in this calm aftertime—calm in its freedom from such heartburnings and internal strife—I sometimes ask myself whether that loss was all loss to me, or whether there was not something gained: something gained in the power of self-control, in the lesson of self-abnegation then first learnt, in the breaking of a wider horizon; and, later on, in the birth of that star, in

whose clear light I now serenely walk. But, at that time, it seemed all a bitter loss—a darkness haunted by dim ghosts of the past.

"Where's Letty?" said Mark one evening, as he drew the candle towards him, and opened the family Bible, preparatory to his usual reading.

"I've not seen her since six o'clock," answered Grace. "Probably she is up-stairs;" and going to the foot of the staircase, she called "Letty!" twice, but there was no reply. "Perhaps she is in the garden, or somewhere among the ruins, looking at the moon, as she is sometimes fond of doing," added Grace. So, opening the front door, she went out, and we could hear her call her sister several times.

"Confound the girl!" said Mark testily. "If she can't tell the time better, I shall forbid her going out at all of an evening."

From the first moment that she was missed, my heart misgave me: I dreaded something wrong and felt an instinctive certainty that she would not be found.

Grace came back. "Letty is not outside," she said, looking rather scared. "Perhaps," she added, brightening up, as the thought struck her, "perhaps she has gone up-stairs tired, and has fallen asleep on the bed." So up-stairs she went, and was away several minutes.

Mark's impatience kept momentarily increasing. To keep him waiting in that way! such a thing had never been known. So he poked the fire till he had poked half of it out of the grate: then he snuffed the candle till he snuffed it out, and then he fell into a passion because he could not readily light it; muttering and growling to himself all the time, and evidently near explosion. Having at length succeeded in lighting the candle, he could contain himself no longer. "Grace! Grace!" he called, emphasising loudly on the floor with his stick; "come down, and we'll go on without the hussy!" So Grace came slowly down in answer to the appeal, and entered the room, all white and trembling: an open letter in her hand.

"She's gone!" said Grace, in a whisper that ended in a sob.

"Gone! who's gone?" said Mark.

"Letty. Fled from home. I found this," holding up a letter, "on my pillow."

The old man sat quite still for a minute or two, moaning feebly to himself, and staring with blank eyes at Grace, who stood, white and immovable as a statue, in the middle of the floor.

"Read it, Thurston!" he said at last, speaking with apparent effort. I took the letter from the impassive hand of Grace, and read as follows:

"MY DEAR, DEAR GRACE—When you read this I shall be far from home; far from my dear father and all of you. O Grace! my heart bleeds as I write these words of farewell; but you will—you must forgive me when you know all. I am going to be married. Reginald

loves me so truly, and is so kind and devoted to me, that I should not do him justice were I to say that the prospect of becoming his wife does not make me happy; but alas! this parting from those that I love so fondly is almost more than I can bear. My heart is distracted with anguish. I hardly know what I write; and had I not the perfect assurance of his love I should be miserable indeed. Our marriage will have to remain secret for a short time. Family circumstances, Reginald says, render such a step imperative. He has trusted his fortune into my hands; and were our marriage to become at once known, his prospects in life would be destroyed: his family are so proud. So we are going to live in the utmost seclusion for a month or two, after which everything will come right. I shall write you again after the ceremony is over, and send you my address: for you will write to me, won't you, sister dear? I know your loving heart too well to doubt you. But my father, Grace? Break it to him gently. How will he bear it? I cannot bear to think about it. I dare not write any more, or my resolution will give way. God bless you all!—LETTY."

"God help me!" said the old man when I had concluded. "My own Letty to do this! And she so like her mother!"

"Father," said Grace suddenly, "it may not be too late to overtake her and bring her back. Let Thurston and me go. She could not resist me, I am sure. She cannot yet be far on the road, and, if we can overtake her, all may yet be well."

"Stop!" said the old man sternly, as Grace was springing to the door. "Stop! Of her own free will has she gone forth, and of her own free will must she return—if she ever return. Not a finger will I stretch forth to bring her back. I renounce her; I cut her off from my household; her name shall not be remembered in my prayers. From this day forth I have no such daughter; and remember, girl, and thou too, Thurston, that she has become to me as a thing that is not; and that on this hearth which she has disgraced, her name must never more be mentioned! Never more! Do you understand me? She has become the outcast of her family, and a stranger henceforth to the home of her childhood. And now, let us worship the Lord."

There was that in his tone and manner which awed both Grace and me. We had neither words nor courage to reply.

Never did the old man read with finer emphasis, or finer tone, the withering denunciations of the Prophet against sinners and backsliders than on that night; never did he offer up a more eloquent prayer for strength than in that hour of his tribulation. As soon as it was over, he lighted his candle; and, after kissing Grace with much tenderness, and shaking me warmly by the hand, he strode firmly across the floor, and so up-stairs, as if to show that his spirit was unbroken.

A week, a fortnight, a month, passed away, but brought no tidings from Letty. She was like one removed from us by death. Although, after the night of her departure, her name was never mentioned in the old man's pre-

sence, so that if a stranger had come to reside among us, he would never have known that we had suffered such a loss; yet we all waited with aching patience, hoping from day to day to receive some letter or token of her whereabouts. Every morning, with renewed hope, old Mark went down to Heatherslack alone; and although he never told us where he was going, we knew that his visits were to the post-office; every morning he returned, downcast and silent, and longing for the morrow. For six months he went, and never missed a day; at the end of that time, he put on a suit of mourning, and went no more.

About this time I determined to leave Grayrigg Grange. My present life had become distasteful to me; the future held out no attractive prospect; and I felt like one in bondage who must break his chains or die. The desire of travel took possession of me; the unrest of an unquiet heart, sick of the dull routine of daily duties, and longing to find amid distant scenes a balm for all its ills. Glowing accounts of that new world beyond the sea, every day developing some new wonder, reached me by fits and starts, even there; sometimes from a near relation of mine who had gone to America; sometimes from the newspapers. I read all the books of travel I could procure that bore on the subject; and at last I determined to go and visit it for myself.

"What! and thou too, lad?" said Mark, when I broke my project to him. "Art thou also going to leave us? Well: these are times of change and portent. Surely the latter days spoken of by the Prophet are drawing nigh; all things are becoming unstable; and the lust of gold is devouring the hearts of men. Beware of that vile passion, Thurston! Give not thy soul in bondage to the glittering demon; and may an old man's blessing go with thee, wherever thy steps may tend!"

"I commend your resolution," said Grace, when I told her that I was going. "You have fretted too long against the bars of this poor cage. Go! Liberty and a wider range of action will remake you, and strengthen you in every way. But, Thurston, do not forget those you leave behind! Remember the old man and his daughter; who will not forget your name in their nightly prayers; and who will often, often think of you. And, Thurston, if you can find time to write us a few lines now and then, I need not say how happy we shall be to receive them; though if we should never hear from you, nor see you again, we can never think of my dear lost sister without remembering you too."

There was a soft humid light in her eyes as she said these words; and from that time till the day of my departure it never left them. She seemed often strangely absent in mind, too, during these few weeks, as though deeply communing with herself; and yet she did

not seem unhappy, but had a smile ever ready, both for her father and for me. There was the handwriting on the wall, in characters faint but clear; but my eyes were filmed so that I could not read it.

I have hitherto related my story as an eyewitness of its incidents. I have now to relate circumstances which happened apart from me, and which I did not learn till long afterwards: how I learnt them may be gathered from the sequel.

After my departure, matters, to all appearance, went on as usual at the Grange; but, those who knew Mark Hurlstone well, began to note that the old man was changing for the worse. His sermons were no longer so vigorous or so eloquent as of yore. He frequently repeated himself; and had strange lapses of memory, which astonished those who were accustomed to hear him. His thick black hair was fast becoming thin and gray; and he could no longer walk far, without resting by the way. At home he would sit of an evening for hours together, staring blankly at the fire, and never uttering a word; but Grace knew well where his thoughts were. One day, during the succeeding winter, he was suddenly taken ill. He was confined to his bed for several weeks; but eventually he recovered, and went about again much as before, except that he looked older, and stooped more. When the doctor whom Grace had called in, made his last visit, he took her on one side before leaving the house. "It is my duty to tell you," he said, looking very grave, "that your father will never be the same man that he was before this illness. He will require constant watchfulness at your hands. You must keep his mind as quiet and free from care as possible. Above all things, do not let him become excited, or I cannot answer for the consequences."

Two years had elapsed since Letty's flight when one day, towards the end of the year, Grace received a letter from her. It was dated, London, and ran as follows:

"MY DEAR SISTER.—Necessity compels me to take up my pen and write you these few lines, which I hope will find you well, as also my dear father. I did intend never to write to you, or let you know in what strange place your lost Letty had striven to hide her disgrace; and were it not for my child—for I have a child, Grace, as beautiful as an angel—you would never have heard from me more. But I cannot bear to see my baby pining away with cold and hunger. My money is all gone; I have parted with my few things, one by one, till I have nothing left but the rags that cover me; and now they threaten to turn me into the street because I cannot pay the rent of my garret; and then what will become of my poor babe this bitter weather? Grace, I have no resource but you. I ask not to come home—I do not wish to disgrace you by my presence—but send me some money, Grace, for we are starving; and O, send me a few kind words, for my heart also is hungry! How does my dear father bear it? Is he well? Is he happy? O, how the old times come back to me in dreams and visions by night, when I used to

sit on his knee, with my arms round his neck, while he smoked his pipe by the chimney-corner! I cannot write any more, for Kitty is getting cross, and wants both pen and paper. She shall kiss the letter before I send it.—LETTY.”

Grace went quietly about her work all morning, with the letter in her bosom, thinking the matter over, and asking herself what had best be done. As soon as dinner was over, she went down into Heatherslack, to the minister's house; and finding Mr. Drayton at home, asked for the loan of two sovereigns: a favour which he readily granted. To the two sovereigns thus obtained Grace added one of her own, the only one she had; and obtaining an order for the amount, sent it off by that night's post, with a brief but loving letter to Letty, bidding her pay her little debts, and then come down by railway as far as she could, and take the coach thence on to Heatherslack, where Grace would meet her, on her writing to say what day she would be there, and would conduct her home, after breaking the news to her father. This plan was the best that Grace could think of; for, knowing the sternness of her father's disposition, and how obstinately he stuck to any line of conduct on which he had determined, she was afraid of appealing to his feelings from a letter only, and thought that the sight of his long-lost child would have a power over him a hundred-fold greater than anything else.

Five days elapsed, but brought no answer from Letty. Grace began to grow anxious. The weather was very bleak. For the last fortnight, a black frost had held the earth in its iron grip. There had been neither rain nor snow, but a dull heavy sky, and a wind that pierced to your very marrow. For three evenings back, Grace had met the coach, which reached Heatherslack about six o'clock; and as often had she turned away disappointed at not finding the wished-for form. To-morrow would be Christmas-day. Surely, thought Grace, my sister will come this evening—I feel sure that she will; and we shall all spend a happy Christmas-day together, as we used to do years ago. But Thurston will not be here. He is far away across the sea. When will he come back!

In spite of the frost and the wind, and as if in defiance of them, her father had been better and heartier for the last few weeks than for months before; and when, after dinner, she put on her cloak and set out for Heatherslack, to purchase a few simple luxuries for to-morrow's feast, she left him cheerfully: trusting to come back with tidings that would make his heart beat warm and high. He was seated in his great arm-chair, near the fire, smoking his pipe: silent, as he usually was, but still with a cheerful look about him, she thought, as she paused for a moment to take a last glance, before closing the door. She noticed, as soon as she got out, that the sky looked heavier than usual, and

that the wind had dropped, and the weather had become much warmer. “We shall have snow before the night's over,” she said to herself, as she hastened down toward the village. She had several little purchases to make, and a sick friend to call upon, so that the afternoon wore away faster than she thought; and it was nearly dark, and the snow had begun to come down thick and fast, before she was ready to return home. As the hour was so late, and the weather was so bad, she determined to wait for the coach, instead of going home, and then coming back to Heatherslack, as she at first intended. Her father would not require her presence for an hour or two, so it would not matter.

Thicker and faster the snow came down, and darkness fell over hill and dale. Still old Mark sat composedly before the fire; never moving, except to replenish it with some pieces of turf, or to glance at the weather without. He must have fallen unconsciously into a nap; for, when he woke up, it was quite dark outside; and would have been in the room also, but for the cheerful blaze of the fire, which threw a glancing fitful light into every corner. Was that some one knocking at the door? Surely it must be. Where was Grace? Why was she not come home before now? It was long past tea-time, as she must be aware. Another knock.

“Come in!” he gruffly exclaimed; and turned round to see who the unusual visitor could be.

Slowly the door opened, and on the threshold, stood a ghastly, tottering figure, hooded with snow, clasping something to its bosom.

“Father, forgive me!” was all that she said, in dreary, heart-broken accents.

The old man had recognised her in a moment; and now stood up, trembling, but still looking as cold and grim as though he were carved in stone.

“What, thou art come back, art thou?” he exclaimed, in hoarse, passionate tones. “I knew it would be so, when thy sweetheart tired of thee. If it is money thou wantest, thou shalt have it: but, begone, and let me see thy face no more!”

“O, father, have mercy!”

“There is no mercy for such as thou! I disown thee! Thou art no daughter of mine; so away, away!”

“Have mercy on my child!”

“Thy child! Thy disgrace! Come not near me, I say! Step not over my threshold! I have vowed that this roof shall never cover thee again; and now I swear it once more; so—so—”

What was it that suddenly came over him—that took away, in one brief moment, his power of utterance, and the strength from his limbs; and caused him to drop helplessly into his chair, with an inarticulate moan?

But Letty saw not the terrible change that

came over her father. She had not heard his last words; but had turned away, and closing the door noiselessly behind her, had wandered back into the bitter cold and darkness. And still the snow fell thick and fast.

What were the thoughts that passed through the old man's mind, as he sat there, helpless and alone, struck by an invisible hand? The clock ticked loudly in the corner; the merry blaze leaped and sparkled up the chimney; but he could neither stir nor speak. Anon the great house dog, chained up in his kennel close by, began to howl, with a long wailing howl that curdled the blood of those who heard it. And still the snow fell thick and fast.

Down in Heatherslack, Grace, waiting for the coach, was again doomed to disappointment. Strangers every one, with no Letty among them. She turned towards home, sick at heart, and fearful of some impending misfortune. She was too much accustomed to snow-storms to care for such trifles; so she tramped rapidly onward, feeling afraid that her father would be out of temper at her long absence. The loud howling of the dog, as she neared home, startled her; and she pushed forward still more quickly, until the sight of the fire-light streaming through the window, reassured her beating heart. Her father was sitting just as she had left him, some hours before; but, the moment she entered the house, he turned his head, and gazed at her with such a wild agonised look, that she involuntarily exclaimed, "Father, are you ill?" He could only shake his head, and moan sadly in reply.

"O, father, what is to do? Cannot you speak to me?" Again he shook his head. Then, taking his stick with his one serviceable hand, he drew it across the soot at the back of the chimney; and wrote slowly on the wall, with painful effort, letter by letter, in characters uncouth but still legible, the word Letty; and then, dropping his stick, pointed towards the window, and looked at her again. Grace comprehended it all in an instant. Her sister had come while she was out. Feeling ashamed of venturing into Heatherslack, where she was so well known, Letty had left the coach a mile or two from the village, and had come across the country on foot, thinking to find Grace at home. But why had she not written?

Grace instantly lighted the large horn lantern that hung in the corner and rushed out of doors in search of Letty. The dog was still howling loudly as she got outside; and a thought suddenly struck her as she heard it. Going into the outhouse, where the animal was fastened up, she loosed his chain, with a few words of encouragement: determining to trust to his instinct to find Letty. After snuffing wildly round Grace a few times, he set off with a bark down the hill, towards a barn which stood at some distance from the house. There, he stopped; and

there, when Grace came up to him, she found her sister lying, a shapeless heap, on the ground: half drifted up with snow, and apparently lifeless. Raising her, and propping her, as well as she could, against the wall, she unclasped her frigid arms, and took from her the baby; which was warmly wrapped up, and pressed close to her heart. It gave a feeble cry when Grace lifted it, which thrilled through her heart, and brought the tears for the first time to her eyes. She ran with it into the house; and wrapping it in her thick grey cloak, laid it on the hearth before the fire; and then went back to Letty. Grace was strong and robust, but how she managed to lift up that heavy inert form, and carry it into the house, she never afterwards knew. There it was at last; and she sunk down almost fainting with the exertion.

It was but for a moment, however, that she thus lay. Something must be done, and that at once. She could detect no signs of life in her sister; still it would not do to despair. She had no one to depend upon save herself, for all the labourers lived at some distance from the farm; and on such a night, with the country deep in snow, it would be best to go direct to Heatherslack for assistance. But, time was precious, and she would not lose a moment in seeking assistance, till she had exhausted every effort of her own. She was not ignorant of what it was necessary to do on such occasions; and for nearly an hour she tried, unavailingly, to bring back animation to the torpid limbs; but her sinking heart told her at last that all her efforts were in vain. All this time the child was crying feebly in the corner near the fire; so she gave it a few spoonfuls of warm milk and sugar; after which it sank off to sleep, sucking its little hand. She would not yet believe that her sister was dead, but would run down into Heatherslack for the doctor, who was, indeed, required to attend to her father also. And so, having quieted the child, she set off. And still the snow fell thick and fast.

Now, it happened that on that very evening, and at the same hour, I was making my way through the storm towards Grayrigg. I had returned a day or two before, from my wanderings; still unsettled, still vaguely dissatisfied with I knew not what; till at last, homesick and weary, I found myself once more among my native hills. After spending a short time at home, I set off to visit my friends at Grayrigg. I had got about half-way between Heatherslack and the farm, when I was encountered by a female figure, looming swiftly through the darkness: whom I should have passed without recognition, but for a chance exclamation caused by our sudden meeting. I could not be mistaken in the voice.

"Grace Hurlstone!" I exclaimed.

"Thurston—Thurston, is that you? Thank

Heaven that you are come! Ask me no questions at present, but hasten into the village, and fetch Doctor Davis up to the Grange, as soon as you can. I must go back now, but do not be long before you follow."

She was gone again before I could reply; so, deeply pondering, I did her bidding as swiftly as possible. In the course of half an hour, the Doctor and I were on our way to the Grange.

Meanwhile, Grace had got back home, and found her father as she had left him, staring stonily at the pallid features of his daughter, upturned beside him as she lay on the floor; her yellow hair, once so smooth and beautiful, falling in tangled disorder round her face; while at a short distance from her, her infant lay, calmly sleeping, unconscious of its loss. Grace once more applied herself to the task of restoration; and, thus occupied, we found her on our arrival. But the breath of life had fled for ever from the loved form. Our dear one was dead.

A weary time elapsed after that sad evening. Mark, after a while, recovered in some measure the use of his speech; but was never afterwards able to walk. At his desire, I undertook the superintendence of the farm. Little Kitty grew and thrived wonderfully under the tender care of her aunt Grace: a slight fragile child, like her mother in form and features: a most loving disposition: soon moved to tears, but not readily consoled. Old Mark grew passionately fond of her; when she began to run about, and to climb on to his knees, he could scarcely bear her out of his sight, the day through. In warm weather he used to be wheeled out in his arm-chair, beneath the chestnuts in front of the house, and there smoke his pipe, while Kitty played beside him. As the powers of his mind gradually weakened, he often fancied himself a young man again, and that Kitty's mother was again a child playing round him; and was permitted to forget the sad events of later times. And so his life gradually burnt itself out; until Grace was hardly surprised when, one day, on taking him a cup of tea, as he sat beneath the trees, she found him sitting in his chair, dead; with the unconscious child playing at his feet.

Drawn together by the bond of a common affection for our loved one in the grave, now that I lived once more under the same roof with Grace, there gradually grew up between us an attachment of a warmer nature. I say that it grew up between us, but in truth it came to be within us both, and there was one of us in whom it was not new. A few months after Mark's death, we were married. Not till we were man and wife did Grace reveal to me that she had loved me in secret for several years; but, seeing that my heart was with Letty, she had put her love away, like a faded flower; and had gone on, doing her duty quietly, and without a murmur. The troubled clouds had parted at

last; and the star of peace, serene and beautiful, shone down into my heart; and there it shines still, and will shine till the end.

CHIP.

WHY IS THE NEGRO BLACK?

OUR ancient superstitious wonderments are quitting us one by one, and soon there will be no mysteries of ignorance left us. We caught one lately, gliding out of the door of a laboratory; but we held it fast, that we might examine it carefully, and learn of science the spell by which it had laid at least one of the ghosts which used to go about the world, and trouble men's minds with falsehoods and cruelties. For instance, the negro and his organic difference to the white man—which was the ghost we caught at the laboratory door—how often have we not heard it gravely argued that his black blood is the mark set on the descendants of Cain, or—on another side—the sign of servitude by which the children of unrighteous Ham are to be known for ever. We remember how, in our youthful home, where orthodoxy and respectable superstition were strong, any attempt to explain the physiological cause of that blackness would have been scouted as impiety and a presumptuous prying into the inscrutable ways of Providence. Now, however, times are changed. Nothing is held to be an unreadable riddle; from the formation of worlds to the laws of human life: and, in particular, the problem standing as our text, has assumed to itself an Euclid in the person of a Dr. Draper of New York, who, in a recent and most elaborate work on Human Physiology, undertakes to explain why the negro is black, and how he becomes so. And these are his steps.

Human blood is made up of certain corpuscles called cells; which, amongst many other things, contain globulin—a substance chemically between casein and albumen—and hæmatin. Now, hæmatin is red, and contains an infinite amount of iron. One of the most important wheels in our internal machinery is the liver; and a healthy action of the liver is necessary for the healthy action of every other organ and function. And one of the duties of the liver is to help in removing the old and worn out blood-cells, while aiding, at the same time, in the construction of new ones: which duty includes the carrying out from the system, of all excess of hæmatin or iron. A hot climate disturbs the normal action of the blood; also of the liver. The imperfect oxygen accompanying great heat not only adds to the darkness of the arterial blood, but also, by the want of energetic respiration which it involves, tends to the over fatness and torpidity of the liver. By this inaction of the great cleansing agent, the hæmatin of the blood-cells accumulates in the system; and, wandering restlessly about,

having no place to go to, and no business there at all, it gradually takes refuge and makes its settlement in the lower and spherical cells of the cuticle: which it thus bronzes, from orange-tawny down to negro black, according to the heat of the climate, the consequent inactivity of the liver, and the amount of hæmatin left as refuse in the system.

Whether this explanation be true or no we leave to subtler physiologists to decide. But it strikes us as noteworthy from its simplicity, and the air of confidence with which it demolishes one of the ancient mysteries of ignorance. The base form of the skull—technically the prognathous or jaw-protruding—of the negro, is also ascribed to the same cause. The liver aids immensely in the working and development of the brain: and the brain moulds the skull—not the skull the brain. A man with a diseased or torpid liver never works healthfully, or with the full power of his mental organisation. And what is true of individuals is true also of races. Thus, the inactive liver of hot climates creates a smaller, less energetic, less finely organised, and more basely developed brain than is found in the temperate latitudes; passing gradually from the elliptical skull of the Caucasian—the ideal man—to the pyramidal head of the red or copper-coloured man, down to the lowest type of all, the prognathous, or jaw-protruding skull of the negro; as the lines fall nearer or more distant from the equator. So, by this showing, poor Quashie owes, not only his skin, but his skull to that unsuspected liver of his: not only the brand of Cain and the sign of slavery on his hide, but the cerebral development and ape likeness which ignorance seizes hold of, as the cause and excuse of cruelty.

The same reason lies at the other side of the extreme. In very high latitudes, where human life is nothing but a fierce struggle with nature, the same copper-coloured skin and degeneration of skull are found as under the palm-trees and in the date groves, where man may lie down beneath their shade, and where nature will feed him unforced. Again due to the same cause. Cold checks the action of the liver equally with heat; and the shivering Esquimaux owes, to his wretched fare and sluggish circulation, his social misery and natural desolateness, the excess of hæmatin which dyes his skin, and the pyramidal skull which marks his mental degeneracy: just as the fiery sun and the languid airs of the tropics brand and disgrace the Mongolian and the Negro.

We may be allowed, perhaps, to feel a little sceptical as to the fact that, upon the state of a man's liver shall depend in any marked degree the shape of his skull; but in our common experience there is enough to dispose us to a little faith in the theory which connects the liver of the negro or the Indian

with his skin. The black hair and dark skin belonging to what is called the bilious or the melancholic temperament naturally occur to our minds. Only it is to be understood that, to attribute to the natives of tropical or arctic climates skins coloured through any *disorder* of the liver, would be as great a mistake as any man could make in reasoning in nature. It would be to suppose that man was created only for life in the temperate zone, and that in the distribution of races there was no divine design, no divine wisdom.

HANDEL.

THE son of an old surgeon by a second wife, and grandson to a master coppersmith, George Frederic Handel was born on the twenty-third of February in the year sixteen hundred and eighty-five. His father's age was sixty-three when the boy came into the world; born a musician in a house where music was despised, and where the determination was that he should be trained to the law. Because he took with as much aptitude to music as to ordinary speech, young Handel's father would not send him to a public school, for in those days at all public schools in Germany music was as regular a branch of education as arithmetic or grammar. Also the father would not let the son be taken into any place where music was performed, forbade him to touch any musical instrument, and turned everything of that kind out of his house. But, the boy either found in the house or smuggled into it and kept in the garret, a dumb spinet, which is a muffled clavichord—in the form of a square box—such as the nuns often used in their cells, and upon this he used to make music to himself when all the household was asleep. The same story is told of Dr. Arne, who also was intended for the law.

The old doctor had an adult son by a former marriage, who was something better than a poor musician, being valet to the reigning Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels. The father set out one day from his house at Halle, in which George was born, to visit this prosperous son, and little George, then seven years old, begged that he also might be taken, because he had never seen his elder brother. His petition was rejected; but being a determined fellow from the first, he went on foot in the wake of his father's coach. The father stopped the coach and scolded. Master George steadily petitioned, and so he was taken to the palace of the duke. There, he heard the organ in the chapel, and creeping up into the organ-loft after chapel service, could no more keep his fingers from the keys, than some boys can keep fingers out of open jam-pots. He began to make upon the grander instrument such music as he had devised on his dumb spinet. The grand-duke could not tell what was the matter with his organ. Who was playing,

what was being played? The little organist was brought before him, questioned and encouraged. It will be a crime, said the grand-duke to the old surgeon, to stifle so much genius in its birth. Now, if a sovereign prince condescended to think that, it could not fail to be true. The father promised thenceforward not to quell, but to encourage the son's disposition, and he kept his word. When they got home again to Halle, George was sent to receive lessons from the organist in the cathedral there, a good man of the old school, Frederic Zackau, who adored fugue, canon and counterpoint, and who soon found out how rare a pupil he had got. Between the ages of eight and eleven, young Handel—whose first love was for the hymns of Luther—wrote every week for Zackau, as his exercise, a sacred motet or cantata. During the same period he still practised on the harpsichord, and learnt to play the violin, the organ, and, dearer than all to him, the hautboy; while his father taught him latin and still hoped that there might come a day for law.

Eleven years old and master of all Zackau could teach him, young Handel, who was a strong and manly boy, was sent by the organist's wish to learn more at Berlin, whither he could go, as it chanced, under the protection of a friend of the family. There he became known to Attilio and Bononcini, two Italian composers then high in repute. Attilio, a kindly man, would take the boy upon his knee and make him play on his harpsichord for an hour together. Bononcini was so weak as to resent the boy's high credit, and, hoping to put him down, wrote a cantata for the harpsichord, into which he crammed all kinds of difficulty and which he maliciously requested him to play. George played it off at sight as a mere trifle. Thereafter Bononcini addressed him and treated him as a man—hated him too as a rival.

Though never brought before the public as a prodigy, the young Handel, of course, excited much attention among Berlin connoisseurs, and the Elector of Brandenburg himself wished to become his patron and send him to complete in Italy his musical training. The father did not like the scheme, and with humble excuses called the son back hastily to Halle, where he again worked under Zackau the organist. Very soon afterwards, when George was only twelve years old, his father died, leaving him poor, but he remained with his mother at Halle for six years after his father's death, during the latter part of the time corresponding with a young composer, M. Telemann, who though but four years older than himself was already director of the opera at Leipsic. Of this Telemann, his friend Handel said that he could compose a piece of church music in eight parts, in less time than another man would take to write a letter. At last, in his nineteenth year, Handel began to earn his living as a musician, by

going to Hamburg, and there taking a small engagement in the orchestra of the opera house, which was a rival to that of Berlin, as violon di ripieno, a supplementary fiddler, who played generally with the choruses. Mattheson, a young citizen of Hamburg, twenty-two years old, composer, singer, actor, clever player on the harpsichord, a young man who had sung and played upon the organ at the age of nine cantatas of his own composing, and who at eighteen had written an opera in which he sang and played the leading character,—Mattheson was, at Hamburg, Handel's associate and friend. Mattheson it was who introduced him to the opera where, Mattheson says: "at first he played the violon di ripieno in the orchestra of the opera house, and he acted the part of a man who did not know how to count five, for he was naturally prone to dry humour. But the harpsichordist being absent, he allowed himself to be persuaded to replace him, and proved himself to be a great master, to the astonishment of everybody except myself, who had often heard him in private."

Soon after his arrival in Hamburg, Handel heard that the post of organist at Lubeck was vacant, and went over with Mattheson to try for it. They found that one condition of election was, that the successor was to marry the daughter of the retiring organist, so they withdrew from the competition. Handel never married, never thought of marrying.

Handel being within two months of the age of twenty, presided over the harpsichord in the orchestra, at a performance of Mattheson's third opera, *Cleopatra*, Mattheson's age then being twenty-three. After his death upon the stage, Mattheson used to come into the orchestra and conduct at the harpsichord all the remaining music. Handel would not give up his place to him. Accordingly the two friends quarrelled as they left the theatre. Mattheson boxed Handel's ears, whereupon swords were drawn and the friends fought, until the sword of the elder youth was shivered on a metal button in his adversary's coat. Thereupon Mattheson said:

"If you break your sword upon a friend, you do not injure him so much as if you spoke ill of him."

Mutual friends secured a reconciliation, and ere the month was out, Mattheson gave Handel a dinner before they both went to assist at the first night of the first of young Handel's two accepted operas, "*Almira*, *Queen of Castile*, or the *Vicissitudes of Royalty*." Upon the vicissitudes of royalty, most operas in those days dwelt. The second opera was produced six weeks later. It was called "*Nero*, or *Love obtained by Blood and Murder*," and the first night of its performance was two days after Handel had attained the age of twenty. Within the next twelvemonths two more operas by young Handel were performed at Hamburg, "*Daphne*" and "*Florinda*." In each of them

Mattheson performed the leading part. All were successful, but *Almira*, the maiden opera, succeeded best. Handel wrote also, while at Hamburg, chests full of cantatas, sonatas, and so forth, including a cantata on "the Passion." A very few cantatas, *Almira* and the *Passion* are still extant in manuscript. Everything else written by Handel in his youth is lost.

Prince Gaston de' Medici, brother of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, being in Hamburg for a time, offered to take Handel to Florence; but, he had no taste to be, like his half-brother, a servant in a prince's train. From money earned at the theatre, and by giving lessons in music, he put by, after sending due help to his mother, two hundred ducats for the education of himself in Italy, and went to Florence, his own master, after three years' residence in Hamburg. He arrived in Florence when his age was twenty-one years and six months, and he remained six months in that city, producing there an opera called *Roderigo*, for which the Grand Duke gave him a service of plate and a purse containing a hundred sequins. Prince Gaston's hospitality also was welcome to him, though he had declined his service.

From Florence Handel went to Venice, where he arrived at the beginning of the carnival, and wrote in three weeks his opera of *Agrippina*, which was received by the Venetians with enthusiastic cries of "Long live the dear Saxon!" After a stay of about three months in Venice the dear Saxon went to Rome, where he remained a year, and wrote an opera called *Silla*, which never was produced; but of which Monsieur Schoelcher (whose recent and well-studied biography of Handel is our guide in the writing of this sketch) has found among the Handel MSS. at Buckingham Palace a complete copy. He wrote at Rome some pieces of religious music, and towards the end of his stay there—at the age of twenty-three—an oratorio upon the Resurrection. That oratorio was written in the house of the Marquis de Ruspoli. Cardinal Pamphili was another of his entertainers, and that cardinal wrote a poem on the *Triumph of Time*, which Handel made into an oratorio, for performance at the house of the Cardinal Ottoboni, who "had the soul of an emperor, nor was there any princely notion but what he endeavoured to imitate, entertaining the people with comedies, operas, puppet-shows, oratorios," &c. So says his obituary notice in the pages of Sylvanus Urban.

From Rome, Handel went to Naples, and there wrote his *Acis*, *Galatea*, and *Polyphe-mus*, being the first and unedited form of the *Acis* and *Galatea*, produced twenty-four years afterwards in England. Handel while in Italy, although a Lutheran, composed many pieces for the cathedrals and churches of the Roman Catholics, and among others a grand *Magnificat*, with a double chorus, from which,

thirty years afterwards, he transferred five choruses and two duets into his *Israel in Egypt*. He made much use in this way of his early writings.

Revisiting Rome, Venice, and Florence on his homeward route, Handel returned to Germany, uncertain in what town to settle. He went first to Hanover, a town then altogether new to him, where the Elector George of Brunswick, afterwards our George the First, offered him the place of chapel-master at a salary of about three hundred pounds a year: Handel then being not quite twenty-five years old. But he had met at the Elector's court some English noblemen, who tempted him with prospects of the fame and wealth to be acquired in England, and he therefore was allowed to accept the offered terms upon his own condition, that he should be free to go to England when he pleased. He went accordingly to England ten months afterwards, and arrived for the first time in London (being then nearly twenty-six years old) at the close of the year seventeen hundred and ten. On the way he visited his mother and his music-master Zackan.

At that time Italian opera was taking root in London. The first opera performed wholly in Italian by Italian artists had been produced a few months before Handel reached London. It was *Almahide*, by an unknown composer, and was performed—in deference to patriotic people, as the *Daily Post* announced—"with English singing between the acts by Doggett, Mrs. Lindsay, and Mrs. Cross." It had been followed by a second opera, wholly Italian, the *Hydaspes* of Mancini. Handel immediately after his arrival was engaged to write the music of a third. Aaron Hill, then the director of the Haymarket Theatre, both asked for the music and composed for it a libretto on the episode of *Rinaldo* and *Armida* in the *Jerusalem Delivered*. It was translated into Italian from Hill's English by Giacomo Rossi, who could not translate faster than "the Signor Hendel, the Orpheus of our age, composed." He has, said Rossi, "scarcely given me time enough to write it, and I have beheld, to my great astonishment, an entire opera harmonised to the last degree of perfection, in the short space of a fortnight, by this sublime genius." Handel's *Rinaldo*, the third Italian opera performed in London, was the first that had a great success. A cavatina in the first act found its way to all the harpsichords in Britain, a march in it was adopted by the Life Guards, and was played every day upon parade for the next forty years. The publisher of this opera was said to have gained fifteen hundred pounds by it, which caused Handel to write to him:

My dear Sir,—As it is only right that we should be upon an equal footing, you shall compose the next opera, and I will sell it.

After six or seven months' enjoyment of

success in London, Handel was obliged to return to his post at Hanover, not without promising Queen Anne to return to England as soon as he could obtain another leave of absence. On his way back, he again visited his mother, and, while in Halle, stood god-father to a sister's child. At Hanover he remained but a very little while before he was allowed again to visit England, where he produced an Ode for the Queen's Birthday in seventeen hundred and twelve. In November of the same year his *Pastor Fido* was produced at the London opera; at the beginning of the next year another opera by Handel, *Theseus*, drew so well as to command at the first representations double prices for pit tickets. The *Peace of Utrecht* having been concluded at the end of March, in the year seventeen hundred and thirteen, Handel was directed to compose the *Te Deum*, and the *Jubilate*, still known by the name of *Utrecht*. Handel was famous at that time in London, not only as a composer, but also as a solo-player on the harpsichord, and enjoyed his fame so much that Queen Anne giving him a pension for life of two hundred a year, he broke trust with the Elector of Hanover, and stayed in England. But, before two more years had elapsed, Queen Anne was dead, and the Elector of Hanover was crowned at Westminster as George the First. The new king not only resented breach of trust in an old servant, but resented also Handel's having written a *Te Deum* on the *Peace of Utrecht*, which he did not regard favourably. Since the musician had good friends at Court, the new king's pardon was, after about a year's delay, obtained, and with it a second pension of two hundred pounds, as well as the payment of a third sum of two hundred a-year out of the Privy Purse for Handel's services as music-master to the daughter of the Prince of Wales. So we have Handel established firmly in England in the thirty-first year of his age, receiving six hundred a-year from the Court in the way of salary and pension, and as a composer the main prop of the Italian opera. He had not even housekeeping to vex him; one year he passed at the house of Mr. Andrews, a private gentleman; another at the house built by the Earl of Burlington in the middle of the fields, where "he was certain that no one could come and build beside him." The house is now among the bees of Piccadilly. From the Earl of Burlington's, Handel went in the train of the king to Hanover, and was left there for a time with one of his pupils, the son of the Prince of Wales. He was a year at Hanover, and, while there, wrote again upon the subject of the *Passion*; the new work being an oratorio containing fifty-five *morceaux*. This M. Schoelcher brings, for the first time, to light by the disinterment of a copy from among the Handel MSS. in Buckingham Palace.

When he returned to England, Handel

found that the Italian theatre had failed and was no longer open. But, the Duke of Chandos had, at his costly palace of Cannons, near Edgeware, a chapel to which the nobility and gentry thronged on Sundays, as to a sacred opera house. Of this Duke, Handel accepted the place of chapel-master, and for the chapel at Cannons he composed, during the next two years, certain works known to fame—but now no longer to be heard—the *Chandos Te Deum* and the *Chandos Anthems*.

We should not interest the reader much, by merely chronicling the details of a prosperous career. At the age of thirty-five Handel, still attached to the chapel of the Duke of Chandos,—still supported by his pensions and his salary from court—plunged into the musical politics of London, and became director of the Italian Opera, revived under the powerful support of noble patrons. He went abroad to collect singers; he wrote operas; he wrote for the Duke of Chandos, *Esther*, the first English oratorio; for which the Duke paid a thousand pounds. For the same Duke, Gay put together the words, Handel the music, of the well-known *Acis and Galatea*. Of the palace of Cannons, which had cost the Duke of Chandos a quarter of a million, and was sold for eleven thousand pounds three years after his death, there remains now not a vestige; but, the detached chapel of which Handel was the master has become the parish-church of Edgeware village. It is an ill-conditioned church; behind the altar is the organ on which Handel played as leader and composer of the first of English oratorios.

Handel wrote, at this period of his life, many operas; and some of them must surely have been very good. *Airs* out of them have been transferred to sacred use. A lover's languishing inquiry, *Where art thou, my beloved*, has been turned by pious hands into a *Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty*; and a pastoral air, *Green Meadows*, has become *Turn Thee, O Lord*; I borrow Cupid's wings, from Handel's *Rodolinda*, was reset to the words of Great Jehovah, all adoring. In Handel's lifetime many liberties were taken in this way, but generally in an opposite direction. A gavot in the overture to his *Otho*, had words found for it, and was published as a *Bacchanal*—*Bacchus, God of Mortal Pleasures*—by Mr. Handel. An air from *Rodolinda* was reissued as a favourite air of Mr. Handel's, *O my pretty Punchinello*!

Against the operatic kings and queens who sang Italian under the directorship of Mr. Handel, was set up the *Beggars' Opera*, which was said, by its success, to have made Gay rich and Rich gay. The Italian opera scheme at last failed under its noble management; but, Handel, who had saved ten thousand pounds, re-opened the house in partnership with its proprietor, after it had been

closed for eighteen months. His career as manager was an unlucky one, till his own oratorio, *Esther*, being produced by a speculator, he was stimulated to produce it himself, at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, and did so "By His Majesty's command." It was to be "performed by a great number of voices and instruments. N.B. There will be no acting on the stage, but the house will be fitted up in a decent manner for the audience." The success was complete, and from the year in which it was obtained—the year seventeen hundred and thirty-two, when Handel had attained the age of forty-seven—the real establishment of oratorios in England dates.

The success of *Esther* caused Handel to write at once another work in the same vein; at the close of the operatic season before Easter, he accordingly produced his *Deborah*. In *Esther* he had used the chorus more than had been customary among the Italians; in *Deborah* he developed still further the use of the band and chorus, and for the combinations he effected was accused of violence and noise. Many of his friends said that he tore their ears to pieces; the king's notion of Handel's taste was expressed when, at a concert, while the trumpets were sounding, a storm raged outside, and a tremendous clap of thunder broke over the palace. "How sublime!" said the king to Lord Pembroke. "What an accompaniment! How this would have delighted Handel!"

Almost his next work was the oratorio *Athalia*, performed at the Public Act of the University of Oxford. Because of its success, Oxford offered the composer the diploma of Doctor of Music, but he refused it; for, as he explained the matter to a friend, "Vat de dyfil I trow my money away for dat which de blockhead wish? I no want."

This sort of sturdy temper, sweetened with but very little patience, helped to embroil Handel more and more in opera polemics. The nobility turned against him on some question about singers. He defied the nobility, and opened an opera-house at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, to do battle with that which they took from him. For five years after the production of *Athalia* he produced no more oratorios, but he wrote operas, and carried on the battle with the rival opera-house until he was nearly ruined. King George the Second held by Handel, though the court deserted him. "What, my lord," said some one to Lord Chesterfield, who saw him coming out of Handel's theatre in the middle of the performance, "is there not an oratorio?" "Yes," he replied, "they are now performing; but I thought it best to retire, lest I should disturb the king in his privacies."

At last there was another complete breakdown of the Italian opera; and Handel, in July, seventeen hundred and thirty-eight, began to write the oratorio of *Saul*. He

finished it in a week less than three months, and three days after having finished *Saul* he began *Israel in Egypt*, which he finished in twenty-seven days. His age then, was fifty-three. At the beginning of the next year, he took the unoccupied opera-house for the performance of oratorios twice a week, and produced *Saul*. In the April following he produced *Israel in Egypt*, and announced its second performance as the last, promising alterations and additions. After the second performance, which was a week subsequent to the first, the newspapers were dumb about the work. It was performed for a third time in the week following, and announced for the week after that; but, on the morning of the day proposed for the fourth performance the following notice appeared:

This day, the last new oratorio, called *Saul*, and not *Israel in Egypt*, as by mistake was advertised in yesterday's bills and papers.

In the following year, Handel risked a performance of this oratorio,—for that day only. Then it was laid aside for sixteen years, and, to sum up the whole result, *Israel in Egypt* failed, and was performed only nine times in the life-time of its author. Its score was unedited when its author died; not even one of its songs was published.

Two years and a half after *Israel in Egypt* had been produced and had failed, Handel after much suffering of cross and opposition from the court party in London, had almost made up his mind to part from England and the English; but a short visit among the Irish gave him heart again. He had been often invited to Dublin, both by the Duke of Devonshire, who was the Lord Lieutenant, and by several musical societies. Having written the *Messiah*, he doubtless was not disposed to risk its contact with the taste of London, and so—putting himself into communication with the best of the Dublin societies by which he had been invited—he resolved to cross the channel, and, in due time, produce his new oratorio at the Music Hall in Fishamble Street, for the benefit of distressed prisoners for debt. It was produced there, on the nineteenth of April in the year seventeen hundred and forty-two; fifty-seven then being the age of the composer; the newspaper next day said, it "was allowed by the greatest judges to be the finest composition of music that was ever heard." It was repeated frequently, and received always so well, that the advertisements, announcing it on each occasion, begged ladies to "lay aside their hoops"—as if they would do so!—"for one evening, however ornamental; the hall will then contain a hundred persons more with full ease."

After this, the *Messiah* was well received in London, and Handel performed oratorios every year, composing new ones with various success. His *Judas Maccabæus*, written in thirty-two days was suggested by

the war with the Pretender, and was produced at Covent Garden on the first of April, in the year seventeen hundred and forty-seven; Handel was then sixty-two years old. Its political significance, as well as the pride taken in it by the Jews, helped to ensure it great success. Handel himself performed it thirty-eight times; at the thirtieth performance, his receipts amounted to four hundred pounds. Five years later, having written *Jephtha*, his last work, Handel, when within three years of three score and ten was blinded by that drop serene which Milton suffered from, and of which Milton sang. Six or seven years later he died on Good Friday, the thirteenth of April, seventeen hundred and fifty-nine. Of the centenary of his death, a most worthy celebration is now in progress.

THE MILKY AND WATERY WAY.

WHEN the eastern sky flushed, on a certain autumn morning of last year, and the white caps of the farm-women looked very cold in the grey light, little did the surly farmers think, as they rubbed the lingering sleep from their heavy eyelids, that they might be wide-awake to see the donkeys and horses loaded—little did they think that in the little town six miles off, certain angry men had laid a plot against them. The broad pans of rich milk sweetened the air, as the white fluid passed through it, into the shining buckets strapped to the sheepskin saddles of the patient donkeys. The milkwomen counted the eggs, and folded the chrome butter in damp cloths. And we thought that, amid the gabble of the servants, the shrill cries for Cesar, Antoine, Louis, Josephine (who wore boots that were a reasonable load for any donkey), and Clementine (who was warding off the amatory advances of Cesar, with a pitchfork), we certainly heard the well-known creak of the well-pulley. The farmer, who, by the time the farm-servants were fairly on the move, had fully resumed his daily remarkable wide-awake appearance, seemed too, to have very curious business in hand. It had appeared to us that the *Sieur Moineau* made, as forcible ladies express it, "more fuss than enough" over the milk: and so it appeared to his enemies, as we shall presently show. Those sturdy legs of his would have failed him, even in those stiff leather gaiters, could he have peered, with those little grey eyes of his, into the future that lay but two hours a-head of the present. But, as our friend *Paleyanwater* (a very old family) reminds us, at least twice in every twenty-four hours, it is a blessing that we cannot tell what the next five minutes may bring forth.

The *Sieur Moineau*, on the morning when we first made his acquaintance, went through his regular number of oaths at his men and women servants, rolled his potent *rs* up and down the dairy with his

accustomed vigour, and, at last, saw his milk off for the market just as the sun had fairly left the horizon; with the firm conviction that Cesar, Josephine, Antoine, and Clementine would return to their midday meal, loaded with that strange jumble of bell-metal and copper, that, in France, even last year, in country districts, represented the humbler currency of the imperial dominions. Round about, in the hamlets dotted over the swell and fall of the land near the little town to which we have already alluded, and for which the *Sieur Moineau's* milk procession was bound, similar preparations to those we have faintly indicated, had taken place. A bird's-eye view of five or six miles around the town (let us call it *Romanville*) would have discovered a series of roads running into it, like needles into a circular pin-cushion. And upon one and all of these roads would have appeared sundry dark gray spots, relieved, as they neared the town, every moment by flashing light. These spots were milk equipages: the flashing lights, the bright brass-hoops of the milk-pails, the chirp of the birds—birds that were evidently sharp searchers for the early worm—was occasionally drowned by the shriller music of the milkwomen, who were indulging in reminiscences of Normandy, and taking, to musical ears, a very unpleasant means of communicating to any person who might be at hand their ardent desire to see it again; it being their deliberate opinion, after a comprehensive tour, that there was nothing like it. Barricaded in their seats by baskets of eggs and butter, their head and caps protected from the breeze by ample handkerchiefs, their substantial ankles cased in deep blue stockings, these parties of milk vendors were jolted on their way to *Romanville*. Occasionally their animals would loiter to gather a more than usually attractive thistle—a giving way to temptation which these rough Amazons punished by the prompt incision of a very substantial pin near the culprit's hind-quarters. Merrily enough many of these ladies gossiped along the road about Baptiste, the ploughman who had jilted *Jeannette*, and had married *Elise* instead, to his cost, as he found out, and serve him right. About the prodigious number of litres yielded by the black cow; about the *garde champêtre*, who had spied a hare's foot peeping out of *Adolphe's* capacious pockets; in short, about the scandals in general of the village from which they were being jolted. And why not, pray? My lady, who spends her mornings reviewing her long list of friends—who yawns when they are praised, and exhibits animation only when something may be heard of to their disadvantage, is allowed her malignant pleasure by all the world, and is permitted as the subject of sharp reviews by all the world also. Why, then, should *Virginie*, the ruddy-cheeked dairywoman, as she rides to market, be con-

demned to love her neighbours, or be forced to be good-natured always, even to her bosom friends. Simple people, tied to the dust and smoke of towns, grow sentimental over rural life. They believe that there can be no heart-burning behind the ivy of a roadside cottage. They imagine that cottagers are necessarily better people than the spare fellows who throw the shuttle in the gloomy lanes of great cities.

The authorities of Romanville had given it as their decided opinion that the rural entourage of their ancient city, was, in no respect better, but in every respect worse, than it should be. This had been the conviction of the inhabitants a long time, before the eventful morning, on which we enjoyed the honour of an introduction to the *Sieur Moineau*. The cooks who met twice a week on the *Grande Place*, to buy vegetables, gossip about their mistresses, and realise their fair per centages on their purchases, had one and all declared that, in the long course of their protracted experience, they had never seen cheats so audacious as the villagers round about Romanville. Opinions travel rapidly in a provincial town; but, then this rapid travelling finds, perhaps, a wholesome check, in the proverbial slowness of the *sous-prefet* and his subordinates. The half-dozen policemen who sauntered about the triumphantly ill-paved streets, and bronzed themselves valiantly under the fierce rays of the sun at some curiously low salary, could not reasonably be expected to do more than this. They were only mortals after all, though they wore the cocked hats so revered by Frenchmen generally, and insisted on, in Paris, when the new police was established. The new corps wore caps for a short time; but, we are assured, the people would pay no respect whatever to the *kepis*. The cocked hat is something to reverence, or, at any rate, to fear.

It was on the eve of the day when we first intrusted our hand to the awful grasp of the *Sieur Moineau*, that a meeting took place at Romanville, in a little, close bureau, originally forming one of the door-keeper's residences, under the archway of the local museum and college. In this little bureau, were those long green books; that coarse, brown tea-paper upon which French underlings write; that ample pan of sand for letter drying; that curious inkstand, with a lump of wool in the ink; that square, red earthenware receptacle in a corner, which proved that the expectorators who paid their attentions to it, were not artillery officers; and, finally, that series of green card-board boxes, piled to the ceiling, which generally make up a French bureau of modest pretensions. The pens, sharp as needles, and the blue-green ink, should not be forgotten. Everything looked greasy, of course. First, the men who were in the bureau, then the stools, then the broad black space around the door-

handle. A not very acute olfactory nerve might have gathered from the atmosphere a distinct odour of garlic.

In this delightful retreat from the turmoil of the town, the entire body of the Romanville police was gathered on the eve of that eventful morning, which gave a shock to the nerves of the *Sieur Moineau*, under which he is labouring at the present moment. The cocked hats of the six policemen were piled upon the desk; and the shiny, closely cropped heads of the men were packed together pressing around their chief. This chief was a very serious man indeed; a man, you saw it at a glance, with a curious story. He wore the silver star of the legion, for services performed far away from Romanville. Gossips said that his present position as chief of the Romanville constabulary, was given to him when he was disgraced. But, nobody knew what his antecedents were. He did his duty strictly, but not harshly; still, although a kind, he was not a compassionate man. You never met him walking in the streets with a fellow-townsmen. His right arm held behind his back in his left; his eyes wandering calmly and coldly over the prospect, he would take his solitary walk round the ramparts any evening; read the *Constitutionnel* afterwards (it was always reserved for him at the café, on its arrival from Paris); and retire to rest punctually at ten o'clock. He was a man reduced to the unvarying precision of a time-piece. He walked round the ramparts the same number of times every evening. It was at eight o'clock precisely every evening that he opened the door of the *Café de la Grande Place*, and ordered invariably a choppe of Strasbourg beer.

At the meeting of his forces, in his greasy little bureau, he gave his orders in the calm, methodical speech we expected to hear from him. A sergeant of the local gendarmerie, was also of the meeting; and to him the chief more particularly addressed himself. He told him to place a mounted patrol at every octroi gate around the city, as early as four o'clock the following morning, and to prevent every market man or woman, who carried a pail of any kind, from entering the town. The patrol would detain all pail-bearers who might present themselves till he arrived. These orders were to be communicated to the mounted patrols, on their arrival at the scene of action. The policemen were enjoined to keep the matter secret, on pain of dismissal.

We left the milkmaids merrily singing and gossiping on their way to Romanville.

"This is a droll affair," said the gendarme posted at the octroi gates towards which the *Sieur Moineau's* procession was advancing, addressing a very peppery specimen of the time, whose bayonet towered over his glazed shako.

"Very droll," replied the little warrior, as he planted himself firmly in the middle of

the road, and prepared, if necessary, to charge the entire column of Moineau's milkmaids and donkeys.

"You cannot pass," cried the gendarme to the women as they reached the gate, "and you are detained, till the authorities have dealt with you. Get down, and enter the octroi office."

The reader who has not seen the French authorities deal with the French people, will be unable to realise the consternation this order created among the Moineau servants. The women grew ashy pale, and shrieked, and clasped their hands, and called upon their favourite saints, and begged for explanations from the peppery little man, who looked his sternest, and was possibly disappointed because he had not had an opportunity of poking his bayonet, at least, into a donkey. They went chattering into the dark greasy octroi room, where they sat upon the forms and wrung their hands, and implored the octroi official to give them some clue to the mystery. But, the official was silent. Other milk parties arrived in rapid succession; and were treated, as the Moineau cavalcade had been. On each occasion the screams, and prayers, and violent gestures peculiar to French excitement, were repeated. In an hour the little bureau was full of ruddy women, and bronzed countrymen in their blue blouses, who vented their indignation in a series of oaths, in which the letter *r* seemed to predominate.

Presently the chief of the police, accompanied by two or three officials, and two policemen, was seen approaching the barrière. The excitement in the octroi bureau became intense. The white caps of the women could be seen, in stages, one above the other, as they raised themselves on tiptoe to catch a glimpse of the awful procession. The chief looked more than usually serious; but, on arriving before the bureau, he took no notice whatever of the crowd of country-people gathered within it. It was evident that his business was not with them. They were not, however, left in a state of suspense; since the officials proceeded, with remarkable vigour, to drag the donkeys from the roadside, the animal's heads and necks stretching to a wonderful length, before their bodies yielded to the tugs of the authorities. In a few minutes the pails were untied, and arranged in a row against the hedge. It was now obvious that the Sieur Moineau's milk was about to undergo, in company with that of his neighbours, the severe test that was henceforth to be applied to it from time to time by the representatives of the law. A very serious-looking gentleman proceeded with the chemical analysis. It must have been highly unsatisfactory. Had the Sieur Moineau mixed flour, or emulsion of almonds, or the brown extract of chicory with his milk, that he might, without fear of detection by his customers, add gallons of water? The

babble of tongues under which the analysis was conducted, prevented us from learning the precise reason why, basketful after basketful of the farmer's milk was sent wandering, in a broad white line, along the open sewer of the road. There was hardly a pailful that escaped. The Sieur Moineau's neighbours were not less culpable; and their milk, too, flowed in a broad white way through the streets of the town. In vain the women appealed to the policemen; in vain they assured the chief that the milk was as it came from the cows; the official chemist knew better, and tipped their pails over, one after the other, without appearing to take the least notice of their protestations. In half-an-hour the Moineau servants were on their way back to their master, their empty pails jingling at their sides, and their tongues doing their utmost to drown this jingling.

From the barrière, where the Moineau procession was stopped and relieved of its burden, the chief and his officials repaired in succession to the remaining barrières around Romanville. At each barrière the scene already described was faithfully copied. The women chattered, and prayed, and gesticulated; the pails were arranged in rows, and the milk was sent bubbling along the open sewer. Before seven o'clock, the rich fluid—rich even with its admixture of water, and flower, and chicory—whitened the long line of open sewerage across the city: a milky and watery way drawn by the authorities as a prompt and very impressive lesson to the farmers round about.

And then, when the servants with jugs, and pans, and pitchers, darted into the streets to the accustomed gateway, under which their milk-vendor usually sat, surrounded by her snow-white pails, and found that she was not there; when the rubbish-carts were in the streets, and the chiffonniers were investigating the worth of the cast away vegetables, and rags and dirt piled in neat heaps before every house; when the shutters were being taken down from the tobacco-shops and the grocers; and when the air was scented with the morning rolls; the excitement among the townsfolk became really dangerous. The six policemen walked up and down the streets, looking appropriately fierce and uncompromising. They gave no heed to the stories of the nurses who were bringing up babies by hand, and were consequently in despair. They were unmoved by the fact that a certain old lady would be dead if she didn't get her milk-soup before ten o'clock. They disregarded the sorrow of the children, who would have to go without puddings; and the restaurateurs who were in despair about their day's sauces. They had done their duty, they said; even their chief had been compelled to drink black coffee, and there would be pure milk for everybody to-morrow! Pure milk for everybody at the cost of one day's milk for none. A day of fast was to procure a year of

festival. Could London milkmen only live in dread of galactometers, as now the Paris milkmen do! For some day Paris will be in like manner taken by surprise; and the produce of the forty-eight thousand three hundred and seventy cows, whose milk she consumes, will flow in curls, like wedding favours, along the Boulevards!

DUELLING IN ENGLAND.

THE ordeal by battle introduced into England by the Norman conqueror died out of general usage in Queen Elizabeth's time. It, however, remained the law of the land until the year eighteen hundred and eighteen, when it was repealed in consequence of a resort to it by one Thornton. He had deceived and murdered a beautiful girl named Ashford, and, claiming his right to wager of battel, the Court of Queen's Bench was obliged to allow it; the girl's brother, whom he challenged, refusing to fight, the murderer was discharged.

The duel between Sir Walter Blount and the Earl of Essex—because young Blount had received from Elizabeth, as a reward for his fine tilting the day before, a chess-queen of enamelled gold—was one of the modern as compared with the ancient sort. Gathering up his cloak as he passed through the privy chamber, that all the world might see his sovereign's gift fastened to his arm by crimson ribbons, it is likely enough that the new favourite flaunted his success with more pride than prudence, and that Essex, whose scanty patience never held out long against the smallest assault of jealousy, felt himself fully justified in his wrath. "Now I perceive," he said scornfully to Fulk Greville, "that every fool must have his favour." Which uncivil speech ripened into a challenge and a duel, wherein the earl was wounded in the thigh; a circumstance that caused our mighty and most wrathful queen to say, "God's death! it is fit that some one should take him down, and teach him better manners; else there will be no rule with him!" The Crowned Vestal was weary of the elder favourite's temper and disrespect, and Blount, the younger and latest darling, was as yet impeccable.

Such encounters soon grew worse than mere passages-at-arms between two ambitious young courtiers; and, in the reign of James the First, the evil rose to a fearful height. Bacon did what he could to check it; declaring that he would make no difference between a coronet and a hatband, but would prosecute all—principals and seconds alike—who had any art or part in a duel, even to the appointing of a field, though no duel were to take place. He did little good, despite all his efforts. The spirit of the times went with the duellers; and no attorney-general, though the wisest and greatest of mankind, could turn the current

of men's hot blood. It was a disease which must run its course, and wear itself out.

A more terrible drama even than this, occurred in the same reign, between the Duke of B. and Lord B., concerning a certain beautiful Countess of E. The duke challenged the lord, and, contrary to usage, gave him the choice of weapons, the challenger's privilege. They met the next morning—a cold, rainy, miserable morning; time, five o'clock; place, the first tree behind the lodge in Hyde Park. They stripped off their fine scarlet coats trimmed with gold and silver lace—the duke excessively indignant that they should examine his vest, so as to be certain there was no unlawful protection underneath, but the lord, more accustomed to the formalities, submitting to the search coolly enough—and then they took their pistols, before taking to their swords; according to the fashion of the times. At the first fire the duke missed, but Lord B. hit his grace near the thumb; at the second fire, the duke hit the lord. They then drew their swords and rushed on each other. After the first or second thrust Lord B. entangled his foot in a tuft of grass, and fell; but, supporting himself with his sword hand he sprung back, and thus avoided a thrust made at his heart. The seconds then interfered, and attempted to bring about a reconciliation; but the duke—who seems to have been the most fiery throughout—angrily, ordered them back, threatening to stab the first who again interfered. After much good play and fine parrying they came to a "close lock, which nothing but the key of the body could open." Thus they stood, unable to strike a blow, each afraid to give the other the smallest advantage, yet each struggling to free himself from his entanglement. At last, by one wrench stronger than the others, they tore themselves away; and at the same time both their swords sprang out of their hands—Lord B.'s six or seven yards in the air. This accident, however, did not retard them long; they seized their weapons again and fought on. The lord was then wounded in the sword arm; but bearing back, and before the duke had quite recovered from his lunge, he ran him through the body. The blow left the lord unguarded; and, with the sword through him, the duke cut and thrust at his antagonist, who had only his naked hand wherewith to guard himself. After his hand had been fearfully mangled with putting aside his enemy's sword, the lord was in his turn run through—one rib below the heart. Again the seconds interfered; again without success; when the lord, faint from loss of blood, fell backward, and in falling, drew his sword out of the duke's wound. "Recovering himself a little before he was quite down, he faltered forward, and, falling with his thigh across his sword, snapped it in the midst." The duke then took his own sword, broke

it, and, sinking on the dead body of his antagonist sighed deeply, turned once, and died: the cold, drizzling rain falling chill on the stiffening bodies, and the dank grass.

The spirit of violence and lawlessness that belonged to duelling, even in its least dishonourable days, more surely than any love of honour or necessity of self-defence, was allied sometimes in a manifest way to treachery and murder. This is a story told in *Aubrey's Miscellanies*:—

"Anno 1647, the Lord Mohun's son and heir (a gallant gentleman, valiant, and a great master of fencing and horsemanship), had a quarrel with Prince Griffin; there was a challenge, and they were to fight on horseback in Chelsea fields in the morning: Mr. Mohun went accordingly to meet him, but about Ebury Farm, he was met by some who quarrelled with him and pistolled him, it was believed, by order of Prince Griffin; for he was sure, that Mr. Mohun, being so much the better horseman, &c., would have killed him had they fought.

"In James Street, in Covent Garden, did then lodge a gentlewoman, a handsome woman, who was Mr. Mohun's sweetheart. Mr. Mohun was murdered about ten o'clock in the morning; and at that very time, his mistress being in bed, saw Mr. Mohun come to her bedside, draw the curtain, look upon her and go away; she called after him, but no answer: she knocked for her maid, asked her for Mr. Mohun; she said she did not see him, and had the key of her chamber door in her pocket. This account my friend aforesaid had from the gentlewoman's own mouth, and her maid's."

One of the most foolish, yet melancholy, duels on record, is that between two dear friends;—Sir H. Bellases and Tom Porter, as told by gossip Pepys. They had no quarrel together, and were only talking somewhat loudly, when a bystander asked if they were quarrelling?

"No!" said Bellases. "I would have you know that I never quarrel, but I strike; take that as a rule of mine!"

"How!" said Tom Porter, "strike? I would I could see the man in England that durst give me a blow." Whereupon his friend boxed his ears, and the two would have fought on the spot, had they not been hindered. However, Tom Porter waited for his friend as he went by in his coach, and bade him come out and draw. Sir H. Bellases obeyed; and, after a few passes called out to his friend to fly, for that he was mortally wounded. "Finding himself severely wounded," says Pepys, "he called to Tom Porter, and kissed him, and bade him shift for himself, 'for,' says he, 'Tom thou hast hurt me; but I will make shift to stand on my legs till thou may'st withdraw, and the world not take notice of thee; for I would not have thee troubled for what thou hast done.'" But Tom was wounded too, though not mortally. In a

few days Sir H. Bellases died; "a couple of fools that killed one another out of love," concludes Mr. Pepys. The fight took place in Covent Garden.

Not long after, the Duke of Buckingham fought at Barnes Elms with the Earl of Shrewsbury; for having been "nearer than kind" to my lady the countess. The only one killed on the occasion was the duke's unhappy second, Sir J. Jenkins; and he was slain on the spot. Sir John Talbot, one of Lord Shrewsbury's seconds—they had two each, and all four fought—was severely wounded; and the Earl himself was run through the body, but not killed. Buckingham escaped with only a few skin scratches. Lady Shrewsbury, disguised as a page, waited in a neighbouring thicket, holding Buckingham's horse, and retired with him, he still wearing the shirt dyed red with her husband's blood. The merry monarch pardoned all concerned in the death of Sir J. Jenkins: "but only for this once;" no future offender was to be forgiven, and duelling was to be put down.

In the reign of Queen Anne, a duel was fought between Sir Chomley Dering and a Mr. Thornhill. Swift describes it in his *Journal to Stella*, under date of the ninth of May, seventeen hundred and eleven. "They fought at sword and pistol this morning in Tuttle Fields: their pistols so near that the muzzles touched. Thornhill discharged first, and Dering having received the shot, discharged his pistol as he was falling, so it went into the air. The story of this quarrel is long. Thornhill had lost seven teeth by a kick in the mouth from Dering, who had first knocked him down; this was above a fortnight ago. Dering was next week to be married to a fine young lady."

This duel was avenged; for, three months after, Swift journalises thus: "Thornhill, who killed Sir Chomley Dering, was murdered by two men on Turnham Green last Monday night: as they stabbed him, they bid him remember Sir Chomley Dering. They had quarrelled at Hampton Court, and followed and stabbed him on horseback. I went myself through Turnham Green the same night, which was yesterday."

The most famous duel of this reign was fought a year after in Hyde Park, by the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun. The Duke wounded Lord Mohun mortally; but, while he hung over him, Mohun, shortening his sword, stabbed him through the shoulder to his heart. He was carried to the lake-house, and there laid on the grass, where he died. Mohun, one of the vilest characters of the period, had given the affront; yet, contrary to usage, had also sent the challenge, which the Duke, a most worthy and amiable man, was obliged to accept. The duel was long and desperate: the duke received four severe wounds, Lord Mohun three, before the final death-blow was given. It was said afterwards, that Mohun's second, Major-General

Macartney, had stabbed the duke. A large reward was offered for his apprehension, and the public were so eager to have him caught that, one night, a gentleman being attacked by highwaymen had the presence of mind to tell them that he was General Macartney, and that if they would take him before a justice of the peace they would get the reward. They did so; found they were deceived, and were themselves safely lodged in jail. Meanwhile, Macartney escaped to Holland; but, returning, was tried, and found guilty of manslaughter.

The duelling disease infected even the learned professions; the very church was militant and fought with swords and pistols. Fulwood, a lawyer, being pushed against by the renowned Beau Fielding in the pit of Drury Lane Theatre, in seventeen hundred and twenty, challenged the beau on the spot, disarmed and wounded him. Flushed with his victory, he left for Lincoln's Inn Fields' theatre, and there purposely sought a quarrel with Captain Cusack. They went out into the fields to fight; and Captain Cusack left the lawyer dead, beneath the moonlight.

Doctors Woodward and Mead fought under the very gate of Gresham College. Dr. Woodward's foot slipped and he fell.

"Take your life!" cried Æsculapian Mead loftily, putting up his sword.

"Anything but your physic!" retorted Woodward.

Doctors Williams and Bennet had continually quarrelled over the besides of the dying, and had abused one another in print. Matters had gone so far and words had run so high, that Dr. Bennet proposed a hostile meeting. Dr. Williams refused. Bennet went next morning to his house, and knocked at his door; which Williams himself opened, at the same instant discharging a pistol loaded with swan shot, full in Dr. Bennet's breast. Bennet retreated across the street to a friend's house, Williams pursuing him—firing again; and, before the other could draw, Williams had stabbed him. Bennet with all his remaining strength made a home thrust at his murderer. His sword came out at his shoulder-blade, snapping with the blow, part remaining in the wound. Williams turned back to go to his own house, but fell dead by the doorstep; and Bennet died four hours afterwards. This matches some modern American stories.

The clubs of those times were the great nurseries of duels. Large parties used to assemble, and a regular battle would take place, wherein many lives would be lost. Ladies were insulted, watchmen beaten and killed, and often it required a considerable force of mounted soldiery, before the "Mohawks," "Bold bucks," or "Hell fires" would disperse. "Our Mohawks," says Swift "go on still, and cut people's faces every night; but they shan't cut mine. I like it better as it is." These clubs were dissolved by

royal proclamation, after the murder, in seventeen hundred and twenty-six, of Mr. Gower by Major Oney; and the town had a little peace. Oney was sentenced to death for murder, the duel having taken place without witnesses and under apparently unfair conditions; he being covered with a cloak, and having given the provocation throughout;—but he committed suicide and so escaped the hangman. The duel between the ancestor of Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth, in seventeen hundred and sixty-five, was also one without seconds or witnesses. That Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth had had a very slight dispute about Sir Charles Sedley's manors, and the amount of game he preserved. It was a mere nothing; what would pass now without more than a momentary feeling of irritation; but then, it was matter worthy of death. They fought in a room, alone; and Mr. Chaworth deposed, that, when he turned round from shutting the door, he saw Lord Byron coming close upon him, his sword drawn. "I knew him," said the dying man, significantly; and he drew at once. Byron shortening his sword gave him his mortal wound, the poor gentleman living just long enough to give his evidence. Lord Byron was tried by the House of Lords, and found guilty of manslaughter. He claimed his privilege as a peer, under the statute of Edward the Sixth, paid his fees, and was discharged. But private vengeance did not always wait for legal retribution.

In the reign of George the Third in which this latter duel happened, one hundred and seventy-two duels were fought, three hundred and forty-four people having been engaged in them. Yet the painful details of that terrible national lunacy were enlivened by such duels as that between George Garrick—brother to David—and Mr. Baddeley the actor; but these were not many. It was reported that George Garrick had induced Mrs. Baddeley to forget one of her essential duties to her husband, to which Mr. Baddeley naturally objected. They fought; Baddeley so nervous that he could hardly hold his pistol, George cool and debonnaire; and when his turn came for firing, fired in the air, like a prince. In the midst of the comedy a hackney coach drew up, and out rushed Mrs. Baddeley, all beauty and dishevelled hair. She flung herself between the pair, crying, "Save him! save him!" to each in turn; taking care at the same time to fall in a bewitching attitude. The combatants were melted; they rushed into each other's arms, embraced, and the tableau was complete. They then all went home together in Mrs. Baddeley's coach. How the husband and the reputed lover arranged matters for the future there is no record left to tell.

Sometimes even serious duels had a better ending than by wounds or

death. Sheridan won his wife, the beautiful Miss Linley, by fighting twice on her account, with Mr. Matthews, of Bath; and Captain Stoney married Lady Strathmore the same week in which he had fought for her sake with Mr. Butt, editor of the *Morning Post*;—the cause of duel in both instances being certain malicious and slanderous words which both these gentlemen had published, or caused to be published, against the ladies in question. But, in those days, every one fought reason or none. The Duke of York and Colonel Lennox,—the Colonel's fire grazed the Duke's curl, but his royal highness deloped (fired in the air); Mr. Curran and Major Hobart; John Kemble and Mr. Aiken; Lord Lonsdale and Colonel Cuthbert—because Cuthbert, keeping Mount Street clear, would not allow Lord Lonsdale's carriage to pass, contrary to orders—Pitt and Mr. Tierney; Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Paull; O'Connell and D'Esterre—a bad business with hints of not quite fair play on the part of the seconds; Fox and Mr. Adam; and Wilkes, three times—with Lord Talbot, Mr. Martin, and Mr. Forbes. It was part of a gentleman's education and privilege in those days; something that belonged to him of right, like his armorial bearings and his ancestral oaks. It did not always remain a privilege exclusively appropriated to blood, however; witness the fatal affair in which a rash linendraper, named Mirfin, was engaged, on Wimbledon Common in eighteen hundred and thirty-eight; an affair that, happily, disgusted many of the blue blood, and gave a turn the right way to the practice of duelling. But, we must go back again to the times of darkness.

On April the fifteenth, seventeen hundred and ninety, Sir George Ramsey's servant kept a chair for him at the door of the Edinburgh Theatre. Captain Macrae ordered him to take it away; the man refused; the captain beat him severely, and the next day, meeting Sir George, insisted on his instant dismissal. This time Sir George refused, and Captain Macrae challenged him. They fought on Musselburgh Links. Sir George's fire was without effect, but Captain Macrae lodged his ball near his adversary's heart. Sir George lingered for a few days in great agony, then died. Macrae fled, and was outlawed. When the servant heard of his master's fate and the cause of the quarrel, he fell into strong convulsions, and, in a few hours, died.

This was not the only quarrel about a servant. Ensign Sawyer, of O'Farrell's regiment in Kinsale, beat Captain Wrey's servant for giving, as he said, a slighting answer to his wife. The servant took out a warrant of assault, and the ensign challenged the captain for allowing him to do so. Captain Wrey remonstrated with the lad, and endeavoured to cool his hot young blood; carrying

him off far from the town, so as to have a better and longer talk. He thought he was doing some good and bringing the boy to reason, when suddenly he drew, and there was now no help for it. The captain threw himself on the defensive, and, in endeavouring to disarm the ensign, ran him through. He died in two hours, kissing the captain, and owning himself the aggressor. Poor foolish lad; with a young wife waiting tearfully at home, and the little unborn innocent orphaned before it saw the light!

Even for more trifling things than these, were duels fought and lives lost. Mr. Stephenson was killed at Margate by Mr. Anderson, in a quarrel about opening or shutting a window; Captain Macnamara shot Colonel Montgomery through the heart, because their dogs fought in Hyde Park; Lord Camelford and Mr. Best, bosom friends, fought about a worthless woman's transparent lie, in which affray Lord Camelford was fortunately shot, as he deserved to be; Baron Hompesch was called out by Mr. Richardson, because the Baron, being very shortsighted, ran against two ladies in the street,—Richardson was killed; young Julius, a lawyer's clerk, was killed by Mr. Graham, also a lawyer, for a difference of religious opinion; Clark shot Mr. Frizell dead, because Frizell refused to drink any more—they were both law students. Political duels—duels arising out of a mere difference of political view—were without number. The saddest of these was that between Mr. Alcock and Mr. Colclough, great friends and associates. They quarrelled at Alcock's election-time, went out and fought, and Colclough was shot through the heart. Mr. Alcock never recovered the horror of that moment. Tried and acquitted of the murder, he yet could not acquit himself; and, in a short time he sank into a state of melancholy, that was nearer to insanity than sorrow. His sister, Miss Alcock, who had long known and loved Mr. Colclough, went mad.

Mr. Cuddie was a Scotch surgeon, at Winstler, in Derbyshire. He attended the family of the Brittlebanks, and fell in love with Miss Brittlebank. The family—especially the brothers—disapproved of the connection, and Cuddie was ordered to withdraw his pretensions. But, Miss Brittlebank loved him in return. One day they were met walking together by her brother, William. He took his sister away, and high words passed between him and the surgeon. The next day he challenged Mr. Cuddie; the challenge was refused; whereupon he and his brothers—Andrew and Francis—accompanied by a friend, Edmund Spencer, also a surgeon, went to Cuddie's house, and demanded an apology, or a duel. Cuddie refused both. He had nothing to apologise for; he loved Miss Brittlebank, and she loved him; and he would not fight with her brother. At last,

after much provocation—very hard to bear—they forced him to fight; Mr. Spencer taking the pistols for that purpose out of his pocket. They went into his own garden, standing at fifteen paces, and William fired. The surgeon fell, mortally wounded. His murderer absconded; but the brothers and Mr. Spencer were brought to trial for aiding and abetting the murder. They were acquitted; though they had fearful evidence against them. The strongest point against them was, that poor Cuddie, though pressed often before he died, would never say that it was a fair duel, and always maintained that he had been forced into it unjustly, and murdered.

Alexander Campbell and Alexander Boyd were serving together, in eighteen hundred and eight, in the Twenty-first Foot, at Newry, in Armagh. One day they had a slight dispute about the manner of giving a certain order to the troops. The dispute deepened into a quarrel; Campbell, drawing Boyd into a room alone, fought, disarmed, and mortally wounded him. When, attracted by the noise, servants and officers rushed into the room, they found Boyd sitting on a chair, dying. Campbell besought him to say before these strangers and witnesses that "all had been fair." With some reluctance the dying man said, "Yes, the duel had been fair," but added, immediately after, "but you are a bad man, Campbell,—a bad man!" Captain Campbell escaped; living for a short time at Cheltenham, with his wife and four infant children, under an assumed name. At last he could hold out no longer. Haunted by that strange necessity for confession, which so often follows on guilt, and holding his life very lightly since that terrible affair, he delivered himself up to justice, was tried for the murder of his brother officer, convicted, and condemned to death. He was to have been hung on the Monday, but was respited until the Wednesday week. Mrs. Campbell, who was passionately attached to her husband, determined to go to England—to Windsor itself—and there lay her petition for mercy and royal pardon at the king's feet. The night was black and stormy, and not a vessel would put out to sea. In despair, and well nigh distracted, she wandered up and down the shore until, at last, some poor fishermen had pity on her, and agreed to take her across—to peril their lives for her hopes. They crossed in safety; the boatmen refusing to accept any reward from her, and even accompanying her some miles on the road. She reached Windsor at eight o'clock in the evening—after the king had retired to his own apartments; but, the queen, pitying her distress and full of womanly sympathy, undertook to deliver her petition that night to his Majesty, while she

and the royal family made much of the poor afflicted wife, and comforted her with hopes and possibilities. It was, however, decided that Captain Campbell should suffer, though the wife was sent away, still hoping. The day she reached Ayr—her father's home—she met her husband's corpse. He had been hanged, as sentenced; his own regiment mounting guard round the gallows, taking off their bonnets and praying audibly as he appeared, with a firm step and military bearing.

One stormy day, in eighteen hundred and fifteen, a ship was driven ashore on a certain part of the Irish coast. A gentleman, Major Hillas, a brave, and humane man, went down to the shore to prevent any attempt at wrecking that might be made, to save what property he could, and to offer such assistance as the case demanded. He was of infinite service, working hard and helping both to guard and repair in a manner which earned for him the gratitude and admiration of all who saw him. The next day Mr. Fenton, a neighbouring gentleman and a magistrate, came down to the wreck, took the whole matter out of the major's hands, interfered, dictated, bullied, quarrelled, and finally ended his ill-timed interposition by sending a challenge to Major Hillas, whom he had first most grossly insulted. The Major accepted the challenge; but with reluctance. With a strange presentiment of the manner and direction of its ending, he dressed himself in deep mourning, met his opponent calmly, received his fire—and fell.

Happily there has been no "duelling to the death" of late years,—no ultra ferocity,—no inhuman passion. As the Black Death and the plague are diluted into typhus and influenza, so is that other morbid condition, the duelling disease, becoming daily milder in its form and more modified in its characteristics. In a short time we may reasonably hope to see it disappear, under the sanitary influence of moral light, intellectual ventilation, and good, thorough social drainage. We know of no other specifics for this or any other disease.

Of Duelling in France, we will compile a few examples in another paper.

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UP AND DOWN THE LINE.

I AM in the employ of the Penzance and Berwick-upon-Tweed Railway Company (head offices, Moon Square, Land's End); but, whether I am a director, superintendent, clerk, or stoker, matters not. My purpose is simply to put down a few remarks respecting the machinery by which the P. and B. line is worked, and thereby ease my mind of a nightmare which has weighed upon it for some time.

Having thus modestly introduced myself, I will, with permission, abjure my personality, and become shadowy and imposing in the plural number.

To begin, then, at the top of the tree. The august and all-powerful body of Directors, as a matter of course, come first under our notice; but of them we shall say little—our present liability, so far as they are concerned, being of a limited nature. They are of the gods, and sit above the thunder; and it is with mortals that we have now to deal. To the vast body of officials on this our railway, the board of Directors is a sort of mythical assembly, which they hear frequently mentioned, but which they seldom or never see. They hear of them as having put off the salary advances for another six months, or as requiring some elaborate return, the making out of which involves much extra labour; or, perchance, they have news of some unfortunate guard or station-master being summoned before them, and summarily dismissed the service; or they read of them in the half-yearly reports—those puzzling compilations of facts and figures which not one person in a thousand can make head or tail of; or they see "By order of the Board of Directors" printed at the foot of sundry notices, orders, and injunctions; but, further than this the acquaintance does not extend. Sometimes, indeed, as Mr. Finenib happens to be traversing the platform, a friend will take him by the button for a moment, and, with a mysterious nod, will whisper, "Do you see that stout gentleman with the thick walking-stick? Well, that is Mr. Zeus, our chairman." Or, "Do you see that thin person, walking with his hands behind him? That is Mr. Phoebus Apollo. He is one of our Directors, and said to be worth half a million

of money." Mr. Finenib will gaze for a moment with hushed reverence; and then, hurrying to his office, tell his fellow-clerks what he has seen—adding, that he should like to have told old Zeus a bit of his mind about the horrid low salaries and over-work in our department.

The general manager, the secretary, the engineer, the accountant, and a few other heads of departments, are, with rare exceptions, the only portions of the executive with whom the board comes in contact. The Penzance and Berwick line being one of the longest in the kingdom, our board, in order to facilitate the transaction of business, divides itself into various committees—finance, traffic, stores, and others—each of which committees sits at a different time: say once a week or once a fortnight, with a general board meeting once a month. He is a fortunate man who knows how to manage his various committees skilfully. A great point is not to give them too much to do—not to bore them with unnecessary details—but to have your questions ready cut and dried, so that a speedy decision may be come at. They are not without their cares, these Directors, their lofty position notwithstanding; especially if the traffic for the half-year does not show well, or any of their transactions on behalf of the company prove unfortunate; for, in such case, shareholders are liable to turn rusty, and put awkward questions at the next general meeting, which must be answered in a more or less straightforward manner.

Next to the Directors, in point of precedence, comes the Chief of the executive, Mr. Agamemnon, the general manager. Most managers of large railways have some special point about them for which they are noted more than another. Some are known as skilful diplomats, dexterous in drawing up agreements, far-seeing in their plans for the future, not to be outwitted by the stratagems of hostile lines. Others have a talent for developing the home traffic of their lines, by diverting it from canals and carriers, and creating a trade where none existed before—for swelling the weekly returns, and realising a thumping dividend at the close of the half-year: these are men to be held in honour by the shareholders. Other managers there

are, known as close shavers—economists who cut down the expenses to the lowest possible figure; who are continually finding out some morsel of cheese that wants paring; payers of starvation salaries; detested in secret by all whom they employ—who think by such penny wisdom to make up for their pound foolishness in other things. Here and there we have still an ornamental manager—a mechanical figure with clockwork brains, placed on its pedestal by patronage or accident; not destined to remain there for any length of time, but soon to run down, and be displaced for something more practical. The origin of our managers is as various as their talents. Some have risen to the elevation they occupy from the position of junior clerk, or clerk of a small station, by aptitude, force of will, and good fortune; these are generally your best men. Some have formerly been in business for themselves, or have held rank in the army or navy, and hold their position because they are the right men for the work; while others have been placed there by the will of Jove, rather than by any effort of their own. As a rule, managers are well paid. They have their ten, twelve, or fifteen hundred a year; and some of them still more.

The duties of Mr. Agamemnon are multitudinous, and beyond classification. Permanent way, and locomotive power, being found to him, he has the entire management of all traffic, coaching, goods, and minerals. All station-masters, guards, and porters obey his nod. To him pertains the disposition and arrangement of all trains; all negotiations and treaties with other companies, and all the business of the line.

We may compare our general manager in his cabinet to a spider, seated at the nucleus of its web, controlling from that point a hundred diverging threads, and, itself scarcely seen, keeping ceaseless watch over the whole. But, unlike the spider, who does all its business itself, our general manager is obliged to employ sundry subordinates—sub-managers, superintendents, inspectors—to keep his web in working order; each taking one or more threads, and being responsible to the spider-in-chief for the management thereof.

He is bounded on every side by watchful eyes, and no false move escapes unnoted. No one may appear to see it at the time, but it is pretty sure to rise in judgment against him some day when least expected. He has learnt long ago to be chary of his confidence, and to trust unreservedly in no one but himself; knowing full well, as he does, that a friendly demeanour, and a smiling face, are but too often the masks for secret hostility; and that he is surrounded by men who would willingly hurl him headlong down, could they, by so doing, hope to mount the chariot in his stead.

For all the power and glory that accrue to him, his rule, too, is not an absolute one; and although despotic as far as it goes, is limited

in extent. For, are there not a secretary, an engineer, an accountant, and a locomotive superintendent, all more or less independent of him; all having access, in a greater or lesser degree, according to their needs, to Zeus and the immortals? And are not one or more of them especial favourites with the gods, capable of holding their own against king Agamemnon any day, should he presume too far on his position? Happy is it for the king, when these troublesome chiefs are men of shallow pretensions and mediocre intellect, who bow before a commanding will, and are too weak to be feared.

To the engineer, belong the maintenance and renewal of the permanent way, the formation and alteration of branch lines, sidings, tunnels, bridges, stations, offices, and viaducts; he must see, in short, that the line is kept in good repair from one end to the other. Nearly the whole of the P. and B. line is let out to various contractors; each of whom engages, for a certain agreed sum, to keep his portion of it in good working order. Our engineer has inspectors stationed up and down the line, to see the contracts properly carried out, and to look after the state of the line generally.

The secretary is the official representative of the company. He keeps the stock and share accounts; issues all dividend and interest warrants; receives all monies for payment into bank, and acknowledges the receipt thereof. On some lines, the offices of general manager and secretary are combined and held by one individual under the latter title.

The accountant, as we need hardly state, has the management of the accounts of the line. He has his audit-offices, where the Clearing House division sheets are examined; and where the accounts of each station are checked against those of others, weekly or monthly abstracts of traffic being sent to him from the stations for the purpose. He has his travelling audit-clerks, who go from station to station, checking the accounts, instructing fresh station-masters, seeing that the books are properly kept, and that the company is not being defrauded by its own servants: supervisors of honesty they may be called, who report to their chief any thing that may be out of rule. The accountant makes up the statements of revenue and expenditure, the published weekly returns of traffic, various annual returns required by government, and the half-yearly balance sheet for the shareholders' meeting.

There is no class of men connected with railways on whom greater responsibility rests than on station-masters. There are numerous very small stations on every large railway where one man performs the whole of the duties,—making out the accounts, issuing tickets, acting as porter, and attending to the signals; all for some sixteen or eighteen shillings a week, and a small house. Many of them are ex-guards or porters, some

have been plate-layers; as a matter of course, the majority have had but little education, and some cannot even write two lines of a letter correctly. The superintendents of the middle and larger class of stations are generally recruited from among the more intelligent clerks, and those masters of smaller stations whose business talents have attracted attention at head quarters. The largest stations have generally two superintendents, one for coaching, and one for goods, independent of each other. Many of these superintendents on the P. and B. line have fifteen or twenty clerks under them, and thirty or more porters, drivers, and other inferior servants; their receipts, for goods and minerals only, will amount to fifty or sixty thousand pounds a year for each station, while their own salaries range from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds a year only. Printed instructions of various kinds are issued from head quarters for the guidance of station-masters; and for the rest, they have their goods manager to refer to whenever they please; while the superintendents of the principal stations meet periodically at their manager's office for the discussion and ventilation of general questions.

We come now to the first great body of workers, namely, the clerks. Changes and transformations are going on continually among the vast body of railway clerks; some being elevated by talents or good fortune out of the common herd; some being dismissed; some dying; others leaving railways for more lucrative situations in private firms. Still the permanent clerks, those who have been years in the service, and are now at the head of the tree—that is to say, who are getting their ninety or a hundred pounds a year, and who cannot hope for more, unless something unexpected turn up in their favour—are now become such a numerous body that the chances of advancement for the junior clerks are becoming fewer every year. Take the large audit-office on the P. and B. railway as an example. Out of the thirty clerks who work eight hours a day in that stifling den, there are about a dozen receiving eighty or ninety pounds a-year each, who cannot hope to be advanced further; firstly, because the work they perform, as things go, is not worth a larger salary; and secondly, because their abilities are of such a mediocre character that there is little or no prospect of any of them being picked out to fill any chance vacancies that may arise, where the possession of something more than mediocre business talents is requisite. We know no body of men among whom the maxim that like draws to like is more fully exemplified than among railway officials. Those who spend their evenings in public-houses, drinking and smoking, have their regular houses of call, from which they seldom wander; others are bound together by a tie of a religious

character; others, again, by a similarity of intellectual tastes, and the desire of self-improvement. As a body, they are probably neither better nor worse than other middle-class workers—such as assistants in drapers' and grocers' shops. After a young fellow has been shut up in a close office for eight or ten hours he feels the need of a little wholesome relaxation and social enjoyment, and it is too rarely that he can find it. He is seldom inclined to sit down to the study of any work that requires much mental exertion. Here and there we meet with a hopeful sign. We have now before us the fourth number of a monthly periodical, published in Manchester, called the *Railway Employes' Magazine*, the articles in which are all written by individuals in railway employ. Not long ago we read of the gentlemen employed in the audit office at King's Cross, performing *Hamlet* before a large audience; and we have heard of a railway clerk superintending, with some success, a singing class.

All clerks on the P. and B. line who receive cash on account of the company are obliged to find security for their honesty, paying for the same out of their salaries. Private security is not accepted, but that alone which is afforded by some of the London guarantee societies. In case, therefore, of any embezzlement or fraud on the part of any of their servants—by no means a rare occurrence—the company notify the fact to the guarantee society, who send one of their officers to the place to take up the case for the prosecution; the amount deficient is paid over on proof of loss, unless the amount embezzled be larger than the sum for which the party was guaranteed.

From cleaner to stoker, from stoker to driver, is the scale which must be ascended by those who aspire to the dignity of driving a locomotive. A practical acquaintance with their duties is thus ensured in those to whose care and vigilance thousands of lives are hourly entrusted. There is no dirtier situation than that of cleaner. The cleaner has to clear out the engines, light the fires, and get everything ready for the drivers, who have nothing to do after they arrive but to look over their engines, see that everything is taut and trim, and then drive out of the shed, and hook on the train. What with the steam, the oil, and the dampness of the atmosphere, it is a difficult matter to keep a locomotive thoroughly bright and clean, especially if there be much brass work about it. Drivers, when on the road, may often be seen to take advantage of a spare moment, either to give the brass a rub, or to bring out an oil-can with a long nib, and lubricate the interior of the iron monster under their command.

It is a pleasant change for our cleaner when he is made stoker, and has to perform daily or nightly journeys as second in com-

mand. But, the height of his ambition is not attained until he can write himself driver, and have his name painted on the large lamp which flames like a cyclopean eye in the forehead of his engine. For some time at first, he is probably set to drive a ballast or mineral train, and is not entrusted with the lives of men until his experience has been thoroughly tested. He then comes into the receipt of seven shillings or seven and sixpence a day, and receives additional payment for any extra journey he may make. These wages may appear high in comparison with those received by many classes of mechanics and clerks; but the exposure and risk must be considered—day and night exposure to every kind of weather, during every season of the year, and the per centage of risk arises from causes beyond the control of the most careful drivers, resulting, now and then, in a fatal accident. The risk, however, with careful drivers we are inclined to think is not so great as some people imagine. We have been acquainted these dozen years with a certain driver on the Penzance and Berwick line, who is so noted as a fast and daring driver—daring, but not reckless—that he is universally known by an expressive nickname too profane to be put down here; yet this man has never been in an accident, great or small, during the whole course of his driving, although he has been in emergencies where, had he been less prompt and ready witted, results fatal to himself and others might have been the consequence. Reckless driving and disregard of signals is, without doubt, one fruitful cause of railway accidents.

The engine-driver is, generally, a sociable, easy-going fellow. He earns his money readily, and spends it freely. The publican generally comes in for a good share of it. The healthy out-of-doors life he is obliged to lead, influences his tastes in several ways. He is fond of company; fond of his pipe and glass. He is a great dog-fancier; and anything connected with the turf claims his earnest attention. He is not altogether unskilled in making up a book, and generally stands to win a few pounds on the Derby or Leger. One dark-visaged friend of ours, won seventy pounds last Doncaster day but one. Probably, he has lost it all by this time, and something more. Our driver is generally a good husband and father; and, whatever his wife may be at home, he likes to see her decked out like a real lady on gala occasions. He himself, when he is spruced up of an evening, is a very different individual from the black, greasy-looking person who brought you in by the four o'clock train this afternoon. Long habit has made night and day alike to him, and he will get up at midnight as readily as at noon. He gets a good meal at home before he sets off; for the rest, he must take some coffee in a can, and warm it over the boiler, as an accompaniment to a few sandwiches, or some

bread and butter; though, indeed, he is not above a steak or a chop, grilled over the glowing embers as he rides along. Not unfrequently he rents a garden allotment, on which he labours assiduously during the spring and summer months; cultivating large patches of potatoes, cabbages, and other vegetables. Sometimes he is a man of property, having one or two shares in a building society. If he be dismissed from, or become disgusted with, the service, he is sure to open a beer-house, and is as sure to be well supported by his late companions.

The locomotive superintendent has a ledger in which he keeps an account against every engine on the line. In it is posted the number of journeys performed during the half year; the total number of miles run; the amount of coke and oil consumed, and the sum incurred for maintenance and repairs. The cost of a new engine ranges from ten to twelve hundred pounds.

Porters and guards occupy the same position, relatively, as stokers and drivers; and, although not one porter in twenty ever becomes a guard, still each of them may hope to be one of the fortunate. There are two classes of porters and guards: those employed in the coaching, and those in the goods. The wages of a coaching porter are from seventeen to eighteen shillings a week, with a suit of clothes once a year. They work in sets, and have a week of night duty and one of day duty, alternately. Notwithstanding the strict prohibitions respecting gratuities promulgated on most lines; together with the occasional example made of some unlucky wight, caught in the act of receiving an odd sixpence; numbers of the nimble-fingered, both porters and guards, will make with ease five or six shillings a week by such means; besides sundry sly glasses of drink to which they are treated by jovial passengers. The most likely porters are generally picked out to fill any vacancies that arise among the guards. Their wages are then advanced to four or five and twenty shillings a week, and they are promoted to a smart uniform. Most train-on-trunk lines have two guards in charge of them, each of whom has a separate van; one next to the engine, and one at the end of the train. Their duties are often very laborious. We are acquainted with some guards whose daily journey, Sundays excepted, is a length of two hundred and forty-five miles. A combination of vigilance, honesty, firmness, and courtesy, is required to form a good railway guard; happily for the public, the combination is by no means rare. The guard must keep a constant look out from his van; and know the proper moment for putting on the break, as the train approaches a station. He must be out of his van the moment the train stops, assisting the passengers to get in or alight; keeping, in the meantime, a sharp eye on the luggage; and having a ready answer for any question that may be put to

him. He should treat his third class passengers as politely as his first. He should be firm, but courteous, with any drunken or quarrelsome passenger. He must be impervious to all weathers. He has a journal to keep of each journey, and he must be prepared to account for any stoppage, delay, or accident that may occur to the train while under his care. He must sort, and safely deliver at the various stations, the number of company's letters and parcels intrusted to him. He must neither pilfer from, nor damage by reckless usage, any of the packages or parcels, property of the public, under his charge. He must wink at an occasional cigar or pipe, if not too openly displayed; especially if there be no lady in the offending compartment. Finally, in case of any breakdown or accident, he must have his wits thoroughly about him, and see at a glance how the disaster may be soonest remedied.

There is a vast difference on various lines in respect of politeness and willingness to oblige. At some large stations and junctions we could name, they are still in the seventh stage of barbarism in this respect, and ought to be set to conjugate the verb, to oblige, with all possible despatch. There is an equal difference as regards the cleanliness and smartness of porters and guards on various lines. On some lines a discipline, almost military in strictness, is observed; no man must come on duty unwashed, unshaved, with dirty boots, or clothes unbrushed. The smartest porters are generally kept at the principal towns; those of an inferior quality are drafted out to do duty at roadside stations. The goods' guards and porters are generally looked upon as an inferior class. The porters have no uniforms, and their wages are only about seventeen shillings a week. At large stations they form two distinct bodies, called technically yardmen and shedmen. The duties of the latter consist in loading and unloading all trucks that come into or go out of the warehouse; to sheet them, ticket them, and place them ready for the horses to drag away to the proper line of rails, there to await the engine. They have also, in conjunction with the carters, to load and unload all drays that cart goods in or out of the town.

As evening advances, the goods' shed of a large station becomes a very animated scene. Drays that have been out collecting during the afternoon come rattling in one by one, most of them top-heavy with goods. The articles are lifted or craned out, one by one, and checked carefully by the consignment notes—the goods for Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, and other large towns, having each a separate space of platform, and not being mixed with those for other places. As the night progresses, empty trucks are pushed in on the other side of the platform, and the process of loading commences with remarkable order and celerity. The checker

has a number of consignment notes before him, and, as the articles are placed one by one in the truck, the name and address is called out, and he ticks the note with red lead, and initials it at the foot when every article entered on it has been checked off into the truck. It is only a porter here and there who makes a good packer. Bad packing is a fruitful source of claims against railway companies: considerable skill being required to load the articles in such a way as to avoid damage in shunting. The truck being now sheeted and ticketed, is dragged away by a horse, and becomes the property of the yardmen, who, in addition to taking charge of all outward-bound trucks, have to supply the shed with all its inward trucks, and to arrange, divide, and sort the various goods and mineral trains, some of which are continually coming in or going out. Like the shedmen, they are on duty alternately a week at nights and a week at days.

Suppose it eleven p.m. of a cold, frosty night, and the train they are getting together bound for London, with stoppages, to take up and drop wagons, at a few of the principal roadside stations. By and by comes the engine, steaming slowly up—the guard of the train has been here some time already. He was formerly a porter in the yard, and obtained his promotion because he is a sharp fellow, and can read and write tolerably well. Men with lanterns are flashing about, like fire-flies, among the trucks; there is much intricate shunting going forward, and you must keep a sharp look out if you wish to avoid being run over or jammed between the buffers. The train will consist of three distinct parts: firstly, the through trucks—that is to say, those trucks which have come from more distant stations, labelled through to London, or to some of the stations at which our train will stop—which have not been unloaded here, but are merely waiting for the forward train; secondly, those trucks which have been loaded in the shed; and, thirdly, a few empty wagons which have been telegraphed for, from roadside stations. Various odd trucks and sundry portions of other trains have to be shunted to and fro in the darkness, and knocked about from one line to another before our composite train is thoroughly arranged and the signal to start given. Previous to this, however, each of the trucks recently loaded in the shed is passed over the weighing-machine and a way-bill of it made out for the guard, showing the weight of the goods, the number of the truck, and its destination. This way-bill the guard gives up with the truck, when the latter quits his charge. To the end of the train is attached the guard's break, with its two small side-lamps and its large tail-lamp flaring out a blood-red warning not to approach too near. And so, with a premonitory shriek, our train flags slowly out of the station, the respirations of the engine becoming quicker and quicker,

until a good round pace of twenty miles an hour is attained. Having put an extra shawl round his neck, and looked over his way-bills and other papers, our guard proceeds to light his pipe—his only friend during these long night journeys—and so they go on steadily through the darkness till the first station at which they have to stop, is reached. Here they have three trucks to drop, and half-a-dozen to take up. The red signals are turned on at the station, the train stops, and the guard alights with his lantern. The trucks they have to drop are perhaps in the middle of the train, and much shunting is requisite before they are deposited safely on a side line and the six taken up in their place. The utmost activity is required here on the part of the guard, who has to keep running from place to place, signalling the driver with his lantern, and sometimes bending on his stomach over the buffers, while the train is in motion, to unfasten the hooks—a dangerous feat, to which several lives are yearly sacrificed. The change having been effected, the guard returns to his van, and away they all go, waking the echoes from their sleep in the dark, while the yawning policeman at the station reverses his signals, and wishes it were morning.

A great improvement has taken place during the last few years in the speed and punctuality of goods' trains, especially in what are called through trains; that is, trains running direct from one important town to another, and stopping nowhere on the road, except for water. We have before us the working time-tables of two of the most considerable lines in the kingdom—namely, the London and North-Western, and the Midland railways. These tables are published monthly for the use of the servants in working the line, and are not sold to the public. The table of the first-named company is a thick pamphlet, bound in red cloth, containing one-hundred and forty-four pages, based on the plan of Bradshaw's Guide, only not devoted to passenger trains alone, but showing the time of every description of train that runs on the line. The trains on the two lines above-mentioned run in conjunction with each other; and, to show what is daily effected in the way of quick transit of goods, we will give one or two examples from these tables. The Leeds Express Goods leaves London at nine forty-five p.m., and arrives at Leeds at nine five a.m., a distance of two hundred and four miles in eleven hours and twenty minutes, including nine stoppages at various stations, ranging from five to twenty-five minutes each. The express passenger train, between the same places, performs the journey in six hours and a half. But, although the goods' train is nearly twice as long on the road, it is evident that if you can ship your goods in London the last thing at night, and have them delivered in the heart of Yorkshire at an early hour next

forenoon, the transit must be rapid enough for all legitimate business purposes. A goods' train from London to Liverpool, a distance of two hundred and one miles, takes eleven hours and forty minutes to perform the journey.

Conspicuous as parts of railway machinery are the carting agents, of whom the two principal are Messrs. Pickford and Co. and Messrs. Chaplin and Horne. Let us do a little imaginary business with the former of these firms. You are a manufacturer—say in Penzance—and you wish to send a truss of woollen goods to a customer at Berwick-upon-Tweed. As you are in the habit of forwarding considerable quantities of goods by rail, Pickford and Co.'s drayman calls at your warehouse every evening, in the course of his usual rounds for collecting goods. He hoists your truss into his dray, and you hand him a consignment note for it, on which are entered the name and address of the consignee, the weight of the truss, and the words Carriage Paid, or To Pay, as the case may be. Your truss is also directed, or marked, to correspond with the note. It is carted, together with various other goods, to the station, there re-weighed, and in the course of the night loaded up for Berwick; being also entered on an invoice showing the name, weight, rate, and amount of freight. Arrived at its destination, it again comes into the hands of Pickford and Co., who cart it to your customer's shop, obtain his signature for it, and the amount of carriage. At the end of each month an account is furnished to Pickford and Co., debiting them with the total of the amounts received by them during the month, for carriage, on account of the railway company, and crediting them with the amount due for cartage performed. The principal kinds of merchandise are arranged into two or three different classes, on each of which a different rate is allowed for cartage. As a matter of course, there is considerable competition among the carriers in all large towns, but Pickford and Co. generally come in for the lion's share.

A very important piece of railway machinery is the clearing-house in Drummond Street, Euston Square. It was established to facilitate the equitable division of through traffic, and is maintained at the expense of the various companies for which it labours. Through traffic is traffic which, being carried over more than one line of railway, requires to be divided by mileage proportion among the several companies whom it may affect. For instance, you send a ton of goods from Sheffield to London, which in transit passes over ninety-four miles of the Midland line, and eighty-two miles of the London and North-Western. The carriage of said goods amounts to forty-five shillings. The division is effected by the clearing-house, to which place weekly abstracts are sent from each station, showing the traffic be-

tween that station and every other with which it has had dealings during the week, both inward and outward. These abstracts are checked at the clearing-house, the outward of one station against the inward of another: discrepancy sheets being issued to the stations for explanation, whenever any difference arises. At the end of the month, division sheets, showing the month's total, and each company's proportion, between every station and every other between which traffic has run, are sent by the clearing-house, together with a general balance-sheet, to each company, showing how much the said company is debtor or creditor to clearing-house. These sheets are examined at the audit offices, and any inaccuracies that may be discovered, are corrected in a subsequent month. The same rule as regards division applies also to through passenger traffic. But, in several cases, where the traffic is of importance, and competition between opposing lines would be hurtful to both sides, a compromise is effected, and the whole of the traffic, by each route, between the points in question, is massed together by clearing-house, and divided between the competing parties in certain agreed proportions, without reference to the mileage labour performed by each.

Of such a nature is the Octuple agreement, which affects a large proportion of the thorough Scotch traffic. Such also is the Ten Towns' Agreement, which affects several of the principal towns in Yorkshire and the Midland Counties. Were it not for such a protective policy, the competition between rival lines would reach a point, pleasant, indeed, to the public in general, who have a fondness for low fares, but ruinous to shareholders and detrimental to the welfare of the lines concerned.

We cannot conclude our notice of railway machinery better than by devoting a few words to the means in operation here and there for polishing and brightening it up at the conclusion of its daily labours, when it might otherwise lie by and rust. At Worcester, the other day, Mr. Sheriff, the general manager, presided at the inaugural ceremony for opening a literary institution and schools, for the benefit of the officials at that station, and their children. There is a flourishing institution at Crewe, in connection with the railway there; there is another at Derby; and there are various others scattered up and down the country: still they are not nearly so numerous as they might be, if the persons, for whose benefit they are formed, would but heartily co-operate, and seek that assistance which both directors and heads of departments are, as a rule, quite willing to render, if the matter be only set about in a proper way. We have a literary institute on the P. and B. line, but it is not in a very flourishing condition. However, any one who had an intimate acquaintance with the railways twelve

years ago, will acknowledge that the intellectual progress made in the interval is far greater than might have been reasonably anticipated.

HOW THE OLD LOVE FARED.

i.

ONE morning the sun shone gloriously from his blue home in the skies athwart a few pale yellow clouds. Then its rays fell disheartened and cold on some two or three hundred yards of murky atmosphere, beneath which lay a "rising town."

The streets were something narrow, and the houses were curiously jammed, and had a permanently blackened look; but what they lacked in size or beauty, they compensated for in number. Seafaring men stood talking in groups at the corners of the crossings. Every pair of trousers in the place was more or less daubed with tar; and some of those who wore them were fine stalwart specimens of the Saxon race, with bullet head, bull-dog neck, handsome sun-burnt face, and crisp flat yellow curls. Small boys of five years old wore their fathers' sou'-westers. One jostled another as he passed along the street; another young 'un was climbing up a coast-wall, in a sort of fly fashion, inserting his toes in invisible chinks, and holding on by projections not to be discerned by ordinary eyes. He fell more than once, and from a fair height too; but rose nothing daunted, and doggedly recommenced the ascent. They all wore a reckless, self-reliant air, and were, I suppose, of the proper stock to make British sailors. Even the less respectable of the women who were wrangling among the men, differed strangely from the faded worn-out objects who are daily placed before the magistrate in our London police courts. Their laughter was loud, their voices deep, their limbs massive. Very virile indeed they looked, and were. Further on to the right, some stupendous works were in course of construction. Thews and sinews were to be seen there, such as only England produces, toiling doggedly and perpetually. Steam-engines of various forms and uses were toiling also after their fashion—here to pump water in, and there to pump water out. Besides these, there were some hundreds of big horses dragging enormous loads, calmly, as if they were quite used to the engines, and cared less than nothing about their noise. They were of the sort of animals foreigners are so much smitten with when they see them in the dray-carts in London, very carefully tended; many of them were gaily ornamented with ribbons, plaiting of hair, brass settings, and the like, according to the taste and ability of the man who looked after each particular horse. The works themselves were well worth an examination. The workers were pushing out groins and breastings which must have astonished the sea as they gradually forced it out of its

old landmarks. It happened more than once that it had in the nighttime arisen and revenged itself, and that in a few hours the labour of months had been swept away. But the next day saw men calmly setting to work to repair the damage with double care, and replace the wall with fourfold strength. More than a score of broad acres were already redeemed from the salt waters. Here and there might be observed thoughtful-looking men standing, watching keenly and with contracted brows the progress of things.

Standing rather apart, with folded arms and a profoundly discouraged air, a young gentleman was likewise gazing round him. He was broad-shouldered, rather under-sized, but not ill-made, and muscular. He had full blue eyes, a quantity of hair of a tawny red, a large mouth garnished with a set of capital teeth. Naturally his smile was constant, bright, and jovial; but now it was considerably overcast. He walked up to one of the contractors with the air of a man who has made up his mind to a last effort.

"Then you do not see any prospect of employment for me, Mr. Langford?"

"No, I do not indeed, Sellon. You see, Renny manages it all, and he has the cash. That place would have just suited you, and you would have done the work far better than Renny's nephew. It's not the right man in the right place, Stephen. But the man is in the place; and right will not turn him out, while might keeps him in. I'm very sorry for it, Stephen; but it cannot be helped."

"Well; good-bye, then, Langford. I shall be at Wendon on Sunday." They shook hands, and parted.

II.

It was Sunday in the old town of Wendon; and the cracked bell of a large church was clanging forth its invitation to people to enter its opened doors. It was an old church—you might tell that, by its strange, high, lumbering pews, which no devout young Oxford curate had yet swept away. The windows were cobwebbed and dusty, with here and there a pane of stained glass in quaint pattern; these were distributed with perfect irregularity. These windows looked on to the backs of gloomy houses, and on to worn gravestones, where the forefathers of those who now stood there, slept. Long, tangled, sickly grass twined about the gravestones; one or two were ornamented with marigolds and oyster-shells. Some trees of smoke-dried green slowly grew and slowly decayed by the side of the old church. The bell-ropes hung into the body of the building, and a stove reared its unsightly pipe in the centre, supported by iron bars, which radiated from it in every direction. The churchwardens were already seated—or rather, enthroned—in canopied pews, and looked down with the contempt natural to officials on the rest of the scanty congrega-

tion. They were substantial shopkeepers, and had every right to do so. The pews at the side were of an extra height. Their seclusion sometimes promoted intense devotion—sometimes, great levity. A few school-girls sheltered their whisperings in these depths, and some aged and not very reputable or handsome looking old men in coifs and caps were thinly sprinkled higher up. A glance at the pile of loaves ranged behind the churchwardens might possibly account for their attendance. In the linings of these pews every shade and hue in green must have been exhausted. Some were of a rich brown and tawny aspect; others were violently green, and very woolly in substance; sundry of them were worn and moth-eaten, the rotten wood had fallen away from them; and holes were present in the flooring, of which one could only guess the probable extent. Against two of the pillars were slips of wood, and thereon were inscribed arms, and other heraldic devices; also, names purporting to be of those men who had in that parish served the honourable office of mayor. The dates were respectively affixed; some were as old as seventeen hundred and twenty. Their honoured remains now mouldered within the dreary precincts of this venerable edifice, and their dignity was of strangely little moment to them. The clergyman looked like a gentleman; an observer would guess that he was also a bon-vivant. He read the service in a speedy, yet orthodox manner. The congregation was not large, and the clerk's responses were alone audible.

Just before the confession, a pretty dark-eyed girl glided down the aisle, with a rather conscience-stricken air, opened with some difficulty one of the doors, and hid herself immediately in the very highest pew—there she knelt down to say her short prayer. Within just as much time as suggested the idea that he had lingered outside in order not to appear together, Stephen Sellon entered, and seated himself in the adjacent pew. The two behaved very well during the service, taking only stealthy, innocent glances at each other, and even these at long intervals: but when the sermon was read, and the benediction said, the girl remained a little longer than usual on her knees, and Stephen was waiting for her when she rose. They walked silently together out of church, and turned on to a broad walk, shaded by trees, which bordered the river on which the town stood. As they got further and further away from the departing congregation, Stephen, being an enterprising youth in all he undertook, possessed himself of her hand, and put his face under her bonnet in such fashion that she could not choose but look at him. And he looked long, but not apparently making himself the happier for so doing, for at the conclusion he gave a great sigh.

"Margaret, my darling, I've no good news for you. I've been up to the dock-works;

but the place Langford hoped to give me is filled, and there's no chance of another opening. They don't want young, untried hands there, and of brains there is plenty and over. These are hard men, Margaret; they might have given me a trial."

"But, Stephen," said the girl, and her voice faltered a little, as she spoke, "you know what you wish cannot be. I cannot leave my father, he is aging sadly. I think his poor eyes are growing dim, and now he would rather hear all his beautiful music played to him than do it himself; and my idea, Stephen, my great hope is, that I may be able to take his pupils for him."

"You would do it well, Margaret; you have a wonderful knack of managing people."

Margaret smiled, and in her smile there was a peculiar mocking expression, which seemed like a ripple about her mouth. She became grave again.

"You don't know how hard I practise at nights, and how I treasure up his instructions. If I can induce one or two families to let me take his place, that will do much. And then, when he is so old he can work no longer, I can still support him as he has been accustomed to live. He has worked for me, it is fit that I should work for him."

"But if I could get work near, you need not leave him, Margaret; we could marry, and all live together."

"No, Stephen, we are too young to fetter ourselves, with such uncertain prospects. Alone we may struggle, and if we fall we fall alone, and drag down no others; but were we married, and your employment so uncertain, cares would come on us more quickly than we could meet them. Believe me, we are best single."

There was no selfishness about the young fellow, and yet man-like he could not forbear the answer, "Margaret, you think more of your father than you do of me. My young life—" he stopped abruptly.

"I should be no good wife to you, Stephen, if I failed as a daughter; so do not press me more, dear Stephen. God knows I am sorely tried already," and the pent-up tears came at last.

Then Stephen inwardly called himself many frightful names, of which unmanly wretch and brute were the least severe; but he only said audibly:

"I know it, Margaret—forgive me," and the words were hardly out of his mouth, before he was forgiven, I suppose, for the hand was again placed confidently in his. He continued, "The worst is yet to come, Margaret; I have undertaken to work my way out to India, and the captain has promised to get me engineering work as soon as we arrive. It is no degradation," he said, stoutly. "I did hope to have begun higher up; but I've never shirked work, and I'll show that a gentleman can do as good a day's work as any one. I've toiled with dust, and dirt, and oil,

and what not, and I'll do it again. I know my trade thoroughly, the lowest as well as the highest part of it; it's only to begin over again, and I'm young and strong."

"Yes, it's all true," said poor Margaret, and these few words were all she could say.

"I shall not forget you, Margaret; it may be twenty years before we meet again, but even then, I shall be yours only."

Margaret smiled, but this time it was a poor, wan, struggling smile. "I shall be old and faded then, Stephen."

"It does not matter," he returned, with a steady, loving gaze. "You may be old and faded, worn and shrivelled; but you will be more to me than any other woman."

Here they turned their steps back to the church.

"Well, Stephen, I bind you by no promise; we will follow the promptings of our own hearts. We have the world before us, and God to aid us," she said.

They walked on silently for a little time.

—"We must part now, dear Stephen."

"I sail to-morrow, Margaret."

They stood and gazed sadly on the grave-stones; there seemed nothing but an atmosphere of dampness and decay around them, only the warm love and young hopes in their breasts; but these triumphed, even in the sorrow of the hour. He held her in his strong arms, for one last caress, and then released her. In another minute he had gone. And so they parted with wrung hearts, fearing, as many young lovers have feared, that the hour-glass of time, or the scythe of death, would stand between them in this life.

III.

STEPHEN SELLON pulled his hat over his eyes, and bent his steps towards the little inn, where his worldly goods were packed ready for transit, in a depressed and remorseful state of mind. He was miserable enough, and though he bit his lips and clenched his teeth, it was hard work to keep the tears from starting. It was in vain that he inwardly exhorted himself not to feel this wringing pain at his heart; that he repeated to himself, at first mentally, and afterwards aloud for greater effect, that hard wise saying of Queen Elizabeth, "Time will comfort us, and why not do for ourselves Time's office?" Nature, not manhood, was uppermost. His dinner was dispatched, and then he lighted his pipe, crossed his legs, and gazed moodily into the fire. He folded his arms tightly across his chest, thinking of her. Then he opened the window, and leant out with some romantic idea that the wind would waft her breath to him, or that the same moon should look down on both. He had not naturally a genius for self-torment, quite the reverse; but in love a man will do such things. In his mind's eye he beheld her as his wife; and, again, he saw her fretted and worn, struggling for her father with adverse circumstances, and

sinking quietly, but surely, while his arm would be far from her. Then an organ-boy added his mite of torture, and commenced Angiol' d'amore, a song he had often heard Margaret sing; he turned away as if he had been stung. It suggested unfaithfulness, and he tried to recall her actual words. No vow had been given, though much had been implied. So, being driven from the window by the organ, he returned and faced his friend, the fire, watching ring after ring of pale blue smoke ascend, until he fell into a sort of doze, then started up, looked at his watch, got his luggage together, and hurried off in time to catch the night-train for Town.

He got into an empty second-class carriage, placed his carpet-bag under his head, spread his plaid on the seat, stretched himself out at full length, and, tired in body and mind, fell asleep, and woke in London. The sharp morning air, the murky atmosphere, the huge pile of houses, broke on his eyes as he yawned and shivered with that uneasy, unwashed sensation which a night's travelling generally leaves. There was not more time than sufficed to swallow a cup of hot coffee, and reach the South Eastern terminus for the down-train to Folkstone.

A merry little French peasant woman was waiting there, with her three children, to return to la belle France. Her coloured handkerchief, gay ear-rings, and the foreign appearance of the party, had of course secured her the usual amount of staring with which Britons always favour strangers. Stephen handed her into the carriage he intended to occupy, and then her small, dark, black-eyed children. At each station they put their heads out of the window, and exclaimed, in high-pitched voices and most curious accent, "How far is it from London, portair?" Either their thirst for this knowledge was insatiable, or they only understood the question and not the answer, for they repeated the experiment at every opportunity, to the intense delight of the guards. The little vivacious woman chatted away to Stephen; she told him all her history, why she had been to England, how she had found the people kind, but sad; and not only ignorant, but absolutely unteachable, in matters of the cuisine. A sallow lank gentleman, who sat opposite, just at this point of the conversation suddenly directed a small stream of tobacco-juice out of the window, managing with exquisite dexterity to avoid Sellon's nose by a hair's breadth. Sellon looked up with an ireful expression.

"I guess I did that cleverly," remarked his vis-à-vis.

"I'll thank you not to do it again," returned Stephen curtly.

"Do you practise spitting, sir?"

Stephen, still in wrath: "Not so near people's faces."

"Well, now," rejoined the passenger, who was an American, "I calculate I can paste a fly four yards off."

Three days from that time Stephen was at Marseilles, and was engaged there at seaman's wages to work under the engineer in the Peninsular and Oriental steam-ship *Ava*. It sailed, and he sped on his way; if his heart was heavy, his spirit was good; his belief in Margaret's faithfulness was very considerable; his belief in his own was amazingly firm.

IV.

It was perhaps a dozen years after this, that a lady, warmly clad in silks and furs, walked down the principal street of Wendon one winter's day. She carried a small roll of music under her cloak, and stopped at one of the large cloistered houses that flanked the cathedral in their well-bred gloom and stillness. She rang the bell, and was quickly admitted into the drawing-room. She opened her music, laid aside her wrappings, and revealed the face of Margaret Meriton. Full, gay, handsome, and careless, with a bewitching drollery about the mouth, and a rather masterful eye. Presently, the door was opened, and a tall and wilful-looking girl, with a pair of flashing blue eyes, almost ran in. She would have embraced Margaret on the spot, but the latter drowned the effort in her own significant way: she laid her hand on the young lady's shoulder, saying, "Well, Cecile, how is the voice, and how have you progressed with the song?"

"O, Miss Meriton, papa says I am hoarse, and that I have a cold; but let me try."

For myself, I think it an undoubted fact that schoolgirls pay greater attention to lessons received from masters than from their own sex; and I make no question that, when the enlightened and platonic nature of the age admits of youths being instructed by female professors, the converse of the proposition will hold good. At the same time, there is another fact to be placed against this, as has always been the case with every fact since the world began; and that is, that a woman of a certain age, who has self-control, and has cultivated her powers of fascination, can, if she chooses to do it, acquire an influence over young girls which almost amounts to idolatry on the one side, and against which even a lover can hardly hold his own. So, Margaret Meriton, who liked to be charming, and was necessitated in her character as music-teacher to eschew flirting, made herself particularly charming to her pupils, who all adored her after the fashion of young girls. We may also suppose, if we like, that she thought a little of poor Stephen, and for his sake did not wish to lose her skill in the art of being delightful for want of practice. So the two sat down, and proceeded very amicably for some time. At last the fantasy seized Margaret that Miss Vereker should repeat a certain passage a given number of times, as a penalty for a falling short in the mode of performing it. The young

girl's spirit did not bear this burden very meekly; first her pride rose, then mortification did battle with pride, and lastly, the spirit of sullenness descended, and utterly paralysed Miss Vereker's vocal powers. A decided pause ensued. Margaret, smiling to herself as the altered intonation fell on her ear, turned round, and met such a blaze of indignation on the pretty face as (we are sorry to record it) made her smile a great deal more. Then she commenced the song herself. The refrain was,

Better trust all, and be deceived,

And weep that trust and that deceiving,

Than doubt one word which, if believed,

Had blessed thy life with true believing.

She sang it deliciously, and in so doing forgot, or seemed to forget, her pupil, her home, and her father's people. The inexorable spirit of music spoke to her of other things; and, as her fingers wandered over the keys, her face grew very wistful, almost sad, and she no longer remembered even to tease Miss Vereker, who was affected like Saul, in so far that the mutinous demon was in some sort charmed out of her; and she was pondering how she might best descend from her pedestal of pride, and make submission to Margaret, without losing her dignity. The song was finished, and both came back to realities. Margaret did not care about conquering herself, but was wondrously fond of conquering other people; so she devoted an instant to Miss Vereker, and having ascertained by an almost imperceptible glance that young lady's state of mind, she proceeded to apply the actual cautery. She took the song, and gave it to her, saying very sadly, "Until to-day, I always sang that song with pleasure, Cecile, but you have joined to it a less pleasant memory; I hope you will like it better from this time than I shall;" and she bent over it, and with her pencil wrote on the margin, *Revolte*. Cecile Vereker gave a convulsive gulp; but, before she could utter the words of contrition which hung on her lips, a youth of seventeen years, the facsimile of his sister, entered hastily. "May I see you home, Miss Meriton? I have stayed in on purpose," he added, in a boyish pleading manner.

Margaret was arranging her shawl round her shoulders, and she did this very deliberately, bending down her head, while an amused smile played about her lips. Meanwhile the boy eyed her as if he longed to assist her, but refrained, lest he should meet with a repulse. Possibly some memory of former rejections aided his apparent moderation. Then she looked up, and gave him her hand. "No, I thank you, young George; a poor music-mistress hardly needs an escort. Good-night, Cecile."

The lad followed her to the door with a provoked look on his handsome young face. I dare say that young George grated on his

ears. He returned to his sister, and regarded the fire. "She is too handsome to walk alone. I wish I were a man, Cis, and then I would marry her."

This new view made Cis deliberate a little. The result was favourable. "That would be very nice, George, and then I need not take any more singing lessons of her—at least, unless I liked the songs particularly," she added, as her eye fell on the word *Revolte*.

Margaret gave two more lessons on her road, and then walked quickly home, and safely too, in spite of young George's fears.

Her father, a poor gentleman in the first instance, became poorer still: an amateur musician, he was reduced to make his pleasure minister to his necessity. His health, as we know, failed him more than his fortune; for as Margaret had said, so she had done, and in the matter of a daughter he was decidedly a much to be envied man. When she returned, he was sitting in his chair by the fire, thinking long of her, as the Scotch say; in her eyes he looked, each time she came back, more gentle, feeble, and shadowy than before. She busied herself about him buoyantly and pleasantly, as was her wont.

V.

IN quickly told tales like this there is no room, as there is no need, to detail the course of each day which went to make up her life. Margaret Meriton was fast growing rich. I don't mean that she had amassed landed property, but she had for many years been liable to the income tax (all English hearts will feel for her and with her in this respect). Work was a law and necessity, but she did her work easily; it suited her, and her gains were sufficient to support her father in great comfort. She was, moreover, much liked by the families around; her unflagging gaiety of spirit, her quick talents, and splendid voice, made her a welcome addition to every society. No tidings from Sellon had ever reached her—yet, in spite of it, she grew happier, handsomer, and stouter; she was not a-weary because he came not; and, indeed, presented no resemblance to the Marian of the Moated Grange.

Ten years from the time we last portrayed her she entered her fortieth year. It was a winter evening; there had been a driving shower of sleet and snow, with a keen, bitter, north wind; the foot passengers in the street were whipped, blinded, and at last cowed by it, and retreated into their houses; the houseless poor betook themselves to alleys and doorways for shelter. The skies were sullen and lowering, and a dense mass of pale grey to the north-west afforded every prospect of more rough weather. I do not think any one could look more comfortable or handsome than Margaret Meriton, as she sat making the hot coffee in the snug study, clad in rich garments of sober hue, as befitted her age and purse. Her father

was still alive, and was seated in the self-same chair. His head was very white, and quite bowed on his breast, and his long thin fingers beat time restlessly. She spoke only a few words to him now and then, and they were caressing, and such as might have been used to a child. At last she settled herself in her own lounging chair, cut open a new book, and was soon deep in it. Gradually the new book found its resting-place on the floor, and Margaret reposed calmly. There was a rumbling of carriage-wheels close to the house, and then a halt. But there was no magnetism in the air to warn Margaret of any one being near her, more than that gentle shadowy man whom she had tended for so many years. Then a footstep in the hall, and hand on the door. Even the seven sleepers awaked at last, and when the door opened Margaret started to her feet, fully prepared to deny that she had been otherwise than wide awake. She heard a deep voice say, "I know the way," then came a face bronzed fiery red, full blue eyes, not altogether strange to Margaret—at least she had seen such in her dreams—a mass of hair, beard, moustache, and whiskers of a hue which was pale only beside the face. All this surmounted a figure huge in every way, but especially in breadth. Margaret stood wondering—and the figure stood wondering also. Like the Ancient Mariner, "he fixed her with his glittering eye," and as he performed this operation he drew off wrapping after wrapping, and at length stood confessed as Stephen Sellon, weighing at least sixteen stone. He was not a tall man, so appearances did not assist him on that score. Then the blue eyes danced with amusement, the white teeth showed themselves, and a hearty, full, sonorous laugh broke the ice.

"Margaret, do you not know me?" He stepped forward, and kissed her, at first lightly on her cheeks, and then putting her back, with another glance and another laugh, he followed up that kiss by many others, and they came so fast and warm that Margaret had not really presence of mind to resist. "I ascertained you were still Margaret Meriton, or you would not have seen me here to-night. Is this your father?"

She led him up to the old man gently. "Speak tenderly to him, Stephen, he is quite childish now." Something in the subdued womanly tone of Margaret's voice gave Stephen a choking sensation; however, he cleared his throat, and shook hands with Mr. Meriton.

The poor gentleman looked up with his wan apprehensive smile. "You'll be kind to Margaret, sir, you'll be kind to her," and then he rambled on incoherently.

Margaret had not forgotten how to blush, and at this random speech of her father's the blood rushed up in torrents to her hair roots, leaving a transient crimson on her throat and neck. Apparently this enchanted Stephen; he

rubbed his hands, and arranged his tawny beard, and sat down, and watched Margaret as she poured out coffee for him, with the bright, cheerful, trusting look of twenty years before.

"Ah, Margaret," he continued, laughingly. "I swore that were you faded, worn, and weazen, I would still be true; but you have not fretted for me, you have not the assurance to pretend it. Am I absolved from my oath?"

Margaret raised her eyes with a malicious glance, signifying, *Et tu Brute!*

"Yes, I know," he added, surveying rather ruefully his own ample person. "We have both much to forgive." There was no explanation asked, for none was required; they both felt supremely happy.

Shall we leave them so? Ah, young lovers! would you believe it possible that that happy, handsome, comfortable-looking woman is Margaret Meriton, who, a score of years before, was condemned to separation, uncertainty, and work for her daily bread; or that good man, so jovial, frank, and portly, should be the exiled lover. Take courage—"men die, and the worms eat them, but not for love." They had each done their duty, not sadly and sternly, but merrily and well, and their tree of love blossoms, though late in life. Perhaps, one of the things we love best to see, is the gentle, grave beauty of some autumnal flower, which gladdens our eyes when the summer has fled, and the unkindly drip of the winter rain is at hand, and the sky is ashen grey, and our mother earth brown and lifeless.

CHIP.

THE DEODORISATION OF CRIME.

It has taken a very long time to convince some people of the evil of bad smells. Rate-payers, corporations, vested rights of all kinds, are sometimes of opinion still that there is a good deal to be said in favour of open drains and general nastiness; but nobody, we suppose, from Lord Shaftesbury to the London Scoundrel, has very much doubt about the fatal contagion of crime—that, at least, is an offence at present stinking in the nostrils of all honest men; and where to get the moral lime-and-water to deodorise it is a question that concerns every soul of us.

With transportation as good (or bad) as done away with, with hundreds of criminals turned yearly loose upon a world that will not receive them, and of necessity yearly returning to confinement—in and out of gaol almost as quickly as the same ragamuffin troops march out and in upon the stage of their penny theatres—and these recruited largely from an increasing population, with increasing opportunities for theft in a wealthy island, which unhappily cannot increase, and which has no room for them,—what is to be done?

"Abolish ticket-of-leave," cries an indignant public. Yes; but, when we have abolished it, our thief comes out at last, a trifle greyer, perhaps, but with the same necessity for living—that is, stealing—as before. For, when the law has finished punishing him to the uttermost, the public then begin to take his chastisement into their own hands. "He shall not work for me," cries the employer; and "He shall not work with us," echo the employed. "Let the fellow feel that England has only need of honest men," says the moral patriot; "I am not going to put a premium upon crime by helping him," says the political economist. Amongst these four indignant classes, our felon cannot afford to stand idly with his hands in his pockets—in his own pockets, that is—but straightway puts them into theirs: to their detriment, as appears, upon the average, of some three hundred pounds a-year. Three hundred pounds a-year plundered from an honest and working public by their felon, whom, at half the price, they might have hung, or got emigrated to West Australia, or imprisoned for life, or have even reformed! There are many other arguments of a much higher nature which we might use; but this one of £ s. d. is intelligible to us all.

The Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society is founded with the intention of giving the felon a fair chance: it does not profess to make all rogues good men; it does not propose to lodge and board destitute criminals in idleness, nor to create an artificial supply of labour to the detriment of honest hands—nor, indeed, do we see any force in the cry against such societies upon the last ground, unless it be determined to starve out discharged prisoners altogether—it does not even aim at neutralising the heavy disabilities connected with a criminal career; but its object is to relieve men, women, and especially children, upon their discharge from gaol, from an excess of moral pressure such as men of even high virtue would fail in resisting, and against which it is hopeless to expect these persons to bear up—these, who have been born and bred to vice and crime, just as an indignant public has been born and bred to gentility and respectability. "Many," says Mr. Burt, the benevolent chaplain of the prison at Birmingham, "have no home, or else a bad one, no work, no friends, and all are without a character; if they do apply for labour, they conceal, or deny, their previous imprisonment, and if they succeed, they are detected and discharged: they are, moreover, unavoidably thrown into the most depraving company, thieves and receivers of stolen goods who lurk about the gaol in the morning in waiting for prisoners to be discharged."

The Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, the first meeting of which was held in London in February last, has taken for its model a similar institution established last year in Birmingham. Its operations are carried on by an agent, whose most important duty

is to canvass employers for work for such discharged prisoners—recommended to the committee of the society by the gaol authorities—as are unable to procure it by their own exertions; and as a short time must often elapse before work is found for them, they are during that period provided with lodging and food. It is attempted, therefore, to procure lodgings in the houses of poor persons of good character, where these prisoners may be placed, apart from one another, between their leaving the gaol and obtaining work. Prisoners who have been long in confinement—and it is their case which is chiefly contemplated by the society—are generally in possession of a considerable sum of money, averaging five pounds; and it is proposed that this should be voluntarily placed in the hands of the committee as a guarantee of the man's honesty, and as a proof of the integrity of his professions. When, on the other hand, the prisoner is destitute, and a few tools, a supply of materials, or a little clothing are needed, the purchase-money is advanced as a loan, to be repaid at the discretion of the committee. The gratuities sometimes afforded by government to convicts upon their discharge, now often spent injudiciously, if not actually in drink, would, if placed at the disposal of a society such as this, be surely expended much more advantageously.

Another part of the society's plan is to give moderate guarantees for a limited period to bear a master harmless in the event of his sustaining any loss through the person recommended to him; but this is only done in special cases. No felon is to be, by any means, introduced among honest fellow workmen under false pretences: the continual fear of detection, and the consciousness of having something to conceal, apart from the injustice done to his companions, having been found to produce the worst effects upon the criminal himself. A public appeal recently made to the working classes at Birmingham, that they should not refuse a helping hand to their fallen brothers, has been responded to most heartily, and several cases have already occurred of a discharged prisoner received into a household with the full approbation and even the Christian welcome of its inmates.

There is no ambition on the part of the society to do the work of the crowbar and the jemmy, in setting a confirmed burglar comfortably inside men's houses, and far less—for those convicted of crimes of violence are excluded from its operations—to establish a professional grottoer at the back of a gentleman at his own dinner-table; its endeavours will be, and for a long period, of necessity must be, confined to benefiting those who afford a reasonable hope of reformation. It is anticipated that the assisting proper persons to emigrate may, in time, fall within the scope of the society; but "it is my earnest recommendation," says Mr. Burt, "that every

effort should be made to find employment for the intended emigrant for a time at home. Direct emigration should be the exception, not the rule so that discharged prisoners, emigrating, may be raised first, as far as may be, to a level with other persons of their class, from a degradation so deep, that, without the aid of some such society as this, they could never attain to honesty and independence."

The Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society in London is, as we have said, but in its infancy; nor does it yet publish its first report, but its elder sister in Birmingham has furnished us with the following statement:

"The agent entered upon his duties on the seventeenth of July, a few cases having been previously relieved; in the short time he has been engaged, (three months), work has been found for thirteen discharged prisoners. He reports that, in many cases, he cannot succeed till he shows the circular of the society. The names of the committee are necessary to give confidence to employers. This is surely proof of the necessity of such an agency; for if our agent cannot promise work for discharged prisoners, without difficulty, and if he succeeds only by the influence of the society, what chance would there be for the unfriended prisoner himself?"

DUELLING IN FRANCE.

In thirteen hundred and seventy-one, Charles the Fifth, and a grand company of knights and nobles, assembled in the isle Notre Dame to witness a combat between Macaire, accused of the murder of Aubrey de Montdidier, and Aubrey's hound, the celebrated dog of Montargis. The man was armed with a club; the beast had a tub, into which he might retreat; and Macaire's guilt or innocence was to be held proved by the result. That result was the victory of the dog of Montargis, the consequent confession of Macaire that he had murdered Montdidier, as accused, and his execution as an assassin, by hanging. But this was rather a judicial combat than a duel, as we understand the word now; and this character French combats retained even to the time of Henry the Second, and that famous duel between counts Jarnac and De la Chasteneraye, which is recorded to this day in the fencer's term, *le coup de Jarnac*.

La Chasteneraye accused Jarnac to Francis the First of improper conduct with his own mother-in-law. The king, who was much attached to Jarnac, repeated this accusation to him, willing to give him the power of refuting it; for La Chasteneraye not only maintained his assertion, but swore that Jarnac himself had confessed the fact to him a dozen times and more. Jarnac denied the whole charge with much vehemence, entreating the king's permission to try the truth by single combat. Francis at first consented

to this; but afterwards withdrew his consent, and in a short time he died. As soon as his successor, Henry the Second, came to the throne, Jarnac renewed his petition for a single combat; which at last Henry granted—he being on La Chasteneraye's side, as Francis had been on Jarnac's; and, on the tenth of June fifteen hundred and forty-seven the king, the constable, the admiral, and the marshals of France, together with the court and nobility, assembled at Saint-Germain-en-Laye to witness this judicial combat. Jarnac, who had just recovered from a sickness, was modest, calm, and humble; La Chasteneraye was still somewhat weak in his sword-arm from a wound lately received, but was arrogant and insolent. They attacked each other savagely, and were soon both wounded. While La Chasteneraye was making a furious lunge, Jarnac gave him that fatal coup which cut the ham of La Chasteneraye's left leg, and, presently redoubling his stroke, cut also the ham on the right. La Chasteneraye fell; and Jarnac offered him his life, if he would confess that he had lied, and restore him his honour: the wounded man was silent. Jarnac then turned to the king and besought him to accept the other's life for God's sake and love's: but the king refused. Poor Jarnac, who did not wish to have the blood of his enemy on his soul, and had only fought to restore to himself his lost repute, again entreated La Chasteneraye to confess his error; but, for all answer, he raised himself as well as he could and cut at his generous adversary. At last, after further painful entreaties, Henry condescended to accept the boon of a favourite's life; but it was too late now; the wretch bled to death before he could be removed from the field. Jarnac refused his right of triumphal procession, saying that he had gained all he fought for, namely the re-establishment of his honour: whereupon Henry exclaimed, "that he fought like Cæsar and spoke like Aristotle": though for all that, his kingly love and affection lay with the dead man. La Chasteneraye was only twenty-eight years old; but he was the most expert swordsman in France, the best wrestler and the cleverest fencer; so skilled indeed in all these exercises that no one would believe he could be conquered, and several fatal duels were fought between those who knew, and those who would not credit the result of the encounter.

The renowned Bayard had a fatal affair with the Spaniard Don Alonzo de Soto Mayor; whereby he got an infinitude of praise, because he delivered up the dead body to the seconds, and would not use it in any way of ignominy and scoff. His magnanimity was wonderfully belauded; such savage, ruthless, uncivilised fellows were even the heroes and nobles of those dark and sanguinary times! But manners grew

more humane as time went on; and Charles the Ninth was the last king of France who allowed or was present at a duel: the first also who, by an ordonnance dated fifteen hundred and sixty-six, prohibited the practice. A strange instance of humanity in the Saint Bartholomew murderer. But some remarkable duels took place meanwhile; chiefly in the reign of Henry the Second. One was between Châteauneuf, a minor, and his guardian Lachesnay, an old man of eighty, concerning a lawsuit touching the lad's property. As might be expected, Châteauneuf soon dispatched his feeble old antagonist, who accused him, by the by, of being secretly defended by a cuirass. A short time after this, another youth, Saint André, quarrelled and fought with Matas, an aged man, who disarmed, lectured and forgave him: when, bidding him pick up his fallen sword and behave more rationally for the future, he was remounting his horse to ride away; when Saint André plunged his sword into his back, and left him dead on the forest sward. The youth was not even rebuked at court for the murder: he had powerful friends; but Matas was blamed for having provoked a fiery spirit by his reproof: *car Dieu s'en attriste* (God is grieved), said one, when the aged rebuke the generous young.

Duprat, Baron de Vitaux, was one of the most noted duellists, or, more properly speaking, murderers of his time. He began his social life by killing his friend, Baron Soupez, who had previously broken his hot pate by flinging a candlestick at him. For this, Vitaux waylaid and murdered him; then escaped, disguised as a woman. A gentleman, named Goumelieu, killed Vitaux's brother, a lad of fifteen: Vitaux, accompanied by Boucicaut, a young nobleman, followed Goumelieu, overtook him near Saint Denis, and murdered him. For this he was obliged to fly again: this time into Italy; as Goumelieu was a favourite with the king, and his death would have been avenged. But he soon returned to fight—or rather to assassinate—Baron de Mittau, who had killed another of his brothers; though he, Mittau, was a near relation to the Vitaux family. Accompanied by Boucicaut, and Boucicaut's brother, Vitaux, disguised as a lawyer, waited in Paris for Mittau, and not in vain. One day these three worthies met the baron and murdered him; but one of the Boucicaux was wounded in the struggle. Unable to escape with his companions, and tracked by his blood, he was taken by the archers and sent to the Bastille. Interest was made for him at court, and he was pardoned; reappearing at the king's balls and levees with as much gaiety and unconcern as if his neck had never been in peril. Encouraged by this example, Vitaux also returned openly to Paris, this time with seven or eight companions. Beginning his metropolitan career by murdering Guart, the king's favourite,

who had opposed his pardon, but protected by the Duc d'Alençon, he was held harmless, though his was one of the foulest and most cold-blooded crimes on record. However, not long after this, the Baron de Mittau, brother to the one previously assassinated, met, fought, and killed Vitaux—the paragon, as he was called, of France.

Quélus and D'Entragues, two unworthy minions of Henry the Third, fought near the Porte Saint Antoine. Ribérac and Schomberg—a German—were the seconds to D'Entragues; Mangerin and Livaret to Quélus. When the two principals were engaged Ribérac went up to Mangerin, proposing that a reconciliation should be effected.

"Sir!" said Mangerin, angrily, "I came here to fight, not to string beads."

"Fight! with whom?" asked Ribérac.

"With you," said Mangerin.

"In that case let us then pray," answered Ribérac calmly, drawing his sword and dagger, and placing their hilts cross-wise. But his prayers were so long that Mangerin grew impatient and interrupted him. Whereupon they set to work; and soon both fell dead. Schomberg, animated by such a virtuous example, proposed the like pastime to Livaret; Livaret accepted; and the German laid his cheek open at the first cut. In revenge, Livaret pierced him through the heart, and stretched him lifeless at his feet. D'Entragues was severely wounded, but escaped, and Quélus died the next day. Henry was disconsolate at his loss, and had him buried by the side of another ill-fated minion, Saint Megrin, assassinated by the Duc de Guise at the gate of the Louvre. Two years after this bloody fight, Livaret was killed in a duel with the Marquis de Pienne; when his servant seeing him fall, stabbed De Pienne on the field.

Bussy d'Amboise was another of the royal favourites and celebrated cut-throats of the day. In the Bartholomew massacres he assassinated Antoine de Clermont, a near relation with whom he was at law; afterwards he fought Saint Phal, because Saint Phal had the letter X embroidered on his clothes, and Bussy maintained it was a Y. Then he attacked Crillon in the Rue St. Honoré, Crillon crying "This is the hour of thy death!" as he defended himself; but they were separated. Finally he was killed by hired bravos in the service of the Count de Montsoreau, who met him at the place of assignation instead of the countess, to whom he had written, and with whom he had an intrigue.

Henry the Fourth tried to prevent the practice of duelling, but in vain. From fifteen hundred and eighty-nine, when he ascended the throne, to sixteen hundred and seven, it was calculated that four thousand gentlemen had lost their lives in duels. One of the most celebrated was that between Devèze, and Soeilles. The latter having

seduced the former's wife, they met; but though Devèze had planned an assassination rather than a duel, Soeilles escaped with a wound in the back. Again they met: this time Devèze simply fired a pistol at his rival, then ran away; for which act of cowardice he was dismissed the army, and Soeilles received permission to attack him whenever he found him, and to seize on his property how and where he would. A reconciliation was patched up after this, and Soeilles was betrothed to Devèze's sister; but he meant revenge not marriage, and the poor girl was made the instrument of his revenge. He betrayed and ruined her, then refused to marry. Devèze waylaid, and this time positively murdered him; but he himself was murdered soon after by one D'Aubignac, hired for the deed by a relative of Soeilles.

Lagarde Valois and Bazanez were two famous swordsmen of that time. Bazanez, eager to fight Lagarde, sent him a hat trimmed with feathers, daring him to wear it. Lagarde put on the hat, of course, and went to seek Bazanez. They fought at once, Lagarde wounding the other in the head at the first blow, but bending his sword at the same time. However he ran him through immediately after, saying:—

"This is for the hat!" (again the same stroke) "this is for the feathers!" (again) "this is for the loop." All the while complimenting him on the elegant fit of the hat and its perfect taste. Bazanez, streaming with blood and furious with rage, rushed on him desperately, broke through his guard, and stabbed him no fewer than fourteen times. Lagarde shrieking for mercy, while Bazanez yelled, "No! no! no!" at every thrust. Lagarde, prostrate and dying, yet found sufficient strength to bite off a bit of his opponent's chin and to break his head with the pommel of his sword. While this revolting butchery was going on between these two scoundrels, the seconds were fighting in another part of the field, and one was soon laid dead.

One bright example was afforded in the midst of all this criminal madness, by young De Reuly, the brave and noble anti-duellist, whom no one could suspect of cowardice, but who would not fight: no, not even when pressed and insulted. Once, a man, who for no quarrel, but for mere brutal curiosity wished to make him fight, waylaid him with a friend—De Reuly riding alone and simply accompanied by a servant. They set on him, but the young officer, one of the expertest swordsmen of his regiment, disarmed and wounded them both; then took them home to his quarters, had their wounds dressed, gave them some wine, and dismissed them. Nor did he ever speak of the transaction afterwards, even to the servant who was with him. No one insulted De Reuly again.

In Louis the Thirteenth's reign, duels became even more sanguinary and brutal, though still the laws were against them.

Two men fought with knives in a tub, and two held each other by the left hand and hacked away with daggers in the right. The Chevalier de Guise, a man in the prime of life, riding down the Rue St. Honoré, met the old Baron de Luz, with whom he had a slight difference. The chevalier challenged him on the spot, dismounted, and murdered him; then coolly rode off, while the poor old man staggered into a shoemaker's shop to die. This was in sixteen hundred and thirteen. De Luz had a son of the same age as the chevalier. He challenged his father's murderer; De Guise accepted. The duel took place on horseback, and young De Luz was killed.

Lord Herbert of Cherbury, our ambassador to the French court at that time, was strongly infected with the prevalent disease. A very Quixote in the matter of ladies' favours and ribbons, he was also jealous, in a rougher way, of the reputation of all renowned duellists. He challenged many of them, notably Balaguy, but he could not get them to the point; and for all his Quixotic chivalry, was well laughed at by both squire and dame, while the more celebrated swordsmen did not care to meet one whose discomfiture would add nothing to their honour. It was in this same reign, and in the year sixteen hundred and twenty-seven, that De Botteville fought De Beuvron in the Palais Royal. Montmorency le Comte de Botteville was the acknowledged master of the art in Paris. His house was the rendezvous of all the fencers and swordsmen of the day, and he himself had slain some half-score of men in duels more or less iniquitous; the chief of which were with le Comte de Pontgibaud, whom he forced away from mass on Easter Sunday, and slew on the spot, the Marquis de Portes, and le Comte de Thorigny. He had always obtained his pardon, not with much trouble; but at last the king intimated to him that the royal clemency was exhausted, and that he would be forgiven no more.

In spite of this he fought La Frète between Poissy and Saint Germain, when, as his second was killed by La Frète's second, an order for his arrest was made out, and he was forced to fly to Flanders. After a short time the Archduchess applied to Louis for his pardon; but without success. Irritated at this, De Botteville swore that he would return to Paris and fight in the Palais Royal, in the very teeth of the king and law. And he kept his word. He wrote to De Beuvron, Thorigny's friend, anxious to be his avenger; and after some preliminary epistles a meeting was agreed on in the Palais Royal, at two o'clock one certain afternoon. After fighting with swords and daggers, neither getting the better of the other, they began to wrestle and struggle, when both asked for quarter. The game was a drawn one. De Botteville's second, De Bussy, a celebrated swordsman, was mortally wounded in the

throat, and La Berthe, another of the seconds, was wounded also. Botteville and de Beuvron went quietly to lunch at a barber's shop close by, while La Berthe had his wounds dressed, and poor de Bussy confessed to a friar and died. De Botteville fled again; but, recognised by a sister of De Bussy, was brought back to Paris, tried for murder and beheaded; sorely troubled about his moustaches—the finest in France. A few years later the Duc de Nemours and the Duc de Beaufort—brothers-in-law—with four seconds a-piece, met to decide a quarrel, with pistols and swords. De Nemours was shot dead; and of De Beaufort's seconds, D'Henricourt was shot by the Marquis de Villars, and De Ris by the Duc d'Uzerches. This was in sixteen hundred and fifty-two, after the accession of Louis the Fourteenth.

Le Comte de Coligny, one day leaving the apartment of his lady love, Madame de Longueville, Condé's sister, dropped a woman's letter, which, amongst more pleasant and tender things, contained various malicious words against Madame de Montbazou, mother-in-law to Madame de Chevreuse; between whom and De Longueville there was open war. The letter was found, and ascribed to Madame de Longueville. She, wishing to deny the charge, insisted that Coligny, her lover, should challenge De Guise, the lover of Madame de Montbazou; which accordingly was done. The two men met in the Place Royale, and Coligny was mortally wounded; the seconds, D'Estrade and De Eridieu, fought at the same time—all in open day—and Bridieu was severely hurt. It is singular that just seventy years before, the grandfather of this Coligny, the noble Admiral Huguenot, had been murdered in the Bartholomew massacres by order of the grandfather of the De Guise, who now killed the descendant.

One day, le Comte de Rochefort drank himself mad, with le Comte d'Harcourt and a large party. It was proposed that they should all go on the Pont Neuf and rob; an amusement introduced by the Duc d'Orléans. Rochefort and the Chevalier de Rieux, not wishing to join in that questionable sport, climbed up on the neck of the large bronze horse of Henry the Fourth, thence to look down on their companions robbing the passers by of their purses and cloaks. Suddenly a party of archers appeared in sight, and the titled highwaymen took to their heels; but, De Rieux, in trying to get down, hung too heavily on to the bronze bridle of the statue, broke it, and fell to the ground. He was captured, and both he and Rochefort were sent to the Châtelet. De Rieux threw all the blame on Rochefort, who, when they were liberated, challenged him; but, the Chevalier would not fight, though the count struck him with the flat of his sword to stir him up. However, Rochefort was determined to fight some one; so, failing De Rieux he turned to Harcourt; but Harcourt declined on account

of his rank. In revenge Rochefort and one of his creatures cut down all the finest trees on his estate, destroyed his preserves, and committed all sorts of depredations, until a relative of the count, one Breaute, a professed desperado, called out, disarmed and wounded Rochefort. The Cardinal Mazarin, whose friend and tool Rochefort was, sent him a purse of five hundred crowns and his own surgeon; so little did even the Church in those days uphold order or repudiate crime. When recovered from his wound, Rochefort, joined this time by Des Planches, set out to further harry M. le Comte d'Harcourt; but, quarrelling by the way, they fell to fisticuffs with each other, and Des Planches amused himself by peppering Rochefort as he poached on Harcourt's preserves; excusing himself by saying that he thought it was the count and his gamekeepers.

In sixteen hundred and sixty-three La Frète and De Chalais were leaving a ball-room together. They had long been on bad terms, and La Frète pushed against Chalais rudely. A meeting was agreed on, of three against three; which, coming to the king's ears, he sent Saint Aignau with a message to La Frète, telling him that if he went out he should have his throat cut. Saint Aignau, who was a relation to La Frète, delivered his message, but as a corollary stayed behind to fight against the Marquis d'Autin, who was hunted up for the occasion, so as to make a grander party of four against four. Louis was excessively angry at this gross act of disobedience, and the noble duellists had all to fly the country. Duelling brought no sense of sin or shame with it, under any circumstances. It was a legal offence, being against the royal ordonnances; but it carried no moral obloquy along with its legal penalties. When the Marquis de Donza was on the eve of execution for the murder of his brother-in-law, his only reply to his confessor who exhorted him to repent of his crime, was, "Sandis! do you call one of the cleverest thrusts in Gascony a crime?"

It was only after many generations that the anti-duelling society, founded by the priest of Saint Sulpice, M. Olier, and enrolling as its first member the brave and virtuous Marquis de Fénélon, made any way with the public. As yet, duels were honourable, necessary, and a title to distinction in the minds of all. Sometimes, however, they had a ludicrous side. Madailan sent a challenge to the Marquis de Rivard, who had lost a leg at the siege of Puy Cerda. The marquis accepted; but sent with his answer a case of surgical instruments, insisting that Madailan should first lose his leg, so as to place them on an equal footing together. The joke hindered the duel. La Fontaine, too, was forced by a friend into fighting a duel with a certain young officer, whose attentions to Madame were more expressive than becoming. The good, peaceful, old philosopher grum-

bled sorely at having to get up early in the morning to march out to fight a man he liked, for a purpose he did not understand, and with a weapon to which he was unaccustomed. Arrived at the place of meeting he apologised to the officer, complaining of the necessity he was under, and assuring him of his good-will. The young man bowed, smiled, and before La Fontaine had well fumbled at his first guard, whipped the sword out of his hand; then expressing his extreme regret at the circumstance, he lectured the philosopher on his folly, and expressed his intention of never entering his house again, since his visits were so misunderstood. La Fontaine was in despair. He embraced his dear friend again and again, and swore that he would fight him on the spot if he did not return home with him then, and visit him as usual. The officer consented; and Madame la Fontaine's reward was, what it had been before. Sometimes, honour prevented the giving of satisfaction; and a general character, of what we would call blackguardism, held a man harmless, inasmuch as gentlemen would not meet him. One of this sort complained to a Marshal of France that he had been slapped in the face, and asked what he should do? "Go and wash it off!" said the marshal, turning on his heel. Another, who had been thrown out of a window up-stairs for cheating at cards, was counselled by his friend, "never to play at cards again excepting on the ground-floor;" and Brisseuil refused to fight with a detected sharper; but eventually was forced into the quarrel, and severely wounded. D'Aydie, an abbé, and the lover of the Duchess de Berri, fought in a figurante's house with a provincial clerk called Bouton, and wounded him. The duchess deprived D'Aydie of his preferment, and forced him to become a Knight of Malta, for having fought with one so far beneath him. But, the pugnacious Bouton pursued and fought the abbé four times; and then the duchess brought the affair before the Court of Honour, under the presidency of the Marshal de Chamilly. The court and the marshal were disgusted at "this fellow Bouton, who dared to call them my lords," and they ordered D'Aydie to be imprisoned for degrading himself so far as to fight with such a low-born clown; as for him, he was discharged, as being beneath their notice. But, the duchess got him hanged; to the horror of all Paris. This was in the Regent's time, before the majority of Louis the Fifteenth; the same regent who, though he "thought duelling had gone too much out of fashion," lectured two officers who fought about an Angola cat, saying, "they should have fought with claws, not swords." The celebrated Law of Lauriston fought and killed his man.

Before Louis the Fifteenth's majority, the Duc de Richelieu began his notable courses as a youth of only twenty, by attacking and wounding Le Comte de Gacé, under a street

lamp. A short time after this, having a pique against Le Comte de Bavière, he followed him on a journey, insulted, and obstructed him. They began to fight and were only separated by the Chevalier d'Auvray, who took De Richelieu into custody as the aggressor. Taken before the Court of Honour where all the noble youth of France were assembled bareheaded, he was forced to apologise to De Bavière; but they were none the better friends.

A few years, full of diverse scampishness, rolled on, and then Albani, nephew to Pope Clement the Eleventh, applied to him for ways and means to circumvent Madame Créqui-Blanchefort, who, to the wonder of the world, and the exception of her age, was a woman of unblemished virtue. A plan was formed between these two worthies; and Albani, disguised as a servant, and furnished with strong letters of recommendation from Richelieu, entered Madame Créqui-Blanchefort's service; but, before long, betrayed himself, and was kicked out of the house for his pains. Richelieu was locked up in the Bastille for his share in the matter. When liberated, the young Marquis d'Aumont, a lad of sixteen, fought and wounded him in the hip, so that it was expected he would be lame for life. D'Aumont was a kinsman of Madame Blanchefort. In seventeen hundred and thirty-four, Richelieu killed his kinsman, the Prince de Lixen; who himself had killed the Marquis de Ligneville, uncle to Richelieu's wife; the quarrel arising from De Lixen taunting Richelieu with being hot, "wondering that he should appear in such a state as this, after he had been purified by admission into their family." For the De Lixen blood was older than the Richelieu, and the prince had the sting of truth in his taunt. They met in the trenches that night; they were both serving together at the siege of Philipsberg.

Du Vighan, of Saintonga, was the Don Juan of that time. Hackney coachmen and tradesmen's wives, calling to present their bills, took them back unpaid, and left him good wishes and money instead. He bewitched every one, and the Archbishop of Paris said of him that he was "the serpent of the terrestrial paradise." Of course he was always in trouble of some sort, and was once nearly killed in a duel with Le Comte de Meulan. When recovered, he fell in love with Mademoiselle de Soissons, who loved him with that singular passion always the lot of Don Juans to receive. She was severely lectured by her aunt, and shut up in the convent of Montmartre; Du Vighan understood the use of rope-ladders, and Montmartre had walls which might be scaled. He and his princess met in her cloister as they had before met in her hotel, and matters went on swimmingly till the rope-ladder was found, and Baron d'Ugeon, De Soissons' cousin, demanded satisfaction. They met, and

Du Vighan received three severe wounds in his side. Nothing daunted, however, he scaled the walls of Montmartre that very night; but to no purpose; the princess was under the safe keeping of warders and bolts, and poor Du Vighan had to remain in the cold cloisters all night alone. His wounds broke out into a fearful hæmorrhage: and when the morning came, the nuns found the hapless youth lying dead on the stone pavement.

"La botte de Saint Evremont," was a pass invented by that most noted duellist. He and Saint Foix were rivals in fame, and both were witty, insolent, good-natured, and capricious. Saint Foix had a duel with a gentleman, whom he saw at the Café Procope, eating a bavaroise. "A confounded bad dinner for a gentleman," said Saint Foix. The stranger called him out, and wounded him. "Sir," said Saint Foix, "bandaging his wound, 'if you had killed me I should still have said that a bavaroise is a confounded bad dinner for a gentleman.'"

In seventeen hundred and seventy-eight the Comte d'Artois (afterwards Charles the Ninth) fought with the Prince de Condé (Duc de Bourbon), for having struck Madame la Duchesse de Bourbonne; who, at a masked ball, annoyed Madame de Carillac, the chère amie of D'Artois,—formerly holding the same position with the Duc de Bourbon; the duchess being also in love with the future monarch. It was a bloodless duel, where, after a vast deal of parade, the offended parties embraced. The Chevalier d'Eon lived, too, at this period;—that strange mythic being, the expert swordsman, the clever diplomatist, the man in woman's clothes, or the woman in man's clothes—no one rightly knew which. Certain it is that D'Eon was made to wear woman's clothes, whatever the reason may have been—whether De Guerchy's honour, whom he had insulted, or because of D'Aiguillon's spite, or for state reasons, or haply for natural ones—whatever may have been the cause, it is historically true that the Chevalier d'Eon dressed as a woman, or that a woman assumed the name, and habits, and costume of a man. D'Eon's noted affair was with the Comte de Guerchy, whom he struck in the face,—the Comte being the ambassador in London, to whose ambassade D'Eon was attached. There was no duel, but the young Comte de Guerchy, after his father's death, sought to meet D'Eon; whereon his mother, dreading a meeting with the mature duellist for her inexperienced son, petitioned for a renewal of the order for the chevalier to wear female apparel again; and once more D'Eon was plunged into petticoats and head-dresses.

The Marquis de Tenteniac once challenged the whole pit of a theatre; and Ney would have fought again, as many times before, the public battles of his regiment, had not the colonel seized him by his coat-tails, and dragged him thus, backward, to the black-

hole. However, he met his antagonist afterwards,—the fencing master of a chasseur regiment,—and wounded him in the sword-arm, crippling him for life. When Ney's fortunes rose, he sought him out and pensioned him. A young officer insulted a colonel of the French Guards, who declared himself against duelling; calling him a coward, and striking him on the face. The colonel met him the next day, with a large piece of court-plaster on the cheek which had been struck. They fought; and the young man was wounded in the sword-arm. The colonel bowed, put up his weapon, took off the plaster, and cut off one side of it. When the wound was healed, the colonel called him out again, and again wounded him, cutting off another piece of his plaster. Again, and again, and again, this happened, the colonel always wounding the poor youth, and always cutting off a piece of his plaster, until it was reduced to the size of a shilling. And then they met for the last time;—the colonel ran him through, and laid him dead at his feet, coolly taking off all that was left of the plaster, and laying it on the ground beside the dead body.

In seventeen hundred and eighty-five, the Comte de Gersdorff challenged M. le Favre by the public prints; using strong language and offering him a hundred louis d'or for his travelling expenses, if he would but go and meet him. Le Favre accepted the challenge, but not the louis d'or; and the field was set. They stood at twenty-five paces, and fired once; wide of the mark on both sides. Their seconds then came forward and complimented them on their courage; the principals embraced, forgave, and were reconciled. There was another and a later French duel, to the full as ridiculous as this. In eighteen hundred and twenty-six, the Marquis de Livron and M. du Trône met in the forest of Senart, near the château of Madame de Cayla. Du Trône, a young advocate, came dressed in the costume of a modern Greek, and the duel took place on horseback; the weapons—sabres; the seconds—three a side. At the first onset, the marquis was dismounted, and both were slightly wounded; but, the gendarmes came and put a stop to the mock heroics of these two simpletons before any real damage was done; and the romantic youths were marched off from the gaze of the one hundred and fifty spectators, whom the folly of their raree-show had drawn together. The fiasco of that honourable encounter was sublime; almost as sublime as the duels between women which flutter through the sterner records crowding the French annals.

And now duels come so thick and fast, that we cannot even enumerate them. Literary men, artists, friends, strangers, and enemies all seem to spend their lives—and lose them—in fighting duels for every conceivable and inconceivable cause. Fayau killed Saint Marcellin, his former friend, for a mere literary discussion; Saint Aulaire was killed

because of a paragraph in his oration on the Duke de Feltre; Ségur was wounded by General Gourgaud on account of his Campaign in Russia; Pépé—but he was a Neapolitan—wounded an author on Italy, because he did not like his book; two romance writers fought for the honour of classic and romantic literature; Garnarey, the artist, shot Captain Raynouard of the Caravanne; later, Armand Carrel, editor of the National, and Roux Laborie, another editor, fought and wounded each other,—later still, Carrel was killed by Emile de Girardin; Barthélemy, editor of the *Peuple Souverain*, killed David, editor of the *Garde National*, and Alexandre Dumas fought Gaillardet, his co-creator of *La Tour de Nesle*, fortunately without damage on either side; Trobriant shot Pélicier of the Home department on account of a popular song; and General Bugeaud shot Dulong, a lawyer, after the latter had made a written apology: while duels on account of wives and sisters were almost as numerous as there were fair women in France.

Monsieur Mannel, a Pole, a married man of middle age, had for his friend Monsieur Beaumont, some ten or fifteen years his junior. Both were stock-brokers. By anonymous letters Monsieur Manuel was informed that Beaumont and his wife were on terms scarcely consistent with his honour and her duties. He did not trust only to these letters, but discovered for himself that the charge was true; whereupon he left Paris, his wife remaining behind with her lover. Some time after he returned on business, and encountered Beaumont on the exchange. They quarrelled, and Manuel challenged him; the next day they met, and Manuel was shot dead. The authorities refused to allow him to be buried in consecrated ground, because he had fallen in a duel, but popular clamour forced the point; then the priest would not read the burial-service over him, until a fresh outbreak forced that as well; and, when even that concession was gained, he would not read the service in his robes. But, after a long and noisy dispute, the people gained the day, and poor Manuel was buried with the full rites of the church. Beaumont was obliged to fly; but what became of Madame Manuel no one knew.

The most atrocious duel of modern times is one that took place near New Orleans, between two Frenchmen—Hippolyte Throuet and Paulin Prué. They were placed back to back, at five paces; at a certain signal they turned and fired—to no effect. They then took their second pistols; but, Prué grasped his so convulsively that it went off in the air. Throuet paused, covering him with his pistol, the bystanders crying, "Don't

fire! For God's sake, don't fire!" Prué stood, bravely and quietly, fronting his enemy. After a lapse of several minutes, during which every one present had been wrought up to a pitch of nervous frenzy, Throuet, advancing slowly, with a diabolical laugh, pulled the trigger, and his ball passed through Prué's heart.

We will close this subject of madness and wickedness with a retributive story of a duel between an Englishman and a Frenchman. A certain English gentleman who was a regular frequenter of the green-room of Drury Lane Theatre in the days of Lord Byron's committee, and who always stood quietly on the hearthrug there, with his back to the fire, was in his usual place one night when a narrative was related by another gentleman newly returned from the continent, of a barrier-duel that had taken place in Paris. A young Englishman—a mere boy—had been despoiled in a gaming-house in the Palais Royal, had charged a certain gaming Count with cheating him, had gone out with the Count, had wasted his fire, and had been slain by the Count under the frightful circumstances of the Count's walking up to him, laying his hand on his heart, saying, "You are a brave fellow—have you a mother?" and on his replying in the affirmative, remarking coolly, "I am sorry for her," and blowing his victim's brains out. The gentleman on the hearthrug paused in taking a pinch of snuff to hear this story, and observed with great placidity, "I am afraid I must kill that rascal." A few nights elapsed, during which the green-room hearthrug was without him, and then he reappeared precisely as before, and only incidentally mentioned in the course of the evening, "Gentlemen—I killed that rascal!" He had gone over to Paris on purpose, had tracked the Count to the same gaming-house, had thrown a glass of wine in his face in the presence of all the company assembled there, had told him that he was come to avenge his young compatriot—and had done it by putting the Count out of this world and coming back to the hearthrug as if nothing had happened.

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